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PICTURE PLAY

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JANUARY 1930

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WFORD
by
STEIN

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with EDMUND LOWE
and CONSTANCE BENNETT



Ann and Robert weren't going to have the usual kind of marriage with its petty quarrels and hampering jealousies. So they tried a new plan—Ann drew a salary for her services as a homemaker—Bob could have all the girl friends he desired, she all the male admirers she wished. It worked fine until the green-eyed god elbowed his way in in spite of them! Rich in humor, full of clever dialog, penetrating in its satire on "modern marriage." THIS THING CALLED LOVE is grown-up entertainment, with a brilliant cast including Zasu Pitts, Carmelita Geraghty and Stuart Erwin.

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RALPH BLOCK PRODUCTION

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Associate Producer RALPH BLOCK



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Action, thrills, laughs and romance against an authentic military background.
Directed and Adapted by
GREGORY LA CAVA
Associate Producer RALPH BLOCK

MONTHLY

Picture Play

Volume XXXI

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Monthly publication issued by Street & Smith Corporation, 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York City. Ormond G. Smith, President; George C. Smith, Vice President and Treasurer; George C. Smith, Jr., Vice President; Ormond V. Gould, Secretary. Copyright, 1929, by Street & Smith Corporation, New York. Copyright, 1929, by Street & Smith Corporation, Great Britain. Entered as Second-class Matter, March 6, 1916, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879. Canadian subscription, $2.86. Foreign, $3.22.

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Paramount Pictures

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John Stambaugh's remarkable pluck.

The Stroller . . . . . Neville Reay . . . 60
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STARS OF THE NEW YEAR



OF course you have wondered who they will be. So has PICTURE PLAY. Will the New Year find Nancy Carroll, or June Collyer, or Marguerite Churchill high in the cinematic heavens? Or will Gloria Swanson, Norma Shearer, and Clara Bow hold their own in the face of all the changes that are taking place in the status of players these days? Perhaps—who knows?—some newcomer like Lola Lane, or Kay Johnson, or Catherine Dale Owen will find herself a full-fledged star! Time, and time alone, will tell. But if you take time by the forelock and look in PICTURE PLAY for February you will learn enough to form a rather definite opinion of what the year will bring twelve months from now. For Edwin Schallert, with customary thoroughness, has observed conditions in Hollywood carefully and has sifted facts from flurries, figures from rumors, and box-office value from press agents' ravings. The result is one of the most interesting articles that we have ever published. Look for it—read it carefully—then you will know what's what.



A DINER-OUT IN HOLLYWOOD



WOULDN'T you like to have dinner with one star after another? Wouldn't you like to know what they eat, how it is served, and what their guests think of the entertainment offered them? In a word, just how the stars live when away from public gaze? Of course you would. So did PICTURE PLAY. That's why a constant diner-out was urged to write the truth about the dinner tables of Hollywood. And more than crumbs have been scraped together for this most unusual story! You'll relish it as much as hors-d'oeuvres.

Another thing: Malcolm H. Oettinger is back! He has been forgiven for his truancy and promises to write regularly from now on. You know what to expect from him, don't you? Palatable or unpalatable, the truth always. That's his motto and he sticks to it.

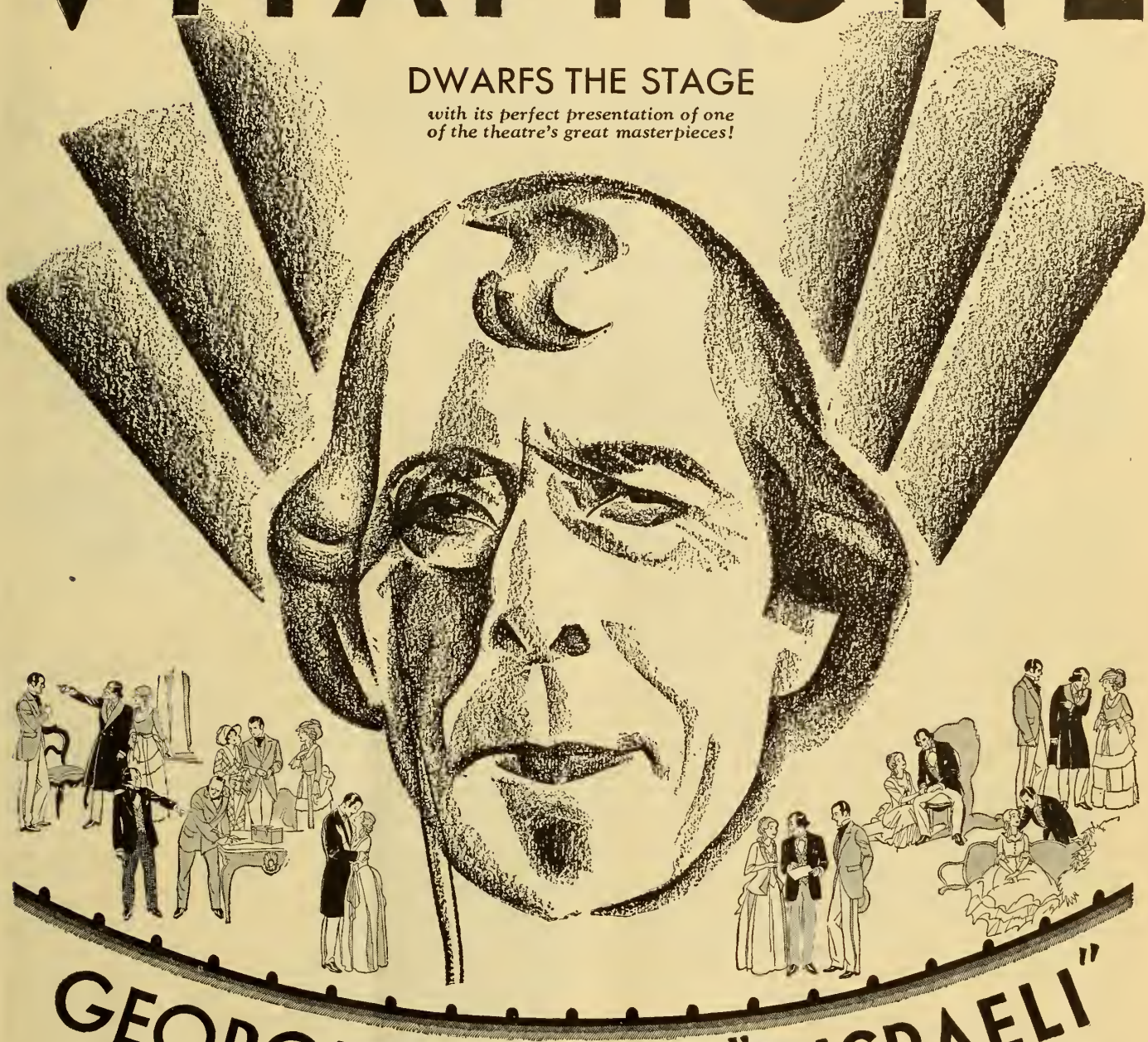
Samuel Richard Mook says that PICTURE PLAY'S writers are more temperamental than the stars themselves—and sometimes more interesting. He has prowled among them, coaxed and threatened, and now comes forth with a series of interviews and impressions of those whose contributions you know well, but whose real selves you know nothing about. They will be sympathetically exposed in next month's issue. Will you accept or reject them? They await your decision. But there is no doubt of what you'll do to PICTURE PLAY for February. You'll read it from cover to cover!



VITAPHONE

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with its perfect presentation of one of the theatre's great masterpieces!



GEORGE ARLISS *in* "DISRAELI"

If you have cheers, prepare to give them now. For with George Arliss in "Disraeli" the art of Talking Pictures enters a new phase!

Experts have been predicting that it would take ten years to perfect the audible film. The experts were wrong! For here is that perfection, achieved by *Vitaphone* years ahead of time!

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The fascination of the footlights fades before the larger lure of mammoth settings—Vitaphone's crisp, telling dialogue—and a George Arliss of heightened stature and new intimacy, exceeding even the amazing brilliance of his classic stage performance.

Come! See for yourself! Let *Vitaphone* put you "on speaking terms" with Disraeli, amazing man of destiny who rose from obscurity to control a modern empire—all because he knew how to handle women—especially a Queen.

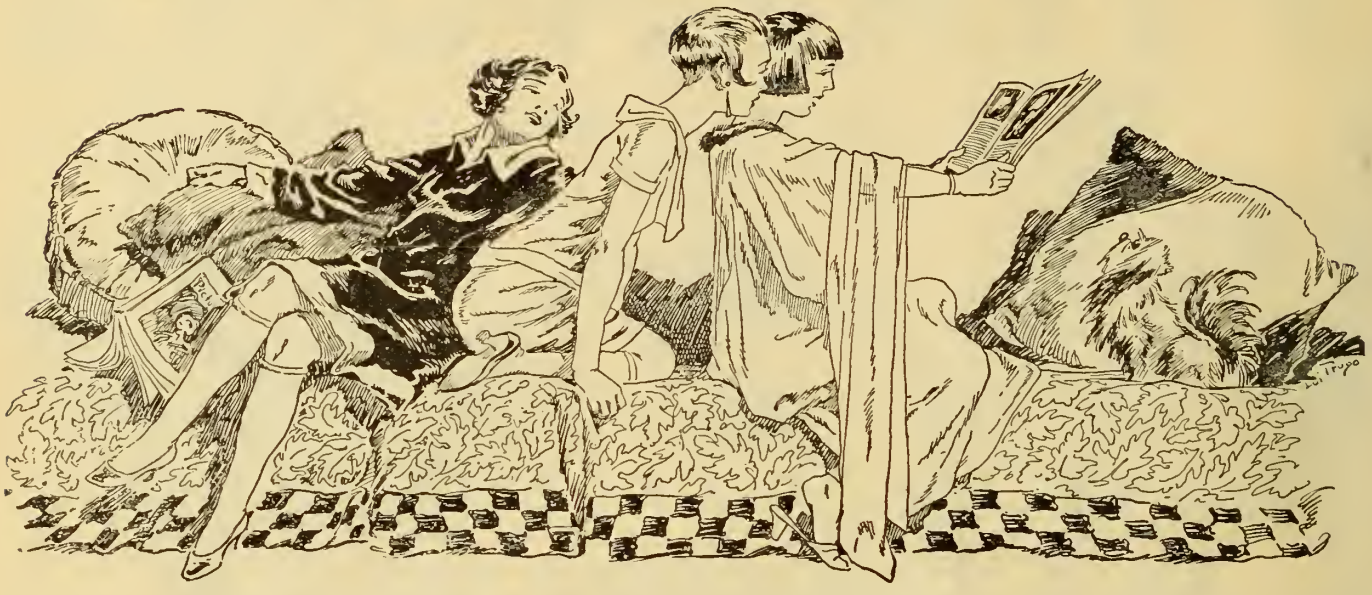
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What The Fans Think



Are Stage Stars Supreme?

THERE was an article in September PICTURE PLAY, by Radie Harris, entitled, "Are These Your Stars?" which I consider unfair and misleading. I do not know the author's habitat, but I contend that only a New Yorker is qualified to write an article comparing stage and screen players and commenting as Miss Harris does on the relative merits of the two classes of actors in talking pictures.

Of course, movie patrons are not familiar with the work of the stage actors like Miss Chatterton, Miss Eagels, Miss Lane, Mr. Huston, Miss Colbert, and others that might be mentioned. New York is the only city in the United States in which the best stage actors appear often enough for anybody to become thoroughly acquainted with them. Their names mean nothing to fans, but as they learn to know them, I am sure the conditions described by Miss Harris will disappear, for the movie fans cannot help but see that the stage players are, for the most part, far better able to portray talking rôles than their screen favorites. And I assure you it hurts me to say that. Only the plain truth compels it.

Nobody watches the efforts of the screen players to work into talking parts with more interest than myself; nobody delights more in their success and their improvement than I do, but to compare Ruth Chatterton, Jeanne Eagels, Claudette Colbert, and others with Janet Gaynor, Clara Bow, et cetera, is indeed laughable, for there is no comparison. Truth compels the assertion that Miss Bow and Miss Gaynor are as yet only in the high-school-dramatics class as compared with the polished, capable stage players. I believe that Miss Gaynor is hopeless as talking-picture material. Miss Bow is all right in hoyden and flapper rôles.

I do not care for the English accent of Miss Chatterton and Miss Eagels. I much prefer the American intonations of Miss Lee and Miss Ralston, but Miss Colbert gives you straight American, and puts behind it a stage training and a charming quality that none of the screen favorites have as yet approached.

Miss Harris' review of the efforts of the stage actors is anything but sympathetic. She obviously is "plugging the game" of the screen players, which is all right so far as it goes, but she ought to stick to facts. I have no partiality. I follow the work of screen and stage players with equal interest and see the best work of both, whereas I doubt very much if Miss Harris sees much of the stage actors in New York.

FRANKLIN W. WILSON.

11 West Forty-second Street,
New York City.

Too Much of a Good Thing.

Will some one please invent a nice, slow lingering death for all publicity agents? Perhaps I am mistaken, but just who is responsible for all this blah-blah forced upon the public which monopolizes almost all the magazines? I have been getting PICTURE PLAY and other magazines for ten years, and thoroughly enjoy them, but certainly resent reading about stars in every magazine I buy.

Why cannot all movie chatter be confined to moving-picture magazines? Who really cares what kind of soaps, corn plasters, and toothache wax are favored by stars? There is no reason why we should care to know or be interested in anything so personal, just because they burst forth with good performances and are excellent artists in their particular line of work. It is all very amusing and downright disgusting, as any one who has visited the studios and has seen the movie colony is well aware of the scarcity of real beauty in Hollywood. A lot of them would profit by concealing their faces from the public.

I should like to know who is really and truly interested in knowing that Corinne Griffith bathes in a black tub, or Lilyan Tashman recommends cough drops, or Jack Gilbert reaches for a cigarette instead of—Ina? Or what have you?

While getting weighed in a drug store recently I was forced to look at the beaming mug of Gilbert Roland on the card giving my weight, and cannot say it helped matters any. It rather reminded me to lay off spaghetti for a while.

Here's hoping that the laundries do not go movie-bug and stamp a baby Wampas on my Sunday-shirt tail. I am saving up strength to bear the final blow of soon discovering a penny slot machine where one can hear his favorite actor squeak "Oh, yeah?"

PANCY POTTER.

Newport, Rhode Island.

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Can YOU Answer "Yes" *to all of these questions?*



Is Marriage Necessary to Love?
Do You Know Your Best Colors and Lines?
Do Men Compete for Your Favor?
Do You Want to Grow Old?
Can You Compete with the "Other Woman"?
Have You Perfect Poise?
Have You the Voice of Loveliness?
Are You *Sure* of Your Husband?

NOW you can laugh at all those uncertainties that every woman thinks about if she does not fear. Fading charm, old age, lost loveliness and insufficient understanding of the male mind! Fortunate, indeed, is the woman who understands all these things perfectly in *relation to herself*—who knows how to develop all the allure that is dormant within her—who knows how to circumvent the tell-tale lines of age—who knows how to develop her magnetism and attractiveness to obtain and hold the admiration of both men and women.

These are the things that DARÉ gives you in her fascinating new books. DARÉ shows you the way to supreme personal loveliness—the way that many famous beauties of history and of the present day have used to place happiness and womanly success at their finger tips!

Ten million women have been waiting for these two startling books! Women who have read DARÉ'S newspaper articles and who have heard her invaluable radio talks, *demanded* that these books be published! And here they are—two amazing *textbooks of loveliness*—containing all the subtle secrets of being the woman you wish to be; of all the famous beauties of stage, screen, and society. Here, too, are a vast number of new and heretofore unpublished ideas and unfailing methods in charm-culture—conceived expressly for the woman of today!

Lovely Ladies are *text books* of loveliness. Two delicately beautiful volumes, exquisitely bound in orchid cloth and stamped in gold, they have been designed to keep company with the daintiest accessories of the boudoir. They are profusely illustrated by DARÉ herself. You will treasure them always for they will show you the sure, unfailing way to make all your dreams of lovely and entrancing womanliness come true! Mail the coupon today. It will not obligate you in any way.

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- Wardrobe Economy
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- Occupation—Housewife
- And Many Other Equally Interesting Chapters!



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The coupon will bring you *Lovely Ladies* to read on approval—at your leisure. You may keep and read them one entire week—FREE—before you decide whether or not you wish to own them. One glance at the chapter titles should be sufficient to convince you that you want to see them, at least, more than any books you have ever heard of before.

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Please send me DARÉ'S *Lovely Ladies—the Art of Being a Woman*. I will either return the books or remit $3.50 in full payment within a week.

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Continued from page 8

Thus Spake Miss Perula.

If we must have talkies, I wish producers would give us natural talking. Why must they recruit players from the stage, who bring nothing to the screen but affected, theatrical voices? The screen, in its silent era, had it all over the stage for naturalness in acting. Life itself seemed to be taken as a pattern. But now, instead of continuing this excellent practice in the talkies, the old, traditional stage technique is being introduced.

Emotional scenes, instead of being played with restraint, are now being acted with hysterical abandon and noisy heroics. It seems that the louder a player can shriek the greater is his or her talent. In their quieter moods, these stage players are almost as annoying, for their manner of pronunciation and their studied diction is unreal and insincere, to put it mildly.

As an example of old-fashioned barnstorming, witness the performance of Marguerite Churchill, in "The Valiant." And Ruth Chatterton, in "Madame X," is also guilty of some wild scene-chewing, although in one or two scenes she is natural and convincing—for example, her boozy conversation with Ulric Haupt.

It might be a good idea for the actresses who have a penchant for imitating the old school of hamming, to see Nancy Carroll, in "The Dance of Life," and take lessons on how to speak naturally. Nancy is one of the talkies' best bets. She is young and pretty, a good dancer and singer, a fine actress, and she can speak like a real person. The talking in "Gentlemen of the Press" is also reminiscent of real life, and particular praise should go to Walter Huston for his excellent acting of a difficult rôle. But some of the others! It makes one murmur with disgust, "To think we had to trade Jannings for these!"

JOAN PERULA.
San Francisco, California.

It's the Truth.

Many people write letters criticizing this player or that one, merely on what some one else tells them.

I read the letter accusing Gary Cooper of being high hat. That is absolutely untrue.

Two years ago I had the pleasure of playing in a sketch with a very famous star who is a personal friend, or I might say a pal of Evelyn Brent's.

At that time Gary Cooper used to go out with Evelyn Brent quite a bit, and when we played Santa Ana, California, and other towns near Los Angeles, both Gary Cooper and Evelyn Brent were with us nearly every night. Being associated with this star, I had the pleasure of meeting a great many other stars. I want to say in justice to Gary Cooper, that of all the male stars that I saw he was without doubt the most unassuming, courteous gentleman that I had the honor of meeting.

I am not looking for publicity, but I certainly believe in fair play, and when a man is as undeserving of adverse criticism as Gary Cooper, it makes me crawl out of my shell and write the first letter that I have ever written to a magazine. A man that has done the wonderful work in pictures that Gary Cooper has done, deserves boosting and not knocking.

SELMA CORBETT.
1100 Mount Vernon Street,
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Betty Knows Buddy.

In the November issue of PICTURE PLAY Dolores Vasholz and Lucy B. voiced their opinion of Buddy Rogers. I just want to advise these girls how mistaken they are. Buddy is anything but conceited. I know. I have met and know him personally, and he is the finest specimen of young manhood I have encountered for some time.

Please do not think I have a crush on him. I have no such feeling.

Most likely after reading his interview in the August issue, the girls put the wrong construction on his words. I read that article also, and I know Buddy had no intention of blowing his own horn.

I know you girls will not be offended by this rebuke. It is hardly that. But please don't disillusion yourselves concerning Buddy, because he is regular, without a trace of conceit. So let's stop throwing bricks and give him a great, big cheer and wish him luck. BETTY MCCORMICK.
1833 Lawndale,
Detroit, Michigan.

Why Gloat Over Mistakes?

The attitude of virtuous indignation assumed by some of the fans toward the private lives of stars amuses me. Just now a certain talented and charming Mexican woman is being handed a raw deal by her former fans. After all, why can't we be sensible about the whole thing? Is it necessary to pry and snoop into the mistakes of somebody else? Acting is a medium of expression, to give us pleasure. If the actor fulfills his purpose, we don't need to go any further. After all, there are very few among us who have never made a mistake, and until we are six feet under we cannot tell when we are going to. I don't mean to say that we must assume that pitying, smug attitude of charity—by all means, no—but we can at least treat an actor as an actor, and let his private affairs be his own business.

May I suggest that we all drink a toast to the new era in the film world, due to the talkies? Never has the intelligent fan been more pleased with what is being offered. When during the silent era did we have as much real drama? I want to give a rousing cheer for that peerless actress, Ruth Chatterton. It is her type of acting and her type of play which is drawing the former disparager to the cinema to-day.

Yes, these talkies are doing wonderful things all around, and bringing in Broadway stars is one of the best. Also they are giving the Hollywood boys and girls a chance to prove their worth. Take Norma Shearer, for example. I always considered her a girl with the big push behind her. But since her talkies have been shown here, I know that she is where she is because of her ability. She shows herself to be an educated, charming person, with a great capacity for acting, and a determination to give the public the best in the way of plays.

J. W. MONTVILLOVA.
410 Memorial Drive, S502.
Cambridge, Massachusetts.

A Plea and a Suggestion.

Don't you think that most fans are a little selfish in their demands upon their favorite players? They pay fifty cents or more to see the latest film, and if they are enthusiastic enough to write, expect personal answers and free photographs. I should think that after the player has worked so hard acting—and it must be hard—they have earned their salary without answering a lot of letters.

Though H. B. Warner has been a favorite since "One Hour Before Dawn," Greta Garbo since "The Torrent," Jack Gilbert since "The Snob," and Richard Barthelmess since "Broken Blossoms," I never thought I had a right to bother any of them with my correspondence, although I did write H. B. Warner and received the nicest photograph.

Fans, don't expect so much. How would you like to work all day and then go home and thank three or four hundred people for your job?

Do as I do—cut the photographs out of PICTURE PLAY and make a scrapbook. You will want three or four pages for each player, for if you are as ardent a fan as I, you will be saving pictures of their wives, children, husbands, mothers, et cetera. Really, it's lots of fun.

ELNORA ROBERTS.
232 University Avenue,
Rochester, New York.

The Stroller Gets His.

One of the most interesting of all the departments of PICTURE PLAY is "The Stroller." But once in a while Mr. Reay says something that seems to carry a bit more sting than is fair. Recently he said "There is something gratifying in the recent auction of Richard Dix's home."

Now I ask you, why should the sale of *any* home seem gratifying? Was it because, as Mr. Reay said, many fans were not there? If so, I should say right here, that many fans did not know of the auction. Had they known, I am quite sure they would have been there.

And I do not think the fans would "buy towels because they had touched the dear flesh"; they'd buy them because, being Dix fans, they'd like having something that had belonged to him, and perhaps many of them could not have afforded to purchase anything else.

It is rather silly of the fan to adore, revere, and worship the screen stars, but what are you going to do about it, Mr. Reay? It can't be changed, this attitude of the young fan. And it does not seem sporting of you to speak so caustically about any one, so far as to say you find something gratifying in an auction of his home. It might hurt, you know.

JUST ANOTHER DIX FAN.
1037 West 59th Street,
Los Angeles, California.

Revelations.

Publicity is probably the most indispensable factor in the creation of a star, and yet, strangely enough, it is apt to turn at any moment and destroy all that it has created. Take the unfortunate case of Dolores del Rio. For some obscure reason it was deemed clever by her p. a. to create a sensational story out of the death of her husband. The emotions, fickle as they are, of the fans were played upon in every possible manner until a great and tragic affair had been reproduced in the minds of Del Rio's admirers.

Personally, I don't consider it exactly fair or sportsmanlike to pry into the private affairs of a screen artist at such a crisis. For a fan to complain that the spectacular story woven around the death of Jaime del Rio killed admiration for Dolores, is anything but a tribute to that fan's good taste and intelligence. Surely it is wiser to temper the erratic tales which come into being in the publicity office, with a little common sense.

Lupe Velez has suffered exceedingly from ill-conceived publicity and rash stories invented by overzealous press agents. From the reactions to this so-called publicity one might gather that the average fan is of staid, puritanical views, so adverse does he appear to a little wildness and primitive fun.

One fan even goes so far as to brand Gary Cooper a meek and somewhat mentally deficient fool with the inane description, "He seems so bashful, and has that 'what's-it-all-about' look on his face, and you simply couldn't put him wise." Let

Continued on page 112

"What? Learn Music by Mail?" *they laughed*



"Yes," I cried, "and I'll bet money I can do it!"

IT all started one day after lunch. The office crowd was in the recreation-room, smoking and talking, while I thumbed through a magazine.

"Why so quiet, Joe?" some one called to me.

"Just reading an ad," I replied, "all about a new way to learn music by mail. Says here any one can learn to play in a few months at home, without a teacher. Sounds easy, the way they tell about it."

"Ha, ha," laughed Fred Lawrence, "do you suppose they would say it was *hard?*"

"Perhaps not," I came back, a bit peeved, "but it sounds so reasonable I thought I'd write them for their booklet."

Well, maybe I didn't get a razzing then!

Finally Fred Lawrence sneered: "Why, it's absurd. The poor fellow *really* believes he can learn music by mail!"

To this day I don't know what made me come back at him. Perhaps it was because I *really was* ambitious to learn to play the piano. Anyhow, before I knew it I'd cried, "Yes, and I'll bet money I can do it." But the crowd only laughed harder than ever.

Suppose I Was Wrong—

As I walked upstairs to my desk I began to regret my haste. Suppose that music course wasn't what the ad said. Suppose it was too difficult for me. And how did I know I had even the least bit of talent to help me out. If I fell down, the boys in the office would have the laugh on me for life. But just as I was beginning to weaken, my life-long ambition to play and my real love of music came to the rescue. And I decided to go through with the whole thing.

During the few months that followed, Fred Lawrence never missed a chance to give me a sly dig about my bet. And the boys always got a good laugh, too. But I never said a word. I was waiting patiently for a chance to get the *last* laugh *myself.*

What Instrument for You

Piano	Piccolo
Organ	Guitar
Violin	Hawaiian Steel Guitar
Banjo (Plectrum, 5-String or Tenor)	Drums and Traps
Clarinet	Mandolin
Flute	'Cello
Harp	Ukulele
Cornet	Trombone
	Saxophone

Sight Singing
Harmony and Composition
Voice and Speech Culture
Automatic Finger Control
Piano Accordion
Italian and German Accordion

My Chance Arrives

Things began coming my way during the office outing at Pine Grove. After lunch it rained, and we all sat around inside looking at each other. Suddenly some one spied a piano in the corner. "Who can play?" every one began asking. Naturally, Fred Lawrence saw a fine chance to have some fun at my expense, and he got right up.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began, "our friend Joe, the music-master, has consented to give us a recital."

That gave the boys a good laugh. And some of them got on either side of me and with mock dignity started to escort me to the piano. I could hear a girl say, "Oh, let the poor fellow alone; can't you see he's mortified to death?"

The Last Laugh

I smiled to myself. This was certainly a wonderful setting for my little surprise party. Assuming a scared look, I stumbled over to the piano while the crowd tittered.

"Play 'The Varsity Drag'," shouted Fred, thinking to emharrass me further.

I began fingering the keys and then . . . with a wonderful feeling of cool confidence . . . I broke right into the very selection Fred asked for. There was a sudden hush in the room as I made that old piano talk. But in a few minutes I heard a fellow jump to his feet and shout, "Believe me, the boy is *there!* Let's dance!"

Tables and chairs were pushed aside, and soon the whole crowd was shuffling around having a whale of a time. Nohody would hear of me stopping, least of all the four fellows who were singing in harmony right at my elbow. So I played one peppy selection after another until I finished with "Crazy Rhythm," and the crowd stopped dancing and singing to applaud me. As I turned around to thank them, there was Fred holding a tenspot right under my nose.

"Folks," he said, addressing the crowd again, "I want to apologize publicly to Joe. I bet him he couldn't learn to play by mail, and believe me, he sure deserves to win the money!"

"Learn to play *by mail!*" exclaimed a dozen people. "That sounds impossible! Tell us how you did it!"

I was only too glad to tell them how I'd always wanted to play but couldn't afford a teacher, and couldn't think of spending years in practice. I described how I had read the U. S. School of Music ad, and how Fred bet me I couldn't learn to play by mail.

"Folks," I continued, "it was the biggest surprise of my life when I got the first lesson. It was fun right from the start, everything as simple as A-B-C. There were no scales or tiresome exercises. And all it required was part of my spare time. In a short time I was playing jazz, classical pieces, and in fact, anything I wanted. Believe me, that certainly was a profitable bet I made with Fred."

Play Any Instrument

You, too, can now **teach yourself** to be an accomplished musician—right at home—in half the usual time. You can't go wrong with this simple new method which has already shown over half a million people how to play their favorite Instruments **by note.** Forget that old-fashioned idea that you need special "talent." Just read the list of instruments in the panel, decide which one you want to play and the U. S. School will do the rest. And bear in mind no matter which instrument you choose, the cost in each case will be the same—averaging just a few cents a day. No matter whether you are a mere beginner or already a good performer, you will be interested in learning about this new and wonderful method.

Send for Our Free Booklet and Demonstration Lesson

Thousands of successful students never dreamed they possessed musical ability until it was revealed to them by a remarkable "Musical Ability Test" which we send entirely without cost with our interesting free booklet.

If you are in earnest about wanting to play your favorite instrument—if you really want to gain happiness and increase your popularity—send at once for the Free Booklet and Free Demonstration Lesson which explain this remarkable method. The booklet will also tell you all about the amazing new **Automatic Finger Control.** No cost—no obligation. Sign and send the convenient coupon now. Instruments supplied when needed, cash or credit. U. S. School of Music, 5312 Brunswick Bldg., N. Y. C.

U. S. School of Music,
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Please send me your free book, "Music Lessons in Your Own Home," with introduction by Dr. Frank Crane, Free Demonstration Lesson and particulars of your easy payment plan. I am interested in the following course:

Have You
.....Instr.? .....

Name .....

Address .....

City .....State .....

"I've Come to Take You Away from This— To Marry You To-night!"



In a sudden lull of the music, Wayne's words came tense and impassioned. Dozens of curious eyes sought the speaker. The other dancers began to crowd around the two men and the girl.

In that dramatic moment Valerie knew her heart. She must sacrifice her wealthy home and the affection of her father to elope with the poor man she loved.

Later, in the grim reality of poverty and the weakness of her husband, Valerie sought a new understanding of life, and the courage to rebuild her shattered dreams.

As an entertainer in a night club, Valerie's grace and exotic beauty carried her far. She rose above the bleakness of disillusionment and won the love and happiness she so justly deserved.

Those who have read "Nice Girl" and "Angel Face" will find all their glamour and sympathetic appeal in

Moon Magic

By VIVIAN GREY

This book is one of the CHELSEA HOUSE NEW COPYRIGHTS, the famous line of cloth-bound books selling at

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CHELSEA HOUSE, Publishers 79 Seventh Avenue, New York

PICTURE PLAY, January, 1930 Volume XXXI Number 5



Photo by Ruth Harriet Louise

That engaging pair, Anita Page and William Haines, pause in their funmaking in "Navy Blues" to be photographed in a greeting to their special fans—those who read PICTURE PLAY. Being anything but behind the times, their film will be entirely in dialogue, with singing and dancing too, and will tell a more serious story than some of Billy Haines' other pictures. Though he plays a gob, *"Bozo" Kelly,* and Anita an everyday girl, their romance is anything but commonplace.

An Original Movietone

Sunny Side Up



IT was Jane's own fault, right from the start. If she hadn't quarreled with Jack Cromwell that Fourth of July morning, he would have stayed at Southampton with the "four hundred" instead of rushing off in a huff to New York to mix in with the "four million."

If he had stayed where he belonged, he probably would never have set eyes upon sweet Molly Carr. He'd never have been watching that block party up in Yorkville, or fallen under the spell of Molly's magic voice and twinkling feet during her song and dance number.

But that number started Jack thinking. Molly had looks, grace, manners, and remarkable versatility. What was the matter with inviting her down to Southampton as a special guest entertainer for his mother's Charity Bazaar?

Molly liked the idea, too, when Jack put it up to her. Like many another shop girl, she had had her day dreams of life among the idle rich. More than once she had envisioned herself the bride of a Park Avenue millionaire, with a summer home at Newport, and all the maids, butlers, Rolls-Royces and pleasure yachts in the world at her beck and call. It would be fun to play the part of a society bud, even for a little while. And then—she liked this particular young man. Even now, his picture, clipped from a Sunday paper, had the place of honor on her dressing table. All in all, it was too good to miss. Molly would go and she'd even do more. . . .



Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor

In order to help Jack bring his light-hearted sweetheart to her senses, she would pretend there was an affair between them. She'd make Jane jealous, for Jack's sake.

THE Charity Bazaar is on. Molly and her friends have been living in a rented home on the estate adjoining the Cromwell's and are all ready to take part in the entertainment. Between Jack and Molly, everything has been working out as they planned. Jane is a bit suspicious, and more than a little jealous of Molly. It seems to her that Jack pays more attention to this little outsider than her presence in his mother's Charity entertainment really necessitates. It is hardly likely that he would forget his social position and fall in love with a nobody — and yet, men do strange things. She'd better watch her man before he does something foolish! Perhaps a word to Jack's mother . . .?

IT is Molly's turn to go on. The stage is set for her number. By now she is actually in love with Jack, and her emotions run riot as she hums to herself the duet which they are about to sing. She doesn't know that just a few moments before, Jane has managed to patch up her quarrel with Jack and that they are to be married soon.

Talking Romance



Suddenly she is confronted by Jack's mother. What is there between her and Jack? Is it true that Jack is paying the rent for the home she and her friends are occupying? Does she not know that Jack is engaged to a young lady of his own set and that an affair with a girl of no social antecedents is unthinkable? She must leave at once, the moment her number is finished. That is the best thing for her own happiness and Jack's!

Of course Molly leaves. She has tasted life as Society lives it. She has had her day—and she has helped Jack recover his sweetheart. Molly leaves and Jack doesn't know why—until . . . . . .

BUT we mustn't tell the whole story here, otherwise you would miss much of the enjoyment of the great surprise climax of "Sunny Side Up" when you see it at your favorite theater.

It's the first original all talking, singing, dancing musical comedy written especially for the screen. Words and music are by DeSylva, Brown and Henderson, authors of such stage musical comedy successes as "Good News," "Manhattan Mary," "Three Cheers," "Hold Everything," and "Follow Through," so you know what kind of music to expect when you hear "Sunny Side Up"!



David Butler never directed a better picture. Leading the cast are Janet Gaynor, who plays the part of Molly Carr, and Charles Farrell as Jack Cromwell. Farrell has a splendid baritone voice which will certainly add thousands of new friends to his long list of enthusiastic admirers. And you simply must hear Janet Gaynor sing to appreciate the remarkable scope of this young artist's talents.

Then too, there are Sharon Lynn, Marjorie White, Frank Richardson and El Brendel, and about 100 of the loveliest girls you've ever seen in a musical comedy anywhere! The scenes are laid in upper New York City and at Southampton, society's fashionable Long Island summer resort.

All things considered, "Sunny Side Up" is far and away the most entertaining talking, singing, dancing picture yet produced. Six dollars and sixty cents would hardly buy a ticket for it on the New York stage—but you'll be able to hear and see this great William Fox Movietone soon, right in your own favorite local motion picture theatre, at a fraction of that price.



Arthur Freed and Nacio Herb Brown, whose "Broadway Melody" was a big hit along with the picture.

Can You Theme

This informative article points and girls must follow to reach the their lyrics, tunes

By Virginia

IT wasn't long ago that ambitious boys and girls stood in front of the looking-glass trying to emulate John Barrymore, or Greta Garbo. But no more. Mirrors are growing dusty now, while the piano and the ukulele are working overtime. A new movie lure promises fame and millions, since the screen has learned to play jazz and to sing ballads which send audiences home whistling. Cinema articulation came so unexpectedly that for many months the singies were in a state of chaos, but now things are settling down, and it is becoming possible to see just what chance the amateur composer has to break into the newest phase of Hollywood activity.



Reggie Montgomery and George Ward are one of the youngest teams in the theme-song field.

One way to get a proper perspective of the future is to glance over your shoulder at the past. Although you may not realize it, theme songs are not new. Like many other screen innovations, they can truthfully be credited to D. W. Griffith, though not many have thought of doing so.

To-day, perhaps, Mr. Griffith is not as important a figure in the movie equation as he once was, yet twelve or thirteen years ago the theme-song idea was pretty clear in his mind. "The Birth of a Nation" is, as far as record shows, the first screen production to have a theme song. It was a plaintive ballad called "Perfect Love," the strains of which accompanied Lillian Gish and Henry B. Walthall on their courtship 'strolls through fields of cotton, before Sherman marched to the sea.

It is worth noting, too, that a synchronized score was also introduced for the first time in "The Birth of a Nation." The picture was originally sent out to the large cities as a road show, with a full orchestra accompanying every print. Mr. Griffith was the first to realize that the proper musical atmosphere was a strong dramatic aid, and his genius for weaving appropriate melodies into the action did much to launch "The Birth of a Nation" on its amazing career. Many people were so charmed with the score that emanated from the orchestra pit that they attended the picture a number of times.

Mr. Griffith, incidentally, continued the practice for several years. Similar orchestras went out with "Way Down East," and "Hearts of the World," until the maestro's favorite tunes, "At Dawning" and "In the Gloaming," were as inseparably associated with him as "Mammy" is with Al Jolson. "Dream Street," with which, you may recall, Mr. Griffith tried an unsuccessful talking device, also had a theme song written for it and named after it.

Other producers were soon following the Griffith lead, the biggest seller being "Micky," composed for Mabel Normand's picture of that title. Before Vitaphone or Movietone had uttered a sound, the dramatic value of a catchy tune was established. What would "The Big

Write A Song?

out the course ambitious boys songland of the talkies with —and big money.

Morris



Ballard MacDonald and Dave Dreyer work out their pieces together in the M.-G.-M. theme-song shop.

Parade" have been without the accompaniment of "Hinky Dinky, Parlez-vous" and "Madelon"? And would you have been half so keen about "The Covered Wagon," without a banjo player strumming the Forty-niners' song, "Oh, Susanna"?

The first theme song to sweep the country was "Charmaine," written for "What Price Glory?" Erno Rapée, leader of the orchestra at the Roxy Theater in New York, was then conducting at Fox's theater in Washington. When the executives saw "What Price Glory?" before its release, one of them thought it would help exploitation to have a theme song, so Mr. Rapée was brought to New York for the purpose of composing it. Not long after he hit the success target again with "Diane," the song accompanying "Seventh Heaven." Both these compositions were worked out, let it be remembered, *after* the pictures were completed.

Theme songs for the talkies are an entirely new game, for the simple reason that the work begins, not after the production is finished, but before camera work starts, and sometimes even before the story is written. The first song composed for introduction from the sound screen was "Mother, I Still Have You," which Al Jolson sang in his first picture, "The Jazz Singer." Its author was Louis Silvers who, at that time, was already in Hollywood as the director of all orchestral recording for Vitaphone. He was the first theme-song composer for the talkies, because circumstances found him on the Warner lot when "The Jazz Singer" was begun.



Louis Silvers composed "Mother, I Still Have You," for Al Jolson, the first song popularized by talkies.

But to-day Mr. Silvers has plenty of contemporaries. Tin Pan Alley in New York has piped down considerably, and is almost as quiet as a radio set with a broken aërial. Practically all the important song writers in the country have given up their two-room apartments in the Forties and have bought Spanish homes in California. This has come about largely through the situation created by the success of "Sonny Boy," written for Al Jolson's second picture, "The Singing Fool." It is doubtful if "Sonny Boy" would have been more than a mediocre hit had it been put on the market in the old way. But because it was introduced in a talking picture that immediately reached hundreds of theaters, it made a fortune for the writers, DeSylva, Brown, and Henderson, who not only composed it, but published it.

Now the Warner brothers are good business men, and they saw the folly of letting a picture that belonged to them make millions for somebody else. And the other producers who were watching from the side lines saw the same thing. That is why every important studio in Hollywood immediately bought control of a music-publishing house, or made a contract with one which protected very definitely their interests in

Can You Write A Theme Song?



A typical song-writing staff. Top row, left to right, Jesse Greet, Vincent Bryan, Roy Turk, Fred Ahlert, Raymond Klages; second row, Mack King, Gus Edwards, Lou Alter, George Ward, Reggie Montgomery; front, Dave Dreyer, Fred Fisher, and Lois Leeson.

songs that were popularized through their screen productions. Warner Brothers and First National are now affiliated with M. Witmark & Sons, Paramount with T. B. Harms, Metro-Goldwyn with the Jack Robbins Music Company, and Fox with DeSylva, Brown, and Henderson.

It is for this reason that the amateur song writer who hopes to become a professional must turn his eyes not toward Hollywood, but toward New York. All composers privileged to work on theme songs are sent to the Coast from the Broadway offices of the music company associated with each studio. The problem of breaking in, therefore, is concerned with getting recognition from the publisher in New York. Once you succeed in being put on his staff, your prospects of seeing California are fairly bright. You must first, however, establish your ability to write popular songs for the general catalogue, for only the crack composers and lyricists are sent to Hollywood.

And now for the actual chances of being heard in Tin Pan Alley. The Hollywood Chamber of Commerce once advised young people who were movie-struck not to venture to the city limits, unless they had enough money to live on for eighteen months, plus enough for a return ticket home. The same admonition would go well for the youthful musician who thinks he has several best sellers in his system. He must only remember to make his living budget somewhat larger, for expenses incidental to subsisting in New York are rather heavier than in Los Angeles.

This disadvantage will be balanced, perhaps, by the consideration that there is not nearly so much competition in song writing as there is in acting. There are literally thousands always storming the casting offices, but music publishers still continue to count their applicants in hundreds, or even in scores.

While it is a fact that most of the theme-song writers at present have had established reputations along Broadway for from five to twenty years, nevertheless it is possible to get a hearing at most music concerns. There are weekly audition days set aside for experts to listen to the work of likely beginners. These auditions are to the amateur song writer what a screen test is to the aspiring player. But whereas screen tests have always been difficult to arrange, any one may apply at audition time, and although he may not be heard that very day, he will get a chance at the publisher's piano eventually.

To prove that the successful concocter of song hits need not necessarily be purely of Broadway, M. Witmark & Sons cite Joe Schuster and Johnny Tucker as examples of recent arrivals from other fields. A little over a year ago Schuster was a shipping clerk and Tucker was a fireman. They were great pals, and in the evenings they worked together at song writing. At a Witmark audition they played their composition, "Two Little Pretty Birds," and were immediately put under contract. Since then they have collaborated on two hits, "Sleep, Baby, Sleep" and "The Dance of the Paper Dolls." Although they have as yet written no motion-picture music, if they continue their good average on the routine output, the chances are they will be assigned to the Hollywood staff.

There is another angle that the amateur must not disregard. It is very difficult to achieve recognition alone, since almost all successful popular music takes two heads instead of one. That is, song writing is generally done in teams—one man composing the music, and the other framing the lyrics. Either element may make or break the piece.

Some of the prominent Hollywood teams whose work you have tried on your piano are Nacio Herb Brown and Arthur Freed, composers of "The Broadway Melody" and "Singin' in the Rain," the latter from the "Hollywood Revue"; Al Dubin and Joe Burke, composers of all the music in "Gold Diggers of Broadway"; Grant Clarke and Harry Akst, composers of the music in "On With the Show"; and Gus Edwards and Joe Goodwin, composers of "Your Mother and Mine," also one of the best numbers in the "Hollywood Revue." So it behooves the amateur to select a business partner, since geniuses like Irving Berlin, who is adept at both melody and lyrics, are few and far between.

The financial returns for successful composers are, of course, enormous. America is always ready to pay well

Continued on page 92

Baby, Behave!

The boys give the girls a great, big hand to drive home their words.





Monte Blue, above, must have been sorely tried to visit such punishment upon May McAvoy, in "No Defense."

And if you saw "The Water Hole" you know that Jack Holt, below, *was* given a rough deal by Nancy Carroll.

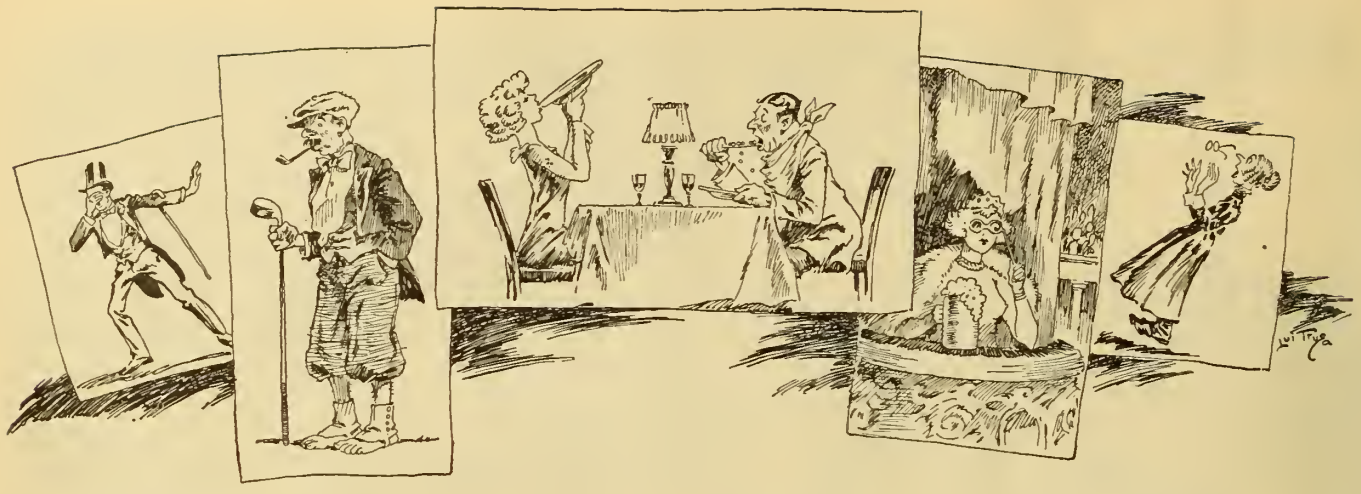


Alice Day, above, has no fear of Jack Mulhall's punishment, for she knows that once a comedian always a comedian.

"Are you going to do that again?" asks Grant Withers, below, of the object of his pretended wrath, a young lady quaintly named Sugar Geis.



Sidney Blackmer, above, with a reputation for dignity on the stage, loses his temper in Hollywood. The reason? Constance Meredith.



Is There Anything Wrong In That?

You will answer the question as you laugh at examples of etiquette as practiced by stage stars for their benighted brothers and sisters of the screen.

By Laura Ellsworth Fitch

Illustrated by Lui Trugo

THREE or four years ago John Barrymore gave an inkling of what might be expected when he asked a casual acquaintance, who had called on a business appointment, to darn his socks if she pleased —or even if she didn't please!

But of course we couldn't be sure that a Barrymore wasn't a law unto himself. The Barrymores did things that other people didn't do—and vice versa. The idea being that royalty was royalty and what were you going to do about it? Hollywood merely stuck her tongue in her cheek and said something about "Wasn't that cute?"

But the practice of really asking lady callers to darn one's socks was not seriously taken up by the best people.

However, that was three or four years age, when Hollywood was merely a nice, little hamlet, uncomplicated by broad a's, theme songs, and the din of Broadway.

Now, something *has* come up. Plenty of it! Not only professionally, but off-screen as well. For instance, this little point of etiquette, or "How To Behave on All Occasions." Believe me, we are learning things from Broadway.

Back in the old days, when an occasional star of the stage was brought out, he used to tell his friends about the contract he had signed and accept their congratulations with a sigh. Hollywood was distinctly *gauche,* oh, yes, m'dear. One merely existed among the hoi polloi as best one could, until one's contract had expired and one could pocket the bank checks and return to the civilized East.

Confidentially, Hollywood was a hick town, m'dear. The movie actors were distinctly—well, every one knew they were mostly graduates of ribbon counters and typewriters and things like that, with practically no rare, old theatrical families for a background. And as for the producers! My eye, old fellow! Simply *outré!* Absolutely! No taste for the finer things at all.

Hollywood was duly chastened, of course. After all, the rumors *were* pretty bad. Often she didn't dress for dinner, if you can believe that human flesh could survive such a faux pas. It was even hinted that some of the biggest and brightest stars appeared at the Cocoanut Grove in street clothes! Oh, it was pretty bad, all right, all right.

Hollywood stood to be corrected. She was humble. Certainly she sat back to watch her more drawing-room sisters, with an eagle eye to pick up what crumbs might fall in the line of social procedure. And pop! Right out of the box what should come up again but that sock question!

Hollywood was used to the right-hand grip of Tom Mix—before Richard Keene came along.



Take Bessie Love of Hollywood, sitting on an M.-G.-M. set one day, busily improving each shining hour. Bessie is never idle. Between scenes she sews. Just for the devilment of it. Also, take the Messrs. Van and Schenck of Broadway, stars of a picture under way at the same studio. The point is they noticed Bessie's industry.

"Do you sew just to be doing something?" asked Mr. Van, nonchalantly.

Bessie nodded and kept right on sewing.

"Then in that case," suggested Schenck, "you won't mind if we bring our old socks around in the morning, will you?"

But is there anything wrong in that? Socially, I mean. You see, we don't know in Hollywood. Perhaps that little touch of informality is just the thing.

Surely Rudy Vallée ought to know. Maybe we're just old-fashioned, but certainly we had never thought of asking a newspaper woman up to a hotel for an interview "after I hop into bed"! That must be one of those new Broadway subtleties we're too *gauche* to understand.

Rudy was to meet the lady after a long, hard day of studio work. When she arrived he was tired—very tired. On being presented, Rudy waved her to silence, cleared his melodious throat, drooped his eyelids, and remarked politely, "Really, I'm too fatigued to talk to you here at the studio. If you'll come up to the hotel with me while I get into bed, I'll be glad to have a little chat with you."

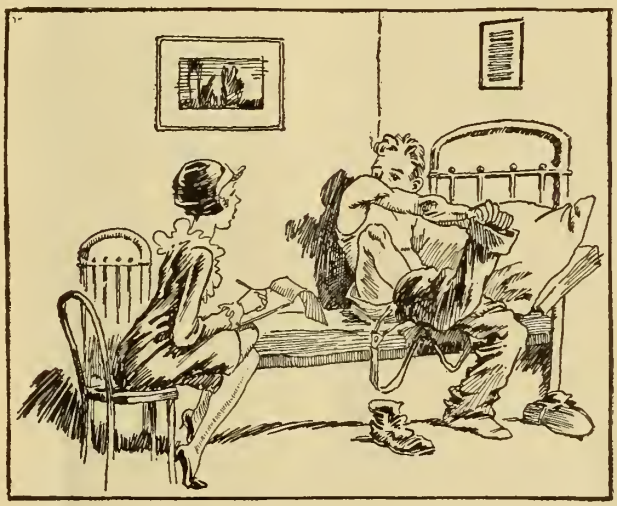
Is there anything wrong in that?

But that wasn't a circumstance compared to the gesture employed by Charles Eaton and Marilyn Miller to speed departing interviewers on their way. The élite of Broadway would probably describe it as "the Shanghai gesture," but the unknowing of Hollywood would call it, quite simply, old-fashioned nose thumbing.

Young Charlie Eaton, who is quite the man of the world these days, and who comes from a large stage family, should certainly know what's what. If not from the depths of his own experience, certainly instinctively, because of the background he enjoys. Charlie was the first to spring this on the colony. The scene was the publicity office at the Fox studio, the occasion an interview.



She sped the departing interviewer with "the Shanghai gesture."



Granting interviews while getting into bed is a novelty introduced by Rudy Vallée.

Charlie received the lady, condescendingly gave her the information she desired, and rose to indicate that the audience was at an end. He shook hands with her graciously, smiled sweetly, and the lady turned to go. The moment her back was turned Mr. Eaton's heels clicked together and his hand came smartly to his head, with thumb to nose in the well-known Shanghai gesture.

Marilyn Miller, one of the highest-priced stars who ever danced and sung on Broadway, whose wistful smile has inspired more odes than Tiffany has bracelets, and who is, in other words, the queen bee of the Broadway firmament, was more terse. Miss Miller did not even acknowledge the introduction until the unfortunate caller had turned her back, whereupon Miss Miller thumbed her nose in gracious farewell.

When a lady interviewer was asked to darn the star's socks, Hollywood thought it just a quaint Barrymorean custom.



Ina Claire, who knows what little about etiquette Marilyn Miller doesn't, descended upon Hollywood with all the hauteur of a visiting potentate and loudly proclaimed that because she was compelled under the terms of her contract to live in the sticks, she did not intend to live in gaucherie, and that she purposed to dress for dinner in the evening in Hollywood, as she was accustomed to doing in New York. This was quite all right with us, as our own Lilyan Tashman has been doing that sort of thing for years.

Imagine our surprise, however, on finding that Miss Claire's studious regard for the conventions, as concerns dress, was confined solely to dinner time.

The yachts in San Pedro harbor are all moored side by side and greetings are called

Continued on page 92



Photo by Ball

Louise Dresser and her husband, Jack Gardner, keep their eyes on the future.

The

After thirty-two years on to doing her best work soul's

By Myrtle

THE Motion Picture Academy of Arts and Sciences was bestowing its awards. Youth and beauty had been paid their customary honor.

"Louise Dresser!" a voice rang out, calling to recognition the middle years' accomplishment. The tribute was made to *Mamma Pleznick* for the unforgetable etching of an immigrant's bewilderment in "A Ship Comes In," a little, pictorial gem that seldom made the first-run theaters.

Mothers—tender or harsh, weak or strong, they are given to the films by a woman's longing for a child of her own. Their glow is the reflection of a sunny, compassionate woman who keeps open heart to the world.

At forty-seven she is the only feminine star of the sunset years. Her Fox agreement designates her as star, though she accepts lesser billing in order to play desired rôles. She does not dwell in mist-shrouded lanes of memory; her eyes are on the *future*. Between fifty and fifty-five she expects to do her best work!

An invincible spirit and a tolerance rooted in deep sympathy have taken her, plugging and climbing, from a simple Hoosier home into theatrical prominence, through an intricate pattern of experience. With all its tests, she wouldn't trade her life, not a tiny one of its precious pains and pleasures, for throne or fortune. But she would, for a baby, dump it all out instantly.

You know her as a stage star, as a screen artist whose work rings true, and as a clever, cultured woman.

Do you know that for eighteen months she lay ill, uncertain that she would ever walk again?

That, at forty-six, she lost seventy-six thousand dollars, most of her life's savings?

That this splendid actress constantly fears that she will never do anything worth while, requiring the exertion of much will power to achieve any degree of confidence?

You can't know, until you have shared her gayety and tears, reassured her in moods of self-deprecation, and tagged her sympathy around others' troubles, how great her heart is, and how rich its understanding.

No material substance ever tantalized one wrapped up in the earthiness of living and working and feeling. Her only great yearning has been for a child. And in this denial lies, I think, her power.

"At sixteen I wanted a baby dreadfully. It was an actual ache, that need. As my work engrossed me, the longing left me. During my twenties and thirties, I never gave it a thought." Part of her abundant charm is the ingenuous candor with which she reveals herself. "In my forties it rushed back suddenly."

Intensified, perhaps, by that long while of disinterest, this maternal quality pours into her rôles. You sense it, though in the story she may be childless, too. All the force of her vibrant, strong character is full of its yearning.

Parting from her screen children at each picture's completion is a wrench. Kay Johnson is her pet. "Ah, those dear eyes," she will muse. "She has audacity and tenderness, so much sweetness."

She sees a beneficent purpose back of all her personal disasters.

"I needed that accident." It occurred at a theatrical charity benefit. Her foot caught in an unfastened car-

Mothering Heart

the stage and screen, Louise Dresser looks forward when she is past fifty as a substitute for her real yearning—which is for a child.

Gebhart



At forty-six Miss Dresser saw most of her life's savings swept away.

Photo by Ball

pet; the fall inflicted a serious fracture. During her hospital sojourn it became the custom of medicos and nurses to congregate in her sitting room, to be buoyed by her jollity.

"I was riding too high. After all those grubstaking years—gray towns, dreary seasons, hunger—I hit. For nine years I never left Broadway. I would casually buy a forty-five-hundred-dollar rug, or a lovely painting. My extravagance was reckless, unmotivated caprice, rather than acute desire. But I wasn't grateful enough.

"I fell out of the theater, out of an easy, successful, happy circuit, out of thoughtlessness into reckoning. Out of New York into California!" When brushing over a personal tragedy she tacks on a humorous flip.

To speed her convalescence, and that the kinder clime might benefit her mother's health, her husband, Jack Gardner—whom she calls "daddy"—brought them West. Her salary had been seventeen hundred and fifty dollars a week. To occupy herself and to please her friend, Pauline Frederick, she took her first picture engagement for three hundred a week.

When rôles did not follow rapidly, she suffered a nervous apprehension that she had failed in the new field. She always will be harassed by this inability to attain the artist's ever elusive, ever progressive goal. Time and again she had her trunks packed and was on the verge of departure.

"Dear Jim Cruze understood me best. He taught me and patiently endured my stupidity. It took me so long to learn the movies."

Still, there was quite a lot of money. One morning, suddenly, there wasn't. Seventy-six thousand dollars rolled off her bank account, through financing a relative in a business venture.

"Investments made on daddy's or mother's advice succeed; my impulses prove costly. Some day I may realize that I have no head for business."



Miss Dresser early in her stage career.

That loss taught her economy; she allows herself only moderate luxury.

"Funny, I don't miss the gewgaws. It's much nicer to have chairs you can sit on. Antiques make me nervous. I'm all for comfort."

There did come a truly dark hour, one of those professional interludes. Even after the sensational "Goose Woman," producers debated whether picture-goers would accept her regularly. A middle-aged man, Lewis Stone or Wallace Beery, yes; but femininity must be provocative. Gradually there developed a definite demand for her.

On the set she is composed, conscientious. Her poise and practicality impress one, through her concentration. Such social life as she has time for, she endows with a gracious charm. It is only in her home, however, that you see the woman herself. You laugh at and with her. There, where love folds her in, she expands in the freedom of complete self-revelation. There, curiously, she is easily upset. A change in a picture schedule is a

cataclysm. Though she superintends the household and the garden with a certain precision, she glories in being babied. Others' personal dramas, grazing her life, are keenly felt. A friend's toothache is a matter for concern.

She rushes about, chatting with neighbors, worrying over something, or happily recounting some one's good fortune. Joys and sorrows tumble about in an agitation not too nervous. All in a flutter, she dresses in five minutes and is ready two hours before it is time to leave.

From the old-fashioned home in rural Glendale they recently moved to Beverly Hills. Their ten years' seclusion was broken by the cutting of a new road and the whir of traffic. Three weeks ahead everything had been packed. Even the peaches were picked and separately wrapped.

Her favorite trees had been uprooted. Brown patches on the green lawn indicated the removal of prized shrubs.

"Fred," she would call to the colored boy, "take this up. You know I can't leave my baby walnut."

"Yassum," the boy would reply, "an' where'll Ah put it when Ah brings it back? Same place?"

From her riotous gardens, stretching seemingly into the purple-misted Sierra Madres, she took enough green stuff to stock a nursery—and brought most of it back again.

"It's such a small house, what shall we do?"

"Give it time," Mr. Gardner called. "It'll be a big house by and by."

Except for a needy cause, she never has been known to throw anything away. She can't part with the bag that So-and-so brought her from Paris, and who could think of putting greatgrandma's chair in the attic? So she has another room, or a wing, built on periodically.

"I'm *not* sentimental," she maintained, when I remarked that she probably had every doorknob named. "But it's hard to tear up roots. We've been so very happy here. It will amuse people. I can imagine them saying, 'At last Louise Dresser is going Beverly.' But though we're leaving a street for a drive, it's the *other* part of Beverly, not the fashionable section."



Louise Dresser's Alsatian mother in "Twelve Hours of Love" is enriched by a deep fund of personal emotion.

Her furniture is so antique, she says, that it antedates all periods. Heavy mahogany, exquisite linens and laces, faded photographs of celebrities, friends of a quarter century ago. Daguerreotypes of relatives, funny, old-fashioned, dear.

Her treasures are things that bring people close. Until her twenty-first anniversary she had never had an expensive bracelet. Her husband's gifts had always been things for the house. When, elaborately casual, he dropped a diamond bracelet in her hand, she was speechless. It takes time to get such a gem insured, and she wouldn't risk it away from herself for a minute. She wore it to bed, to breakfast, to work.

"Did people think I'd gone loco? I loved it so that I actually hated, finally, to put it in the safety box."

Her reading reflects her vital but unquesting mind, satisfied to consider the thoughts bred by each experience, with tranquil valleys for browsing between these peaks. Biography, fiction—interesting, amusing things. She will order everything a pleasing author has ever written. No rhyme or reason to her at all. She reads Skippy aloud to her mother and faithful, chocolate Annie. The cartoon fascinates her. She insists, with that twinkle in her pale-blue eyes, that some day Skippy is going to dance right off the page and into the room!

In her fine honesty, no ridiculous effort is made to camouflage time's faint record. A dab of powder, a swift coiling of her silky, yellow hair into a knot at the back.

"Those heavy wigs and dark make-ups," she said, with a laugh and a sigh, "they're ruining my hair. It's broken off until it's almost a fashionable shoulder length, see? I'll be up to date yet, if they only wait long enough."

A robust enjoyment of life and of hard work has molded this very energetic woman, whose Indian summer is packed with activities. Glance back over the album tucked into her memory, to Evansville, Indiana. Louise Josephine Kerlin had a gift of excitement. She played with her brother and her boy cousins. She cultivated a child who lived on a river scow, that she might see a certain river

Continued on page 110

Hail—And Farewell!

Leatrice Joy returned to the screen for one picture, then said good-by—but not before pausing to speak of the good, old days now gone forever.

By Ann Sylvester

THE movies have married again and taken unto themselves a most garrulous wife. And that's all right. The public seems to approve the mike and her new family of stage favorites. But it makes stepchildren of formerly fair and favored daughters like Leatrice Joy, for instance.

Not that the new mamma wasn't nice to Leatrice, inviting her to the First National studio for "A Most Immoral Lady" and three other pictures. But somehow or other Leatrice's old feeling of love for her work was missing, so she has postponed her contract for the other films in favor of wandering through Europe with her vaudeville skit.

"It just isn't the same," said the lady whose hair is as raven as ever, whose eyes snap as briskly as they did between scenes of "Manslaughter," whose mouth turns up as provocatively as of yore. Always there has been something so clean and shiny about Leatrice, like black patent leather. Something very energetic and clear about her voice that will be the mike's loss. "I'm just as enthusiastic as I once was," she explains.

"The thing I miss most in these new topsy-turvy talking studios is that old camaraderie of movie life that was as much a part of the game's fascination as the actual shooting of pictures. It is a hackneyed phrase, but Hollywood used to be like one big family. Now it's like in-laws." Her eyes twinkled beneath the folds of a white sports hat.

"At the old Lasky studio, where I got my start in pictures, every one knew and was interested in what every one else was doing. When we were making 'Manslaughter,' with DeMille, it was a familiar sight to look out over the cameras and see Gloria and Bebe, Monte and Bill. Or before that, Wally Reid, or Elliott Dexter. But with these sound pictures, if a player payed a social call on the set of another player, he would be ordered off by a sound supervisor.



"Hollywood is like a family of in-laws now," says Miss Joy.



Leatrice plays opposite Walter Pidgeon, in "A Most Immoral Lady."

"The new régime reminds me of a young married couple who have inherited wealth. They are proud and intrigued—but find themselves growing apart from one another. No longer do they dare sit at the breakfast table and hold hands. What would the butler think? No longer do they feel free to steal a kiss during dinner—the cook might walk in. Well, that is just about what has happened to the movies. The personal element has gone—and I miss it."

She pushed a smart bag to one side to make room for her order of scrambled eggs and "tomahtoes," formerly "tomatoes," before the Vitaphone pronunciation came in.

"It used to be the policy to fit the story around the player's personality, and while that had many disadvantages, the star or featured actor at least felt that he fitted into what he was doing. Now they are purchasing any and every stage play, and hoping to hit on somebody who can look the part, as well as speak the lines. All the way through 'A Most Immoral Lady,' I felt I was wearing a secondhand dress—something

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That

It's the dance feature of life, and here Stanley Smith



Quite simply, as if starting a sedate waltz, Nancy Carroll and Stanley Smith, left, clasp hands, but their heels promise livelier steps.



They kick forward, right, each taking one step, with Mr. Smith finishing on the right foot and Miss Carroll on the left.



The drag stamp, above, follows the kick step, with Mr. Smith on the left foot and Miss Carroll on the right, their bodies bent forward for a repetition of the kick and stamp on the other feet.



Novelty is introduced, right, when Mr. Smith walks forward and Miss Carroll backward, each taking two steps.



The dancers, left, cease their gyrations for an instant to kick with opposite feet inside and outside.

Prep Step

"Sweetie," a musical romance of campus and Nancy Carroll show how they do it.



Mr. Smith and Miss Carroll, left, finish the first part of the dance with a slide, dip and kick on the off beat, then repeat on other feet to opposite side.



On the right is seen more of the prep walk as illustrated opposite.

They are seen, above, in a continuation of the prep walk, which all dancers will want to try.



The side swing is illustrated, left, in which they step on the right foot, stepping in opposite directions and kicking left foot back.

They show, below, the prep side swing, a novel step typical of this youthful dance.



Short Cuts to the

Fans who write and write in vain will find clews as well as new angles on the

By Samuel



Photo by Chidnoff

A fan who had never seen a Dorothy Mackaill film wanted her photograph.



Greta Garbo serenely ignores all fan letters.

WHY is it that you often find yourself writing to a star,

My girl friend, down the street, received a letter and an autographed photo from you, but I have written twice and didn't get one.

Well, the chances are that your friend either sent money, or an intelligent letter of praise or criticism, while your own, which found its way to the wastebasket, read:

My hobby is collecting photos of film favorites. Please send me one to complete my collection.

This form is occasionally varied by the following:

Having seen you in a picture, I have decided to add you to my collection. Please send me a picture *at once* as I will be waiting for it.

The two foregoing forms comprise about eighty per cent of all fan mail. It must be evident to the most casual observer that the star addressed means nothing to the fan, who is simply trying to increase a collection of photos.

Consider the next letter sent to Dorothy Mackaill:

I have heard of you. They say that you are very good. May I please have your photograph?

This was from a girl who had never even taken the trouble to see a film of the star whose photograph she was requesting. Yet Dorothy was expected to send a photo free of charge.

I thought that one captured the brown derby, and it did—for about five minutes—when another envelope yielded this prize indited to June Collyer:

I will be delighted to receive your photograph. I have seen your picture in a magazine—an advertisement for toilet soap, I believe. Please send me a picture just like it. I am very anxious to get a large one.

The following classic, written to Bessie Love, emanated from Elyria, Ohio:

I had a few minutes to spare, so thought of you, so if you would be so *kind* and send me your picture. And if you would do me one more favor, tell the following girls to give me their picture, also.

A gushing letter gave David Rollins so much fun he sent the writer a nice picture of himself.

Photo by Kahle



Wastebasket

to the stars' silence in the letters quoted here, as importance of fan mail.

Richard Mook

The "following girls" comprised a list of nineteen. Every studio in Hollywood was represented, and many of the girls had retired from the screen. Yet Bessie was supposed to hunt them down and get their photos, for "tell them to send" really meant "will you get them for me?"

You have all read of the proposals the stars receive from unknown admirers. Sue Carol has received two that are at least a little out of the ordinary.

One was from a man in Seattle who writes almost daily and, without ever having received a word from Sue, fondly imagines he is engaged to her and wires that he cannot understand why she does not come to him. In one letter he explained that he couldn't give her anything but love, but that should only convince her of the depth of his affection.

The other was from a chap in Ohio who, receiving no response to his first proposal, drew up an agreement, resplendent in legal phrases and verbiage, couched in terms of "party of the first part" (Sue) and "party of the second part" (himself), in which it was stated that unless party of the second part received a definite answer by a certain date, it was tacitly agreed that party of the first part considered herself engaged to him, and agreed not to marry or go out with any one else for a period of one year, at the end of which time, party of the second part would arrive in California to claim and wed her.

Sue paid no attention to this, and presently received this wire:

Hurrah! You have not answered my letter and according to terms of agreement we are engaged. You cannot marry any one else legally.

Arthur Lake was the recipient of the following:

Will you please tell me what your objection is to sending me a photo? This is the third time I have written for one.

Needless to say, no money was ever inclosed in any of them.



Photo by Spurr

Marian Nixon has handed out no free pictures for several years.



Maybe it's another proposal from a fan that Nick Stuart is reading to Sue Carol.

A third sharp request for a photo was ignored by Arthur Lake, because no money was inclosed.

Photo by Stuck





An advertisement inspired a picture collector to ask for June Collyer's photo.

The last brings up the ever-present question of "to pay, or not to pay?" I have read letters in "What the Fans Think" on this subject, which almost caused me to burst a seam laughing. *"We* make the stars. Why should we pay for their photos? If it weren't for us, they wouldn't be drawing the salaries they do."

This is true only in part. You don't make them, bitter as the pill may be to swallow. A few of you have real favorites whom you go to see, regardless of the picture in which he or she may appear, but such loyalty is rare. The majority of you go to the movies because you want to be entertained, or because you want to see a certain picture.

That fan mail does *not* affect a star's position is borne out by the fact that Marian Nixon has not sent out a photo, except when money was inclosed, nor answered a fan letter in three years, and the year just ending with her marriage has been the most successful since she has been in pictures.

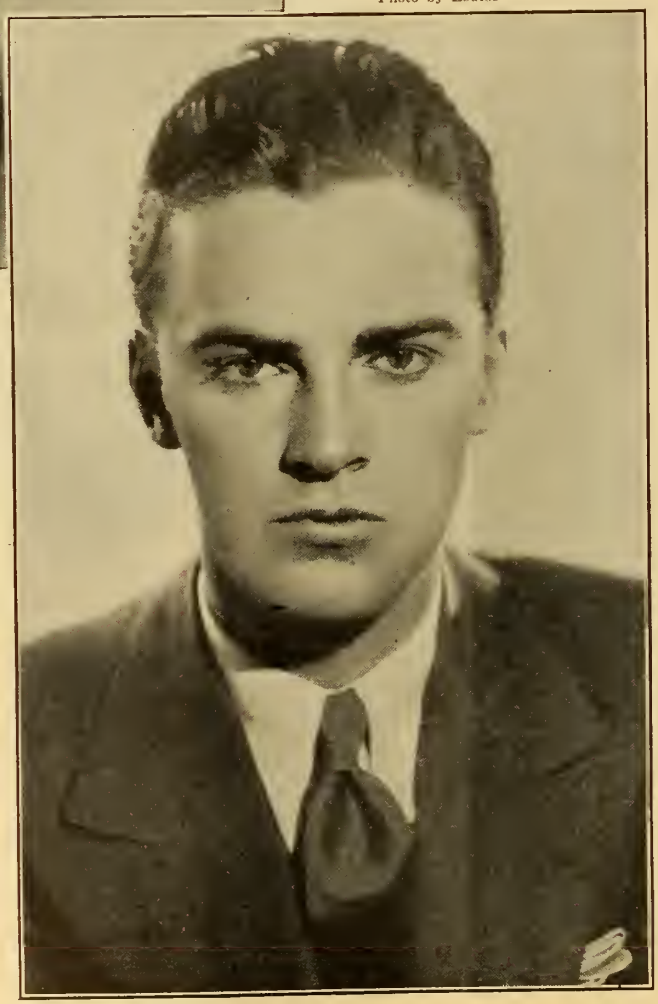
Greta Garbo is another star who pays absolutely no attention to fan mail, yet she is one of the biggest box-office attractions in the business.

Sue Carol, finding that the handling of her fan mail was making serious inroads on her income, went to one of the executives of her company, and asked if the studio would not assume at least part of the expense. The answer she received was, "For all we care, you can take your fan mail and dump it into the ocean. We don't pay the slightest attention to it. As long as you give good performances in the parts we cast you in, that's all you need worry about."

Most of you feel that the stars are making big salaries, and can afford the expenses incidental to taking care of fan mail. Now, here's the joker in the deck. The stars who make the big salaries and can afford it, are established favorites who make only two or three pictures a year, and their fan mail is negligible. It is the newcomers who arouse the liveliest interest, and their checks are not the four-figured kind you fondly believe they are.

Frank Albertson gets $75 a week, out of which he provides for himself and his mother, buys the clothes for his pictures, and is supposed to take care of his fan mail. The latter expense would run between $20 and $25 a week, if he sent photos to all those requesting them, or, in other words, one third of a very moderate income would go for fan mail. If the income was large, the money would not be missed, but $25 a week out of a $75 income makes quite a dent. Rex Bell gets $100 a week and his mail would cost approximately the same. And these are typical cases.

Photo by Louise



A girl wanted to correspond with Raymond Hackett so she could confide things "too dumb to tell anybody else."

Sue Carol's salary is reputed to be $1,250 a week. I have seen checks her secretary issued to cover the cost of fan mail in the past three months aggregating over $2,500. So you see, despite the fact that you like to believe you "make" the stars, it isn't always possible for them to stand the expense of sending photos to complete your collection.

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The Way of an Eagle

The death of Jeanne Eagels prompts a brief résumé of her life, a reminder of what she has left on the screen and a tribute to her as an individual.

THE passing of Jeanne Eagels was characteristic of her entire life. Always she had done the unexpected, always she had surprised, startled, and even shocked the world. In the face of defeat she had always triumphed, until death suddenly claimed her as she entered a hospital to await examination. But she left behind her a life story without precedent, even as the woman herself was like no other.

She was born in Boston of an Irish mother and a Spanish father, whose name, originally Aguilar, is a Spanish approximation for "eagle." And an eagle Jeanne turned out to be in her fierce ambition. By the time she was ten years old she was a veteran trouper among the tent shows of the West, playing many rôles but making little *Eva*, in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," peculiarly her own through complete submergence of the precocity of a child who had already left childhood behind her. Soon she was playing more mature parts, even *Camille*, which she dressed in a muslin "tea gown" edged with marabou for the last act.

But Jeanne Eagels was not destined to spend the rest of her life in tent shows. She saw to that. Eventually she played in obscure stock companies, waiting for her chance to be near enough to New York to try for a chance on Broadway. She got that chance through sheer nerve and 1911 found her, at seventeen, with a small part in "Jumping Jupiter," a musical show. She might have made her way to better things in pieces of this sort, but she scorned a big increase in salary when Florenz Ziegfeld offered it, protesting that she was an actress, not a show girl.



Miss Eagels' last professional appearance was in the picture "Jealousy."



Photo by Bagley

Jeanne Eagels was born in poverty, spent her childhood in tent shows and by her own efforts rose to affluence greater, perhaps, than that of any other stage star.

Of many anecdotes told of her at this time in her career, her trick in obtaining a coveted rôle is characteristic of her undaunted determination to advance herself. Hearing that an actress was wanted for the leading rôle created by Elsie Ferguson, in "Outcast," Miss Eagels dressed exactly as Miss Ferguson and called on the producer. She even gave an imitation of the better-known actress. It was not a shallow trick, though, for when she was given the part she was found to be letter-perfect.

From then on Miss Eagels' career took an upward curve, but it was not until 1922 that found her at her zenith in "Rain," which ran for seventy-six weeks in New York and which she played for five years throughout the country. It brought her recognition, fame, and for the first time in her life, wealth. She followed her success as *Sadie Thompson* with a Continental comedy, "Her Cardboard Lover," and proved her brilliant supremacy in an entirely different *milieu*.

[Continued on page 105]



King Tut and Brown Boy as blasé night-club revelers.

The Talkies Go

"Hot Dogs," a chattering comedy of sophisticated representative of the fashion in comics

By Caro



Jiggs, as *Mrs. John Bull,* tells her sad story to the judge.

THE last custard pie has been hurled, the last chase of a pathetically comic figure has ended.

Sound has swept slapstick from the comedy cinema. Humor, in the new film featurettes, is sophisticated and subtle.

The snapshots have gone doggy at the M.-G.-M. studio. A barking brevity, "Hot Dogs," presents Brownie and Jiggs as *Mr.* and *Mrs. John Bull,* with that good-looking chappie, Buster, dog-about-town, completing the triangle.



Mrs. Bull has a drink with Buster, the gay dog about town.

It is the usual story of young marital happiness disrupted by a dashing stranger's wiles. He takes *Mrs. Bull,* after a spat with her husband, out for the evening. Incidentally, Jiggs is the first pup female impersonator, and considers an indignity the gold-lace evening gown thrust upon him.

The night club, with its futuristic setting and canine cabaret, is further proof that the world is going to the bowwows. To the tune of a dog orchestra there is a puppy chorus. A quartet of singers lift husky voices in the latest blues, and dancing dogs exhibit the snappiest tapping. The tired piano pawer accompanies the gyrating saxophonists. *John Bull* challenges *Joe Barker,* the suave boulevardier, and the fight ends in a demi-tasse courtroom drama.

The talkies here make possible quite a unique novelty. In this Lilliputian play, human voices are doubled for the dogs'. The canine actors were recruited mostly from a vaudeville act of trained dogs. Zion Myers and Julius White collaborated in writing and directing.

Ingenuity is exercised also in the production of a miniature "Follies" for "The Doll Shop," a two-reel colortone musical extravaganza directed by Sammy Lee, who gives to it, condensed, the same imaginative splendor with which he staged the spectacular dancing numbers for the "Hollywood Revue." The musical score was written by Gus Edwards.

The picture tells of an ancient toy-maker, played by Lionel Belmore, who dreams that his doll



Brown Boy is the handsome stranger from Merry England.



Brownie finds his wife with her boy friend, Buster.

to the Bowwows

canine society, sets a new pattern in short pictures and is that is sounding the death knell of slapstick.

line Bell

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Of another character altogether is the series of twelve musical interpretations being produced by Doctor Hugo Riesenfeld, conductor for United Artists. The first is Tschaikowsky's "1812 Overture," and depicts Napoleon's entry into Moscow in exquisitely composed groups, stirring bits of battle and pathetic silhouettes of human havoc.

Other famous symphonies will be played from the screen while the action occurs. These twelve-minute programs will bring to the movie patron the finest in music, performed by splendid orchestras, and illustrated with graphic high-lighting of each mood. They promise to be of educational value, though primarily of entertainment appeal.

Novelty and variety are sought in the Christie short subjects.



Buster meets *Mr.* and *Mrs. Bull* and appraises his hostess with designing eyes.



Fuzzy and Bobby are just two little, hard-dancing cabaret girls.



The Gilbert and Garbo of the Bowwow Inn smart set.

Along with the old formula for comedies, when the screen became fluent most of the stock stars were dropped. One-act plays from the theater, by such authors as Kenyon Nicholson, Florence Ryerson, Colin Clements, and Waldemar Young are the basis for the new form. In these shorties well-known players are featured, being engaged as they are needed.

While the prescription for the Roach comedies has been less changed, here, too, the screen insists upon mature miniatures. Sound and dialogue aid immeasurably, rendering obsolete the old gags.



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Monsieur and Madame Chevalier were dancing partners in Paris.

Monsieur Is *Fatigué*

Maurice Chevalier is a gay, likable chap, but when he is tired of being pleasant and answering questions, why should he exhaust himself further for an interviewer?

By William H. McKegg

FOR some inexplicable reason, Maurice Chevalier was one of those personalities which intrigued my imagination during early years. To me he represented the *real* Paris—not the Paris of bewildered, frantic tourists, but the carefree city of Charpentier's *Louise,* of Hugo's Gavroche. He seemed to be a chap full of whimsical humor, like a real bohemian, living on the heights of Montmartre and grinning down in gay harlequinade at Paris below.

So on and so on——

With the passing of years, Monsieur Chevalier—by the grace of Paramount and talking pictures—now finds himself in dear Hollywood. His first picture, "Innocents of Paris," though less than a riot in plot, firmly established him as one taken to the straining hearts of fandom.

I have been told that, with the exception of Eddie Dowling, he is the only newcomer to have caused the fans to begin their bombardment of inquiries. This is all the more strange when you recollect that Chevalier is a foreigner.

However, it was time for me to see him and learn the sorrow and the happiness, the obstacles and romantic adventures of his life. I felt sure that my gay Paris harlequin would be tickled to tell me all about it.

On a certain day at two o'clock I was to have the opportunity of greeting this sparkling Frenchman. So on that certain day before two o'clock I sat waiting for him.

One of my old pals in the Paramount publicity office said, "Listen, Mr. Chevalier leaves for Europe on Wednesday, see? He's awfully rushed, see? Now"—here he plunged among stacks of fan magazines, and opening one at a certain place, flourished it under my nose—"Now here's a story on Chevalier written by some one in Paris who knows all about him, see? It's a biography, see? You can read it. It'll give you quite a lot of information, so you won't have to take up Mr. Chevalier's time asking him about his life. He says he's tired of answering questions about his life, see? You're early in any case. It'll pass the time away, see?"

I saw. But, when left alone, I stared stonily at Monsieur Chevalier smiling from the pages of his Paris interview. I ignored his smiles and firmly closed the magazine, refusing to read what the interviewer had said, and waited. And waited. And waited. And then waited.

He was to sail for France in two days. If I left, I would lose the chance of seeing him. I thought he might be very entertaining and might, after all, allow me to ask questions about his life.

Later—oh, very much later—my publicity pal returned and said that Mr. Chevalier had arrived and would see me.

In his dressing room, overlooking the studio lawn, sat Chevalier. With him was Harry d'Arrast, the French director.

It was time to be introduced.

Monsieur Chevalier was kind enough to get up. He shook hands and smiled.

Without an apology of any kind, the two Frenchmen held a long harangue in their native language. I had nothing to do but listen. Perhaps they did not know I could understand. But what else was I to do? I won't repeat here what they said. It wasn't important, anyway, except to each other.

Eventually Monsieur Chevalier realized I was still there. He smiled, as he would at a little boy, and said, "I'll speak to you presently." I told him I'd be enchanted and that the anticipation would heighten the pleasure of the favor.

After a time, with graceful farewells, Monsieur d'Arrast left. Chevalier turned to me and gave a rather tired smile.

He is a merry-looking chap. I feel certain that, in spite of his temporary fatigue, he is the most likable chap in existence. But he said nothing. I asked how much time he could spare me.

Maurice slightly inclined his head to one side and shrugged one shoulder. "Well," he replied, adding another tired smile, with the air of one granting a favor, "not *too* much time."

His English is excellent, except for a slight accent which causes him to clip his words. Quite unconsciously he adds a French word here and there. But, in spite

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Photo by Eugene Robert Richee

ON the screen Maurice Chevalier stands for the real Parisian rather than the fictitious one most often seen, but away from the microphone he reveals the fatigue and boredom expected of less intelligent actors, according to the story opposite



Photo by Elmer Fryer

PICTURE PLAY has wanted to publish a photograph of Eve Southern, but no likeness that did justice to her strange beauty could be found until this one came straight from the scene of "Lilies of the Field," her new film.



Photo by Clarence Sinclair Bull

IF you saw "Three Live Ghosts" you couldn't help but see Robert Montgomery, nor could you fail to want to see him again. It's needless to say why, but you will see—and hear—it in "Untamed" and "Their Own Desire."



HERE'S good news! Warner Baxter, who hasn't made nearly enough pictures to follow up his brilliant début in the talkies, has two under way—"Romance of the Rio Grande" and "The Cisco Kid," the latter being further adventures of his famous character.



Photo by Otto Dyar

A YEAR ago Kay Francis was known only on the stage, but now, thanks to the far-flung domain of the movies, she has been seen and heard wherever there is an eye and an ear to be caught by her keen individuality.



Photo by Lansing Brown

GIVE Lloyd Hughes a rousing hand for his reticence! Without saying anything, he has quietly gone about developing a singing voice which is declared to be exceptional enough to harmonize with Bebe Daniels', in "The Wild Heart," and that's saying plenty.



Photo by Irving Chidnoff

HAIL, all hail! Lillian Gish, whose long absence from the screen has caused disquietude among the intelligentsia, is coming back to take her place among the speaking stars, and that place will be, we hope, uniquely her own in "The Swan."



Photo by George E. Cannon

IN the story opposite, Evelyn Gerstein gives a description of Dolores del Rio which is unlike those usually written. Seen in her dressing room between stage appearances, she reveals two distinct personalities—one which the public expects and another, too.

Sad One of the River

The translation of Dolores del Rio's Spanish name is belied by her candor and intelligence and poise when one converses with her.

By Evelyn Gerstein

DOLORES DEL RIO. Her name in Spanish means "the sad one of the river." If you watch her face in repose, it is really a tragic mask, incredibly beautiful, with that purity of outline and modeling that one usually finds only in sculpture. The screen has given her, as it has every one else, that strange, silvery quality which seems to increase the beauty of some actresses; but it has really robbed her of her most luminous self. Silver is not her quality; it is too cool. But gold of that luscious paleness that one finds in the backgrounds of Venetian paintings. And when you meet her for the first time, that is the thing that impresses you most.

A theater dressing room, with a window high above it, barred, and beyond that a corps of policemen, because it had been discovered by her audience. Nothing to set the stage but a magnificent Spanish shawl of deep blues and orange on a white ground, flung across the divan by the far wall under the tiny prisonlike window, on which she sat when she talked with me.

She talked with me, and immediately I began to think of all the extravagant tales I had heard of the "Rose of Sharon" and Scheherezade, and all those other Oriental ladies. Skin like honey, smooth and pale gold, with that natural patin that defies the cult of the sun-tanners; hair of luminous black; eyes so dark and burning that they shivered one; a wrap of some deep, blue-green silk that looked like an Oriental brocade.

But she was neither languid, nor darkly mysterious. I remembered all that I had heard about Spanish women and their drowsy sentimentality; and she belied them all. As she sat there, her legs curled under her on the shawl, she talked with a candor and intelligence that shook all the foundations of the fantastic world I had created for her.

A minute before she had been out there on the stage, flashing in and out, with swift, dancing steps, eardrops glittering on her shoulders, a chain of diamonds that made her seem on fire with light, a long, white gown of Hollywood manufacture—a movie queen, without the burlesque. But here in the dressing room she had thrown off the movie masquerade, and talked incessantly about Mexico, of the dancer, Argentina, of the talkies, of her gowns by Patou, Chanel, and Vionnet, of the public that always preferred gowns that were made in Hollywood, of "Evangeline" and "Ramona," and "The Bad One" to come, in which she will continue, in a fashion, the adventures of *Charmaine,* of "What Price Glory?" with a song and dance and an accent; and all of it in that swift, tireless English, with the Spanish accent that was really only an inflection, like a scale with only three notes in it.

Her tale reverses the favorite legend of the Hollywood princesses. For she was not born in a hovel, but in a hacienda outside Mexico City and educated in a convent there, then sent abroad to be presented to the King and Queen of Spain, and to live for two years in Europe, with nothing but the arts to think of. But in due course of time, Hollywood discovered her, and she became another of the bathers on Malibu Beach, with a radio and all the rest of the small-town delights of that acting colony.

"At first I knew no word of English. I was so ashamed. When the director wanted me to turn around, look at the camera, sit down, open a door—anything, at all—he would tell it to the interpreter, who repeated it in Spanish to me. I felt so stupid." She pronounced it as if there were two "d's." "When I would go to a party and some one would talk to me, say something amusing and then laugh, I would always have to say, 'No speak English.' And it made me so unhappy, that I guess that is why I learned English so quickly."

She did not say that she already spoke French and Italian as well as Spanish.

"Now, I speak nothing else. My mother, even, speaks English now. I did not study it with a teacher, but only by talking and reading books and newspapers and magazines. When I write English, even now, I remember how I have seen the words in print, so I can spell them. My mind is photographic. I remember what I have seen."

Only once in all the time she has been in pictures—four years in all—has she been cast as a "lady," and that was in one of her first films. Hollywood has always liked high contrasts, and sheds the mantle of the grand dame on

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Dolores del Rio says that Lupe Velez could play a coveted rôle as well as she.



The Albertina Rasch ballet, which you liked so much in the "Hollywood Revue," practice their complicated steps to the music of the sad sea waves—and a reassuring piano.

Hollywood High Lights

By Edwin and Elza Schallert

Microphoning and reproducing the news and gossip of the studios.

LILLIAN GISH is putting her foot down on simpish heroines. She simply won't look at the rôle of a wronged little girl in the future. She is also going to disdain the canary birds and doves which have been her companions in so many productions. And she will decline herself to flutter while acting.

All this has come about through her entrance into the talkie arena. Lillian is appearing in "The Swan" for United Artists. Initial tests of her voice are reported most roseate. It is predicted that she will actually be a transformed person.

Lillian is undoubtedly one of the screen's ablest actresses, but her technique, a heritage from the old Griffith days, grew undeniably old-fashioned. The box-office showed it in the reception of some of her last silent pictures.

She has her chance now to reinstate herself as the beauteous and romantic princess of "The Swan," and there are doubtless a large proportion of filmgoers who will heartily welcome the resumption of her career in this new phase.

Costs Are Airplaning.

It has cost something like $2,000,000—when will it be released? "Hell's Angels," the war-airplaning picture now more than two years in the making, is one of the puzzles of the colony.

A talking version is being contrived, with a new set of people taking leading parts. Sally Blane has replaced Greta Nissen in the lead, and Lena Malena has been added to the cast. Ben Lyon is about the only prominent holdover from the silent feature.

A young Texas oil man, Howard Hughes by name, has sunk a fortune in this enterprise. The air scenes are said to rival even those of "Wings," but they were such a tedious undertaking that they overlapped the era of change from silents to talkies. This placed the film at such a disadvantage in its original form that it was determined to introduce dialogue. Hence the delay.

Jolson Speaks His Mind.

Al Jolson is death on premières. He spoke his mind about them over the radio at the opening of "Gold Diggers of Broadway." Al indicated in a few well-selected words that he was weary of them, and that he felt many other people were. Subsequently Al failed to appear on the stage and sing some songs.

It was reported that, because of all this, quite a little friction arose between the star and the company he is working for, namely, Warner Brothers. Matters were patched up, and later Jolson kidded about the whole affair at another opening.

What many people object to about premières is the hullabaloo that surrounds them in Hollywood, traffic jams, lights glaring about the theater entrance, invitations and behests to speak over the radio, et cetera. The producing companies favor all this glitter, because it means attracting throngs of sightseers, who, while they cannot obtain entrance to the theater at the opening, may return on a subsequent evening.

Some premières have of late been quieter, and seemed to be really relished by the majority of picture folk who attended. Which shows that the stars aren't intent on seeking the spotlight on every occasion, as some believe.

Sartorial Fitness.

Going the rounds just now is the following story told of a prominent film man: This man, a producer, was called up by one of the writers at his studio and informed, "I have written a book, which I would like to dedicate to you. Will you please accept the dedication?"

"*Dedication!*—ven iss the dedication? And vot shall I vear?"



Well, we never thought we should see Gary Cooper in kilts, but here are the dear shins as they will appear in "Medals."

A Lyric Tribunal.

And speaking of dedications, when the ceremonies were held in token of the completion of the new Hall of Music at the Fox Movietone studio in Westwood, some one in recounting the events referred to the Hall of Music as the Hall of Justice. Now make of that what you will, Herr Vatson!

A Latinesque Arrival.

A second Valentino! José Mojica, the Chicago opera tenor, will do well if he escapes this familiar descriptive phrase, foisted upon Latinesque stars by the unimaginative press agent. Actually, Mojica looks more like Novarro, but is of heavier physique.

We met this very cultivated singer at a reception given by Lester Donahue, the pianist, and he impressed us, because of his modesty over his screen possibilities. "Well, you are very handsome," somebody in the group around him mentioned. "You should not have any concern about your future in pictures." "Ah, but you should see me in the sunlight," Mojica rejoined. "These lights," indicating the soft, electric glow, "are very kind."

Mojica—whose name is pronounced Mo-hee-ka—is carrying on a quadruple life at the present time. He is combining pictures with concert giving, record making, and opera singing, and will go from one to the other as speedily as possible. He has a three-year contract with Fox.

Two Filmy Songbirds.

All the good voices don't have to be imported. Two new ones are being developed right now among the film stars. Wallace MacDonald and Lloyd Hughes are, very unexpectedly, the latest to aspire to lyric luster.

MacDonald has long had a good voice, but neglected to train it until Lawrence Tibbett took an interest in him. Now he is resuming his studies, and had a number of lessons from Tibbett himself, prior to that famous baritone's departure for the East.

Hughes astonished everybody recently with his singing over the radio, and was almost immediately engaged for the singing lead in Bebe Daniels' second starring feature for RKO.

Not Love, But Liquor.

He wanted to say "Jen, I love you," but on the screen it went like this: John Mack Brown extended his arms toward Mary Nolan, and the microphone began to play tricks, exclaiming, "Gin, I love you." So they changed the name of the character she was playing in the film adapted from the magazine story, "Ropes."

Crickets Asphyxiated.

The novel expedient of gassing crickets was recently adopted by William Boyd's company on location for "His First Command." The filmers were at Fort Riley, Kansas, and the crickets were madly enthusiastic about their own voices. They interfered with the night scenes that were being photographed and recorded. So one of the officers at the fort came to the rescue, and suggested a tear-gas barrage. When the barrage was duly laid, not a cricket was heard. Presumably they all went home with laryngitis and watery eyes.



Yes, you guessed it—Bessie Love is doing her Christmas shopping early.

A Colleen For Shure!

It's an Irish girl. And her name is Maureen O'Sullivan. She is eighteen, a bobbed brunette, and very pretty and slender. She worked in a restaurant in Dublin when she was discovered.

This news was forthcoming regarding the leading lady of John McCormack's picture for Fox while he was en route to Hollywood. McCormack is completing scenes for his first singing film, and he has a real emerald cast. For besides Miss O'Sullivan, there is a boy Thomas Clifford, eleven years of age, who is playing a prominent part. He also was found in Dublin.

The leading lady for the McCormack film was a perplexity. Hollywood, as well as Ireland, was searched for the type. At one time the name of Janet Gaynor was suggested, but her place as a star rather forbade her enacting a supporting rôle.

Vagabonds and Rogues.

The mania for title changes proceeds at a fearful rate these days. A name a day seems to be the tempo for any number of films. And as many as half a dozen changes are publicly announced, and pictures are widely heard of as so-and-so, and then when finally released are not that particular so-and-so at all.

Harry Richman's star feature is one of the pictures that has been called this, that, and the other thing, but now it appears to be finally emerging as "The Broadway Vagabond." This would seem to place it in competition with Rudy Vallée's "The Vagabond Lover," so perhaps it won't be the permanent title after all.

The penchant for "vagabond" and "rogue" in the billing of pictures has reached well-nigh the mania stage anyway. Nearly every other one would seem to include the one word or the other for productions now under way. "The Vagabond King," "Vagabond Cup," "The Delightful Rogue," and "Rogue's Song" come most readily to mind.

Blanche Sweet's Return.

A divorce and a comeback! So, progressively, goes life in movieland. Blanche Sweet, it would seem, is the latest to achieve this dual adventure.

Miss Sweet sued Marshall Neilan for her freedom a few weeks ago, and now she is being featured by Metro-Goldwyn in an adaptation of the stage play, "The Night Hostess." It is the first important film work she has done in several years.

The complaint filed in the Sweet-Neilan divorce case listed twenty accusations of cruelty, of the so-called mental sort. Mainly she charged the director with tirades against her, and the bringing of unwanted guests to their home.

Neilan had little or nothing to say about the divorce, and the assumption is that he will not contest it. He himself is active as a director again.

The two were married in 1922.

A Sly Separation.

Lewis S. Stone so seldom comes out into the spotlight of publicity, that no end of comment followed the news that he was seeking a divorce from his wife, Florence Oakley. Stone managed to keep the whole matter a secret for more than three months, though it was known that the two had separated. He filed the papers in the divorce suit last July under the name Shepard Stone, and it escaped attention at the time because of the difference in names. Stone was married under the same name to escape publicity. Evidently he doesn't like it—as regards his domestic affairs!

Stone was married to Miss Oakley nine years or more ago.

Von Stroheim's Discoveries.

How a name brings back recollections in pictures! We heard that of Francelia Billington mentioned as one of the members of the cast in a Hoot Gibson picture.

Miss Billington, it may be recalled, played the feminine leads in two of the earliest and most successful Erich von Stroheim productions, namely "Blind Husbands" and "The Devil's Pass-key."

Von Stroheim stars have seldom been blessed with overwhelming good fortune. The progress of even such comparatively successful ones as Mary Philbin and Fay Wray was slow after they appeared under his direction. Partly this is to be ascribed, perhaps, to his peculiar dominance over the players he chooses. Seldom, too, very seldom indeed, are they in the lists of the brightest when he chooses them. Practically the only great exceptions were John Gilbert and Mae Murray, in "The Merry Widow."

A Dangerous Man!

"Von," by the way, told us the story of his tribulations not so long ago. "When another director spends a million, or runs behind schedule, no one makes any great to-do about it, but if the director happens to be Erich von Stroheim, then the language that wasn't heard in 'What Price Glory?' is used to describe him.

"I'm the bad boy of the films, according to the traditions of the movie business. I simply can't be trusted, and even if I am, they have secret doubts about me. They say to themselves, 'I wonder what this —— —— —— is going to do with this picture,' while giving me the glad hand of welcome to the studio."



Kay Francis, left, and Lilyan Tashman, leaders of the lush Lido set in "The Marriage Playground," are willing victims of the costume designer's hectic fancy.

Tell-tale Insignia.

"Come home—all is forgiven." This tender line may be resuscitated to signify the peaceful outcome of Oliver Hardy's domestic troubles. Oliver Hardy, stout comedian of the team of Laurel and Hardy, was sued for divorce by his wife on the grounds of cruelty, and she asserted that among other things was evidence that when he stayed out o' nights "he had been in too close proximity to persons using powder and cosmetics."

However, Hardy made his peace, or furnished an adequate alibi, because the proceedings were dropped. And all is serene again.

Shekels and Palpitations.

Rudy Vallée may count the profits of his California sojourn as amounting to $55,000 and two engagement rumors. The $55,000 was the amount he received from RKO for his appearance in "The Vagabond Lover," and the engagement rumors included one mentioning Mary Brian and the other Helen Kaiser. Miss Kaiser is a stage actress and an RKO player.

Vallée was seen most frequently with Miss Brian. He accompanied her to a Mayfair dance on one occasion, and had lunch with her frequently at Madame Helene's tea shop adjacent to the Paramount studio. Miss Brian refused to take seriously the reports that she was affianced to the young singer and jazz-band conductor. "I only know him slightly, and we have only been out together a few times," she admitted, very shyly. Maybe, though, it is a romance. At all events, Vallée will be coming back again.

The salary that Vallée received from RKO was at the rate of $11,000 weekly for five weeks. It seems small in comparison to the huge stipend that Paul Whiteman has garnered from Universal. Every one was astounded at the simplicity marking Vallée's residence in the film colony. He resided in a modest apartment. His father and mother were with him most of the time.

Deep Sorrow for Eagels.

The death of Jeanne Eagels cast a pall of deep sorrow over filmland. Strange how much everybody was affected by the news, and there is no doubt that her comparative youth played a great part in this.

Miss Eagels was loved for her performance in "Rain," which was seen by film folk both in New York and when she was on tour to the Coast. At about that time, too, she played in "Man, Woman, and Sin," with John Gilbert, for Metro-Goldwyn. She was fêted socially, then, and was very much a favorite.

Her career in the talkies was watched with interest, and everybody held notable admiration for her work in "The Letter." While it was questioned whether she would ever win popular success on the screen, her performance was rated as the height of artistry.

Miss Eagels' mother was residing in Los Angeles at the time of her daughter's death, and a steady stream of sympathetic friends visited her home on the day the news was told of the star's passing.

Mabel's Bitter Fight.

Sorrowful news is told of another actress. Mabel Normand has been removed from her home to a sanitarium, where she is making a desperate fight for life.

Her condition has grown very serious in the past few months, and it was thought better to have her receive hospital care. She is battling tuberculosis, and the struggle has been a most bitter one.

The only person permitted to see her is Lew Cody, who is now in better health again. It is possible that, if all goes well with Mabel, in the near future he may return to the screen. His physical condition will now permit this.

Mabel's great stamina and courage have brought her through many a trial, and high hopes are entertained by her friends that the treatment she is now receiving will greatly aid her. She is somewhat better at this writing.

Raft Does Acrobatics.

To be comfortably ensconced on a raft, floating lazily in the Pacific, and then to find it suddenly on top of you, is an experience that may sound exciting, but, according to Monte Blue, it is hardly pleasurable. Monte was the victim of just such an upset and came out of it with three cracked ribs, and other injuries. He was working in a picture when the accident happened, and was reclining on the raft near shore, when a huge wave hit the floating timbers and caught them so that they were turned completely over, with Monte underneath.

He spent a week or more in the hospital recovering from the injuries. He thought at first that they were not serious and tried to go on with the scenes, but finally gave it up. The X ray disclosed the broken ribs, and caused him to take to his bed under the doctor's advice as quickly as possible.



Just a lot of high salaries playing at being naïve, beginning with Jascha Heifetz, Florence Vidor, Beatrice Lillie, Mrs. Richard Barthelmess, and "Gentleman Dick" himself.

Home and Cheerful.

They went away smiling; they returned smiling and gay. Hence John Gilbert and Ina Claire *must* be happy.

Somehow Hollywood seems to think that they can't be, or shouldn't be happy. But the demonstration of their felicity, and the explanations they both offer of their rumored spat in Paris are so convincing that the film colony has begun to settle back with the comfortable feeling that here is one surprise marriage that may last indefinitely.

Jack asserted that he and Ina never separated while they were in France, as was reported. He declared that he went for an automobile ride while she went to a party on the occasion that elicited so much publicity, but that he joined her later at a social function, and they returned to their hotel together. He referred to the rumors as bunk, and a misinterpretation of the fact that they were away from each other for just about two hours.

"If that constitutes a separation," Jack exclaimed, "Heaven help us here in Hollywood!"

From Vale of Sadness.

The recovery of Alma Rubens is all but complete.

We met Ricardo Cortez not long ago and he told us how wonderfully she was then progressing. Since that time it has been decided to remove her from the hospital where she has been under treatment, and to arrange for her to take a long sea voyage.

Miss Rubens entered the vale of sorrowful shadows some months ago, owing to addiction to the narcotic habit, and for a time even her life was despaired of. Her fight for normalcy and health was one of those heroic struggles which are the amazement of all who look on at Hollywood's strange and intimate dramas.

Miss Rubens is much beloved by everybody. There were strong evidences of this affection every time she was seen in a picture during her illness. We recall especially the première of "Show Boat," when her first entrance onto the screen was long applauded. Indeed, she received more of an ovation than any other actor in the picture, not even excepting the leads, Laura La Plante and Joseph Schildkraut.

During much of the time that Miss Rubens was confined in the hospital, Cortez, her husband, was not permitted to see her. So delicate was her condition that the members of her immediate family were forbidden to visit her. When we talked to Cortez he was all joy and enthusiasm over the fact that he had at last been allowed to visit her.

Always Dependable.

"Old stars are the best."

Is this, by degrees, becoming a maxim of the talkies? One might so surmise from the opportunities given to established stars by some of the companies, and there is apparently excellent reason for their doing so. Exhibitors and public both still believe in players that they have known long and well.

Ruth Roland is among those returning on this crest of favor for the older star, and is filming a picture called "Reno," from the Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., story for Sono-Art.

An inquiry was made among exhibitors as to the desirability of signing Miss Roland, and approval came back wholesale. One theater owner insisted that Miss Roland's first picture should have a train wreck.

"Now what does he mean by that?" asked Ruth blithely.

Miss Roland will, of course, talk and sing in "Reno."

Songbirds Magnetize.

As might be expected, with so much music in the air of Hollywood, stars went opera mad this season.

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The Caress

A glance at these pages shows that it isn't only the boy friend's them tingling,



Carlotta King, below, is pleased but not *too* pleased with her soft-gray caracul coat, with its flaring side cape, surely not because every one is wearing a copy of this smart novelty.





Well, it's safe to say there'll be never a sour note from Carlotta King, above, prima donna of "The Desert Song," while she snuggles in the embrace of this sumptuous wrap of Russian ermine.



Nor will Anita Page, right, cease to beam approval upon the movies, her part in them, and the world at large, while she sees this chic reflection in her favorite mirror, wrapped in this light-beige caracul coat, with its flaring collar of dyed ermine.



Miss King, above, seems resigned to wearing this exquisite wrap of beige-colored lapan, with modernistic stitching. There's just no such thing as making some girls happy—isn't it so?

Yet Raquel Torres, left, is as pleased as a little girl with her first doll when she slips on her leopard coat—probably because the little Mexican actress hasn't had many fur coats as yet.

They Can't Resist

cuddling that the stars love, but the embrace of fine furs that sets smiling, and strutting.



Miss Sebastian, below, wears a distinguished-looking squirrel coat, its novelty being in the skins sewn horizontally.







Trust Dorothy Sebastian, above, to strike a pose of self-satisfaction when she puts on this striking coat of nutria lapan, the scarf and cuffs being outlined in tan duvetyn to match her hat.



If it matters what a mere magazine thinks about furs, the coat worn by Dorothy Sebastian, above—a trifle made of a Siberian fur with an unpronounceable name—is PICTURE PLAY'S favorite! It's something like chipmunk, but with five mottled stripes.

Little Sally Starr, left, leaves no doubt about how *she* feels toward furs. Who wouldn't, with a fine platinum-gray ermine coat and a growing reputation in the movies?

Kay Johnson, left, whom you'll love in "Dynamite," is incredibly smart in this coat of natural broadtail heightened by summer ermine for the barrel-style cuffs and muff collarette.

It's Sound

The talkies have changed sex lure to voice his own nowadays must not only look like article cites some players whose speech has have lost the crowns

By Walter



Photo by Freulich

Mary Nolan, whose beauty is breath-taking, spoke in the same film with Ruth Chatterton, whose beauty is chiefly vocal.



Richard Arlen does wonders with an uncultivated voice.



Clara Bow's voice fits her, but does it not lessen her silent provocativeness?

THEY used to call it sex appeal. Now it's sound appeal. And therein lies the story.

You used to *see* "It"—now you *hear* "It"! What was once infinitely alluring to the eye may be dumb stuff to the ear.

Some of our sheikiest attractions are finding that passion, like children, should be seen and not heard, for many who had "It" are losing it; and many who were without "It" now have plenty!

Elinor Glyn once said that sex appeal was that intangible something which lures without reason. She cited certain qualities as contributive to it, however—appearance, style, dash, health, and vitality. But she forgot to mention sound appeal, which must be of paramount importance. Else how to account for the toppling thrones of love monarchs who boasted sufficient appearance, style, dash, health and toothy vitality to warm madam's heart?

Wavy hair and dimpled chin are no longer supreme. The star who would knock 'em dead à la Vitaphone must sound like a great lover, as well as look like one. His appeal is no longer of the imagination. He now has ears to reckon with. And even more amazing than the fall of certain lovers is the rise of others, previously not suspected of anything other than good intentions.

Verily, strange things are coming to pass, and perhaps none is stranger than the rapidly reversing positions of John Gilbert and John Boles.

Ever since he flamed forth in Madam Glyn's "His Hour," Gilbert has stirred the hearts of more women than any other man of the screen, with the exception of Valentino. As the chief exponent of backbone chills, he led the parade. His mere shadow was capable of evoking squeals of flapper admiration. The boy was a "wow." Women lived his screen loves with him—in the excitement of lost dreams. He was the imaginary other man in the national heart. They saw Gilbert—and they were conquered.

In the more passionate of his

Appeal Now

enticement, and the star who would hold a lover, but must listen like one. This captured prizes for them, and some who they wore in silence.

Ramsey

love scenes with Garbo, Boardman, Adorée, and other lovely ladies, they saw his lips move in love messages and it was natural to imagine a throbbing, vibrant voice.

Then along came the all-revealing mike.

Among other things, it revealed that John Gilbert does not *sound* like a great lover. Not by a range or two. There is a boyishness to his voice that might well fit the characterizations of Arthur Lake. He speaks rapidly and none too deeply. Even when speaking the most romantic words to Norma Shearer, in that "Romeo and Juliet" interlude in the "Hollywood Revue," there was the disillusioning impression of a high-school star reciting Shakespeare at the graduation exercises. The ladies actually tittered! The *ladies,* mind you —tittering at Mr. Gilbert! They tittered again at "His Glorious Night," though his voice had acquired maturity! But it was his stilted speech that amused.



Betty Compson's voice is admirably suited to the rôles she plays.





The spell of John Gilbert's famous love-making has been shattered by sound.

Speech has lifted Grant Withers out of comparative oblivion into deserved prominence.

Photo by Fryer

On the other hand, John Boles!

He had gone quietly on his way from one picture to another, disturbing no one—least of all Uncle Sam's letter carriers. He was, to all outward appearances, handsome but uninspired and quite unexciting. Except for the accident of the Warner experiment in Vitaphone, he might have gone on through his career merely as "among those present." Now, on the strength of two pictures, "The Desert Song" and "Rio Rita," Mr. Boles has become one of the most popular men on the screen. He has sounded his way into feminine hearts. There is a tenderness and warmth in his voice, when he whispers, "I love you," that finds an echo with all women who hear him. They *saw* Gilbert, but they have *heard* Boles. Somehow the thrill of the old has been forgotten in the thrill of the new.

Conrad Nagel finds himself almost as enhanced as Boles—though not to such a romantic degree, perhaps. But there is no denying a new depth to Nagel, who had previously been relegated to more-or-less-vapid rôles. His blondness, his total lack of cave-man tactics, and his unproved virility on the silent screen had not advanced him far on the road to thrills. But with his resonant, flexible voice comes a new interpretation of his personality and a



Photo by Richee

Always a good actress, Lilyan Tashman's throaty contralto has increased her prestige and emphasized her individuality.

series of more highly sexed rôles than he has ever before attempted.

Richard Arlen, unlike Boles and Nagel, does not boast the advantage of a stage-trained voice. But he, too, gains in personality by being heard. He sounds like the sweetheart of your younger sister. The same might be said of Grant Withers, who has wisecracked his way up from screen oblivion. As a silent shadow, Grant left the ladies cold. Now he intrigues them by being vicariously hard-boiled. He sounds like a juvenile cave man. Presto! He *is* one!

Oddly enough, it seems to be the recognized great lovers of the screen who stand in danger of being most jeopardized by the introduction of sound. I have already mentioned Gilbert. Let us consider for a moment the positions of other leading sex attractions, both men and women.

Garbo first, naturally. Will she continue as seductive when heard? Or, like Gilbert, has her lure been intensified by silence? The answer will be found in her first sound picture. For the present, theories must suffice.

Garbo is a strangely stirring shadow. She suggests mystery, a mystery that has its being in silence. What then, will the spoken, tangible thought have to do with this peculiar appeal? An out-of-character voice will ruin Garbo. She must speak as she looks—soft, alluring, and yet with a huskiness which her sophistication suggests. She must sound like all the Michael Arlen descriptions of a woman's voice. Otherwise she strikes at a preconceived impression of herself, an impression which is too well established to be easily uprooted, even though she burst forth upon the public with a childlike range.

At the very height of the talkie excitement, M.-G.-M. risked Garbo in an all-silent picture, "The Single Standard." It was a hit. Following her experiment in dialogue with "Anna Christie," she may return to the silent fold, and I, for one, will not mourn. I could not bear to see Garbo as a seductive Englishwoman speaking with a Swedish accent.

The voice of Dolores Costello brought home only too sharply how thoroughly the greatest charm and appeal may be marred by self-conscious, weak speech. Costello looks like a flower and was found to talk like a shopgirl. It took every feature of her natural beauty, plus all the camera man could do for her, to offset the disillusioning evidence of our ears.



Obscured by silence, John Boles' singing has made him an idol.

And Clara, the original "It" girl—what of her? At first glance she seems to be more fortunate than her sisters who depend largely on flowerlike appeal. Clara has never suggested a flower, unless it be a sunflower facing the wind. But even that is hardly a fitting comparison. Clara has been of the earth earthy, of a perfect symbol of our jazz-ridden age. With a jazz-baby voice that well fits her personality, it would seem that her future is secure. It remained for one discerning critic to point out the danger in her path. To quote him, "Clara's shadow suggested deviltry. Her voice cinches it." In other words, the appeal of suggestion is gone. Perhaps she stands too definitely for what she stands for!

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Photo by Louise

The talkies have given Conrad Nagel a new lease on popularity.

Here and There

It's not all work for the stars. Just glance at this page and you'll see what they do with their time when they're not toiling.



Did you hear Gloria Swanson, above, over the radio? She broadcast two songs from "The Trespasser," her new film, and listeners in loved her.



Jean Arthur and Charles Rogers, for example, show you, above, how you will see them in "Halfway to Heaven," in which they disport on a trapeze.



Alice White, left, filled with *joie de vivre* these crisp, autumn days, gets out the old football and gives the game her wholehearted support.



William Powell, right, just by way of demonstrating his endless versatility, poses as a cheer leader and makes you think that he has never been anything else but collegiate.

Over the

By The Bystander



Colleen Moore is visiting New York after making her most ambitious picture.

NEW YORK isn't so bad," Fanny granted generously, as she arrived fully an hour late to have luncheon with me.

I had had a vague idea that New York's film colony must have been picking up its stride, because I hadn't seen or heard from her in weeks. And, naturally, I was curious to know what had been happening.

"No, it really isn't so bad," she went on, as though she were conferring a favor on the metropolis. "In fact, lately it has been almost as interesting as a suburb of Hollywood. I give it my indorsement. New York would be better, of course, if it could hold interesting people here, instead of just having them for a few days as they trip to and from Europe. But that is better than nothing.

"And I hope you noticed that when Gloria Swanson and Ina Claire came home from Paris they were *not* wearing skirts that swept the ground, all edicts of fashion experts to the contrary."

Well, I am willing to grant that they can sing and dance, hold the guests spellbound with their brilliant repartee, or cook a quiet dinner at home when they feel so inclined, but I don't see any reason for their becoming accomplished street cleaners! But Fanny was off on the subject of clothes. The brisk autumn air always does that to her.

"I was so relieved to see the way they were dressed. If they had come back wearing street suits with trains, I would have yielded, however ungracefully, to the inevitable. As they go, the styles go. But their clothes were most conservative. More feminine and luxurious than the sports clothes of last year, but still informal looking. Gloria was wearing a soft, velvety suit of deep wine-red the day I saw her, with yards of silver fox around her neck and trailing to the ground. Those hats that leave the forehead bare and hang in great loops down the side were surely invented for her and no one else.

"As for Ina Claire, she got off the boat wearing a very simple smoke-gray tailored suit, with a fox scarf. She looked charming. And she made a remark to the ship-news reporters that you can interpret as anything from a pretty compliment to a sign of complete submission. She said that her marriage to John Gilbert was very happy. 'Jack is always right.' Figure it out any way you like."

"I wonder," I wondered audibly, "if her good humor can stand the strain of finding herself billed in motion-picture theaters as 'Mrs. John Gilbert,' quite as though she weren't famous as Ina Claire?"

But even if she can stand it, Fanny can't.

"I wouldn't blame her a bit," Fanny stormed, "if she went around throwing rocks at those electric signs. They are insulting. No matter how benighted and ignorant small-town fans are, they should have heard of Ina Claire. Or, at least, the theater owners should allow them the surprise of finding out that she is a definite per-



The New York opening of "Rio Rita" was a triumph for Bebe Daniels.

Teacups

Fanny the Fan shudders over radio exploits of film stars, gasps over recent activities on Broadway, and awards a bouquet or two.



Photo by Pach

Irene Bordoni, who couldn't get into silent films, is a hit in the musical "Paris."

sonality. I hope Jack will object to them. He'd see the injustice of billing her that way, I'm sure. And when Jack objects to anything, he does it so spectacularly there is no doubt about it."

I really hadn't intended to get Fanny worked up into a rage. I tried to change the subject. I asked her about this, that, and the other person, but it was like offering rattles to a squalling baby who is crying for the moon. Finally rescue arrived in the shape of Charlie Farrell, who wandered into the restaurant looking distractedly for some friends he had promised to meet much, much earlier.

Charlie has been rushed around so frantically since he started on a personal-appearance tour that he can hardly remember whether he is in Toronto or Niagara Falls, though any discerning traveler can tell you the difference is several per cent. He is still clumsy and boyish and self-conscious, which is something of an achievement after all the success and adulation he has had. He still says "Hi" instead of "Hello," and the high spot of the visit to New York isn't the night clubs or Park Avenue, but the fish dinner that "Roxy" gave him the night "Sunny Side Up" opened.

Photo by Ball



Ina Claire returned from Europe to find herself billed as "Mrs. John Gilbert."

Charlie was no more than out of hearing distance when Fanny groaned, "But did you hear him on the radio?" to offset my raving about him.

I hadn't, and I still don't believe that he sounded as fatuous as Fanny said. "He had nothing to say," she proclaimed, "and he said it badly."

I protested that his voice and delivery were quite all right in "Sunny Side Up," but that made no difference to Fanny.

"I don't know what the radio does to people, but it is rapidly crushing a lot of my enthusiasms. I just can't resist tuning in when I see that a star is announced to talk, but I almost always wish I hadn't. The first motion-picture celebrity I heard was Baclanova. She was lovely."

"And yet talkies drove her out of pictures," I lamented.

"Yes, and just why I shall never be able to understand. Then I heard Chevalier, dear, gay Chevalier, who sounded for all the world like the newly elected head of the hucksters' association accepting the nomination a little haltingly. That was a blow. Then there were Ruth Chatterton and Clive Brook doing a scene from their new picture, 'The Laughing Lady.' Miss Chatterton was just passable, though a bit too elegant for me, but Mr. Brook made me writhe in anguish. He sounded like a pompous English butler in a third-rate stock company. In fact, the one bright spot of that program was when Victor Schertzinger, their director, spoke. He had a charming voice, with an intimate, endearing quality, and he spoke informally, without a trace of self-consciousness.

"Then came Charlie Farrell, and I've already told you what a frost his talk was. I'm glad Janet Gaynor wasn't in New York when 'Sunny Side Up' opened, because they might have lured her in front of the microphone and her voice would have been sure to break. I thought she was delightful in the



Photo by Fryer

Since she made a picture, Marilyn Miller finds play rehearsals easy.

picture. She hasn't much voice, but when she sings she is ingratiating.

"Finally, the big night came when Bebe Daniels was on the air. Every one I know in California has written raving about her voice. Well, I was never so shocked in my life. On the radio she had a strong nasal twang, and there was no ebb and flow to her singing. Naturally, I went to see 'Rio Rita' fearing the worst. And there was Bebe singing beautifully, with the assurance of a prima donna. Something was obviously wrong the night she sang over the radio, and it wasn't the fault of my radio, either.

"Colleen Moore says that it was probably radio fright, because she has heard Bebe sing, and she chimes in with every one else who raves about her voice.

"Colleen says that when you sing over the radio you suddenly become conscious of a huge, unseen audience and get panic-stricken. In the studio, you know that if you break on a high note, or get a little sour, you can have a retake and that saves you from self-consciousness."

The secret was out. I remembered now seeing in the paper that Colleen was in town. So that was where Fanny had been all the time. But she was still detailing to me her radio diary.

"Irene Bordoni was all right, if you like Irene Bordoni. She was too excessively cute for me. Gloria Swanson's voice wasn't nearly as good on the radio as it is on her phonograph recordings, or in her picture. She was obviously nervous, though. She made a little speech before she sang, and suddenly got so muddled up that it was obvious she was reading the speech. But instead of getting in a panic, she chuckled at herself and that chuckle was so friendly and amused, no one could have helped being on her side."

"If Gloria recited the alphabet and got it a little wrong, you would think it marvelous," I protested.

But Fanny just said, "It probably would be."

"But what about Colleen?" I asked eagerly. "Is it true she is to retire?"

"No," Fanny answered most decisively. "She had always planned to retire at the completion of this contract, but then talkies came along, and it was so exciting making them she just couldn't bear to stop. Now she plans to make just four more pictures. Probably not for First National, as there are three other companies bidding for her services. Whoever writes the most interesting contract gets the little lady with the clever producer-husband.

"We haven't been wasting time talking business, though. We've been too busy. We had the thrill of our lives the other day while we were lunching at the Plaza. We saw Marguerite Clark! Long ago, before Colleen was a star, Miss Clark used to be her favorite. And Colleen still has the autographed photograph that was her reward for sending her a fan letter and a quarter.

"Miss Clark still has that angelic, young, little face and fluttering hands. When she stood up to go out, though, it was a reminder of the tragic passing of years. Naturally, she hasn't the figure of a young girl any more. She is quite matronly.

"Colleen and I made the rounds of the toy shops looking for a present for James Montgomery Flagg's little girl, and I found simply loads of things we wanted for ourselves. We started out intending to come back with a collection of gowns for every occasion, but we came back with just what we had on when we started. The toy shops were too fascinating. Next week we do the museums and the antique shops, even if interviewers are lined up ten deep around her hotel. A star ought to have some time to herself.

"Her house in California isn't entirely furnished yet, so she is eager to rush back to it. Harold Grieve is decorating it, and he is one of those people who just has to have everything his way. We decided to worry him a little, so we sent him wires every little while telling about treasures we had found for the house. Here's one of them:

"HAVE FOUND GENUINE STIPPLED ALABASTER UMBRELLA STAND WITH REINDEER HORNS ON SIDES STOP DO YOU THINK WE NEED THIS FOR MAIN HALL QUESTION MARK SHALL WE HAVE IT GILDED OR LEAVE IT PINK QUESTION MARK."

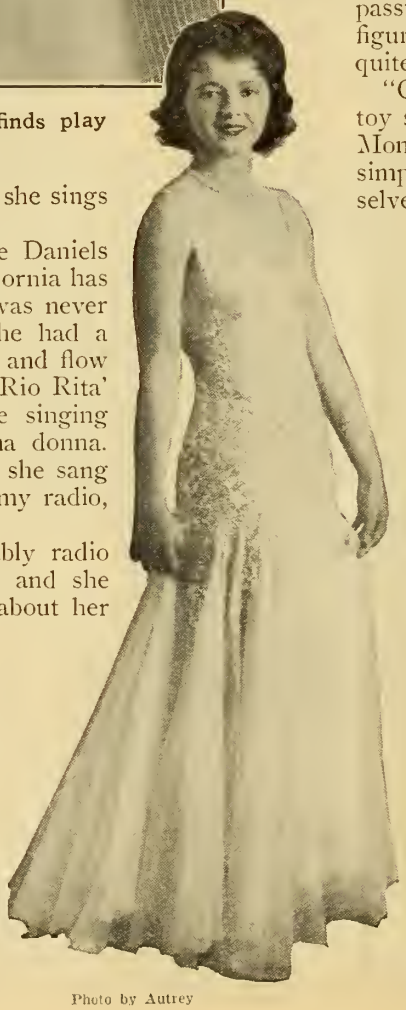


Photo by Autrey

Janet Gaynor hasn't much voice, but she uses it pleasantly.

"It would serve Colleen right," I offered, "if he insisted on having it and refused to go on with the house until she delivered it."

"That wouldn't do him any good, because we would find one somewhere. We find places to shop in New York that no one else ever thought of. In fact, I think I'll suggest that when she retires from pictures we take up exploring. But she would never be willing to leave her gorgeous, new home long enough. She intends to stay away long enough this time to go to Haiti, and go home through the Panama Canal."

"And why Haiti?" I asked. After all, there is Paris.

"Oh, her husband subscribed to a book club and she read Vandercook's 'Black Majesty,' and now nothing will do but a trip to Haiti to see its glories.

"You know her husband really ought to change his name. There is more confusion over the fact that he is named John McCormick. No matter where they go, John McCormack, the singer, arrives there soon afterward, and they begin getting each other's mail and packages. One basket of fruit and a huge box of flowers traveled back and forth across Fifth Avenue from the Plaza, where Colleen is staying, to the Savoy-Plaza, where Mrs. McCormack is staying, about a dozen times. They both disclaimed it. So, if you sent her anything and didn't get any thanks, look for a delivery boy wandering back and forth across the avenue with a distracted expression."

"At least they won't run into each other in Haiti," I suggested half-heartedly, my attention being centered on a bewilderingly pretty girl who had just fluttered in.

"Yes, it *is* Marilyn Miller," Fanny exclaimed, following my gaze. "I defy any one to find a more utterly flowerlike creature anywhere. She isn't a beauty, of course, but she is so pretty and so young. She is rehearsing for a show now," Fanny rattled on, "and doesn't find it a bit of a strain, since she found out what real hard labor it was making movies. Lenore Ulric is back in town, too, rehearsing for a play. Lily Damita is rehearsing for a musical comedy, and what trials and tribulations that poor girl is having learning tap dancing! You know, in France all a beautiful girl has to do to be called a dancer is to float around the stage looking coquettish. That's why our tap dancers are such a sensation over there. Lily thinks we go to rather an extreme over here in expecting everybody but the character woman to dance taps like a veteran hoofer.

"Theda Bara is in town to open a vaudeville act, and Hope Hampton is getting ready to tour the country with her own opera company, no less. And what is as rare as a week when Doris Kenyon's plans aren't changed? Last week she was supposed to do a series of *musicales intimes* in costume, but now she is planning to go in for drama on the speaking stage.

"Evelyn Brent gets back from Europe this week to find herself playing in two Broadway theaters. A theatrical producer wants to borrow her from Paramount to do a play in New York, but there isn't a chance of their lending her. She is too good a pinch hitter in everything from underworld to society rôles."

"Which isn't so very far in motion pictures," I contributed idly.

"Evelyn's voice is still my favorite, even in spite of Winnie Lightner. And that reminds me, if you saw Evelyn, in 'Fast Company,' you saw Gwen Lee. Wasn't she marvelous? Why doesn't somebody give that girl a break? She has been a real hit in every picture she has made. Some one is always 'discovering' her, but they never do anything about giving her bigger parts.

"There have been so many big picture openings, I'm fairly dizzy from going to them all. It's a pity Bebe Daniels was working and couldn't fly East for the première of Rio Rita.' It was a triumph for her. And poor Bebe has never seen herself in a big theater, drawing crowds in at two dollars a head. Her comedies always played in the continuous performance houses.

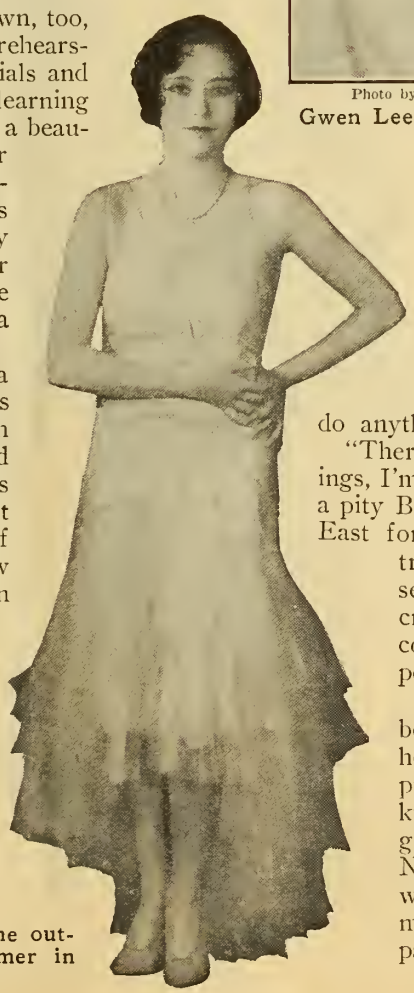
"Of all the openings, I liked 'Applause' best. Helen Morgan simply breaks my heart, particularly when she sings. The picture isn't exactly a bedtime story for the kiddies, but it is grand entertainment for grown-ups. And some one—the city of New York, preferably—ought to place a wreath of laurel on the brow of the camera man, George Folsey. He has pictured parts of downtown New York with what

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Photo by Louise

Gwen Lee is one of the many bright spots in "Fast Company."



Joan Peers is the outstanding newcomer in pictures.

A World of their Own

What the well-dressed boy and girl will wear this season is shown by these juvenile players in "The Marriage Playground," adapted from Edith Wharton's novel, "The Children."

Billy Seay, below, shows what the sophisticated seven-year-old considers the thing nowadays, his suit consisting of sage-green jersey trunks and a high-necked blouse.

Little Mitzi, below, right, perhaps the most worldly of all the children, displays a white tuck-in blouse, a short plaited skirt and jacket, both of bright-red silk. And look at the pose!



Anita Louise, above, already an experienced actress, is delighted with the ensemble she wears in the picture, consisting of a finger-length jacket, with beret to match, a blue sweater, a bright-red skirt and the inevitable scarf.

Philippe de Lacy, standing next her, quite a young man nowadays, wears with becoming dignity a three-piece suit of salt-and-pepper tweed. What a welcome change from the Fauntleroy outfits mothers used to inflict on boys! But that was before Philippe's day.

A young lady with the piquant name of Ruby Parsley comes next, in afternoon frock of grass-green organdie, with many ruffles and a half-sash.



John Stambaugh, center, plays a striking bit in "The Cock-eyed World," with Victor McLaglen and Edmund Lowe.

From the Dust of Defeat

John Stambaugh, one of ten college boys chosen for pictures, refused to admit failure when he and his fellows were released after a try-out. Now, after two years, he is coming into his own.

By Helen Klumph

FAITH springs eternal, even in the jaundiced minds of those who live close to the motion-picture industry. And so it happened that many of us really believed that ten young contest-winners, brought to Hollywood with contracts in their pockets, were to be given a chance in pictures. At last, we figured, a royal carpet is being laid down for a chosen few, so that they may skip lightly over the struggles and preliminaries of a career. Yeah? Well, the royal carpet proved, on closer inspection, to be hiding a treadmill that returned its plodders gradually to the point from which they started.

It happened like this.

About two years ago First National sent scouts to leading American universities to find young men who looked like promising star material. They found some four hundred that were considered potential actors, and out of their ranks forty were chosen for detailed photographic tests. These tests were shown to the First National salesmen, who reduced the choice down to ten—and these ten were given contracts and brought to Hollywood, with a great fanfare of publicity.



Johnny as Hollywood first saw him.

To hear the promoters of the contest tell it, they were going to introduce a superior type of young man to the screen; they were going to supplant with their importations the reigning Novarros and Lowes and Barthelmesses. In fact, they were going to knock Hollywood cold. Well, somebody was knocked cold all right, but I think it was nine of the ten young hopefuls who were selected to work in pictures. About all that the promises netted them was a flood of publicity, and a few days of extra work. When they were no longer news, they were told to run along and not bother busy men.

Only one of the ten refused to believe that after going to a lot of trouble to find him, Hollywood didn't want him. And judging by reviews of recent pictures, he was right.

In almost every press notice of "She Goes to War" one found something like this. "Acting honors go to the unknown extra who appears briefly as a dying soldier in the scene where Alma Rubens sings the theme song." Likewise reviewers singled out an extra in "The Black Watch" who catapulted over a fence to his doom. It was the same young man. Through many a poignant bit that calls for death struggles, blindness, or danger to his person, he has careened, his name known only to the casting offices. But it is high time for him to emerge from obscurity. Permit me to introduce John Stambaugh, one of the most charming and ambitious young men in Hollywood, and the sole survivor in pictures of the ten collegiates.

Now if you think that such achievement is slight reward for two years of labor, after the flying start of a big publicity campaign, you don't know your Hollywood statistics. It is estimated that out of every ten thousand people who try to storm the gates of the Central Casting Bureau, possibly only one hundred ever get a single day's

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The Stroller

Keen and often impudent comment on the peculiarities of Hollywood and its people.

By Neville Reay

Illustrated by Lui Trugo

TALKING previews as staged in Hollywood and environs have taken on the cloak of a combination Roman holiday and amateur night.

It is the caustic fan's chance for a comeback at director, star, and producer. It is the delight of small boys with title-writing minds, and frequently is the complete shame of all studio people present.

A preview section is roped off, and there sit the studio workers in boxed phalanx, a fair target for distressing gutturals, laughter, derision, mockery, and other audible signs of jealous disapproval from people even more nit-witted than those in the defensive ranks.

It is at once distressing and amusing.

This rather general audience move descended without warning. It seems that there is something humorous about an unfinished talking picture. Pauses are long. Suspense is drawn out to the point of anticlimax, dialogue is seldom snappy, there are too many sequences and too much lost verbiage. Who wouldn't laugh?

Where once stars, writers, and others attended previews in all their glory to strut before the yokels in the lobby after the show, they are more and more inclined to slump unostentatiously in their seats, throwing about themselves a psychic Sherlock Holmes disguise of pained indifference, and wait for the second show to start, before gliding, like a waft of stale air, out a side-door fire escape.

I have seen it happen so often that the novelty is gone. Heavy love scenes are especially conducive to cyclonic guffaws. Some day, when pictures are more scientifically developed, I shall hope to see the players on the screen stop their action and address the audience with the same brilliant scorn that made Lowell Sherman famous on the stage. I haven't yet decided who is capable of writing these appropriate speeches.

These bramble-fruit hawkers have succeeded in one thing. The stars are now wise enough to stay away, unless they are certain that their picture is good. Despite the frightfulness of the regular feature on the program, the house is usually forbearingly quiet; but the preview, sometimes better than the regular show, is treated with unwashed disdain. It's the same old idea—what you pay for, you'd better enjoy, with the Neronic thumb down on added attractions.

Rex Beach, the author, was visiting one of the studios when the producer, who was about to enter a projection room, invited Mr. Beach to see a picture with him.

The author sat through the picture, which had an unfamiliar title, and when it was over said to the producer, "That picture has a great story. It's just the sort of thing I've been looking for for my next novel. Will you sell me the right to fictionize it?"

The producer was aghast. "But, Mr. Beach, that picture was made from one of your novels. We paid you a lot of money for it."

"Nevertheless," said the author, "it's so different. Now I'd like to use the story for my next novel."

"All right," replied the producer, after a little hesitation. "I'll do it—if you'll sell me the screen rights to the new novel."

The clarion call of the business side of the studios is "Coöperate, coöperate!"

This is presumably an appeal to men's finer natures to spurt into ambitious action and help the other human do his job, too. However, there's no danger that this column is deteriorating into a success stimulant.

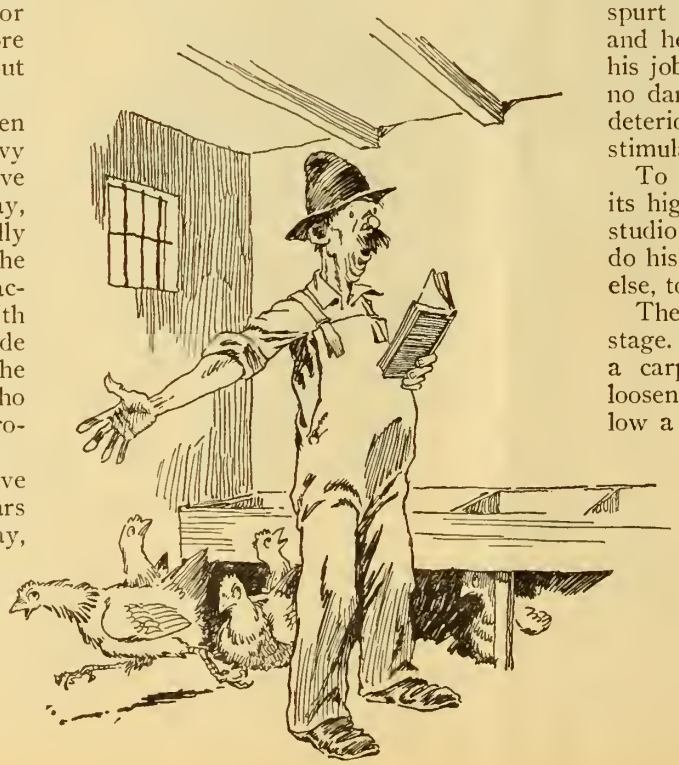
To illustrate coöperation in its highest sense—loyalty to a studio and a desire by man to do his job better than any one else, to wit:

The scene was a large sound stage. Way up in the roof a carpenter was repairing a loosened platform. Down below a company was preparing to take a sound scene.

The tocsin was sounded. Absolute quietness reigned. The scene started. Several hundred feet of film were run off. The scene, which had been rehearsed all day, was going well.

Suddenly the carpenter started ham-

Farmers now declaim in the hen house—talkies are to blame.



mering, with vicious blows. The scene was, perforce, stopped. Highly censorable comments were loosened by glib tongues below. Finally the director, in high exasperation, shouted in his most biting manner, "Say, don't you know we've got to make a picture down here?"

To which the carpenter responded, with a whack of his hammer, "Yeah? And don't you know I've got to drive this nail!"

Endless-chain letters haven't made their appearance in Hollywood for some time, so far as is determinable.

But an endless-chain drunkard and bottle collector has. Ten years ago he was recognized as one of the country's leading authors, but drink claimed him. He slipped from fame, and his name was forgotten. But he was a connoisseur of liquors. He loved to contemplate queer-shaped receptacles which had once held rare vintages. So he saved them. He went broke, but saved several hundred bottles.

He tried working as an extra, but couldn't make much money. One day he heard a property man in the throes of disappointment. He couldn't find any strangely shaped bottles to dress a barroom set. So our blithe, young hero stepped forward and lent all his bottles at a price.

Soon he was renting bottles to all the studios at fifty cents a day each. Then he added to his stock's merit by filling the bottles with water properly colored. That cost the studios an extra fifty cents a day for each bottle.

He made huge sums of money, bought a home, a car, and sent emissaries abroad to smuggle in choice liquor. He drank more and more in a desperate effort to meet the demand—the demand for empty bottles and bottles filled with colored water.

He rents the bottles—gets money to buy more liquor—rents the new empties, and buys more liquor. Is this—or is it not—perpetual motion?

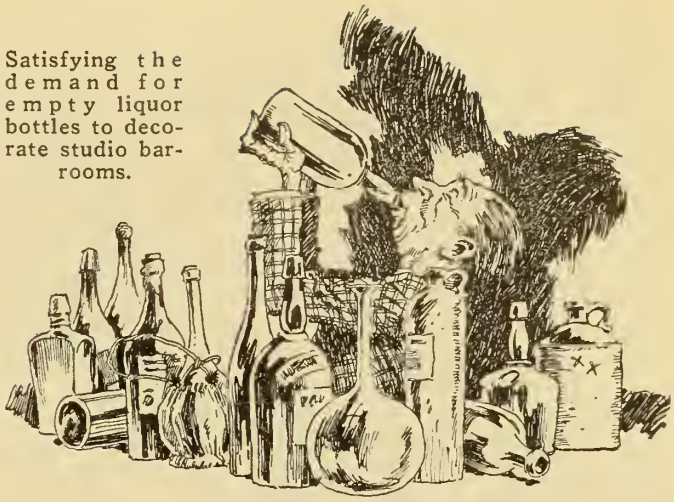
The only thing lacking to make his drinking more efficient, is to have some one invent a machine that will open his bottles and feed the contents to him while he is prostrate on the floor, with visions of cornering all the bottles in the world and using them to cork the genii of Hollywood.

The California tourist season is upon us and, if any readers of this parlous patter are westward bound, let me advise you. There is no fee.

If you want to get into the movie restaurants and find good seats, grow a beard. You might pass for a star who has just gone native in some picture. There are several types.

The trailing-arbutus beard will gain an entry into Montmartre. The rambler-rose beard is good for a seat in the Coconut Grove. The spaghetti beard will get you a table in Henry's at midnight. The sagebrush and desert growth will get you into the Brown Derby, while the tropical cactus is good at the Roosevelt.

Another thing, Malibu Beach is advertised as the exclusive home district for "the fugitives from fame." Be sure you go there—there's nothing to keep you out, except your conscience, and all tourists pack theirs in small candy boxes and lock them up with the silver when they visit Hollywood.



Satisfying the demand for empty liquor bottles to decorate studio barrooms.

The Silver Frame Society, which has nothing to do with frame-ups has, however, taken its place with the royal and honorable society of gold-brick buyers.

An alleged newspaper woman arrived here last month with an idea which she sold to several dozen players. For one hundred dollars each she would guarantee that the player's photo would be displayed in picture frames in every department store in the country.

One guileless customer went into a department store, and didn't find her photo on display. She started a search for the woman who had taken her in, but found her permanently out. But other victims were uncovered, and now all are members of the Silver Frame Society, Debunked.

The lad who makes a living sitting daily in every seat in a local theater searching for squeaks, is rivaled in his endeavor only by the singer reaching for a high one, and the English actor juggling dialogue full of "aiches."



Tourists are advised to cultivate beards—there are privileges for every variety in Hollywood.

Prospective authors throughout the country have declined almost to dodoism, while embryonic histrionic hopefuls have increased with the prolificacy of amœba.

The studios consider the former a blessing, the latter a curse. Amateur scenarios received by the studios have dropped off ten per cent. At the same time casting-office applicants have increased.

On the face of things, it would seem that huge proportions of the population have the movie bug in one form or another. Those who considered themselves handsome and beautiful applied for acting jobs. Those who were too ugly to aspire to the screen wrote scenarios.

But the great influx of stage stars to Hollywood, and their seemingly easily achieved stardom, has rekindled the Promethean fires in the faces of the unlovely.

On a recent trip across the country I was amazed at the spread of amateur theatricals. I saw such signs as "Silas Hayfield and Marjory Olson, in 'Flaming Bedrooms,'" and I wondered what had happened to the censorship move.

Continued on page 109

Their Dual

The much-discussed question of the stars' real some notable examples of the disparity which the

By Myrtle



Photo by Bullock

Lupe Velez is her madcap self in pictures, or at a Hollywood party.

WHY, she isn't even *pretty!* And she photographs most beautifully!"

This expression is often heard at premières and other public appearances of the stars, when fans gather to approve, criticize, or merely consider. Again astonishment is voiced that certain players are far more lovely or interesting off the screen. Disappointment and pleased surprise mingle at the first appraisal of the actors in person.



Photo by Alexander

The camera lends an ethereal air and *svelte* grace to Vilma Banky.

The camera's peculiar faculty of finding and bringing out some quality indiscernible to the eye, and, vice versa, of refusing to be lured by a trait which makes a girl extremely attractive personally, results in some odd situations. Where a relatively plain actress may be invested with photographic charm, a vibrant creature is snuffed into insipid flatness.

Some of these dual personalities are intentionally contrived, others are accidental, as much a surprise to their owners as to observers.

The publicity campaign which builds up a player is designed to focus attention upon her shadow self. Certain qualities are developed and stressed, usually the natural traits being exaggerated, though in some instances a distinctly different person is evolved to meet a popular mode. Tired of this screen emphasis and provoked by the attraction of change, the player may drop her Thespian mannerisms in her private life, or set out to make herself into the type she thinks she would like to be.

This results in confusion in the public mind. You see her as a flapper in her merrily mad movies, and photographs of her off-screen activities present her in equally frivolous guise; then you read in interviews that she is perhaps a studious bookworm! You cry either that all publicity is hokum, or all interviews blah. Naturally, advertising should establish her screen impression; equally reasonable is the writer's effort to report her as she is in real life. This apparent contradiction is unavoidable with these dual-personality people.

I do not refer to those contrasts contrived by the character-actor's art. Of course, Louise Fazenda, Louise Dresser, Jean Hersholt, Chaplin, George Fawcett, Lon Chaney, and others who deliberately submerge themselves in characterizations are revelations when you know, or even see them personally.

But with all due respect to plot provisions and the actors' talents, most of



Sam Hardy is more interesting himself than his hard-boiled rôles.

Personalities

selves is intelligently examined here, with exists between their appearance on and off screen.

Gebhart

them play themselves, don't they? Thinly veneered by the peculiarities of a rôle, you see the actor. Certain plays have drawing power, and the fan is not as rash an idol worshiper as formerly. Still the spell of a personality makes a Gilbert, a Bow, or a Garbo picture string the public into lines at the box office.

Most rôles may be catalogued as straight leading man or woman type. Which means that an interesting person is put in a set of imaginative adventures or problems. There is novelty in decoration, and happenings vary, but aren't most of them cut from the same basic pattern?

Consider the majority of players. Give any two of the girls the same rôle; both will play it with a technique similar, if not identical; yet a Norma Shearer version would differ vastly from a Billie Dove or a Mary Brian version. You might say that one or the other excelled. While one might be more skillful than the others, the differences which at first observation appear to be solely in ability, generally can be traced to personality. Each endows the rôle with attributes essentially her own, that indefinable magic called personality.



The vibrant buoyancy of Patsy Ruth Miller is too elusive for the camera to catch.





Photo by Richee

Dazzling hoyden or home girl? Clara Bow is catalogued as both.

June Collyer's beauty, largely of coloring, is slighted by the screen.

Photo by Richee

As nearly as we can, we classify personality as vivacious, quiet, and so on; but it is a puerile attempt to capture an intangibility in the reality of words. You can say that a frock is pink, but how can you express personality? And when people develop other selves, the problem becomes intricate.

Greta Garbo is never recognized away from the studio, because when she leaves, she sheds that opalescent languor. She herself is drab looking in the plain clothes which she prefers, and wrapped in a meditative, sometimes moody silence. Her exotic screen self is a product, apparently, of her imaginative talents, of the atmospheric influence, and of a luminous quality with which the camera endows her, or brings out from her subconsciousness. Her work is, seemingly, the only thing in life of much importance to her; into it she pours a strangely sentient other self.

Clara Bow is the object of conflicting public opinions. A hoyden, a crimson Bow with an audacious, reckless gayety, one hears her described, while another insists that she is a quiet homebody given to the pursuit of literature.

At one time, when her new and thrilling success was rather gaudily worn, the Brooklyn bonfire very nearly approached in personal temperature her blazing shadow. Tapping to jazz rhythm, she danced, restlessly, furiously, through Hollywood, in gay harness and madcap capers with love.



Photo by Dyar
Nancy Carroll is too petite for the full voice developed by her stage work.

thought to be terribly dumb at first; but in proportion as her star ascended she developed a keen and practical brain. Though she still has no inclination to hug the fireside when there is fun floating around outside, she is becoming soft-pedaled into a more likable combination of flip humor and common sense. Just shear some of the cocktail capers from the screen Alice, and you have the real Alice.

One of the prime interests of Hollywood for an observer is the unfolding of personalities from crudely shaped models, with mistakes and trials of this or that, and the refashioning of those worn a bit by the weather.

Comment is made—indeed, it is inevitable—that unless she is carefully groomed Dolores Costello's pastel beauty becomes flaccid. Hers is that pale, spun-gold loveliness that wilts easily, that must be brushed sleekly and fluffed to look its best. And Dolores is one of those frank individuals who appear not to care a rap what impression they make. Helene invariably is smoothly perfect. Two minutes before it is time to leave for an appointment, Dolores will pull on her hat, without bothering to find a mirror, and say, "All right, let's go." Personally, you admire that utter naturalness, but is it good business? Dolores' breathless nervousness heightens her fragile charm which with the least care, gives her a rare exquisiteness.

Nils Asther is the same suave person in or out of pictures.



On the screen Mary Brian is far more animated than in person. On the other hand, the vibrant buoyancy of Patsy Ruth Miller seems too elusive for the camera. Her sparkle is made up

Baclanova gains in personality, but loses in beauty.
Photo by Richee



With the realization that fame is fleeting, the pendulum swung in the opposite direction. Springing up from a tomboyish childhood, with poverty bounded by sidewalk games, Clara could but blindly follow her impulses, whither they might lead. Lacking guidance, she has done a commendable thing in stumbling through the uncertainties which beset her during the troubled stages of discovery, success, and adjustment to a new status.

An ugly duckling, her one childhood consolation was her father's reiterated, "My little, beautiful daughter!"

Wanting so to be one of those pink-and-gold girls whose demurely provocative eyes and fragile femininity get them whatever they want, this longing was translated into an imaginative "She," pretty, popular, all that Clara wasn't. With picture work, "She," naturally, emerged from Clara's imagination, brightened with the pep of the day's mode. "She" developed under the impetus of popularity and other factors tending to spread the miniature conflagration. At least, this explanation of Clara sounds genuine and reasonable.

Clara appears to have determined to be herself, a sensible, wary, frank, and ambitious person. She is beginning to evaluate things. She wants achievement more than fame, pleasure but not whoopee. She is studying to obtain a part of that education which she missed and that she now sees is essential as a foundation. "She," of course, is of more exclamatory interest than the real Clara.

Alice White's flapper exaggerations have been toned down appreciably within the past six months. She was

of a nimble mind, a scintillant, bantering humor, vivid coloring, and an indefinable individuality. Contrasting her youth, this sophisticated alertness is her main charm, but a complete washout on the screen.

June Collyer's frail beauty, largely of coloring, is missing. With her cultivated composure and impersonal coolness, she is as flexible as a wood carving. Perhaps it is because she is not yet fluent in expression; partly, too, it is caused by her remembrance, whether deliberate or subconscious, that she is playing a lady, and must act accordingly. Off screen, she doesn't have to recall the fact, so she is charming in a lightly dignified manner. Overemphasis, in publicity, of her breeding is to be blamed for the patrician pose in her work.

Evelyn Brent's rôles have developed her off-screen personality.
Photo by Spurr



Until recently Lois Moran's shadow seemed colorless, though she herself displayed varied cultural interests and an average girl's animated enthusiasms. A director once diagnosed her for me as being too coldly mental, with too fiercely inquisitive and calculating an intellect. This determination to grasp knowledge is a detriment; the camera coolly ignores the mind, and probes for genuine feeling and emotional response. That is why you forget the technical actors and remember a tensely ecstatic or hysterical scene of some little, unskilled girl who is a sieve for more elemental feeling. You even call it *art!*

Though she gains in power of personality on the screen, Baclanova suffers in that no black-and-white medium can do justice to her coloring, that startling, pale-gold-and-white beauty illuminated by electric, blue eyes.

The screen Nick Stuart—a hustling, go-getter kid—leans against his real self, reticent, numb in an isolation of Roumanian heritage, the inability as yet to think or speak or feel except in essentials. But I think that from his shadows Nick gets much of the strength which in his work takes the form of bustling activity.



The breathless nervousness of Dolores Costello heightens her fragile screen beauty.

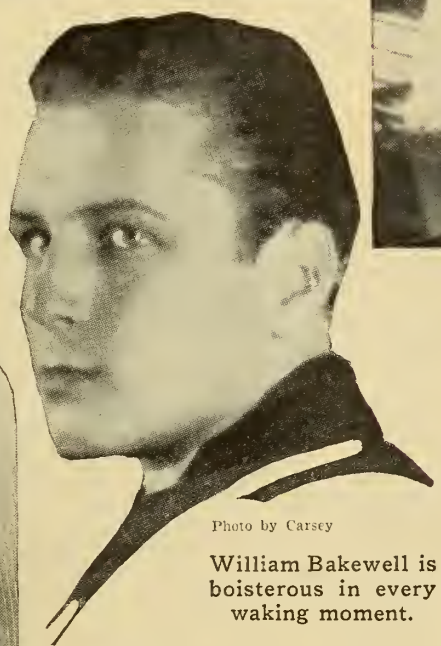


Photo by Carsey

William Bakewell is boisterous in every waking moment.

Though equally awkward at adaptation, Nils Asther is himself any way you look at him, because usually he is cast as a polished, suave gentleman, with a fluent, easy charm and a touch of aloofness.

Except for initial successes, no films have caught the quaint wistfulness of Mary Philbin, who belongs in a frescoed frame, the elusive, elfin appeal of Betty Bronson, or May McAvoy's whimsicality. Beneath a practical and sensible manner, May has hidden Erin's tear-misted gladness; it would fluff up like the April sun with the least encouragement and appreciation.

Sam Hardy is far more interesting, in a broad, hearty way, than his hard-boiled characterizations, which allow him, too, a certain latitude. His clothes are startling; his humor is ready. He has only to stand still and look at a mob, and they begin to laugh, though he hasn't got that kind of face, really. A favorite in Hollywood, he must address crowds often. Every sentence is halted by a round of cheers. I enjoy the applause of Sam's turn very much; some day I hope to hear him speak. Still more, I should like to see the real Sam in a picture. [Cont. on page 108]

Mary Brian is much more animated in pictures than in real life.
Photo by Richee





Every singing film must have its ballet these days, so the Albertina Rasch girls, above, do their bit in "The Rogue's Song."

Enter An Opera Star

Lawrence Tibbett, of the Metropolitan, comes to the screen as the singing star of "The Rogue's Song" and brings with him not only a magnificent voice, but the fascinating story of a poor boy's rise to world-wide fame.

By Elza Schallert

THE first singing-talking picture introducing a luminary from grand opera has been made.

Lawrence Tibbett, an American baritone of the Metropolitan Opera Company, is the star, and the name of the picture is "The Rogue's Song," produced by Metro-Goldwyn.

Tibbett was the sensation of the operatic world six years ago in that austere organization known as the Metropolitan, when he brought new vitality to the minor and somewhat static rôle of *Ford,* in Verdi's "Falstaff." He was given ten curtain calls after his big aria, and the event made musical history right then and there —for American singers.

Unless I miss my guess considerably, his voice will be one of the sensations of the 1930 talking-picture season. I would be willing to say *the* sensation of the season, only I am reminded that John McCormack, that colossal idol of the concert stage, is engaged on a picture which doubtless will prove epochal.



However, Tibbett's voice is going to shake the rafters of the theaters wherever heard, and the sweep and tremendous vigor of his personality cannot possibly escape unchallenged.

His voice is the direct antidote for the millions of soft-throated tenors and baritones, who have so long crooned the popular "Mammy" and "I Want You Alone" songs over the radio, and recently have made themselves so obnoxious over the microphones at the studios. His voice and virility restore one's faith in male singers, and make one hopeful that his screen début will effect in the musical and theatrical worlds a renaissance of masculine tone.

Lawrence Tibbett, as *Yegor*, left, a bandit, scorns the pearls forced upon him by Judith Voselli, as the vampish countess.

To say that Tibbett's voice has beauty is being too precisely circumspect. It has a glorious quality and is generally recognized as being one of the finest baritones among the younger singers in the world to-day. Each tone is rich, full, and "has bells on." And since Tibbett is young—in his early thirties—he is still in that first stage of a singer's career during which luscious tone pours forth from the throat like a veritable Niagara.

In a few years he will approach that second stage of singing which has signposts all along the path, warning the use of discretion, restraint and kindly treatment to the voice, so that it may last long, and also urging concentrated effort on the artistic phases of song.

Tibbett's whole manner of singing at this time is a complete, almost reckless abandon to the glory of song, and in such mood fans will hear him.

The story of "The Rogue's Song" was written by John Colton and Frances Marion. Tibbett plays *Yegor,* son of a bandit prince, and himself leader of a group of singing rogues whose main business in life is barter and plunder, a kiss for fair ladies, a plentiful meal, and a rollicking song while cups are held high.

Yegor is a rakish, colorful, devil-may-care blade who sweeps his victories before him and who, in the words of one of his songs, "takes what he wants with pleasure, and often brings pleasure to what he takes"—which, analyzed closely, doesn't always mean the princess' pearl necklace!

No rogue as gay and dashing as Tibbett, or rather *Yegor,* and possessed of such a voice, could possibly avoid encountering, somewhere along the mountain passes, a beautiful princess escorted by her chaperon, a countess, and her faithful duenna. This happens to *Yegor.* He meets the princess by plunging through a window into her boudoir. The princess is played by Catherine Dale Owen, who looks entrancingly blond and chaste.

To reverse the order of things, *Yegor,* lusty bandit that he is, merely asks of the princess her hat, which happens to be graced by a plume which he wants for his little sister, *Nadja.*

From the dusky, vampish countess he asks nothing, but she gives him her pearls. The next instant she places a price on his head for thievery.

While *Yegor* is on the road, his sister *Nadja* is betrayed by the brother of the princess, *Prince Sergei,* and because of her shame, commits suicide.



Beautiful Catherine Dale Owen is the princess who first hates and then loves the bandit.

From there on the plot winds its way over mountain pass and crevasse, and climaxes with *Yegor,* enraged over his little sister's death, seeking vengeance by killing *Sergei,* and carrying off the princess to his camp in the hills, and forcing her to do the washing and ironing and other hard labor, just as his little sister was wont to do.

This procedure seems a bit harsh for a princess, but to *Yegor's* mind it is just what is coming to her, because she called his sister a "bandit drab" and a "robber trull." Of course, this was only after the princess realized that *Yegor* had killed her brother. True, *Prince Sergei* was a wicked voluptuary, but then any sister, even a princess, might be justified in getting mad and using the words "trull" and "drab" when she discovered that even a bad brother had been killed.

To get back to the story. The princess, en route to her prison camp, whispers words into the ears of one of *Yegor's* fellow bandits—played by Wallace MacDonald—which results in his helping her to escape to her uncle's castle. As soon as she is safely there, she orders the capture of *Yegor.*

Yegor is brought to the castle, tied to a stake under her window and lashed cruelly, yet during the merciless inquisition sings ironically his mad song of passion. She cannot escape his voice. It follows her with horror, then pity and compassion and finally love. She orders *Yegor* released, rushes to him and binds his wounds tenderly, and it is presumed that the singing rogue and the beautiful princess live happily ever afterward.



Photo by Louise

Lawrence Tibbett sang for $75 a month a few years ago, with the same voice that brings him $10,000 a week in pictures.



Yegor's first meeting with the princess occurs when he enters her bedroom to steal a hat for his little sister.

The plot, as may well be judged, is typically operatic. It is just as well to accept it as such. Tradition requires one never to think of the plot while hearing a beautiful opera. And so it also begins to appear with plots of singing pictures.

Herbert Stothart, who has been with Oscar Hammerstein for fifteen years in the production of operettas and musical comedies, has composed the music for "The Rogue's Song." Stothart's most striking work was as collaborator with Rudolf Friml, on "Rose-Marie."

Stothart recently returned to the United States, after a year in Vienna with that maker of magical waltz melodies, Franz Lehar, renowned for "The Merry Widow" and other light operas.

Metro-Goldwyn some time ago purchased the rights to Lehar's operetta, "Gypsy Love," and some of its most attractive melodies have been woven into the musical structure of "The Rogue's Song" by Mr. Stothart. However, he has composed in greater part original songs for the production.

One of his most striking numbers is called "When I'm Looking At You," and is noteworthy for its grace and melodic appeal. It should be a popular winner and make a great deal of money for all concerned. A composer nowadays who writes a stunning theme-song, as Jack King did, for instance, for "Dynamite," runs the chance of making a young fortune, all things being equal. This means that his contract must be right for that condition to be brought about.

"The Song of the Rogue," "To Live, To Love," and the dramatic narrative called "In the Georgian Hills," are all of musical merit and the latter, particularly, is of almost grand-opera proportions.

The narrative is the *pièce de résistance* for Tibbett. He sings it before a group of aristocrats in the palace of the countess, among whom is *Prince Sergei*. The song is delivered directly toward *Sergei*.

It paints the picture of *Yegor's* sister's life in her native hills of Georgia—Russia, not U. S. A.—and of her meeting with the prince and his subsequent betrayal of her. It is dramatic and colorful and Tibbett certainly makes the most of it, vocally and from the standpoint of acting as well.

His playing is impressive on the screen—surprisingly so. On the operatic stage he is rated a good actor. It was the rare combination of voice and acting ability that put him so thrillingly across at the Metropolitan in "La Cena de la Beffe" ("The Jest"), based on the play of that name in which the brothers Barrymore stormed New York not many seasons ago.

And, incidentally, the makers of "The Rogue's Song" must have remembered that fact—and well, too—for in the production the whipping scene is so reminiscent of the climacteric episode of "The Jest," that one would almost be justified in thinking it had been lifted bodily out of the opera and the play. Either way, it is all to the good for Tibbett's first picture, for it is in episodes that call for intense vocal and dramatic fervor that he excels.

Lionel Barrymore directed the picture. Paul Bern supervised. And with John Colton and Frances Marion responsible for the story, Tibbett could not possibly have found more sympathetic hands in which to fall for his first venture. For every one of these persons has a fond appreciation of music, and Barrymore and Bern know the subject well. In fact, Mr. Barrymore has enough feeling for it to express his sentiment occasionally in composition.

A genuine musical atmosphere pervaded the Tibbett company during the making of "The Rogue's Song." For a few days Elsa Alsen, a noted Wagnerian singer, cast her golden tones in the shame cry, which is wailed at the time of *Nadja's* tragedy. Frankenstein, for twenty-five years in the conductor's stand at the Orpheum Theater in Los Angeles, had charge of the

Continued on page 94



A Confidential Guide To Current Releases

WHAT EVERY FAN SHOULD SEE.

"Lady Lies, The"—Paramount. All dialogue. Intelligent, smart, modern picture, free of elocutionary taints. A kept girl refuses to give up rich widower, even if she has come between him and his children. Walter Huston and Claudette Colbert excellent. Fine touches by Charles Ruggles and Betty Garde.

"Dynamite" — Metro-Goldwyn. All dialogue. Cecil DeMille's first experiment in talkies brilliantly effective. Moviesque plot, embellished with fine acting and photography and intelligent dialogue, becomes convincing, even if about coal miner and society woman. Kay Johnson's début perfect. Charles Bickford, Julia Faye, Conrad Nagel, Muriel McCormac, Leslie Fenton.

"Big Time"—Fox. All dialogue. An unpretentious picture made charming by its simplicity and the excellent acting of Lee Tracy. Backstage story of hoofer who deserts his wife for blond menace, and their ups and downs. Mae Clarke, Josephine Dunn, Stepin Fetchit.

"Hollywood Revue"—Metro-Goldwyn. All singing and talking. Highly entertaining kaleidoscope of songs, dances, and skits, with an impressive list of stars. Like a glittering stage revue, with no story, yet not a dull moment. Marion Davies, Marie Dressler, and Albertina Rasch ballet take honors.

"Hallelujah"—Metro-Goldwyn. All dialogue. An epic in its true meaning in the portrayal of the ups and downs of a cotton-belt Negro family, as the film reveals the inner life in striking interpretations. There has never been a film like it in the dramatic sweep of a simple plot. All Negro cast directed by King Vidor.

"Cock-eyed World, The"—Fox. All dialogue. An explosive, profane, and rather vulgar, but highly diverting, continuation of the amorous adventures of *Top Sergeant Flagg* and *Sergeant Quirt* of "What Price Glory?" The war over, new affairs are found to blossom in the tropics. Victor McLaglen, Edmund Lowe, Lily Damita, El Brendel.

"River of Romance"—Paramount. All dialogue. An old film made over for talkies, with Buddy Rogers "The Fighting Coward," who refuses to fight, but gets results by bluffing. Dueling period of the South. Acting of high order, atmosphere authentic. Mary Brian, June Collyer, Wallace Beery.

"Last of Mrs. Cheyney, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. All dialogue. Drawing-room drama, whose heroine edges into society to rob her hostess, with tricky and artificial aspects to whole story. Norma Shearer does well. Basil Rathbone, Hedda Hopper, George K. Arthur, Maude Turner Gordon, and several stage recruits.

"Dance of Life, The"—Paramount. All dialogue. Taken from the play "Burlesque," backstage life is pictured sympathetically and grippingly. The story of a little dancer who sticks to her worthless husband, a likable clown. One of real backstage pictures. Hal Skelly, Nancy Carroll, Dorothy Revier, and excellent support.

"Single Standard, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Brilliant acting by Greta Garbo, although the story is not an inspiration. Arden Stuart attempts to live her own life freely, but conventional mother love dispels her theories. Nils Asther, John Mack Brown, Dorothy Sebastian, Lane Chandler, Robert Castle, Kathlyn Williams.

"Greene Murder Case, The"—Paramount. All dialogue. William Powell with a smoother and greater interpretation of *Philo Vance*, the popular fiction detective. Strong mystery unraveled to surprising solution, with fine performances and restrained lines. Florence Eldridge, Ulrich Haupt, Jean Arthur.

"Evangeline"—United Artists. The familiar poem done with great pictorial beauty and moments of poignant emotion. Dolores del Rio's finest performance since "Resurrection," sincere and infinitely pathetic. Roland Drew and Donald Reed good support.

"Wonder of Women"—Metro-Goldwyn. Part dialogue. Dignified, beautiful portrayal of a genius who fled from his simple fireside to renew his associations with a prima donna and his awakening to his true inspiration. Marvelous acting by Lewis Stone, and Peggy Wood ideal as his wife. Leila Hyams the singer.

"She Goes to War"—United Artists. Incidental sound. War picture with unusual story and magnificent acting, in which a girl dons her drunken fiancé's uniform and goes to battle, and is awakened to real life. Alma Rubens and Eleanor Boardman give fine performances, and the talents of Edmund Burns are brought out. John Holland, Al St. John, Yola d'Avril, Glen Walters, Eulalie Jensen.

"Studio Murder Mystery, The"—Paramount. All dialogue. Film studio crime unraveled by gag man and police, with suspense, many laughs, and after suspicion points to five persons, a satisfactory solution is hit upon. Neil Hamilton in leading rôle gives engaging performance, Fredric March the murdered actor. Florence Eldridge's talking début. Warner Oland, Doris Hill, Lane Chandler, Eugene Pallette, Chester Conklin.

"Where East Is East"—Metro-Goldwyn. Silent. Troubles of a jungle animal hunter, who seeks happiness for his untamed daughter. Lon Chaney as you would expect him, Lupe Velez, and Estelle Taylor in a brilliant rôle. Lloyd Hughes also at his best. Splendid atmosphere and a picture to see.

"On With the Show"—Warner. All dialogue, singing, dancing, and entirely in color besides. Gayety and beauty of musical comedy, with young love of an usher and coat-room girl, with other issues galore. Entire cast does well. Betty Compson, Louise Fazenda, Sally O'Neil, Joe E. Brown, William Bakewell, Arthur Lake, Wheeler Oakman, Sam Hardy, Ethel Walters.

"Bulldog Drummond"—United Artists. All dialogue. A melodramatic thriller, with sophisticated viewpoint which makes fun of what transpires. Story of bored ex-war hero, who advertises for adventure and gets it. Ronald Colman vitalized and remade by speech, giving memorable performance, ably seconded by Joan Bennett, Lilyan Tashman, and Montagu Love.

"Madame X"—Metro-Goldwyn. All dialogue. Old-time melodrama of mother love superbly vivified by fresh dialogue, modern direction, and superb acting, with Ruth Chatterton and Raymond Hackett as mother and son reaching heights of tear-wringing emotion in famous courtroom scene, where wretched woman charged with murder is defended by son taught to believe her dead. Lewis Stone, Eugenie Besserer, Mitchell Lewis, Holmes Herbert, and Ulrich Haupt.

"Valiant, The"—Fox. All dialogue. Grimly uncompromising picture notable for introduction to screen of Paul Muni, whose place among leaders now is unchallenged. Story of murderer's efforts to convince sister that her brother is not himself, but a soldier who died a hero. Marguerite Churchill also fine, and John Mack Brown does well.

"Pagan, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Singing. Treat for Ramon Novarro's fans and justification of all they've read of his singing voice, which is delightful, exceptional. Story of young South Sea Islander's love for half-caste girl. Dorothy Janis, Renée Adorée, and Donald Crisp.

"Rainbow Man, The"—Paramount. All dialogue. An irresistible picture, with finely balanced sentiment and fun, with Eddie Dowling, the stage star, and his young partner, Frankie Darro, in minstrel-show settings. They find Marian Nixon and love and trouble. Dowling is a knock-out.

"Divine Lady, The"—First National. Silent. A series of exquisite paintings animated with poetic feeling and a little drama. Lovely presentment of *Lady Hamilton* by Corinne Griffith and finely modulated *Lord Nelson* by Victor Varconi. H. B. Warner, Ian Keith, Montagu Love, Dorothy Cumming, Marie Dressler.

"Alibi"—United Artists. All dialogue. Crook picture, played and directed with distinction. A cop's daughter sympathizes with underworld, marries a crook, but is soon disillusioned in a thrilling climax. Chester Morris, Eleanor Griffith, Pat O'Malley, Regis Toomey supply high lights in action and talk.

[Continued on page 109]



Anthony Bushell, George Arliss, and Joan Bennett shine in "Disraeli," the month's most "legitimate" hit.

The Screen in Review

By Norbert Lusk

The passing parade of new films frequently glitters with beauty and distinction this month.

THE charm of adroit acting and the beauty of a tasteful production make "Disraeli" an outstanding dialogue picture which every one should see, because it brings to the screen intact one of the great performances of the stage. I refer, of course, to George Arliss in the title rôle.

He makes Queen Victoria's prime minister a fascinating character, whose political maneuvers for the glory of the empire are combined with sentimental understanding of young lovers. In fact, it is rather amazing that a story—and a costume story at that—depending on the acquisition of the Suez Canal in 1874 should yield interest to-day, when tinkling musical comedy and the heartbreak of vaudeville performers represent the poles of dramatic expression in the talkies. But make no mistake about it—"Disraeli" will interest you because, first of all, it is well-knit melodrama; its characters are human beings and their emotions are quite as real in bustles and beavers as they would be in sports clothes and berets. And over all is the brilliant characterization of Mr. Arliss.

The play opens with *Benjamin Disraeli, Lord Beaconsfield,* nearing the height of his power as England's primate. Without the sanction of parliament, he determines to checkmate Russia in her desire for the Suez Canal, and with the help of a private banker, buy it for England and thus place in the hands of his sovereign control of the East. But all is not smooth sailing, for among his staff is the husband of a spy who, masquerading as *Lady Travers,* is a friend and frequent guest of *Lady Beaconsfield.* How *"Dizzy"* traps her and nearly loses the Canal by the failure of the banker, as well as his resourcefulness in forcing victory—all this makes for exciting and legitimate entertainment, not forgetting a charming love story which is far from being merely incidental.

I liked greatly Joan Bennett's heroine, not alone for her beauty and grace in wearing old-fashioned dresses, but for the humor behind her lines. And Anthony Bushell, as her serious, well-meaning suitor, is exactly as he should be. Nor must we overlook Doris Lloyd, as *Mrs. Travers,* her first audible rôle. Her success is particularly gratifying, because of her long service in silent rôles of less importance.

A Singing Actress Who Sings.

For once the hue and cry over the discovery of a singing voice in the hitherto silent larynx of a well-known actress is justified in the case of Bebe Daniels, in "Rio Rita." Her music is real and not piffle composed for any one to croon, and her singing of that music is truly a revelation. Her voice is warm and flexible, her use of it smooth and easy and best of all, her skill is apparent in making her songs the spontaneous expression of her mood rather than the set pieces of a prima donna. Altogether Miss Daniels establishes herself as a first-rate singing actress, a far higher form of talent than the songstress who advances to the foreground, performs her exercise and then lapses into negligibility. It is the singing actress who is needed on the screen more

than the musical comedy girl called by courtesy a prima donna. Miss Daniels is absolutely and unequivocally a hit.

In "Rio Rita" she has a splendid picture to back her up. Faithfully following the original, it outdoes Ziegfeld in scenic effects, particularly in the outdoor scenes, and the backgrounds are more authentic and less artificial than any stage production could be. Furthermore, it is definitely glamorous and has form and style, as opposed to some of the characterless hodgepodges that pass for musical comedy on the screen.

The story is good, too, being neither too highbrow to belong in a spectacle nor too trivial to appeal to intelligent auditors, and the comedians, Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey, of the original production, are by far the funniest recruits to the screen. They all but steal the picture and would succeed if the serious interest of the piece were sustained by less compelling a star than Miss Daniels. Then, too, there is John Boles, whose voice in "The Desert Song" made him a favorite. It is equally pleasing in the new picture and his songs are infinitely superior. So far as acting routine goes, Mr. Boles does exactly what musical heroes have been doing since 1892, but as long as nothing more is required of him than to be conventional, it's all right with me. Only I decline to wax enthusiastic, because acting is more important than singing—outside of grand opera.

His rôle is that of *Captain Jim Stewart*, of the Texas Rangers, whose identity is unknown to *Rita Ferguson* when she falls in love with him. However, *General Ravenoff*, the villain, who aspires to win her, tells her that *Jim* is tracking *Rita's* brother, *Roberto*, in the belief that he is *"The Kinkajou,"* a notorious bandit. Promptly *Rita* renounces *Jim*, thus leaving the way clear for *Ravenoff* who, at the moment of marriage to his reluctant bride, is properly unmasked by *Jim* as a scoundrel and the lovers are united in the light of a Texas moon. Besides the principals already mentioned, there is an amusing and pretty girl named Dorothy Lee, whose bright personality and antic dancing guarantee her appearance in many more pictures.



Don Alvarado, Bebe Daniels, and John Boles meet success with a triumphant gesture in "Rio Rita."

Harold Lloyd Speaks.

When you see "Welcome, Danger" you won't wonder that Harold Lloyd spent nearly a year in making it. Every bit of his first experiment with speech shows painstaking care, and the result is a smashing success, the only criticism being that it is a bit long. But is it when one laughs almost without interruption? Those whose business it is to "clock" laughs at previews must have had paralysis long before this picture ended.

Mr. Lloyd has the good fortune to possess a voice that fits perfectly his appearance and method of acting, but he is not carried away by this discovery to the extent of talking too much. Thank Heaven, this is not a chatter film! It is one of action, of wholesome fun and ingenious situations, all cleverly played and timed to give the spectator opportunity to take a good breath after each laugh and be ready for the next.

There are too many episodes of such varied character for me to detail them. Enough to say that Mr. Lloyd, as *Harold Bledsoe*, a botanist on his way to San Francisco, encounters most amusingly a pretty girl who is taking her little brother to the same city to consult a Chinese physician. *Harold* is traveling to meet the chief of police, a friend of his father, who thinks the youth may be of aid in running down a mysterious villain of Chinatown known as *"The Dragon."* And of course *Harold* does, more by blundering good luck than by shrewd methods of detection.

Though boisterous comedy predominates, there are sequences of charm and beauty, particularly the adventures of *Harold* and the girl along the road, and for novelty I liked especially the episode in the police station when *Harold* decides to get the finger print of every man in the place by methods peculiarly his own. There is suspense too and some stiff fighting, but never once is *Harold* decoyed from his chief object, that of providing laughter.

Barbara Kent is a deliciously feminine heroine, whose naïve charm is emphasized by a pleasing voice well suited to the sort of girl she plays, and Mr. Lloyd's chief masculine aid, a dumb policeman played by Noah Young, is one of the funniest types ever seen.

Recalling "Stella Dallas."

Striking, a disturbing mixture of good and bad, "Applause" yet remains an extreme picture, far above the ordinary, and one that will be welcomed by serious picturegoers. Its individuality—and its mistakes—belong to the director, Rouben Mamoulian, distinguished for his staging of plays for the Theater Guild. But its defects are far less conspicuous than its merits. The former are found in self-conscious use of the camera, as if the director, on discovering its possibilities, couldn't restrain himself from playing with it. On the other hand, his zest for photographic angles and effects is responsible for pictures of New York as the city has never



"Salute."



"Three Live Ghosts."



"Why Bring That Up?"



"Fast Company."

been photographed before, and for two love scenes, one on Brooklyn Bridge and one atop a skyscraper, that are masterpieces of beauty and feeling. Yet, so greatly does the director err, that his scenes of convent life are stilted and artificial enough for a pageant.

Obviously this overemphasis is planned to afford contrast between the life of the daughter of a burlesque queen and the tawdry, sordid existence of the mother who has placed her child within cloistered walls. The story is that of a fading star, whose lover compels her to recall her daughter from the convent. The man's greed for money causes him to think that the girl's earnings in her mother's show will be that much more in his own pocket. The girl hates the show, but stays with her mother through devotion and, when she falls in love with a sailor, sends him away rather than leave the mother who needs her. It is the mother, *passé,* unwanted even in burlesque, who finds a way to bring the lovers together again.

Helen Morgan, the star, is poignantly moving as *Kitty Darling,* the actress. Her acting is unlike that of any player I recall. It is almost accidental. But she causes tears to flow as surely as if she were a technical genius, and her singing is something that cannot be described. Joan Peers, also from the stage, is a revelation as the daughter. She is an overnight sensation. You won't ask why when you see her. Fuller Mellish, Jr., is amazingly realistic as the predatory lover, and a young man named Henry Wadsworth, as the sailor, is about as pleasing, sensible, and natural an actor as I have ever seen.

Laughter—With a Heart.

Will Rogers, in "They Had To See Paris," is grand! So is the picture. The combination is one of the happiest so far given us by the talking screen, and the picture is one of the most entertaining ones ever produced. Miss it at your peril! It made me thankful for eyes and ears, as well as a sense of humor to be dragged out of its place of hiding, where it had been shunted by the tedium of musical comedy.

It would take much space to dwell upon the virtues of Mr. Rogers' genius as a resuscitator, and this you will agree is a full month for the reviewer. So he can only skim along the high lights. But don't overlook the fact that "They Had To See Paris," while a farce on the surface, is really a penetrating and sympathetic comedy of Americans abroad. It is being acted in real life every day, because newly rich men usually have wives and daughters with social aspirations, and every foreign capital has its quota of Americans who place an absurd value on titles. This state of mind has been seen on the stage times without number and has brought fame to many a novelist. Never, however, has it been portrayed with the rich drollery and genuine sympathy so delicately combined in Mr. Rogers' picture.

One laughs at *Pike Peters,* the oil millionaire, but he is always more than a comic figure—he is a lovably bewildered one. And so it is with his wife, beautifully played by Irene Rich. One does not dismiss her as a fool, willing to make a spectacle of herself in a scramble to corral titles for her party at so much a head. One feels for her and is a little bit sorry, while he knows that her innate goodness will bring her to her senses in time. And so it is with every member of the cast, even the fortune-hunting nobleman of Ivan Lebedeff. Never an obvious mercenary, he stands for all the impoverished noblemen who are willing to marry dollars, if it does not cost them their traditional dignity. The refreshing innovation of finding such a man not a villain is typical of the treatment given every character.

Even with space to spare, it would be impossible to record the shadings of humor and understanding of human nature with which Mr. Rogers has saturated the character of *Pike Peters.* Enough to say that it is one of the great achievements of acting, though I imagine some, disarmed by its naturalness, will protest it isn't acting at all.

Besides Mr. Rogers and Miss Rich, one delights in Marguerite Churchill as their daughter, and a newcomer from Paris, with the musical comedy name of Fifi Dorsay. She is exactly as French actresses are supposed to be and is expert in sustaining the illusion with many a kick and *Ooh, la, la!*

A Musical Smash.

It is a great novelty to find Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell in a spectacular musical comedy, with songs, dances, "flash" numbers and all that goes to make speedy entertainment. This instead of the sentimental pastels that have made them famous. It is the novelty of "Sunny Side Up," as well as the skill that has gone into it, which makes it a success. For I do not think that the stars have stellar ability as singers or dancers. But they do possess personalities that fit nicely the Cinderella tale around which all this musical comedy has been wrapped. And the wrapping is accomplished with such speed and adroitness, that the inadequacies of the principals are deftly concealed.

One has only to consider "Sunny Side Up" without them to conclude that any ingratiating couple would have answered, and none would have diminished the appeal to eye and ear of the picture as a whole. Because there is so much else to it. Most important are two song hits, "I'm a Dreamer—Aren't We All?" and "If I Had a Talking Picture of You." And a startling number called "Turn On the Heat," of such originality and ingenuity that it caused Broadway to gasp, because nothing like it had ever been seen in the most spendthrift revues.

An arctic scene crowded with dancers is transformed before one's eyes into a tropical setting. As the dancing becomes madder and madder, snow melts, ice disappears, and trees and palms appear in their place, with the dancers shedding furs for less and less decoration.

It is in climaxes such as this that Miss Gaynor and Mr. Farrell have no part. They are concerned in a childish romance which is virtually without climax, because there is no suspense. Miss Gaynor is *Molly Carr*, of the slums, who miraculously meets Mr. Farrell, of the Long Island smart set, and agrees to help him make his chilly fiancée jealous. This is brought about by hiring *Molly* and her three comedian friends to entertain guests of Mr. Farrell's mother at a garden fête. This is another triumph of staging that may well cause theatrical producers to regard the screen with jealousy and alarm. Now is it necessary to tell you that *Molly* falls in love with the rich young man, pines for him when her bargain is finished, and that he forgets all about his fiancée who, true to type, has by now become nicely toasted through pique?

El Brendel, the comedian who was always amusing in silent pictures, here comes into his own with a bang. His partners in laughter are Frank Richardson and Marjorie White, a straining soubrette of the kind lots of people think funny. Sharon Lynn is a handsome fiancée, with a voice that may be typical of Long Island for all I know. Her mother is Mary Forbes, mother of Ralph Forbes, whose voice is typical of the gentlewoman she portrays.

Little Theater Stuff.

"Sermons in stones, books in the running brooks and good in everything"—including Richard Barthelmess as a wistful, downtrodden elevator boy.

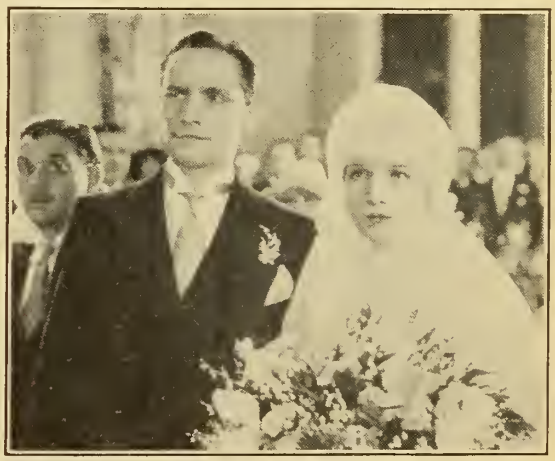
This should be the credo of the film reviewer, I suppose, but I can't subscribe to it, particularly when it comes to Mr. Barthelmess, in "Young Nowheres." To me it is a dull, monotonous picture, but some consider it exquisite, lyrical, and Mr. Barthelmess a courageous pioneer in choosing such a subject. Giving both Mr. Barthelmess and his admirers their due, I still contend that the film is improbable, unconvincing, but would have been somewhat more believable with other actors in the leading rôles. Yet even then it would have been frail to the point of attenuation, a thin slice of life more suited to the short story which purveyed it, rather than a movie designed to take its place beside current hits. As it stands, the picture is more a bow in the direction of Little Theater tastes than it is a stimulant of fans in quest of definite entertainment.

The elevator operator which Mr. Barthelmess chooses to play is a sufferer of loneliness in the big city. So is the little girl who mops or sweeps or polishes in the same building, a ritzy apartment house. Brought together by mutual loneliness, they fall in love. They haven't enough money to be married and they are too poor

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"Welcome, Danger."



"Paris Bound."



"Applause."



"Sunny Side Up."

Imagine My Surprise!

The exclamation is the natural reaction of the interviewer who expects Loretta Young to be the usual fluffy, wide-eyed little thing and discovers his mistake.

By Samuel Richard Mook

SIT on a tack for a minute, will you, kids, while I collect myself, as the society editor would say.

Told to interview Loretta Young, I went out to see Ruth Jones, in the Publicity Department at First National. Ruth was born on the studio lot, so to speak, and has been there ever since. She knows more about the weaknesses and idiosyncrasies of the gifted than Jesse Lasky and Joseph Schenck combined. Asked about Loretta, Ruth went into a rave. "She's lovely. Her skin is like peaches and cream. She has beautiful teeth and——"

"Yes, dear, *I* know, but facts are what I want."

"Well, she's five feet four and weighs a hundred pounds. She has blue eyes and golden-brown curls that cascade over her shoulders. She's the sweetest thing! She——"

"Never mind. I'll go find her."

"The trouble with Ruth is," I reflected, "she still believes in Santa Claus and fairies and things."

So I went searching for the usual wide-eyed, innocent, fluffy, little thing with the cascading curls, who would confess to being scared to death and who would throw in a few nervous giggles for good measure.

Imagine my surprise! Loretta stood in the door of her dressing room in a blue-silk negligée, with her golden-brown hair hanging below her shoulders. A pair of cool, gray eyes surveyed me and a cool, husky voice invited me in. With all the poise and aplomb of a Florence Vidor she seated me, placed cigarettes on a side table, and asked permission for a few moments more with the hairdresser.

Those moments were a godsend, for they gave me time to give the fluffy little ingénue in my mind's eye a good, swift kick and a decent burial.

While Loretta and the beauty expert argued things out, I tried to marshal the few facts I knew of the Young sisters.

Sally Blane had been the first to taste success with a Paramount contract, only to pale into temporary obscurity as Polly Ann's star waxed and waned with First National. Then suddenly, out of nowhere, this precocious kid, Loretta, had skyrocketed to fame as the Young standard bearer. It seemed as though one sister had hardly started before there was a younger one stepping in to top her effort.

Sally was vivid, luscious and moody and endowed with curves that made blind men see. Polly Ann was friendly and warmly alluring, with the same gorgeous curves. Yet here was Loretta surpassing them both with the charms that had made her sisters famous. How did she do it?

The hair finished at last to her satisfaction, she turned with such directness to the questioning which she knew must follow, that I was stampeded into the usual query, "How did you get into the movies?"

She smiled. "That's an easy one. You know, I was a child actress from five to seven, when I quit to enter school. I didn't act again until I was thirteen. Polly Ann had played a part for First National, finished, and left town on another picture. They needed her for a retake, so I put on her coat and went out. Fortunately, it was a long shot and I got by. Two days later I was called into the front office and offered a contract. I did bits for a while and then they told me to go over to M.-G.-M. for a test in 'Laugh, Clown, Laugh.' I was at home ill that day and said that I couldn't go. They sent a car for me, anyhow, so I went over, never dreaming I would get the part and not much caring whether I got the test, either.

"When I arrived, Mr. Brenon was interested, but apparently resigned to failure. So was I. He had already tested over fifty girls, with discouraging results. I had to wear a ballet costume, enter and sit on a table. As I made the entrance and backed up to sit on the edge, the stiff skirt gently tipped the table over and I sat on the floor instead."

Now the average girl would have burst into tears at that point and quit—but not Loretta!

"I picked the table up and went on with the scene. That tickled Mr. Brenon. Next night we saw the rushes and they were so terrible, that when we got outside I just said, 'Well, so long, Mr. Brenon. See you again some time,' and started off. But he called me back and told me the part was mine! Imagine!"

Other pictures followed in rapid succession—one for Paramount, with Florence Vidor, several for First National, with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., includ-

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Think what it means to five-year-old Georgiana to have sister Loretta a star!

Photo by Longworth





Photo by Elmer Fryer

Everything points to Loretta Young's destiny as one of our really important actresses, for she has not only talent, but poise and vision far beyond her years, as you will agree when you read Samuel Richard Mook's revealing story opposite.



Temple Bells

They sound the doom of *The Rajah's* three English prisoners in "The Green Goddess."

Ralph Forbes, outer left, with Alice Joyce and H. B. Warner, watches *The Rajah's* preparations for their torture.

George Arliss, below, as *The Rajah*, attempts to fascinate Alice Joyce, as *Mrs. Crespin.*







Finding that suave blandishments are of no avail with the wife of *Major Crespin, The Rajah* tries force and and is still unsuccessful—Mr. Arliss, outer left, and Miss Joyce.

Betty Boyd, left, as *The Ayah*, ushers Miss Joyce into the room where Ralph Forbes is presumably to be tortured to death.

In The Days Of Napoleon

That is the period Ramon Novarro invades for the background of his latest picture, "Devil May Care."

Ramon Novarro, right, as *Armand*, finds that his hiding place is discovered.

He is seen, below, disguised as a footman, with Dorothy Jordan.







In the oval, left, are Mr. Novarro and Miss Jordan again.

John Miljan, right, engages in a spirited duel with Mr. Novarro.





Seven Days

But with only a week to live *François* "The Vaga

Dennis King, as *François Villon*, at top of page, receives George McDaniel, as the emissary of the Burgundians, while O. P. Heggie, as *King Louis XI.*, looks on and Lawford Davidson, as *Tristan*, stands, right.



Lillian Roth, as *Huguette*, above, gives the city guard misleading information of *Villon's* whereabouts, because she wishes to save him from capture.



Huguette and *Villon*, right, for the moment clear of their vagabond companions, have a rare moment of perfect understanding.



Of Life

Villon **crowds it with drama and song in ɔond King."**

Villon, at top of page, worsts Warner Oland, as *Thi-bault*, marshal of France, to the cheers of the vaga-ɔond army, who are proud of the poet as their king.





Jeanette MacDonald, above, as *Katherine de Vaucelles*, niece of the king, thrills with admiration of *Villon's* defiance of the predatory Burgundians.

O. P. Heggie, left, as *Louis XI.*, accompanied by Lawford Davidson, as *Tristan*, cowers before the insolence of *Villon's* songs about him.



Drums And

They contribute mar Crack," and there is also and an archduchess'

John Barrymore, left, as *General Crack*, is received by Lowell Sherman, as *Emperor Leopold*, and Marian Nixon, as *Archduchess Maria Luisa*.

The archduchess and the general, right, are agreeably disappointed in each other, for she is not fat and old, as he feared, nor is he the monster she dreaded.



Miss Nixon and Mr. Barrymore, below, arrive at that moment of understanding which comes only once in a lifetime

In the oval, lower right, Miss Nixon is seen at her loveliest.





Swords

**tial music to "General
a gypsy's tambourine
harpsichord.**

John Barrymore, right, holds court with his soldiers as the young *Prince Christian Rudolph Augustus Christopher Ketlar*, whose initials later become famous as "Crack."





Lowell Sherman, left, as *Emperor Leopold*, regards with fear the presence of *General Crack* at the imperial court and is doubly disturbed because he has fallen in love with the soldier's gypsy bride.

Armida, the little Mexican actress, below, plays *Fidelia*, the gypsy adored by *General Crack*.

In the oval, lower left, is Mr. Barrymore's profile.







"Cotton And Silk"

It's the title of the Duncan Sisters' musical film.







Lawrence Gray, above, gives Vivian and Rosetta Duncan a few pointers on how to sing "Following You."

A glimpse of backstage life, right, shows the Duncans listening to applause.

Rosetta, at top of page, right, has just learned that Lawrence Gray, piano player in their act, has married Vivian.

The famous sisters are seen, above, with Mr. Gray, in one of the specialties which has never failed to amuse audiences all over the world.

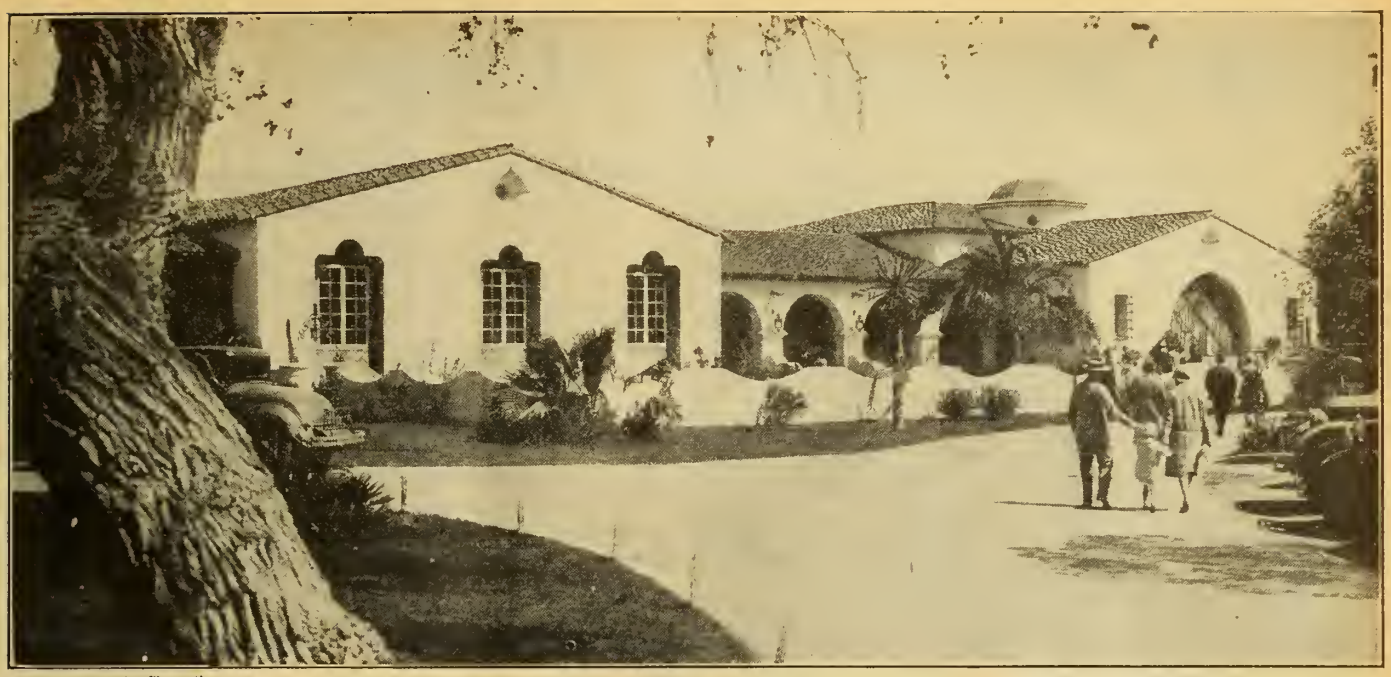


Photo by Tunnell

Though the casino at Agua Caliente is devoted to games of chance, the strictest decorum prevails and rules are hard and fast against making whoopee.

The Playground of the Stars

A colorful description of Agua Caliente, the Mexican resort, and some of the stars who go there.

By A. L. Wooldridge

THE stars have found a place to play.

Below the Mexican border, just south of San Diego, in an arid waste close to a desert, a little Monte Carlo has come into existence.

They call it Agua Caliente. Which means "hot water."

I spent a week-end there not long ago. I probably shall never resort to such extravagance again.

But what a playground!

The racing season was open at Tiajuana, just two miles away. The ponies, for that day, had been led back to their stalls. A gay crowd was gathering in the restaurant of the casino. At the mahogany bar beverages were being served to an orderly throng, all in dinner dress. In a great salon hung with Italian paintings and laid with Bavarian marble, the little, white balls clicked in roulette wheels. The dice rattled on green-felted tables, and croupiers dealt cards in silence to players who took chances at *écarte* and *chemin-de-fer*.

Outside a great, white moon was shining, while parrots and bright mackaws chattered in the live-oak trees. Airplanes had zoomed in from the north bringing members of filmdom's élite. It was twilight and the air was soft. The boom of the surf a few miles distant scarcely could be heard.

But guests in the hotel and casino did not care about the boom of the surf. The music, the glitter of lights and the play at the tables held greater attraction.

I filled my lungs with air perfumed by the fragrance of many flowers, and went in to find my party.

"Check your hat, sir," came the dulcet voice of the girl in the check room.

I glanced about, but saw no one for whom I was looking. "I'll wait here in the foyer a moment," I decided.

"Check your hat, sir!" came the voice again, this time a bit sharply.

I held my hat and made no move to relinquish it. Then the girl let me have it—right on the chin.

"Check your hat!" she cried, in the tone of a traffic cop who wants to know why you are in such a hurry to get to the fire. "You can't go in there carrying your hat!"

I walked back to my room in the hotel to hide my bonnet, before again venturing inside the casino. I feared the check-room girl might throw acid on that piece of my apparel, or take it away and keep it.

It costs money to visit this beautiful playground. Silver seems exceedingly vulgar there, except at the gaming table, where it serves as chips. It isn't in keeping, either, with the hauteur of the waiters who serve you. Undoubtedly it would make their pockets baggy and be noisy in proximity to greenbacks. Bandits held up the company's car bearing one week-end's receipts to the bank not long ago. They got $85,000 in cash and checks.

The stars frolic when they visit Agua Caliente. They do not go with the expectation of winning. It's the thrill of playing which lures. Their stakes are not high. Raoul Walsh, the director, did take $18,000 away last year. Eleven bets at roulette netted him $16,000, and fourteen passes with the dice added $2,000 more. That's the record "killing" of the picture clan to date. It is estimated that players who enter the casino leave an average of $45 behind.

Tom Mix seems to have more fun than any one when he visits the resort, so the colony says. If that old welkin isn't ringing when he arrives, he rings it himself.

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Love Me——

That is not a difficult request, as this array of
is worthy of a share of the



Any number of fans would admit that falling in love with Josephine Dunn, left, and any or all of her wire-haired terriers would be just too easy.

One wonders what sort of accent the spaniels in the arms of Myrna Loy, right, will grow up to understand, and they will be smart pups indeed to recognize their mistress from picture to picture.





One of the newcomers on the studio lot grows fond of Norma Shearer, right, and the good-natured infant collie even submits to the indignity of being put in a vase *à la* the Forty Thieves.

A close-up with Raquel Torres, below, does not ruffle the nonchalance of this young terrier in the least.

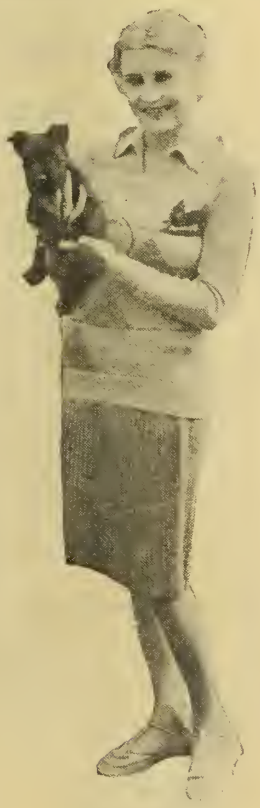


Fred Kohler, above, manages to get along with only eleven dogs, seven being these puppies of Whiskers, the others a Russian wolf hound, a bird dog and a poodle.



Love My Dog

favored puppies, whether Boston bull or terrier, admiration accorded the players.



Bogy in person and in silhouette on the sweater of Jeanette Loff, left, knows that he rates high with his mistress, so you must accept him, silhouette and all.

The more the merrier is the theory of Dorothy Janis, right, in regard to dogs, as this armful of young canines shows.





This pensive pup is being jollied by his mistress, Leila Hyams, left, who tells him that some day he will be a movie star like his father, Jiggs.

Just big enough to look over the top of the loving cup is this Pekingese of Sally Starr, below.





Hoot Gibson, above, feeds his litter of promising pups and wonders what Rin-Tin-Tin will do for a living when they all grow up.

Are They

Which of the stars "play themselves" over and in their various rôles? This interesting article of the answers

By Willard



Dorothy Mackaill ranges from flip comedy to emotional melodrama.

Is Lillian Gish versatile? A subject for spirited discussion, no doubt. She is considered by some a genius; by others, well—not a genius. She has given performances far above the reach of many. And yet her rôles have never departed far from a standardized type. She has always been the frail heroine, battered by villain and storm, innocent as a white flower. She has been called upon to display the same emotions over and over again. Take her last three pictures, "The Scarlet Letter," "The Wind," and "The Enemy"; in them all she cried, she beat on walls with her clenched hands, she suffered, she meditated, and she went crazy. All typical Gish characteristics. They were excellently done. Things which other players would have made ridiculous. But is it versatility? You see, the term is different from acting ability.

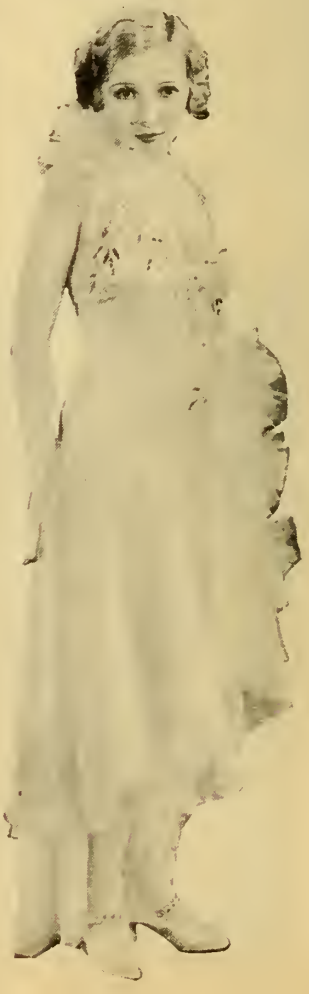
Or Dolores del Rio?



Photo by Pinchot

Carmel Myers shed her sequins to play a home girl in "Four Walls."

Bessie Love combined pathos and comedy in "The Broadway Melody."



THERE are talents which a great actress prides herself upon, priceless requisites which she alone possesses. One of the most treasured of these is versatility.

She longs to portray every mood and emotion; to languish in luxury or grovel in the dust with equal effectiveness; to cover the face of a saint with the mask of a sinner, with no effort at all; to heave real sobs with as much ease as dispensing light laughter.

Great ladies of the drama prove that they can do all these things and more; that they can essay any given rôle, however different it may be from their last. Stars whose names stand out as the really great dramatic personalities of the day—Ethel Barrymore, Nazimova, Norma Talmadge—no one questions their versatility.

Then comes the question, just what stars are versatile? We have a falsely vague idea that all actresses possess this coveted gift. Of course, every actress must have more or less of it, else she could essay no rôle at all. Again you hear this or that star saying she wants to become tragic, or comic, or something else. But would she be really capable?

Some of our best actresses and most popular stars lack this attribute. Colleen Moore, Greta Garbo, and Evelyn Brent, for example, show little variety in their rôles. They are popular, capable; but they follow one groove closely.

It is the popular belief of some, that no one has the right to call herself actress unless she has dragged herself through the dirt in at least one film, just as a departure. Well, we never expect to see Mary Pickford doing a Harlem night-club dancer for the sake of proving that she could; also we don't expect to see Clara Bow appearing as a nun, or Alice White acting in a mother rôle, or Louise Fazenda playing *Queen Elizabeth*. So we don't expect to discover whether or not their versatility would allow them to.

Versatile?

over again, and which really strike a difference throws new light on the question, and some will surprise you.

Chamberlin

Her repertoire to date includes women of Spain, women of Russia, an Indian girl, a gypsy, a French peasant girl. A galaxy of types, you say. And yet they were basically the same. She gave the same emotional acting to her rôles in "Resurrection" and "Ramona." Her *Rascha,* in "Revenge," was her *Carmen* in a different locale. The similarity of her portrayals in "The Trail of '98" and "The Red Dance" was evident. Her *Evangeline* was *Ramona* transported to a different clime. She possesses lovely, spiritual beauty which she intersperses with bursts of primitive emotion. The latter aren't quite so effective Her acting, charming as it is, reeks of repetition.

In delving into the subject, we find that quite often stars who do not command such high places display the greatest gift of versatility.

Take Jacqueline Logan, for example. She was a star of no particular magnitude or dramatic ability. She was consistently good as a light comédienne, or in frothy, society rôles. Then she played the highly dramatic and colorful rôle of *Mary Magdalene,* in "The King of Kings." A part which required of her the ultimate of emotion—pride, vanity, tragedy, triumph, sorrow, scorn, mingled in one intense rôle. A part both sensual and sublime, brazen and yet inspired. Jacqueline Logan rose to the occasion with all her latent talents. She played *Mary Magdalene* with finely shaded artistry. It was a big part, which stood out from a lot of mediocre rôles that had been handed her; the part in which she will be remembered. Yet she is equally captivating in lighter rôles.



For true versatility Jacqueline Logan, comédienne, won the palm for her many-sided *Mary Magdalene,* in "The King of Kings."



Lily Damita was entirely different in "The Rescue" and "The Cock-eyed World."

A brilliant artist, Baclanova repeats herself.



Betty Compson, fine actress that she is, can be sparkling and bright, or wistful and faded, as the part requires. In her varied career Betty has been most versatile, she has gayly laughed through tinsel society, and she has struggled, hardened, and disillusioned, through the streets. It is no wonder that Betty can be effective and believable in either extreme.

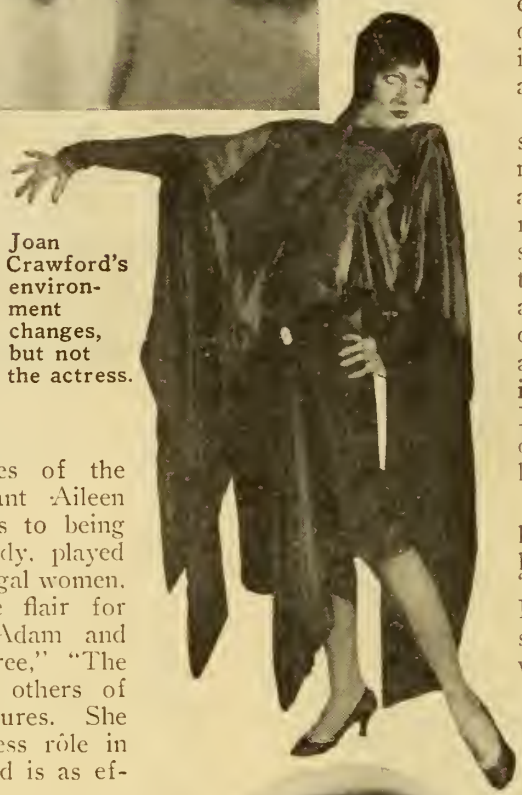
Stars like to become sophisticated once in a while. Florence Vidor was most ultra in several of her last pictures, not of course forgetting the refinement that always stamped her one of the screen's ladies. Alice Terry alternates her rather infrequent appearances with rôles religious and spiritual, and parts of a modern sophistication. "The Garden of Allah" and "Three Passions" were two such extremes. Another star who does likewise is Eve Southern; she is effective in a vampish "cat" rôle, or in a simple, virginal one.

Then there are the stars who can be funny or serious, as the case demands. Bessie Love's amazing versatility enabled her to blend real snappy comedy with touching pathos in her *Hank* of "The Broadway Melody." Laura La Plante, usually so witty and clever in such comedies as "Home James" and "Finders Keepers," is charming and capable in the more serious rôles she essays in "Show Boat" and "The Haunted Lady." And then, of course,



Photo by Louise

Greta Garbo portrays the torments of love, but little else.



Joan Crawford's environment changes, but not the actress.

she was terrified to perfection in her several mystery films.

Clara Bow broke her long list of frothy comedies with dramatic rôles in "Wings" and "Ladies of the Mob." The scintillant Aileen Pringle who, previous to being teamed with Lew Cody, played only countesses and regal women, showed a remarkable flair for smart comedy in "Adam and Evil," "Tea for Three," "The Baby Cyclone," and others of the Cody-Pringle pictures. She returns to the countess rôle in "Dream of Love," and is as effective as ever.

Dorothy Mackaill, who displays such a wealth of humor when she is with Jack Mulhall, had much more dramatic rôles in several recent pictures. In "The Barker" she carried off her share of the honors in a particularly dramatic and tense characterization, vying with the equally talented Betty Compson for feminine honors. In "His Captive Woman" and "The Whip" her rôles were respectively dramatic and decorative. In "The Whip," while competent, she gave the acting honors to Anna Q. Nilsson.

Marion Davies to-day is as charmingly capricious as she was heavily artificial in her early films. It is hard to believe that the vivacious, romping girl, who is the gay clown of snappy, modern stories, was once disguised in voluminous and massive court costumes, intricate headdresses and overstuffed yards of tapestry and brocade. Yet it was thus that Marion first won fame and favor. She played girls of old England perfectly. Slightly mischievous at times, with the inevitable Davies humor creeping out unexpectedly, but masked behind a regal loftiness which was so awfully trying. She never had a chance to do the Black Bottom in *Henry VIII's* throne room, what with those court trains and all the costumes of the ladies-in-waiting cluttering up the floor, plus a great deal of genuine Emily Post etiquette.

It wasn't until "Little Old New York" that Marion broke loose and capered. She marched through pompous and pampered rôles in "When Knighthood Was in Flower" and "Yolanda," after which her real comedy talent was discovered. She was forthwith branded the gay hoyden, and the real Marion Davies was introduced, in brisk college stories, in impish, irresistible rôles, such as "The Red Mill," "The Fair Coed," "The Patsy," "Her Cardboard Lover," and "Show People." And she is much, much more delightful in these lively, carefree pictures. Although she must have been good in the castle epics, for as soon as she withdrew from that kind of characterization, costume dramas lost favor immediately. So Marion was queen of the castle, and now she is queen of high comedy.

Mary Pickford has shown that she can do something besides "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm" rôles. After adhering closely to little-girl performances, we find "Coquette" essentially modern, its modernity stressed wherever possible by Mary herself. In it she is a little naughty, a little sophisticated, a little daring, but altogether charming and lovely. "Coquette," however, is not her first departure. Some time ago she did up her curls, and gave two colorful and dramatic performances in "Rosita" and "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall." They were gems of art, but the fans didn't like Mary grown up. They wanted her to be the eternal child.

Screen heroines quite frequently go bad for a picture or two. Mary Astor broke a long line of pretty-pretty girls by going wild and jazzy in "Sailors' Wives" and, lately, "The Woman From Hell." Lois Moran did the same in "Sharpshooters" and "Blindfold." Anna Q. Nilsson went wicked for her part of the scheming siren in "The Whip," and she was effective.

On the other hand, the alluring Carmel Myers, after being perpetually unscrupu-

Continued on page 115



Evelyn Brent follows one groove in her rôles.



Dolores del Rio's acting is repetitious.

Photo by Ball

Laugh With Jack

You must, if you come in contact with Jack Oakie, for having a few laughs is his trade and pastime.

By Myrtle Gebhart

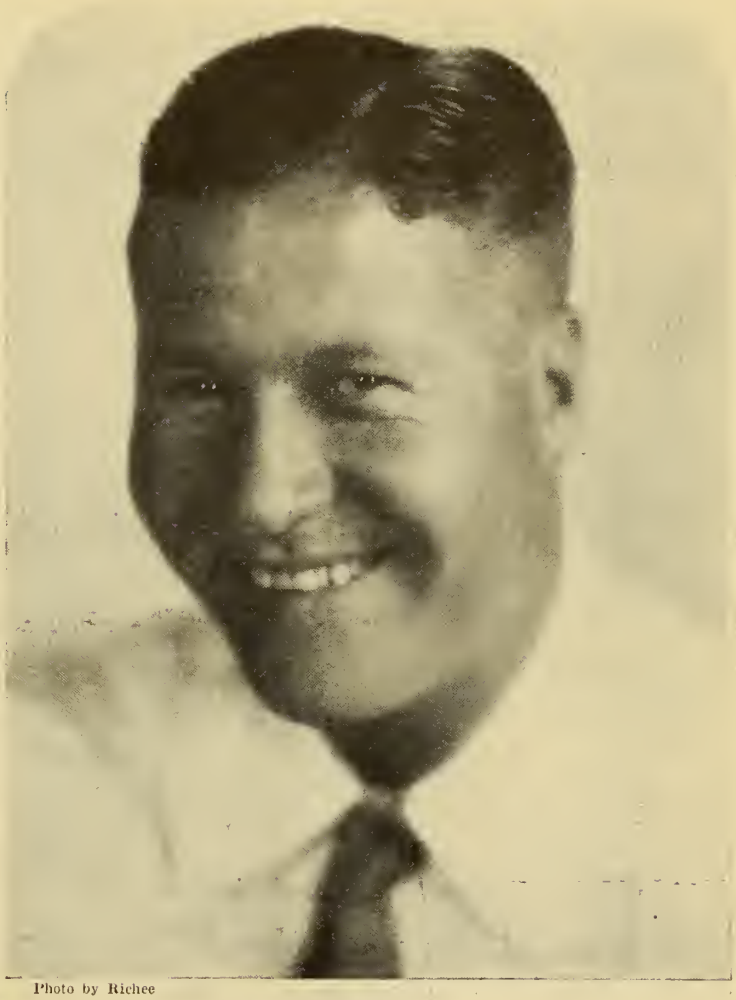


Photo by Richee

Everything suggests a comic remark to Jack, and his grin is contagious.

JACK is okeh. Get the thought, friends, and hold it. I wouldn't want to project any errors. True, he didn't quite come up to expectations. But why should one expect a professional humorist to be funny when he's sleepy, as I did? I'd been told he was comical. And that acts to an interviewer with the same appeal that a red flag does to a certain animal.

Like most humorists, "having a few laughs" seems to be his major occupation. One would think he would get enough of his own humor, working at it for his caviar and ginger ale. But no. Spare hours are spent, he averred, with the circuit gangs, in somebody's hotel room, indulging in chuckles. Friends of his vaudeville days blow into town every week and congregate for reminiscences, to criticize or defend the talkies, hash over acquaintances, and enjoy some laughs.

Some of his jokes are secondhand, though so quickly relayed from last night's performance that scarcely any of the polish has been scraped off; and many are original and spontaneous. The one about asking for a match, and refusing the proffered lighter, because "I can't pick my teeth with that," sounded slick when new; unfortunately, I had heard it.

However, the lad is bright, and when he has had his full quota of sleep *ad libs* with extemporaneous humor. Then he is at his best, a humor that is like a soft accompaniment of *sotto voce* chuckles.

Almost anything suggests a comic thought. There was the one about the fellow who, on a voyage across the Black Sea, commanded the captain to wait a minute while he filled his fountain pen. And the mention of the possibility that the talkies might end cinema fame for some, brought forth the remark that a centenarian explained his advanced age thus: "For the first seventy-five years there were no autos, and for the last twenty-five I've been confined to the house."

Flecks of humor like that, which appear rather puerile when recorded, but which at the moment, in the art of the *mime*, were amusing. Fragments of fun which would suddenly give eloquence to one excessively weary. He would lapse into silence over his coffee, and I feared that in another second I should have on my hands a man sound asleep; instantly, out of his apathy there would trickle a thought, shaped into humor by some instinctive sense, his face would light up.

He being sleepy, and I being in one of those lackadaisical moods, we decided to "gag" the interview.

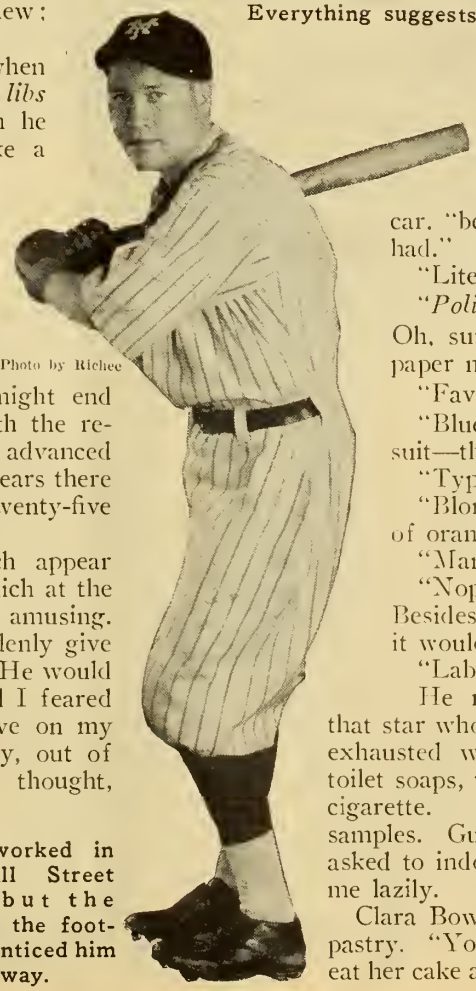


Photo by Richee

Jack worked in a Wall Street office, but the call of the footlights enticed him away.

"Car?"

"Hipsy-Susie," he murmured. It isn't, but he added he's not like the man who said he'd have to get a new car, "because he couldn't pay for the one he had."

"Literachure?"

"*Police Gazette*. What's your magazine? Oh, sure, great PICTURE PLAY fan. But I paper my library with Shakespeare."

"Favorite color?"

"Blue. So I have a tan car, and a tan suit—the other one is gray."

"Type of girl?"

"Blonde, brunette, flamingo, and all shades of orange."

"Married?"

"Nope, not that anxious to get into print. Besides, haven't found a girl with the pluck it would require to marry me."

"Laboring for your art?"

He nodded, plus an addenda, "Not like that star who called up the studio and said she was exhausted with work, having just indorsed five toilet soaps, three brands of tooth paste and a new cigarette. Nice for a girl, that graft—she gets samples. Guess I'll never be a star. Haven't been asked to indorse a thing. Plain dumb." He eyed me lazily.

Clara Bow was diving into a generous order of pastry. "You'd better diet," he called; "a girl can't eat her cake and have 'It,' too." [Cont. on page 117]

Throttled

What chance has one to talk back in arguments like these?



Lon Chaney, below, and James Murray come to blows in "The Big City."



Karl Dane, above, is big, but George K. Arthur's talk was bigger until this happened in "China Bound."



Sally O'Neil, right, screams for help in "Applause," but don't get excited—it looks like one of those stunts parlor cut-ups "pull."

The impetuous Clara Bow, below, threatens to choke Adrienne Doré, in "The Wild Party," and finds quite a display of resistance.





"Unhand me, woman," gasps Lupino Lane, in "The Love Parade," above, but Lillian Roth has words and words yet to say.

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DYNAMITE



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Dynamite tears down the camouflage of "high society" and exposes its seamy side—its parasitic women—its weak-kneed men—its shameless flouting of decency—its feverish chase after money and forbidden thrills...A thrilling story of an heiress who learns of true love from a sturdy son of toil, a miner—entombment in a mine—almost certain death—the offer of two men to sacrifice their lives for her safety—and finally escape with the man she really loves! Charles Bickford, Conrad Nagel and Kay Johnson in the leading roles give the best performance of their careers. Don't miss *Dynamite!* ALL-TALKING. (Also a silent version.)



Dynamite digs through the outer veneer of sham, pretense and glitter—and gets down to the bed-rock of human emotions.



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Two thrilling new serials are about to begin in *Love Story Magazine:*

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You can begin these stories any time, as each issue carries a complete synopsis of preceding installments.

LOVE STORY MAGAZINE

15 Cents Per Copy Every Week

Continued from page 73

to be alone. Always they are surrounded by crowds. So, during the absence of a tenant, the elevator boy takes his girl friend into a deserted apartment and gives her a kimono from the bachelor's wardrobe—just a wistful, little touch of make-believe. The tenant returns and has them arrested. Their story is told to the judge, who listens to a lengthy fade-in and the tenant is moved to relent. But I wasn't.

In the first place, I couldn't see any reason for Mr. Barthelmess' wistful shabbiness. It wouldn't be tolerated in a first-class building in New York. Had he been old or crippled, his sorrow for himself might have placed him as the elevator operator of a less glossy building, but pitiful figures aren't encouraged in prosperous surroundings. Such is life.

So we are asked to sympathize with an actor with a well-knit figure, who bows his head, rumples his hair and calls himself a victim of crowds. And so it is with Marian Nixon as his partner in sadness. In real life such prettiness and cute ways wouldn't keep her toiling long as a slavey. The five-and-ten would get her, where she would be seen by a director, or the friend of the friend of the assistant director. No, there aren't any such girls wasting their time drudging these days, nor are there any able-bodied elevator boys whose earnings in tips don't enable them to give the girl friend a fairly good time. But there always will be actors whose yearn for the artistic sweeps them into backwater.

Strauss Waltzes.

The melody-sprinkled romance of a prince and an American actress, called "Married in Hollywood," is tuneful and decidedly entertaining, even though it is a picture that one may look at critically—the next day—only at his own risk. It is the sort of thing that girlish daydreams are made of, the first part of it being the Cinderella story prettily done. The actress and the prince in Vienna meet after much gay delay, and soon they are skipping through woods to Strauss tunes. He will toss aside the crown for love and they will be married next day. But alas, the audience kept waiting because of the love-making includes the queen mother, who has come to save her boy from the show girl. That night the prince is kidnaped and bodily carried back home. The girl is made to believe that he has deserted her.

All this is enacted in a manner that has the simple charm of a nursery tale, but at the same time there is a smart lightness that makes one delight in it, if he gives himself completely up to the screen.

It is hard to go on and say that the picture seems to break down about halfway through. The girl runs away to her native America, meets a Hollywood producer, and the rest of it is too much a photographic record of filmites poking fun at themselves. You may find it interesting, but what of poor Cinderella, her prince and the anxious audience?

The prince, meanwhile, is deposed by a revolution, and—you sly fox, how did you guess it?—turns up in Hollywood as an extra. After many wisecracks, et cetera, at studio life, the wanderer is hired as a double. And in a gayly colored scene the lovers meet. I just won't tell what happens.

The cast includes prominent figures of the dramatic and musical stages. It is headed by Norma Terris, star of the stage "Show Boat," and J. Harold Murray, who was the hero of "Rio Rita." Miss Terris' singing voice is excellent, and Mr. Murray as the prince is thoroughly competent. There is a good supporting cast.

Our Premier Comédienne.

Too long the début of Marion Davies as a speaking actress has been delayed. You will agree when you see her in "Marianne." She is a revelation. So is the picture a revelation of unevenness and the handicaps imposed upon stars, even a star of undisputed luster such as Miss Davies is. At that, it is tolerably entertaining and the moments of Miss Davies' best acting are nothing short of brilliant. She attempts a difficult feat in her first audible rôle, that of speaking with a French accent. But she comes through the ordeal with flying colors, not only in making herself understood, and her accent credible, but in making the characterization more definite. She is a French girl who is drawn into a flirtation with a doughboy, only to discover that she loves him when the man she promised to marry returns from the front, blind. The scene of *Marianne's* parting with the American, while the man she is to marry stands by, is an episode of pure beauty. Miss Davies handles it simply, poignantly, there being nothing to remind one that it is a scene in a movie. But later the musical-comedy character of the story is sharply brought to mind when *Marianne,* her former fiancé now in the priesthood, follows the man she loves to New York, where there is a rapturous reunion.

For all Miss Davies' gifts, there are dull periods in the picture, when characters stand still and talk and talk. Almost every sequence is prolonged to the point of tedium. However, there are compensations. Miss Davies offers some of her impersonations, including Maurice Chevalier and Sarah Bernhardt, and she has several songs as well. Lawrence Gray, who also sings engagingly, is another compensation. And the majority will welcome the comic relief of Cliff Edwards and Benny Rubin. But when all is said and done, "Marianne" is by no means strong enough for what Miss Davies brings to it.

A Baseball Babbitt.

Whether you know or care anything about baseball or not, you can't fail to be delighted with "Fast Company," a baseball comedy, because dialogue and characterizations are first rate. The picture is that rare thing, perfect entertainment which doesn't lapse from its high estate a single instant. It brings Jack Oakie to the fore as a strikingly superior actor, with no loss of his skill as a comedian heretofore emphasized in all his rôles. He is funnier, really, in this than he has ever been, but the character demands more of him than garnering laughs. He is a conceited small-town player who signs with a major-league team because he is enamored of a chorus girl. In New York he writes ardent letters to the girl on the road who has all but forgotten him. To keep him in good humor and prevent him from following her, the scout of the team sends return letters to him and signs the girl's name. The day of reckoning comes when the ball player learns that the girl has never written him a line, but she saves him—and the big game—by convincing him that she meant what was written, even if she didn't write it herself.

Evelyn Brent is the girl and at her understanding best she is, too. Richard Gallagher, the scout, is equally good, Sam Hardy is on a par, and Gwen Lee is perfect as a dumb chorus girl. Put "Fast Company" high on your list, or you'll be sorry for every day you let it go by.

Meet Roland Young.

However "The Unholy Night" may strike you—and some persons have snickered in the wrong places—there is always the performance of Roland Young to ponder on. I should say to exult in. Well known on the stage, this is his début on the screen. The service he renders to the picture should keep him there for any and every emergency. He has a sly, whimsical wit that could make dull lines seem brilliant, and an

Continued on page 96

Continued from page 21

Is There Anything Wrong In That?

cheerily and intimately from one to another. Occasionally other things are called, too, but for the most part everything is peaceful, and the exchange of pleasantries is confined to greetings.

Most Hollywood natives dress simply, but in good taste for a day on the water, yet Miss Claire, whom we had expected in view of her announcements regarding clothes, to look like a sketch from *Vogue* on "What to Wear When Yachting," appeared on the deck of John Gilbert's yacht in very soiled and torn slacks, a soiled sweater, no make-up on her face or lips, and hair hanging limply about her face.

Richard Keene—Dick only to his friends—played in "Tip Toes" in New York, with Queenie Smith. What he has been doing since then no one knows, but he assures us he has been on Broadway almost continuously. Arriving in Hollywood to fill an engagement in "Why Leave Home?" he was presented to the Hollywood members of the cast. On being introduced to one of the men, Mr. Keene—Dick only to his friends—removed his cigarette from his mouth with his *right* hand and extended the *left* in greeting.

We had been reared on the good, old right-hand grips of Tom Mix and Bill Boyd, and had rather come to expect to have the right hand offered us, but as Mr. Keene extended the left, then that must be Broadway etiquette and as such, we ask you, is there anything wrong in that?

As Broadway etiquette seems to cover every point imaginable, from sock darning in the morning to bedtime interviews, we wondered what the correct course of procedure was at dinner parties. We were not long left in bewilderment.

Louise Groody, who at one time was one of the big shots in musical comedy in New York, having been heavily featured in "Good Morning, Dearie," and "The Night Boat" about ten years ago, and slightly featured more recently in "Hit the Deck," arrived in Hollywood.

So far as is known she had no contract and, apparently, came more in hopes than in earnest. However, she was invited here and there. On one occasion she attended a small and very informal dinner party at the home of one of our picture stars. She sat in the living room swathed in wrap and hat, although it was July, until dinner was announced, at which time she condescended to remove her wrap. The hat she kept on throughout dinner, explaining that she was cold.

We expected some witty conversation from such a celebrity, but Miss Groody's face did not relax into even the semblance of a smile during the course of the evening. Her attitude was: "I am a star. I am conferring a boon on society by attending your party. It is up to you to amuse me. Certainly I shall not exert myself!" Her rather abrupt departure shortly after dinner, on the grounds of being tired as well as cold, was not exactly mourned by the other guests.

Speaking of dinners, we have the striking case of Joan Bennett to show what may be expected of the younger players. One of our well-known featured players was entertaining at dinner in honor of an out-of-town visitor. This gentleman, knowing Sue Carol well and being fond of her, asked his prospective hostess if he might bring her as his dinner partner. His hostess informed him that she had already asked Miss Bennett to be his dinner partner.

Miss Bennett arrived three quarters of an hour late, gobbled her food as hastily as possible and, dinner over, trotted cheerfully off immediately, without a word of apology.

Probably stage folk are so used to having to rush from dinner to the theater for the evening performance, that the habit is too strong in them to be overcome at a moment's notice. One interested enough to investigate would probably have found Joan running frantically up and down Hollywood Boulevard looking for the stage door. Nevertheless it was tough on the guest of honor who was left stranded, high and dry, and who was obliged to shift for himself as best he could during the rest of the evening.

Of course, we are not suggesting that the pointers on etiquette as picked up by us are not the correct thing. Broadway does it, so it must be right—or, at least, smart. Once, a long time ago, there was a story of a pot that called the kettle black. But as for that, like the exhibitions mentioned above, we ask you, is there anything wrong in that?

Continued from page 18

Can You Write A Theme Song?

for what pleases, and when a hundred million people are all humming the same tune, the man who wrote it will find his bank balance proportionately inflated.

None of the Hollywood songsters get weekly pay envelopes. They are reimbursed strictly on a royalty basis, and whatever salary they draw today will be applied against their future revenue from the sale of their compositions. From three to five cents is the average royalty accruing to the composer on every piece of sheet music sold. Phonograph records and music rolls give him half a cent each. "Charmaine" sold 1,500,000 copies of music and 75,000 records.

The sound screen has turned the song-publishing business as topsy-turvy as it has the picture industry. Marketing popular music is not what it used to be, by any means. In the old days, the Broadway offices sent men out to every big city in the country to sell radio stations and orchestras the idea of playing the songs that the firm was attempting to plug. Meanwhile, in New York, a certain number of salesmen concentrated on persuading the manufacturers of phonograph records and music rolls to use the same numbers.

Now all this is different. While the publishing concern follows the same routine that it always has, selling the song everywhere is immensely simplified. No argument is needed beyond the simple statement that the composition is to be a motion-picture theme song. The very fact that Al Jolson, Charles King, or Nancy Carroll, let us say, is going to sing a particular song from the screen, is an advance guarantee of its success.

Because millions are certain to hear it, a far-flung market and a sure demand are created for it. It is no coincidence that the three biggest-selling pieces of the past year were theme songs. They were "Sonny Boy," from "The Singing Fool," "You Were Meant for Me," from "The Broadway Melody," and "Ramona," from the picture of that name.

To-day record manufacturers, orchestra leaders, and radio-program arrangers carefully investigate the screen compositions that will be heard in movie theaters months from now. Records and music rolls are not delayed until customers begin asking for them. They are ready in immense quantities a month before the release of the picture.

With the Hollywood studios, then, having so decisive an influence on the tunes that the world whistles, it is easy to understand why the foremost song writers in America are now holding forth in the West, instead of in New York.

The average studio staff of composers numbers about twelve, with the exception of Warner Brothers,

Continued on page 106

On The Quiet

Here you see what our gifted girlies do with their time away from the microphone. Yes, it's a hard life, my hearties.



Dorothy Mackaill, above, weary of reading flattering notices of herself as a comédienne, drags out the old surf board to get away from it all.



Sharon Lynn, right, tired for the nonce of intellectual literature, shows you her new evening gown created by Sophie Wachner, who knows her needle and thread. The many-tiered bustlelike effect is new.

Lillian Roth, outer left, and Jean Arthur, their work done for the day, play at being kids again.



Marilyn Miller, right, arrives in New York after five days of travel and, but for the hovering camera, would pass unnoticed among the crowd, all of whom have seen "Sally," but don't recognize the star. Would you?

Enter An Opera Star

Continued from page 68

orchestra on the set, which worked many weeks. Ernest Wehl, former orchestra leader, was official accompanist. Herman Brunis, husband of Charlotte Greenwood, and head of the music department of the studio, often divided time between the set and that inviolate sanctuary—the mixing room—where the final word is passed on whether or not the tones of the singer and of the instruments have recorded properly.

The amount of money which Tibbett made on his first picture is said to have been $10,000 a week, which really is not bad, considering that six years ago he was making $60 a week with one of the most famous opera companies in the world, and at the very time he was attracting attention.

The rise of Lawrence Tibbett in the realm of music is a fascinating story to those who have known him, even up to so recent a period as eight years ago in Los Angeles, when he was singing in churches, at funerals, before women's clubs, oratorio societies and the music clubs, which nearly always get their soloists gratis.

Every one acknowledged Lawrence Tibbett's beautiful gift, but there was always the expression of, "Isn't it too bad he is not blessed with personality and style?" There were some expressions that were more blunt, and reduced to plain language, merely said that he had a great voice, but was uncouth and had no magnetism.

Even in a performance of "The Mikado," in which he sang the striking rôle of *Pish Tush,* he didn't manage to make the world take notice. But it was always admitted that he had a fine voice.

One afternoon he was singing at the Dominant Club in Los Angeles as a favor, meaning without pay, and at the end of the concert Rupert Hughes, who has been helpful to so many celebrities, advised him seriously to study—to go to New York.

Lawrence could scarcely entertain the thought of New York for financial reasons, and besides, he was married and the father of twin boys. I believe it was directly or indirectly through Mr. Hughes that a way was provided for Tibbett to get to the Eastern metropolis. When there—he had to go alone and leave Mrs. Tibbett and the twins behind—he immediately started studying with Frank La Forge, the pianist, composer, and teacher.

La Forge worked with Tibbett for a while and advised him to go to the Metropolitan for an audition. Of course, Lawrence was afraid to dare such a thing. He was singing in a church and making $75 a month, but after all, did that qualify him for an audition at the Metropolitan? He followed La Forge's advice, however, gained a hearing, and made sufficient impression to be given within a year, a bit in "Boris Goudonov," which never brought him on the stage, but permitted him to sing a few notes behind the scenes.

This tiny part led to other bits, and one day Gatti-Cazazza, impresario of the opera, asked him if he could learn the rôle of *Valentine,* in "Faust," in three days and substitute for Vincente Ballester, a baritone who was ill.

Without rehearsal with the orchestra, Tibbett sang it on the third night. The rôle is not easy—and certainly it was a genuine test for him to sing with the most celebrated *Mephisto* of all time—Chaliapin—and with Frances Alda, as *Marguerite.* He succeeded, however, and made a favorable impression. Tibbett was again approached—this time to sing *Ford,* in "Falstaff," His success was sensational. The audience bravoed and recalled him again and again.

The rest is history. In his second year at the Metropolitan he sang with magnificent success "The Jest." He has been with the opera association six years and his contract was renewed last season for two more. This year he has been assigned the swashbuckling rôle of *Rance,* the tough sheriff, in a revival of Puccini's "Girl of the Golden West." Tibbett will also sing *Don Giovanni* this winter.

The rôle of *Rance* should suit him to a nicety, because of family heritage. Tibbett's father was William H.Tibbett, Sheriff of Kern County, California, for many years, and was always referred to as the "toughest two-gun sheriff in the State." His father died with his boots on in a Chinese joss house in Bakersfield, where he cornered, after long pursuit, a man wanted for murder. The outlaw shot and killed Tibbett.

Now, if Lawrence Tibbett had the viewpoint of many movie actors I know, he would shrink at mention of the fact that his father had been a brave man in the service of the law, and he would become absolutely epileptic at any reference to one of his uncles who figured in the early, colorful history of California, when men panned for gold and got their refreshment at his fountain called "The Buck Horn Saloon."

But Lawrence is proud of his ancestry, and after watching and listening to him sing and fight his merry way through "The Rogue's Song," not to speak of his work at the Metropolitan, I am convinced that blood always tells. His ancestors were brave, daring, courageous, fighting men. It took Lawrence a while to find himself in those early days when he was singing around Los Angeles, but once he was awakened to his potentialities, he went right after them, like a good two-gun sheriff, and brought them home.

Over The Teacups

Continued from page 57

amounts to exaltation. Every young couple who has fled from crowded quarters at home to pursue their courtship on Brooklyn Bridge and the tops of skyscrapers, will love the glamorous, dreamy quality he has caught in his photography of the outdoor scenes.

"That picture leaves no doubt in any one's mind as to who is the great film discovery of the year. It is Joan Peers, who plays Helen Morgan's daughter. She gives the most sincere, touching performance, and when she gets to her big dramatic scenes she tears into them like a veteran. Every one expects big things of her.

"Helen Morgan is making another picture for Paramount now, with the the grandest trio of goofy comedians that ever made the denizens of a night club howl with laughter. They are Clayton, Jackson, and Durante. If Jimmy Durante doesn't draw the biggest fan mail any one has ever received, it will mean that there isn't any justice or appreciation in this world. He is the reason why New Yorkers stay up late. And good reason, too.

"The only reason for liking the Marx Brothers better than Clayton, Jackson, and Durante is that there is one more of them. Oh, I'm so impatient, I can hardly wait until they finish the picture and show it. And that reminds me—we might go over to the Long Island studio and steal a glimpse of them at work."

"But on the other hand," Fanny mused, "Rudy Vallée is arriving from California at the Pennsylvania Station, and we might get a thrill out of seeing a few thousand women trying to get near enough to speak to him, or snip off a sample of his coat. What shall we do?"

Oh, well, to my dismay, romance always did win out over humor, so we went to the Pennsylvania Station. But wait until Jimmy Durante's picture comes out. Then, then all will be different!

Just Hanging Around

What is worse than that feeling that you are unnecessary—that three make a huge crowd?





Not only unwanted, but actually trespassing, is the silent charge made against Marguerite Churchill, above, when she approaches Kenneth MacKenna and Dorothy Burgess, in "Pleasure Crazed."

Julanne Johnston, Oscar Apfel, and Betty Francisco, above, in "Smiling Irish Eyes," experience a triangular conflict, or is it just between the girls?



Imagine the embarrassment of Gwen Lee, left, after cheering and applauding Jack Oakie all through the big baseball game, to find that Evelyn Brent has sole possession of the hero's heart.

Alice White, below, in "The Girl from Woolworth's," gives an appealing portrayal of the little girl left out in the cold when Rita Flynn takes charge of Charlie Delaney.

Picnics are such unreliable things, as every girl—and boy—knows, for this scene in "Glorifying the American Girl," with Mary Eaton and Edward Crandall, below, leaving Olive Shea out of the picture, often occurs in real life.





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air of civilization and authority that places him at first glance among the elect. No, he doesn't look like a soda clerk. Sorry, but brains in an actor have a tendency to affect his features. Mr. Young—unfortunately, perhaps—looks intelligent. And, alas, is. So he won't ever be as beautiful as the boy of your dreams.

He is concerned in a mystery story replete with horrors and a certain originality. One by one the surviving members of a regiment are murdered in a London fog. Mr. Young barely escapes the same fate, when he is picked up by the police who begin to solve the mystery. One of the surprises comes when all the survivors except Mr. Young, at whose home they have forgathered, are found dead in their respective rooms. Up to this point the picture is gruesomely interesting, but when explanation becomes a duty it is a bore to listen to it, because action ceases and talk holds the screen.

Besides Mr. Young there is Dorothy Sebastian, who gives her best performance in the most mature rôle she has ever had. Others are Ernest Torrence, John Miljan, Philip Strange, Richard Tucker, and Natalie Moorhead.

Honors for Beryl Mercer.

There's no getting away from the fact that the talkies are giving us some great performances which we couldn't have enjoyed in the silent era. For example, take Beryl Mercer, the bright, particular star of "Three Live Ghosts." She is a character actress, well known on the stage and the wife of Holmes Herbert, whom you all know. Perhaps you remember her in "We Americans," too. If you like a shrewd, human characterization that isn't sweet and lovely, then see Miss Mercer. You will also see other good performances in a picture that is entertaining, without being a world-beater. So, when you do see it, you might just as well resign yourself to the joy of fine acting rather than a romantic thrill.

She is *Mrs. Gubbins,* of the London slums, who craftily sets about to turn over an ex-soldier to the police. The soldier is her stepson's buddy, but that doesn't make any difference to *Mrs. Gubbins.* It's the money she's after. The whole thing is droll, because three soldiers on their return to London find that they have been reported dead and discover that it is decidedly to their advantage to remain so. One is wanted by the police, the other is a kleptomaniac and the other's insurance has been collected. By *Mrs. Gubbins,* of course. There's a little love story that pokes its head about here and there.

Though Miss Mercer distinguishes herself, so do the others—Charles McNaughton, Claude Allister, and Robert Montgomery, a newcomer from the stage whom you'll surely take to your hearts. Joan Bennett, the heroine, unfortunately is just a beautiful lay figure.

A Distinguished Newcomer.

You'll like Ann Harding. You'll like her looks and you'll like her voice and you'll like her playing in "Paris Bound." Unless—unless you are completely entrenched in the camp of the dizzy, madcap school of sophomore movie-love. In that case the restrained sincerity of her portrayal of a wife who feels that her husband is about to stray from the fireside, and her weakness in drifting toward another love herself, may not arouse any lasting enthusiasm for this young woman who makes her bow to the talkie public.

This adaptation of Philip Barry's play is a praiseworthy picture, and it bears evidence of wise direction. The voices are recorded exceptionally well. Miss Harding has a screen personality that intrigues through her versatility. She is never quite the same from one scene to another, and her careful work brings a naturalness of action and speech seldom attained on the screen. There is no barnstorming in her acting. A change of expression, a word broken off, and one feels her thoughts.

The story opens with the marriage ceremony of *Jim* and *Mary Hutton* in France. Fredric March is the husband. They vow that nothing shall come between them. At the wedding there is the inevitable "other girl"—and *Mary's* disappointed suitor, *Richard Parrish,* a musician, sympathetically played by Leslie Fenton. Back in America, *Jim's* work takes him to Paris every summer and *Mary* stays at home. *Jim* meets his old flame, and when *Mary* learns of it, after several trips, she listens to *Parrish's* declarations on the very evening of her husband's return. The outcome is romantically realistic.

There are some pretty turns and twists when the thoughts of the musician are revealed through multiple exposures, as he sits at the piano in *Mary's* home. Mr. Fenton is conspicuous throughout the picture and at last this excellent actor has a chance to show what he can do, for which this fan is thankful. Both he and Mr. March are human. Ilka Chase humorously dashes through her lines and thoughtlessly stirs up the domestic tempest.

"Two Black Crows."

Much lazy argument about the habits of early birds and dawdling worms, and some practical lessons in the ways of man-hunting chickens, make "Why Bring That Up?" a picture worthy of Moran and Mack, "The Two Black Crows." The humorous skits are woven into a mild, little backstage story which takes a melodramatic turn in the last reel or two. It is funny in a smooth, indolent way that keeps one chuckling, and some of the new patter is extremely funny when coming from Moran and Mack. Their lazy utterances and dumb questions are recorded perfectly. Not a syllable goes astray.

The story opens with the formation of the blackface team in "Paris," Ohio. Harry Green, who delivers a bright sketch as the man who watches the front of the house, is made the manager, and the trio go on to the top of the show business.

Everything goes along nicely until the Moran and Mack revue is in rehearsal. Then a siren in the person of Evelyn Brent, who has marked Moran for her victim, sweeps in and lands a job. While her boy friend waits, the vamp casts her spell on the gullible partner. The diggers are so pleased with their progress, that they plan to make a complete haul by selling Moran some oil stock. Mack interferes, but only angers Moran and gets struck over the head by the gold digger's second, played by Freeman Wood. Then a humorously happy ending in the hospital.

The familiar early-bird chatter is revived effectively, without the loss of a laugh. New skits included in the revue are equally funny. As jailbirds the comedians peck gingerly at some rocks, and when told by a passing guard that he has been all week breaking one stone, Mack sheepishly drawls, "Ain't dat disgustin'!"

Newspaper Life Melodramatized.

"Big News" is the best melodrama of the month, or was until a dictaphone was introduced to solve the mystery of the newspaper editor's murder. This was an expedient unworthy of all the originality that had gone before. But perhaps you will not regard the dictaphone with the same resentment that I do. To me the contrivance stands for the same weakness of inventiveness as a deathbed confession, when I have become all wrought up over who poisoned Miss Letitia's tea.

But there is neither poison nor tea in "Big News," but much stronger stuff. It is dished in the city room of a newspaper and concerns a star reporter whose taste for drink causes

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It Sprouted Soon

That is, the urge to act, for all these favorites distinguished themselves in college dramatics.

Robert Armstrong, below, first got the "bug" at the University of Washington, where he acted all over the place.



John Mack Brown, below, at the University of Alabama first displayed the art that now glorifies the screen.

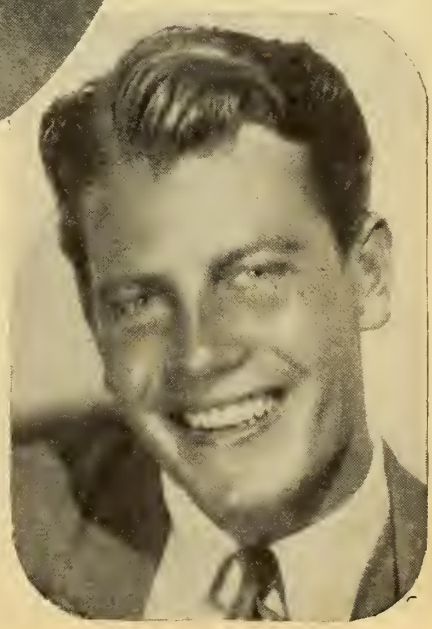




Phillips Holmes, above, the son of an actor, found theatricals at Princeton University quite congenial, so when "Varsity" was filmed there he was just naturally drafted into the movies.



Joel McCrea, below, did his bit in plays at Pomono College.



Fredric March, above, appeared in theatricals at the University of Wisconsin more because the other fellows did it than to gratify any urge to act. But the seed was planted, without his knowledge, and when the business world claimed him he was discontented until finally he faced the footlights.

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him to be fired, but does not dull his suspicions of the complicity of *Reno,* proprietor of a speakeasy, in a drug ring. *Steve,* the reporter, snaps out of it sufficiently to get a signed confession from *Reno's* victim. When he shows it to the editor he is reinstated with a raise of salary, but before the story can get on the presses the editor is murdered and circumstantial evidence points to *Steve.* Of course he turns the tables on the real criminal.

All this is engrossingly set forth, with no end of suspense and unexpected twists and turns, to say nothing of first-rate characterizations. Robert Armstrong, in the leading rôle of the reporter, distinguishes himself with a splendid job—his first audible rôle of any length. Sam Hardy is his match as *Reno,* quite the best performance he has ever given, and I note with pleasure that Carol Lombard, who used to be just a pretty figurante, has developed a charming, cultivated voice which enables her to make the rôle of *Steve's* wife stand out. The dialogue throughout is believable, because it is thoroughly typical of the characters. Altogether, I'm sure you will like "Big News."

Stencil.

A breezy, wise-cracking gallant of the auto race tracks is the latest contribution of William Haines, but his own reputation is not greatly aided by the picture. There are too many roaring automobiles and not enough pleasant clashes of impertinence and beauty—Mr. Haines and Anita Page, respectively—in "Speedway." Mr. Haines certainly does himself proud in the line he excels in, when he picks up the little girl in a beanery, disgusting and pleasing her at the same time, as those things always do, you know, and astounding the very life out of the waitress, Polly Moran, who gets a chuck under the chin by way of a tip. He impersonates to perfection the good-looking youth, whose principle in life is that none but the conceited deserve the fair.

Many of the scenes were made on the Indianapolis track, and they have caught the dizziness of watching the cars shoot by like cannonballs. *Old Jim MacDonald,* played by Ernest Torrence, is in his seventeenth race, but has never won. *Bill Whipple,* his mechanic, played by Mr. Haines, and a good racer himself, learns that *Jim* has a bad heart and should not run the entire race. *Bill* runs his machine ahead of the traditional enemy of the old-timer, pretends he has an injured eye, and puts *Jim* back in. *Jim* comes out flushed with victory, and presently the cloud of suspicion that poor *Bill* is a quitter is happily cleared up in the mind of the girl.

Miss Page gives a nice performance as *Patricia,* daughter of a wealthy father. Karl Dane, with his homespun features, is no small humorous attraction.

The Clouded Moon.

Far from living up to its title, "His Glorious Night" might better have been called "Waterloo." For it is anything but a triumph for John Gilbert. The same could be said of any picture which causes laughter in moments of serious love-making on the part of a star whose fame as an impassioned lover is world-wide.

This departure from the usual reception accorded Mr. Gilbert is the result not only of a flaccid picture, but his encounter with speech. First heard on the screen in the "Hollywood Revue," his voice was disappointing in the "Romeo and Juliet" sequence, because of its thinness and affectation. It records much more pleasingly in his starring vehicle and displays depth and resonance, but Mr. Gilbert's reading of his lines is sufficiently stilted to charge him with having a Shakespearean complex, without knowing enough about speaking in public to disguise it.

Consequently when he says, "I love you," with a look that would have burned the silence of yesterday, it sounds like an elocution teacher's prize pupil making a premature appearance. But the picture itself could scarcely have been redeemed by any one. It is another of those Continental comedies in which every one thinks he is sophisticated by being mannered. The austere *Princess Orsolini,* though the fiancée of another, is swept off her feet by dashing *Captain Krovacs,* only to snub him when she learns his humble origin. Whereupon he masquerades as an impostor and a swindler in order to make her humiliation more complete. Strange to say, everything comes out all right, and last scene of all finds the princess running after the soldier begging to be taken into his arms.

Catherine Dale Owen, from the stage, makes her screen début in the rather difficult rôle of the princess. Her features are beautiful, her profile exquisite, and her diction perfect, but she succeeds in being only glacial instead of naturally reserved, and therefore evokes no sympathy at all.

Gold Braid.

Best of all the Annapolis pictures, but still nothing to work up a lather about—this is "Salute." It is pleasant, though, and has some capital performances, particularly that of George O'Brien. Though the star, he has less to do than he should, but what he does takes on importance because of his début in the talkies, and because he acquits himself exceptionally well. His voice is entirely natural, pleasing, and he manages to put into his lines so much intelligence, breezy good humor, and lightness, that his greater success in a more outstanding rôle is certain. He is the star halfback on the Army team, while his younger brother is a substitute end on the Navy eleven. You see, after all the scenes of naval training and hazing and such, the story becomes a football yarn. The younger brother, possessed of what is called an inferiority complex, snaps out of it when he thinks his idolized *John* has won his girl.

The football game is well done and the rest of it is photographed with imagination and directed with authority. Frank Albertson, the amusing cut-up in "Prep and Pep," is here much funnier and more likable, because he has the advantage of speech. William Janney I think overdoes the submissiveness of the younger brother, but Joyce Compton is in character as a shallow flirt. Helen Chandler is the heroine and one catches agreeable glimpses of Rex Bell, John Breeden, and Stepin Fetchit.

Two Unfortunate Ladies.

"A Most Immoral Lady" has moments of charm, because Leatrice Joy is the star, but for the most part the picture is only tolerably interesting and some of the time it is static. This isn't fair to Miss Joy, because her skill and charm are strongly in evidence in song as well as speech. Besides, the rôle of a woman who is used by her husband to compromise wealthy men in order that he may blackmail them is hardly what we like to see Miss Joy play. Of course she plays it well, but as nothing is said to explain why she permits herself to be a part in her husband's scheme, one is obliged to conclude that she is spineless.

However, it is a pictorial film and the backgrounds are rich and tasteful. Too, there is an excellent cast headed by Walter Pidgeon, whose quiet, easy acting is as welcome as his ingratiating voice. Sidney Blackmer, from the stage, is the unscrupulous husband whose true character is not at first apparent. Montagu Love, Donald Reed, and Robert Edeson are others, with Josephine Dunn, whose good looks are evident, but whose voice is more suited to backstage rôles

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Squelched

Some of the more irrepressible stars are momentarily at a disadvantage.



Dorothy Mackaill, above, with more shoes than a girl need have, is reminded of this when they tumble down upon her.

"Look what I found!" says Karl Dane, below, on discovering George K. Arthur in a coal bin in "China Bound."

For once Eddie Nugent, seen at bottom of page, is nonplused when a hat shower arranged by Norman Selby, right, descends upon him.



Walter Miller and Allene Ray, above, are trapped in a grain chute by the villain of the serial "The Black Book."

Irene Rich, below, all but snuffed out by sand, smiles in amused defiance of all efforts to squelch her radiant good nature.







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than to the drawing-room. Or rather her use of it is.

If It Matters.

Who wrote the note? And to whom? This is the mystery that "To-night at Twelve" sets about solving in order to preserve the domestic happiness of several married couples, even if the younger set has to jump in and make itself the scapegoat over and over again. It is a mystery story in a light vein, the screen version of an Owen Davis play, but in spite of fair acting the obviousness of the theatric plot and frightfully poor recording make it an item of no importance.

The note which sets things humming indicates that somebody's husband is making love to one of the wives. Husband turns upon wife, and wife upon husband, and accusations, suspicions, and counter-suspicions fill the air. But the son of the host takes the blame for the sake of his father, throws aside his fiancée, and declares that he is in love with a maid in the household. Then new complications arise, and again the poor maid—Madge Bellamy—sacrifices her good name for the sake of the guilty husband. And so on into a big, happy clinch between every couple, and even the young lovers come to an understanding as the mystery clears up.

The cast includes such lights as Miss Bellamy, George Lewis, and Margaret Livingston, and a good supporting group. The clever enough lines emerge in hollow tones that sound not of this earth, although one could tell that it was no fault of the players. There are laughs and chuckles throughout the piece as the situation grows and grows into a parlor farce.

Hollywood High Lights

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There were too many players at the fall performances even to count. Voice and voice and voice has become the preëminent thing in the minds of everybody, and most of the film players could be seen with opera glasses literally glued to their eyes watching the singers.

The most interesting high lights of the opera engagement was the appearance of John Barrymore and Dolores Costello for the production of "Manon," starring Tito Schipa and Queena Mario. They evidently had a curiosity to see how the story, which they made several seasons ago as "When a Man Loves," went forward in its song version.

Those who know "Manon" will remember that it was abominably changed in the Barrymore-Costello picture. But their association with that particular artistic slaughter did not, evidently, diminish the pleasure the two stars got from the performance. They stayed until the end. In the box with them were Lowell Sherman and Helene Costello.

Barrymore, by the way, looks rather altered. His face is fuller than heretofore, and he now wears a small mustache. He looks tremendously well, which may in part be due to anticipations over the early stork arrival in the Barrymore domicile.

The Sentiment of Norma.

A piece of court plaster pasted over her wedding ring attracted our eyes recently when we saw Norma Shearer making some scenes for "Their Own Desire." We asked her about it, and learned that Norma believes in the old-fashioned sentiment that a marriage circlet never should be removed from one's finger. For that reason, when she is playing the rôle of an unmarried girl she hides the ring, but does not take it off. The court plaster conceals its presence perfectly before the camera.

Shakespeare a Coauthor.

We don't absolutely vouch for this, but the story is told around Hollywood that at the first preview of "The Taming of the Shrew," the main title of the picture amazingly announced, "Dialogue by William Shakespeare and Sam Taylor."

Ingénues to the Altar.

New Year's brides! These are what Alice White and Virginia Cherrill will be, if they don't happen to marry sooner than anticipated. Alice decided to marry very recently. She is engaged to Sidney Bartlett, a stage player.

There can hardly be any question about her continuing her career after the wedding, because she is just now reaching the first pinnacle of success. She is rated one of the most popular stars on the First National program.

Miss Cherrill, Charlie Chaplin's leading woman, is affianced to Buster West, a stage and screen comedian, who has played in several Christie shorts.

Incidentally, Lita Grey Chaplin is embarking on her second marital venture with Phil Baker, of the stage. She was at one time reported engaged to Roy d'Arcy, but he subsequently remarried his divorced wife.

From Heaven to Hell.

Talkies are having a strange effect on Cecil DeMille. He has suddenly ceased sermonizing. From "The Ten Commandments" on, nearly all the silent pictures he made had some social or religious purpose. At least this was true of his bigger productions.

The title of his latest is a distinct contrast. It is going by the name of "Madame Satan" and is to be a musical comedy.

Will Say It With Grunts.

What will a brontosaurus say if required to speak into the microphone? Here's the latest puzzler put up to the dialogue writer. Will he "G-r-r-r-rk," or "G-r-r-r-r," or just mildly "G-r-r-r-rmp." Something will have to be done to cause him to be audible, pleasantly or otherwise.

The brontosaurus will achieve his début in a film called "Creation." In this it is planned to show him and also give him a voice to speak, along with a lot of other prehistoric animals, including the magalosaurus and the pterodactyl. Don't ask us how to pronounce them.

"Creation" is to resemble "The Lost World," produced a few years ago, but as sound is so much the thing nowadays, the dinosaur and other animals of long ago can't be left silent. So it's just a question of what they will say, and how they will say it.

Vilma Enters the Arena.

Vilma Banky is at last to star in a talking picture. Victor Seastrom will direct it, and Metro-Goldwyn is producing the film.

Those who know the ins and outs of Miss Banky's career will realize that this is a very novel arrangement. She has never worked for any other organization except United Artists, and practically her every picture for that company has been made under the personal supervision of Samuel Goldwyn, who contracted for her talents in Europe four or five years ago.

Vilma's future has been a debatable matter for some time. It has been difficult to find a suitable story for her, because of her foreign accent. She has appeared in nothing since "So This Is Heaven," which was only partly in dialogue.

The new production will be specially tailored to Vilma's type and pronunciation. She is overjoyed to play in it, no matter what the final outcome, for she found the period of

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Pick Your Favorite

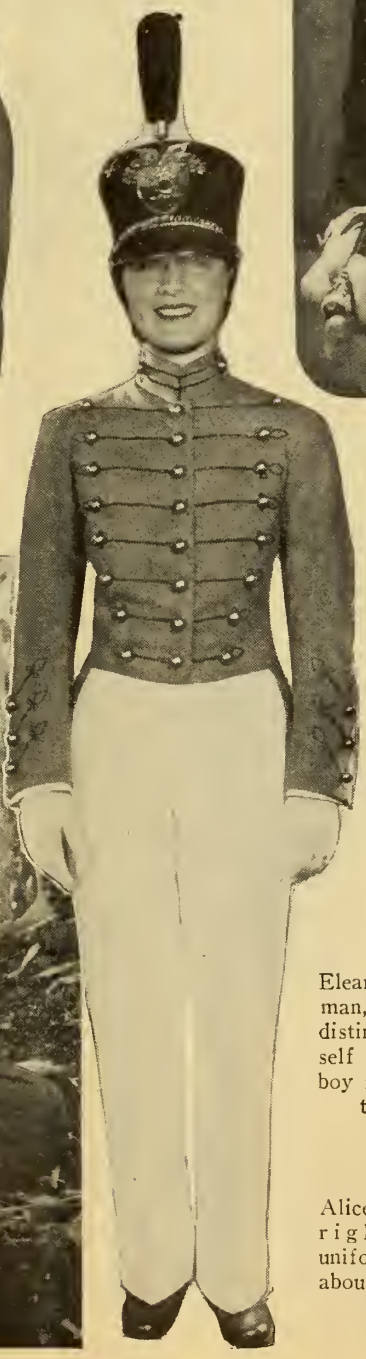
Apparently all the feminine stars have a military complex, so they invite your choice of them in masculine uniform.



Jeanette MacDonald, right, a newcomer from musical comedy, as the queen in "The Love Parade," wears the uniform of her guards.

Norma Shearer, below, chose to be a West Point cadet at a fancy-dress party.





Marion Davies, above, who has worn a uniform more often and with greater success than any other star, here displays her latest in "Marianne."





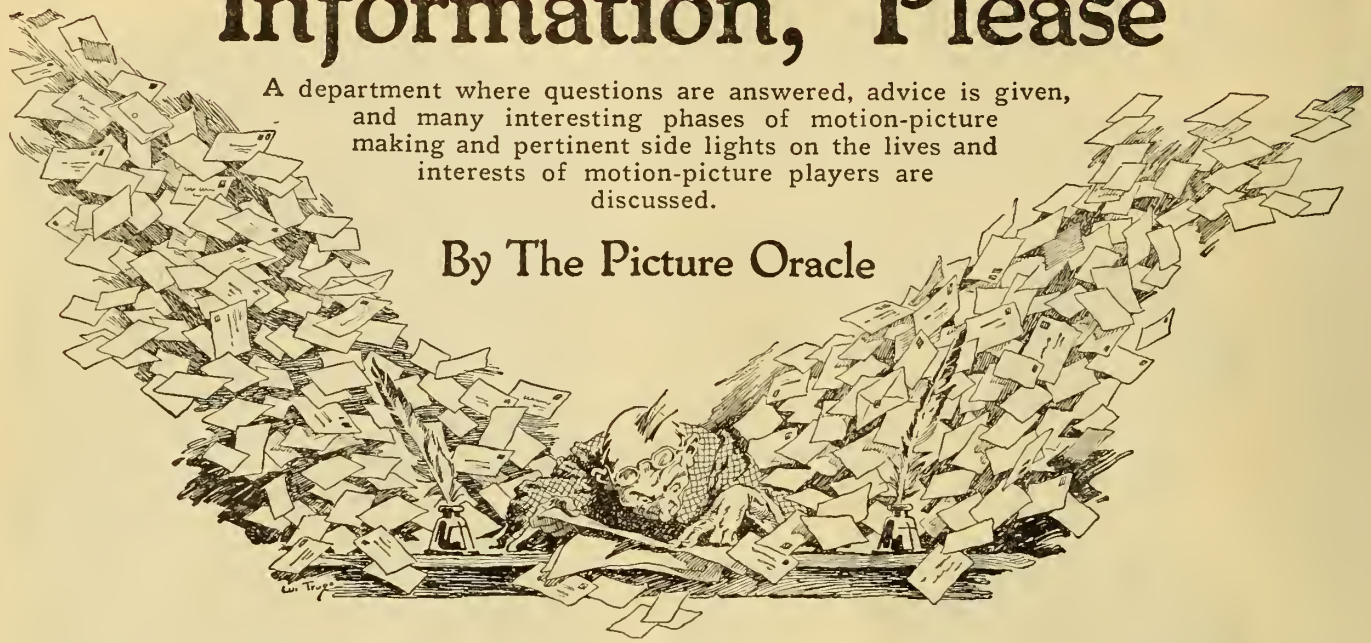
Eleanor Boardman, outer left, distinguished herself as a doughboy in "She Goes to War."

Alice White, right, dons a uniform to parade about the studio.

Information, Please

A department where questions are answered, advice is given, and many interesting phases of motion-picture making and pertinent side lights on the lives and interests of motion-picture players are discussed.

By The Picture Oracle



DIMPLES.—So you think I have John Gilbert's looks and Ramon's marvelous voice? Then I suppose I only answer questions so I'll seem like a wise guy? John Roche is now being seen in "The Unholy Hour." I believe he appears on the stage sometimes between pictures. You might try writing him at the Hollywood Athletic Club or The Masquers, to which most picture actors belong.

DIANA WHOOPS.—Why not try a cough drop? Rod La Rocque is of French descent and was born November 29, 1898; Leila Hyams, May 1, 1905; Gilbert Roland, December 11, 1905; Lois Wilson, June 28, 1896. Neither Baclanova nor Charles King gives a birth date. Baclanova is not cast in any current film, so she probably is playing in vaudeville. Reed Howes played opposite Clara Bow, in "Rough House Rosie." There were so many girls in "The Wild Party" it's hard to identify the one you describe, since I didn't see the picture. But perhaps Joyce Compton was the girl in question; she was quite blond then.

BINKIE MALONE.—My address is the same as PICTURE PLAY'S, and don't let any one tell you different! So you think I must be awfully old? Sometimes I think so, too, but that's only when I get one of those dizzy spells. No, Walter Hiers isn't dead, but he hasn't appeared on the screen much lately. Billie Dove has several fan clubs. For the one nearest you, write to Eva Dial, Apartment 3, 151 Goliad Street, San Antonio, Texas. Sam Hardy's late films, besides those you mention, include "Outcast," "Give and Take," "A Man's Man." Vilma Banky's latest picture is "This Is Heaven." She and Rod were married June 26, 1927. Yes, it's pronounced "La Rock."

DEIRDRE.—Do I really wear spectacles on my forehead? Yes, and bells on my toes; and whenever the spectacles fall off the bells ring, *à la* Rube Goldberg. "The Showdown" was the name of the film you describe. Evelyn Brent played Neil Hamilton's wife. So you want to make whoopee because Joan married Doug., Jr.? Any excuse is better than none!

W. G. S.—Can I find time to answer your questions? If I find no time, then I find no money! *Forga*, the bandit in "Revenge," was played by Leroy Mason. Johnny Murray sang for Richard Barthelmess, in "Weary River," and Dick was quite annoyed because he was misrepresented as doing his own singing. Greta Garbo is still making films; she's to appear in a talking version of "Anna Christie." Gloria Swanson is half an inch more than five feet tall, and is thirty years old. Do write again.

BASILIO.—The very idea, wanting your friend's name used in the magazine instead of your own! Perhaps she wouldn't like having her name appear. Eve Southern works at the Tiffany-Stahl studio, 4516 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood; I don't know whether she sends out photographs or not. She married Robert Shepherd in June, 1925, but they are separated. British International studio is at Boreham Wood, Elstree, Herts, England. You should be able to reach Lya de Putti there. I don't know much about the stars of English films. Anthony Bushell played in the first filming of "Jealousy," but the picture was remade, and he was not included in the cast as finally released.

L. L. S.—As to your last question, "Aren't women curious?" how about the rest of the human race? Curiosity killed a cat, but it's the way I make my living. Loretta Young was born in Salt Lake City, January 6, 1912, and christened Gretchen. She is five feet three, weighs 101, and is blond. She has no fan club that I know of. Neither has Polly Ann nor Sally Blane. Jola Mendez is not active on the screen at present. And I don't know anything about either Greta Granstedt or Nancy Kenyon.

AN IRENE RICH FAN.—Yes, Irene Rich's maiden name was Luther, which would make her of German descent. She was born in Buffalo, New York, on October 13th; a fan writes me it was in 1894, but her two daughters, Frances and Jane, are eighteen and twelve. Miss Rich has been playing in pictures since 1918, but I don't know what her first film was. She doesn't give a home address, but I think just Hollywood, California, would reach her. PICTURE PLAY published a story about her in the November, 1929, number.

STANLEY ERNST.—So you want speed with a capital S? You'd better stay out of motor cars. Jack Mulhall has been married about seven years to Evelyn Winans. Yes, his first wife died. Nancy Carroll married Jack Kirkland before she became famous, so I didn't keep a record of it at the time. Yes, they have a child. Nancy is twenty-three; she is five feet three and weighs 116. Hugh Allan is not married. Yes, Mr. and Mrs. John Mack Brown have a daughter, Jane Harriet, born last July; I don't know when they were married.

A FAN.—Sorry, but the postal authorities are very particular about a magazine publishing ads in the editorial columns. That's what your notice of pictures to sell would be! Bill Haines was born January 1, 1900. His pictures for the past year or more include "Excess Baggage," "Show People," "Alias Jimmy Valentine," "The Duke Steps Out," "A Man's Man," "Hollywood Revue," and "Speedway."

JUST LOUISE.—Yes, I do get tired answering questions, but I'd probably get even more tired driving a truck. Bessie Love was born September 10, 1898; Ramon Novarro, February 6, 1899; Greta Garbo, in 1906; Mary Brian, February 17, 1908. H. B. Warner was born in 1878. Since he has played in pictures a dozen years, obviously I haven't space to list all his films here. His 1929 pictures are: "Conquest," "The Doctor's Secret," "The Divine Lady," "The Trial of Mary Dugan," "Stark Mad," "The Gamblers," "The Argyle Case," and, not yet released, "Tiger Rose" and "Furies." Jetta Goudal claims to be French.

EDNA LA FEX.—Have I pictures of any stars I could send you? I haven't any at all; I don't even save them. Buddy Rogers is American, born in Olathe, Kansas, and that's his real name—at least, Charles Rogers is. He is twenty-five. I don't think he has any special "girl friend" just now. He already has a fan club, with headquarters with Randolph Tye, 708 South Central Avenue, Chanute, Kansas. There are branches all over the country. I don't know of any Nancy Carroll club. No, Greta Garbo will not marry Nils Asther; in fact, he is now engaged to Vivian Duncan. "Some One To Love" was released in New York nearly a year ago; you've probably already missed it in Duluth. Ask at your local theater about it. The addresses of stars are given in the list at the end of The Oracle. Mar-

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Stepping High

The players plan going on and on, and during odd moments sit on any old studio prop to contemplate the next jump forward.



When Raquel Torres, above, goes into a pensive mood a stepladder is as good as a chair.



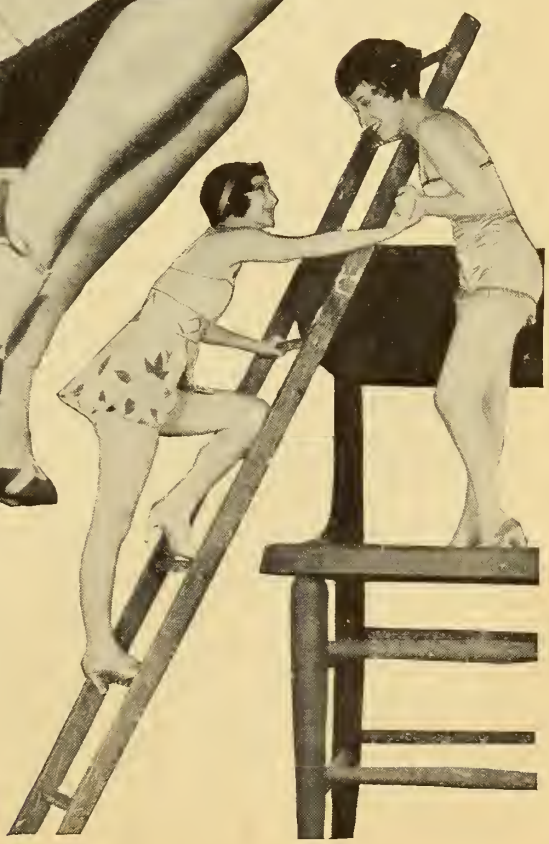
Sally Starr, above, combines study of her talkie lines with a dash of daydreaming.



Joan Crawford, above, hesitates and becomes coy with the camera man who is pleading with her to sit on the top for a snapshot.



Alice White, left, in "Playing Around," wears this costume, and steps up a studio ladder to give you an idea of how she looks in the picture.



Two tiny players, Joyce Murray and Phyllis Crane, right, climb onto a huge chair used in the "Hollywood Revue" to get a better look at the studio where their ambitions center.

Monsieur Is *Fatigué*

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of his fluency, he replied to me only in monosyllables. Conversation was difficult. I kept thinking that Monsieur Chevalier was in a hurry to depart, and did not at all care for my visit. However——

Had he expected to make a success with his first picture?

"Well, I *hoped* to make a success," he answered. Then silence reigned again. He wouldn't break his self-imposed muteness by so much as a syllable.

Heaven alone knows how I did it, but eventually I urged him to make one or two comments about his work.

"I do not want to do anything dramatic. I am not a dramatic actor. I am a comedian. That's an entirely different *chose.*

"In 'Innocents of Paris' the story started out well. It was just like my own life. But they spoiled the ending by making it dramatic. I want to touch the hearts of people with my smile."

Here an inner door opened and Monsieur Chevalier's wife hopped in. Previous to their marriage two years ago, she was his dancing partner at the Casino de Paris. Her name was Yvonne Vallée. She gave a nod on being introduced and moved incessantly about the room—returning to the one she came from, coming out again, going back, and reappearing once more. She was in a hurry to go somewhere. She finally grabbed her bag and left, without even a look of farewell.

She reminded me of an excited, little sparrow, with very large, brown eyes.

"When I first arrived here," Maurice further deigned to remark, with another tinge of fatigue, "I found everything so different. I felt such an *étranger.* But I must say that the American people are the fairest. If they like you, they accept you. If your work has something worth while in it, they accept that, too.

"I want to give the American people the picture of a real Frenchman. Not the Frenchman of the pointed beard and waxed mustache and gestures—but the Frenchman as he really is."

Another silence followed. Whatever I mentioned was passed over in monosyllables. Monsieur Chevalier gave me another fatigued look. It said, "Are you going to remain much longer? Can't you see that I'm fed up with interviewers? *Filez!*"

As soon as I suggested going, he got up and said good-by and shook hands and kept close behind me, until I got out of the door, in case I'd change my mind.

In all, from the time Monsieur d'Arrast left us, until I got up to go, I spent fifteen minutes with Monsieur Chevalier. He surely cannot say that I delayed his trip back to Paris, nor added to his fatigue.

On pain of death I was forbidden to ask him about his life. His biography, therefore, must rest upon hearsay.

He was born near Paris some thirty-odd years ago. From the direst poverty he rose to be one of the favorite stars of the musical-comedy stage.

At seventeen he was introduced to the famous Mistinguett, that far-seeing musical-comedy star, who is always ready to give a helping hand to good-looking, talented youth.

Maurice became her dancing partner in the gay "Folies Bergères." In 1913 he had to serve in the army. A year later the war broke out, and he had to fight. He says that it was while a prisoner in a German camp that he learned to speak English from a British officer. This fellow prisoner must have possessed the Englishman's trait of reticence to a marked degree, for his pupil is anything but loquacious.

But in Paris after the armistice, Chevalier was again on the stage. But something had gone out of his life. It was not until his old partner, Mistinguett, came across him again, and until they were costarring once more, that Chevalier won back his prewar success.

But poor Mistinguett had soon to seek another partner, for while at the Casino de Paris, Maurice married Yvonne Vallée.

You will next see Chevalier in "The Love Parade," an operetta. I'll see him, I hope, some other time, for I'm sure he is the merry chap I always thought him to be, and not the fatigued actor full of indifference and fed up with interviews that he chose to be.

Short Cuts to the Wastebasket

Continued from page 30

Besides, why should they? If you were collecting postage stamps, you wouldn't expect the various governments to supply you with them free of charge. Can you imagine any one writing to the postmaster general at Washington:

You are my favorite government. Please send me a stamp for my collection.

You might say that you also make authors and prize fighters, but can you imagine yourselves writing to S. S. Van Dine or Zane Grey:

You are my favorite author. Please send me an autographed copy of your latest novel free, as it is against my principles to pay for books.

The general idea is the same.

David Rollins has a fixed rule never to send photos without money, but he violated it in the case of the following, because it handed him such a laugh:

I sincerely trust you will forgive one who exceeds her prerogative in communicating with your charmingly beautiful self, but, having seen your acting in 'Win That Girl,' would fain ask the honor of possessing one of your glorious portraits.

Your captivating face, beautiful with a fascinating touch of piquancy, is greatly accentuated by your long-lashed eyes, so pregnant with potential passion and vivified by the divine curves of a mouth as red as a carnation's crimson glory. Your ravishing and devastating beauty, combined with the magnetism radiated by your vivid personality, enslaves femininity without a spoken word. Same is emphasized by the magic of bewitching allurement.

Occasionally an actor is fooled by a letter. Raymond Hackett received what appeared to be a very sincere letter, and answered it personally. A short time later he received a second letter telling him that the writer, a girl, had got "quite a kick out of his letter." She added that she loved "corresponding with movie actors, because you can tell them all the things that are too dumb to tell anybody else."

Another way to insure receiving neither a photo nor an answer, is to tell an actor you have seen a film when you haven't. Many fans, in a foolish effort to make the actor think they see every picture, look up his current production and write that he was splendid in it, when, in many cases, the picture has not been released at all, and the writers stand convicted of prevaricating.

On the other hand, a letter such as the following to Nick Stuart, for instance, is almost sure to bring a photo, and probably a personal response, because sincerity is stamped in every line of it:

"Imagine My Embarrassment" in writing this note for no other purpose than to ask for one of your photos. Your picture of that name is enough to buck me up in my request. I have followed your pictures for some time—since that high-school picture—I've forgotten the name, but I know that you played opposite Sally Phipps—and I enjoy your work immensely.

I've seen both the stage and silent film productions of "The Cradle Snatchers," but

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The Way of an Eagle

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It was during the road tour of this play that Miss Eagels was suspended from the stage by the Actors' Equity.

Undefeated by the ruling of Equity, she found a welcome in vaudeville and pictures, adding to her distinction by contributing to the audible screen its then-most-adult film, "The Letter," in which her performance will ever remain a magnificent pioneering effort—subtle, febrile, and uniquely her own. Her second talking picture, "Jealousy," while not so strong a vehicle, was well calculated to display her talent, and she made *Yvonne* a more complex, mental character than in the stage original. Miss Eagels was preparing to return to the stage when the end came on October 3rd.

High-strung, nervous, her changes of mind unpredictable, she was held in devoted esteem by the few who knew her well. They delighted in her wit and humor, her biting sarcasm, her disarming, unexpected simplicity. Exquisitely dressed for a dinner party, she would insist on helping in the kitchen if the mood seized her. With all her spirited defiance of organization, she was as much afraid of the dark as a wrongly trained child. It amounted to a fixation with her. She kept every light burning all night wherever she lived. And though most of her life was spent in the theater, she shunned the noises of the city and escaped them whenever possible. Her escape to infinity has brought her the tranquillity she tried vainly to find in life.

TO JEANNE EAGELS: IN MEMORIAM

Swiftly and silently, out through the dusk,
She stepped beyond the pale
To claim her throne among the stars;
Yet, watching through Death's veil,
She mourns our tears.

Why should we weep? She went in peace and grace,
Beyond all care and strife,
To happiness beyond our ken.
God's gift to her is life—
She is not dead.

In memory her fairness lingers on—
Enchanting smile—soft eyes.
I hear the echo of her voice
Drift down from Paradise—
For she is there.

Her beauty cannot crumble into dust
And ever dust remain;
Her loveliness wings forth to wait
Upon some higher plane—
It cannot die. F. W.

NAME THIS WIN $1000.00 Cash



This Offer Open to Everyone

It makes no difference who you are or where you live, we want you to send us a name for this new and unusual shampoo. Whoever sends the most suitable name will win $1,000.00 —nothing else to do. Just write or print the name on any kind of paper. **Neatness does not count.**

Any Name May Win

No matter how simple you think your suggestion is, you cannot afford to neglect sending it at once. Any name may win. The names of people, flowers, trees, birds, etc., may be submitted for a name or you can send a coined word or a word made by combining two or more words, such as "Sun-gleam," "Youth-glow," etc., or your name might suggest the handy new container, our latest sanitary tube, from which the shampoo is simply squeezed out. No bottle to break, leak or spill, no cake of soap to lie around and collect germs. Nothing safer or more sanitary and convenient for travel. There is nothing more to do, simply the person sending the most suitable suggestion for a name will receive $1,000.00 in cash or, if prompt, $1,100.00 in all.

Nothing to Buy-Nothing to Sell

Win this $1,000.00 cash prize by a few moments' thought. How can you earn this amount of money easier or more quickly? Remember, there is no obligation! The person submitting the winning name will have nothing else to do to win the $1,000.00 and the extra $100.00 if prompt, **there is nothing to buy or sell.** Only one name will be accepted from each contestant. We are offering one hundred other big cash prizes ranging from $8,000.00 down as a part of our novel advertising plan to make the products of the Paris American Pharmacal Company better known. Everyone sending us a name for our shampoo, regardless of whether it wins or not, will be given an opportunity to win the $8,000.00 first prize or one of the other one hundred cash prizes. The winner of the $1,000.00 cash prize ($1,100.00 in all if prompt) offered for a name for our shampoo may by participating in our other prize offers win an additional $8,000.00 or a total of $9,100.00. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose as it costs you nothing to send a name. Do it today. The very name you think least of may be the winner.

$100 EXTRA for PROMPTNESS

To get quick action we are going to pay the winner an extra $100.00 for promptness, or $1,100.00 in all—so send your suggestion AT ONCE!

CONTEST RULES

This contest is open to everyone except members of this firm, its employees and relatives.

Each contestant may send only one name. Sending two or more names will cause all names submitted by that person to be thrown out.

Contest closes April 30, 1930. Duplicate prizes will be given in case of ties.

To win the promptness prize of $100 extra, the winning name suggested must be mailed within three days after our announcement is read.

PARIS AMERICAN PHARMACAL CO.
S 813 McCune Bldg., DesMoines, Iowa

Enclosed with this coupon on separate sheet is my suggestion for a name.

Date this announcement was read.....

Date my suggestion is mailed.....

Name.....

Address.....

NOTE: Being prompt qualifies you for the extra $100.00 as outlined in this announcement.

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WANTED IMMEDIATELY, Men-Women, 18-55, qualify for Government Positions; $125-$250 month. Steady. Paid vacations. Common education. Thousands needed yearly. Write, Instruction Bureau, 308, St. Louis, Mo.

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OLD MONEY WANTED. Do you know that Coin Collectors pay up to $100.00 for certain U. S. Cents? And high premiums for all rare coins? We buy all kinds. Send 4c for Large Coin Folder. May mean much profit to you. Numismatic Co., Dept. 440, Ft. Worth, Tex.



Tuberculosis might make her an orphan

Help prevent it!

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T. S. Denison & Co., 623 S. Wabash, Dept. 67 Chicago
Comedy Stunts Plays Songs

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A Better Looking Nose!
Improve your personal appearance



My new Model 25 Nose Shaper is designed to improve the shape of the nose by remoulding the cartilage and fleshy parts, safely, and painlessly. This is accomplished thru the very fine and precise adjustments which only my patented Model 25 possesses. Results are lasting. Can be worn at night, or during the day. Money refunded if not satisfied after thirty days' trial. Write for free booklet to

M. TRILETY
Pioneer Nose Shaping Specialist
Dept. 59 Binghamton, N. Y.

Can You Write A Theme Song?

Continued from page 92

who have nearer twenty-five. In their case, the same song writers supply the music for two studios—for their own and for First National which, of course, the Warners control.

The problem of segregating all the noises of Tin Pan Alley where they will not interfere with activities on the sound stages has been solved by having special buildings constructed for the piano pounders. Such buildings are at the back end of the lot and resemble pandemonium. It is no wonder that a motion-picture wit, who has to pass one every morning on his way to work, has his own theme song called "When Its Theme-song Time in Hollywood, I Want To Be in Tennessee."

To-day the song is the thing. If the amateur can weather the disappointments that are incidental to all motion-picture job hunting, he has a fertile field to work in. There will be between two and three thousand songs heard from the screen during the coming year. Musical pictures to-day are preferred over all other types of film entertainment.

For fully two decades screen audiences wanted to see only life's serious side. If you have been moviegoing for any protracted period, you will remember that fifteen years ago it was the heartstopping serial like "The Perils of Pauline." Then it was the spectacle that staged a subway crush against a background of ancient Rome. "Quo Vadis" and "Cabiria" are examples. In 1917 it was propaganda films like "The Kaiser, the Beast of Berlin."

Eight years ago the mode was for Rudolph Valentino's torrid love adventures, that were very serious things indeed, and two seasons later the fashion shifted to sensational exposés of the younger generation, patterned after "Flaming Youth." As late as 1926 audiences cared for nothing so much as a dramatic solemnity like Emil Jannings' "Variety," and a whole crop of morbid foreign pictures followed in its wake.

But now the public has gone completely light-hearted for the first time. Frothy entertainment tinkling with joyous tunes is what they want, and the spoils will go to the song writer.

Hollywood High Lights

Continued from page 100

waiting terribly tedious and worrying, especially as she saw so many of the other stars from abroad apparently falling by the wayside during the talkie invasion.

In Which We Die Hard.

Every one who has anything to do with the picture declares that Greta Garbo will be magnificent in "Anna Christie," in which she will talk for the first time. What is more, we are told with no uncertain emphasis that she "will be the same Greta Garbo that everybody has known and admired, as few actresses have ever been known and admired."

We are expiring by centimeters. At least, under the onslaught of optimism over her audible début, we are having to abate our argument that it was a foolish thing to thrust her into a new medium, when she was doing so brilliantly well in the old. Greta just must be great from all we hear. And we hope she is.

Two Valiant Crusaders.

Two white hopes of the fans for the silent films are about all that is left in Hollywood. One is Charlie Chaplin; the other is Lon Chaney. And Chaney asserts emphatically that he will not talk yet.

"They are doing too many things to the screen right now," he said. "First it's talk; then it's an enlarged screen, and next it will be a three-dimension, or stereoscopic screen. The time to take the plunge, as I see it, is when all these things are perfected. Silent pictures are good enough as yet."

But who can say that Chaney may not be a convert long before that?

The Artful Charlie.

We met Chaplin at a party at the Roosevelt Hotel one evening, and asked him when his comedy, "City Lights," was likely to be finished. "Ah, who can tell?" Charlie answered enigmatically. "One day, perhaps when we least expect it, we shall look around and say, 'Why it's finished!' and then we shall be surprised to find that it *is* actually completed."

Elusive and undisturbed amid all the turmoil, Chaplin remains himself.

Another *Dulcy*.

Yet another revival! Marion Davies is doing it as her current picture, and what should it be but "Dulcy!" Constance Talmadge once played this in the silents. King Vidor is to direct the new "Dulcy."

Hail—And Farewell!

Continued from page 25

that hadn't been selected with me in mind. And that hand-me-down feeling isn't conducive to your best work.

"When they brought up this play of Zoe Akins, 'Furies,' I simply rebelled. I asked them if they wouldn't release me from my contract, until they had a story more suited to my personality. In 'Furies' I would have played the mother of a sixteen-year-old boy, and as though that weren't bad enough, the character is so weak it is inane.

"In the meantime, I had an offer to tour Europe with my vaudeville sketch. That seemed infinitely more attractive to me than even four sound pictures. I like vaudeville tremendously—and who wouldn't look forward to Europe?"

The only fly in the ointment of that scheme is leaving behind her home, her small daughter, Leatrice, and her newly adopted daughter, Josephine. The adoption of the other child, because she wanted "a family," rather knocks in the head the rumor that Leatrice is contemplating marriage again. There is a man of wealth who is a very close friend of hers, but at the idea of marriage she merely shakes her head and laughs it off as Hollywood gossip.

"Both little Leatrice and I are crazy about our new little girl," she went on to explain the adoption. "I've already begun to feel that she is really mine. She's just as cute as she can be, seven years old, and as blond as Leatrice is dark. I have found that their society is infinitely more attractive than Hollywood parties, or theater openings, or all the other social activities I used to set such stock by. We spend our days at the beaches, and our evenings quietly at home.

"Even more amazing than an experiment in talking pictures is this experiment in a child's life. It is wonderful to see her eyes brighten at the sight of things she has never seen before. To hear her gasp with surprise over things she had not even suspected were in the world. As for her parentage? Well, I know all about her I need to know—that she is a darling, sweet child, and I love her as though she were my own."

All in all, if you have the idea that Leatrice isn't thrilled over sound pictures, you aren't far wrong.

It's Sound Appeal Now

Continued from page 52

In passing, we might group Mary Nolan, Mary Duncan, and Esther Ralston among those who do not sound as interesting as they look. Mary Nolan, to my way of thinking, is the most physically seductive lady in Hollywood.

Evelyn Brent, Lilyan Tashman, Betty Compson, and Dorothy Mackaill can be cited as an already hot quartet which has gained new warmth of appeal through being heard.

Evelyn's voice is particularly adapted to the illusion her appearance creates. It is clear and deep, with a suggestion of emotion held in reserve.

Lilyan Tashman's throaty contralto gives her a lightness and humanness that her silent rôles seldom revealed. In fact, Lilyan introduced, in "Bulldog Drummond," the vamp with a sense of humor.

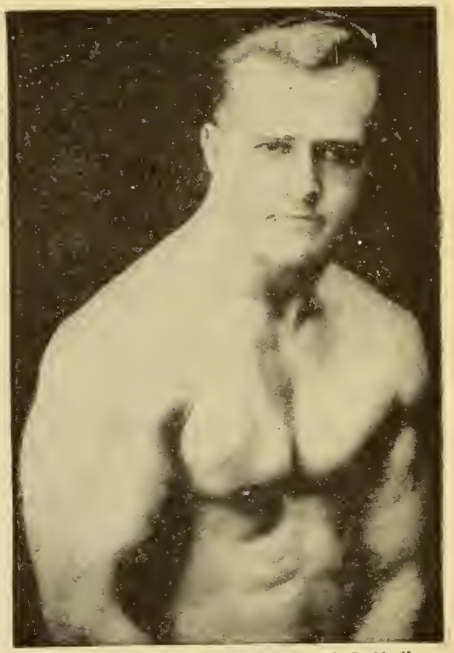
Betty Compson has long been an exponent of sophistication, but she will never have to resort to bathtubs again to put it over. Her voice has been the means of lifting Betty back to the heights she once occupied. It is my belief that she will go even higher.

Although Dorothy Mackaill would have always kept me on the edge of my seat, I dare you to stay in your seat now! When she opens her mouth you feel like yelling, "Oh! Stop! You're killing me." Prepare for something new in sound appeal. Mackaill will give it to you.

Nancy Carroll has always been my weakness, but *now!* Have you heard her cry? Have you heard her laugh? Then you know what she has to offer in the way of sound appeal. She had plenty of "It" before we heard her talk—but the amount of appeal that she was holding back in her voice is about twice as much as she ever had for the silent screen. It is becoming quite a rumor in Hollywood that Nancy will move up to the place now occupied by Clara Bow. If wistfulness in a beautiful voice will put her there, she is already crowding Clara plenty. Just listen to Nancy tell 'em!

And so on, far into the night. Every player has been affected more or less. It brings to mind that old question, "Is there more sex appeal in the eyes, or the voice?" After a few more talkies, it won't be hard for any one to answer. Until then——

Doesn't sex appeal *sound* funny?



EARLE LIEDERMAN, "The Muscle Builder"
Author of "Science of Wrestling," "Muscle Building," "Here's Health," "Secrets of Strength," "Endurance," etc.

If You Were Dying To-night

and I offered you something that would give you ten years more to live, would you take it? You'd grab it. Well, fellows, I've got it, but don't wait till you're dying or it won't do you a bit of good. It will then be too late. Right now is the time. Tomorrow or any day, some disease will get you and if you have not equipped yourself to fight it off, you're gone. I don't claim to cure disease. I am not a medical doctor, but I'll put you in such condition that the doctor will starve to death waiting for you to take sick. Can you imagine a mosquito trying to bite a brick wall? A fine chance!

A RE-BUILT MAN

I like to get the weak ones. I delight in getting hold of a man who has been turned down as hopeless by others. It's easy enough to finish a task that's more than half done. But give me the weak, sickly chap and watch him grow stronger. That's what I like. It's fun to me because I know I can do it and I like to give the other fellow the laugh. I don't just give you a veneer of muscle that looks good to others. I work on you both inside and out. I not only put big, massive arms and legs on you, but I build up those inner muscles that surround your vital organs. The kind that give you real pep and energy, the kind that fire you with ambition and the courage to tackle anything set before you.

ALL I ASK IS 90 DAYS

Who says it takes years to get in shape? Show me the man who makes any such claims and I'll make him eat his words. I'll put one full inch on your arm in just 30 days. Yes, and two full inches on your chest in the same length of time. Meanwhile, I'm putting life and pep into your old backbone. And from then on, just watch 'em grow. At the end of thirty days you won't know yourself. Your whole body will take on an entirely different appearance. But you're only started. Now comes the real works. I've only built my foundation. I want just 60 days more (90 in all) and you'll make those friends of yours who think they're strong look like something the cat dragged in.

A REAL MAN

When I'm through with you, you're a real man. The kind that can prove it. You will be able to do things that you had thought impossible. And the beauty of it is you keep on going. Your deep full chest breathes in rich, pure air, stimulating your blood and making you just bubble over with vim and vitality. Your huge, square shoulders and your massive muscular arms have that craving for the exercise of a regular he man. You have the flash to your eye and the pep to your step that will make you admired and sought after in both the business and social world.

This is no idle prattle, fellows. If you doubt me, make me prove it. Go ahead. I like it. I have already done this for thousands of others, and my records are unchallenged. What I have done for them, I will do for you. Come then, for time flies and every day counts. Let this very day be the beginning of new life to you.

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Their Dual Personalities

Continued from page 65

To Vilma Banky the camera adds an ethereal loveliness, diminishing her compactness, with a politeness contrary to its custom, into *svelte,* cobwebby grace.

While Lilyan Tashman, celluloid cat, cuts into the screen an arresting figure, the loss of her coloring and of her vibrant, brisk personality dims her into the prevalent mold for vamps. Unless lighted carefully, her pale eyes appear washed out; yet, personally, they are an attraction.

Dorothy Mackaill's loss is comparatively slight—a trenchant wit. And dialogists now can repair that by giving her clever lines. The silver Mackaill is very much the personal, brittle Mackaill.

Bill Powell's engaging humor, a rare delight, gets misplaced; his suave villains could easily do with a bit more of his light wit, so evanescent and adroit that its meaning sometimes isn't grasped until after you have left him.

Except for an innate steadiness of character and a boyish sincerity, the reel Novarro does not catch the real Ramon. Oddly, you see more of his idealistic and artistic side when he plays characters off the beaten path, of any nationality other than ours, than you do when effort is made to mold him into a hustling American.

The gesticulating, beaming Chevalier, with his flash and snap and camaraderie, magnetizes people's liking. His twinkling humor, always simple, often naïve, is sprinkled with ingenuous combinations of slang. He is, according to his own definition, our jazzy motif expressed in the tempo of a French song. With Elsie Janis, in London, he used to sing, "Hello, America!" *That* is Chevalier, off screen or on.

Corinne Griffith possesses considerable spirit, for years blanketed by her plastic screen beauty. A determination to be actively individual is manifest now in her more sprightly characters.

The cyclonic Lupe Velez plays herself, with slight variation due to locale and circumstance of plot. An explosive and brashly primitive flame accents her films with the same joyous abandon that she spills over Hollywood.

Though Colleen Moore is less pretty than she photographs, the rest of her is true. She is as Irish as a four-leaf clover.

Curiously, Gloria Swanson's strong personality, with its dogged, plugging streak, is evident more particularly in the past few years since she has attempted characterizations, than it used to be in her days of extravagant sartorial investiture.

Some other players are very much as they appear to be. To Norma Shearer's natural poise and distinction is added a gift for defining rôles in a cool, impersonal way by delicate shadings. Bill Haines, Johnny Hines, and Billy Bakewell, tintype troubadours, broadcast a wise-cracking boisterousness, whether working or not. Just as Joan Crawford's jazzy interlude was reflected in her screen phosphorescence, now her new seriousness is giving her acting depth and power. Slow, lean, drawling Gary Cooper—the silver etching is a perfect reproduction. Of arrogant, ironic, vital Gilbert, pretty and likable Laura La Plante, winsome and quietly appealing Janet Gaynor, gustily informal and friendly Wallace Beery, genial, snappy Edmund Lowe, the camera gives you fairly accurate photos.

Anita Page and Charles Rogers are the bubbling, eager youth of their films.

I believe I see in Evelyn Brent the odd instance of a screen self strengthening a girl in her own life and shaping her indecision. With her eyes dipped in discontent and her petulant mouth, she used to slip into a thick melancholy, emerging only to play one of her determined, controlled crooks. They were so practical, and they had a way of seeming to triumph even when, technically, they lost. I wondered how a girl so uncertain in her own life could make them so individually definite. Now she has shed her personal gropings and darknesses, and taken on some of the calm, bright assurance of the movie Brent, giving herself a crystaline quality.

Vocalization of the screen adds another factor to this problem. Voice personality, even with perfected recording, at times conflicts oddly. Nancy Carroll is too petite for the strong tones which her stage singing developed. Billie Dove's soprano seems too fluty for her Junoesque beauty. Of course, they could double for each other—if they would.

A blind man, after hearing his first talkie, predicted that fifty thousand sightless in this country would become voice fans, cataloguing favorites by their tones. He added that to the blind person's usually acute hearing there are no vocal twins, that each voice is distinctly individual in its tonal quality and shadings, aside from expression.

The Stroller

Continued from page 61

At railroad stations and on mountaintops I heard the deep rumble of thunder, which on closer observation turned out to be anything from a drug-store clerk practicing bass, to an air-mail pilot reciting smart cracks from the continental divide. I heard farmers with the crop in strutting around the hen house declaiming pompous utterances from Elbert Hubbard's "Scrap Book," with such vehemence and arm movement that the hens hid in a corner and refused to lay eggs. Economic depression among agriculturists is due to talking pictures.

I went to see a talkie in a small town, and the apparatus was so poor that the players seemed to have a mouthful of bread. This is working out in such a way that talkies, instead of promoting a better understanding and speaking of English, are causing those in the hinterland to be forced to see a picture several times to understand it.

The new American language, as modeled by talkies, will not encourage speakeasies, but will soon give us a nation of mumbling illiterates—the fault not of Hollywood, but of small-town exhibitors trying to save a few dollars on talkie equipment.

Many former scenarists, I am told, have gone in for song writing. But I am glad to say that none of them has yet succeeded in selling a song. The professionals turn out enough bad ones to bore us. We don't need more.

Aspirants to these supposedly easy jobs are so numerous as to be an outstanding characteristic of twentieth century America. We shall always be known as those who worked hard, because we had to—that we all wanted to make a famous success in some line of endeavor which would enable us to work in a sleeping position.

RKO is rumored as now about to inflict theme dances on pictures.

Now we can have variety in our ballroom terpsichore—"Ladies and gentlemen, the next dance will be the theme dance from 'Salome.'"

Speaking of dances, Fox has acquired a controlling interest in a music publishing company, and I have noticed that when they publish a song from a Paramount picture they put on the cover in dominating letters "Fox trot." That might precipitate an era of Zukor glides, Lasky leaps, and Mayer hops. The ballroom of the New Year may be a terrifying sight!

A Confidential Guide To Current Releases

Continued from page 69

"Letter, The"—Paramount. Entertaining eloquence and dramatic situations make this a milestone in all-dialogue films, and bring to the screen the gifted Jeanne Eagels. A civilized picture showing the wrecked lives of an English couple in Singapore. Stage cast devoid of cuties includes O. P. Heggie, Reginald Owen, and Herbert Marshall.

"Iron Mask, The"—United Artists. A picturesque tapestry, sequel to "The Three Musketeers," superbly exploiting Douglas Fairbanks. Story from Dumas revolves around the throne of seventeenth-century France. Marguerite de la Motte, Dorothy Revier, William Bakewell, and Ulrich Haupt.

FOR SECOND CHOICE.

"Jealousy"—Paramount. All dialogue. Last appearance of the late Jeanne Eagels, in a picture whose story is weak for the gifted star. Miss Eagels is arresting, intelligent, individual. Story of fatal jealousy of her husband for her former lover. Fredric March is the husband, Halliwell Hobbes the lover.

"Flight" — Columbia. All dialogue. Thrilling airplane maneuvers, two marines, and a cute nurse in a picture that is good—if the roar and dip of planes satisfy. Jack Holt, a hard-chewing leatherneck, is too shy to make love and loses Lila Lee to Ralph Graves. The dialogue is adolescent.

"Our Modern Maidens"—Metro-Goldwyn. Silent. The young set in the throes of sex, amid luxurious backgrounds. A gay little kiss brings on grand displays of prudery. Lots of moping, petting and dancing, and finally a wedding or two. Joan Crawford, Anita Page, Rod La Rocque, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

"Side Street"—RKO. All dialogue. Two honest brothers and a crooked one unknowingly plot the downfall of each other, and a dramatic climax brings out the talents of the three Moore brothers, Tom, Matt, and Owen. Human touches. Owen is the boss gangster. Kathryn Perry, Frank Sheridan, Arthur Housman.

"Hottentot, The"—Warner. All dialogue. Edward Everett Horton in rôle of timid man who hates horses is forced by girl he loves to ride a fiery racer. His speech is a lesson for young players. Patsy Ruth Miller not far behind him.

"Girl from Havana, The"—Fox. All dialogue. Lightly entertaining yarn about jewel thieves and girl detective. Like all screen thieves, the robbers are

Continued on page 118

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The GINGHAM BRIDE

By

Beulah Poynter

"Locked in each other's arms, black hair mingling with gold, these two children mingled their tears in an outburst of grief for the one they had lost." And then slowly came realization that, although they loved, it would be a long time before they could marry. He was nineteen, just starting a college career; she was just a small stray whom a kind woman had taken in. And now that woman had gone, things looked black indeed for poor little Sally.

Then, out of nowhere it seemed, came a ne'er-do-well father who took the girl off into a fantastic world—the world of the troupers. What strange adventures awaited her there! What amazing companions were to be hers! The story of "The Gingham Bride" has tears in it—and laughter—and from start to finish is one that will stir the reader strangely.

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The Mothering Heart

Continued from page 24

character perform aquatic stunts. Found on the river boat, greasy and grimy, screeching encouragement, she was taken home to a sequel far less pleasant. Many hairbrushes were worn out on the Dresser anatomy.

Her father, a railroad engineer, was killed in a wreck when she was fourteen, leaving them very poor. At fifteen, with eight dollars and a natural singing voice, she joined a show. It proved to be a burlesque; she quit immediately. Despite childhood's escapades, she had ingrained in her a rock-ribbed, country morality. She *couldn't* wear tights. "Peck's Bad Boy" later started her career, at eighteen a week, barnstorming. Rough goings for a kid—one-night stands, dingy hotels, not enough clothes.

This rocky road is marked, in memory's path, with oases of helping hands. The greatest of all was Paul Dresser. An awkward eighteen, she had an audience with the Irving Berlin of his day. The huge man rolled his three hundred pounds around in his swivel chair, fired questions at her, and gruffly bade her sing his "On the Banks of the Wabash" and "My Gal Sal."

He had been a candy butcher on her father's train. He told her how the men had made his obesity the butt of their jokes, of how Dad Kerlin had protected him. He put her on the Chicago stage as his sister, singing his songs. Thus she came by the name to which she has always tried to give her best.

Paul Dresser and Theodore Dreiser were brothers. Paul died with but one stray penny in his pockets. His all had gone to the poor. To his protégée he left a rich heritage—faith in the human heart. Years later she sang his songs for a president, at Washington, and for seven years, in vaudeville, she sang them.

She was considered a "discovery" among Lillian Russell, Ethel Barrymore, Pauline Frederick, Doris Keane, and others in full flower of youth and beauty. Twenty-one years ago she married Jack Gardner, the handsome *Chocolate Soldier*. He now is a casting director and manager.

What a career is foundation to her to-days! With Lew Fields—Frohman's "Girls of Gottenberg"—Dillingham—the Winter Garden—De-Wolf Hopper—a silver loving cup is engraved with the names of the original "Potash and Perlmutter" cast—Barney Bernard—"Cordelia Blossom"—a Cohan revue—theatrical history—thirty-two years of a colorful parade.

When her contract is up this winter, she may return to the stage.

"Tell you why." Her speech is spontaneous and emphatic. "More old ladies write me, nice old ladies, 'I don't like the way my daughter-in-law is raising the children. I'd like to talk it over with you.' A Texas woman wrote, 'We'll have lots in common. I'm seventy-seven.'"

At seventy-seven she will be trouping, happy and worrying.

Three recent peasant characterizations have worried her. The Alsatian of "Twelve Hours of Love" was the easiest, being a powerful figure in war's grim drama. But she thinks she does not know well enough their racial traits, local psychology, and native temperament. Reluctantly will she play a rôle she does not feel is right, as in "Not Quite Decent." She refused to do a tarantella for "Three Sisters," because she could not match the Italian extras' abandon. Everything must be plausible and real. Her characters are taken from life. As *Ma Quail,* in "Mother Knows Best," she bunched all the stage mothers she had ever known.

Along the road of life, where solacing a bruised fellow passenger has muffled her own hurts, she learned her fine art, with its humanness so delicately shaded. Her work wells from a fund of emotion.

"Technique? Ridiculous! You can't simulate feeling.

"William DeMille leads me, so gently. It's as though his outstretched hand, merely touching my finger tips, guides me. I know instantly just what he wants. Bill Howard exerts the same strange sentience. It is distressing to change directors, but I suppose I'll never be able to stand on my own feet unless I do."

The chattering snapshots worry her only when they go high pitched and tea-ish. The actor's accent is suitable for drawing-room comedy, but she is armed to fight for her mid-Western nasal twang in American plays.

If she doesn't work for a week, she is harried by the fear that nobody wants her. True mark of humility, true spirit of the heart great with giving; the dread that its service will bore.

With her absolute lack of conceit's faintest trace, she is restlessly ambitious.

"I want to *do* something with my life!" she insists.

Well, do *you* think she will ever develop into an actress?

Sad One of the River

Continued from page 43

most of its gypsies, and vice versa, the rags go to the grand dames.

"It seems that I am always a peasant. I like to play in old clothes, though. Then I do not have to think of anything but the character. Besides, those are the most exciting rôles. You cannot fling yourself around when you are supposed to be a lady. I love tragic parts. They are the most honest, the most real. That is why they are most dramatic. Some day I would like to play a Mexican woman. I would like to show you what life in Mexico really is. People think it is a country of peons and revolutions, and that the only costume women wear is the mantilla and the comb. They know nothing of life in the haciendas.

"Americans know nothing about the women in Mexico—how they are brought up, just as they were hundreds of years ago. They are so carefully watched. They must always wear things on their heads, and they cannot move without a duenna. You would not believe that possible to-day, would you? It is a different world from here. No one has shown that side of Mexico, the social side, or the artistic. There are dances, too, that no one knows anything about here. Americans only know a few Spanish dances.

"I would like to do some that I know, from the little towns, to the music of Albeniz or De Falla. They are marvelous. You have seen Argentina. She is a genius. She has taken the dances from the villages and she has done something wonderful to them. They are the same, and yet they are not the same, when you are watching her dance them. Perhaps I can do some of them when I am in the cabaret scenes in 'The Bad One.' I sing and dance on the table.

"It is funny with the talkies." Her "funny" sounded as if there were an "a" in it somewhere. "When I first came to Hollywood I always was singing. Then for a whole year I did not open my mouth. Now, when there are talkies, they say, 'But you sing,' and I have forgotten. So I must learn all over again, and try to get back my voice.

"You cannot imagine what the talkies are. Sometimes they make you crazy. You must learn the whole play, as on the stage. That is not so bad, only instead of going through it from the beginning to the end, they take the scenes the way they always did with silent pictures, and you never know what comes next. There is no continuity, so that you cannot work yourself up to a tragic moment, a dramatic scene. You must be ready to jump from one mood to another.

"It is much harder than the stage. In the theater, you have only to depend on your voice. You must persuade with your voice. The audience does not think how you look. It only listens. But with the talkies it is different. The first thing is your pantomime, because they are movies. Everything matters. With close-ups you can see how the actors look, and you can tell if they really mean what they say. You *know* when they are not thinking about the thing they are saying. Then, in the talkies, you must think how your voice sounds, how close you are to the microphone. You must mean everything you say, or the public will know. You can fool people with your voice, but when they see your face in close-ups, you cannot fool them. Now, you must do two kinds of acting, with the face and the voice."

It is like Hollywood that of all the heroines coming Del Rio's way, there have been Russians and Acadians and French and Indian, but never a Mexican. She is *Ramona* to that vast movie world of fans now, and she says that in her fan mail she is addressed quite seriously as *Ramona*. The rôle has become identified with her. Yet, despite it, she thinks that so far she has done her best work in "Resurrection."

While she once thought the movies a charming diversion, she cannot wait now to be on the set again. And what does she do when there is a moment's respite? Sun herself on the beach at Malibu, where all the best Hollywooders play. Yet, despite the attack of Americanism, she is too complete a cosmopolitan to go entirely Hollywood. And add this, in giant letters: Dolores del Rio is the first actress, in quite a list that we might draw up for your perusal, who has ever suggested that a part that she wants to play might also be done by some one else as well. It was about a Mexican story of a woman "who might really be called a Mexican 'Joan of Arc.' I am crazy to play it. But I think Lupe Velez could do it as well."

And she was on the stage again, bowing low in the white gown, her earrings dripping light on her shoulders, diamonds on her neck and wrists, a movie queen a-glitter. The smooth-haired, somber-eyed girl of the dressing room, with the poise that is not taught in Hollywood, had vanished.

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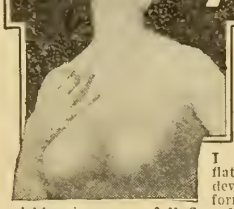
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Imagine My Surprise!

Continued from page 74

ing "The Careless Age," "Fast Life," "The Forward Pass," "Loose Ankles," and now the lead in John Barrymore's latest. In this she plays a girl of twenty-five, thank you, who staves John off in his impetuous love-making for five reels, only to fall in the sixth.

This brings us into the realm of Loretta's own love affairs. Now, if you are expecting lurid revelations you'd better fold up and beat it, because her sentimental flurries can be counted on the fingers of one hand, and for first-class reading matter they can't compare with those of Clara Bow or Alice White. In fact, it is only recently that her heart has threatened to get out of hand.

Her first affair was with Arthur Hauser and it flowered, withered, and died in the shadow of the school yard at the age of twelve. Three years later she favored another, more renowned Arthur—Arthur Lake. A month of blissful serenity and then the inevitable quarrel, which occurred at the time Arthur was knocking 'em dead in "Harold Teen." Arthur, at the lordly age of twenty, wise in the ways of the world—and women—thought that a couple of weeks' vacation would bring her around. It did—but not to him.

One night during those two weeks, at a party, Loretta observed an amazingly long youth draped disconsolately over a chair. Melancholy was his companion and unhappiness sat heavily on his shoulders. The fair but fickle Claire Windsor had jazzed down to Agua Caliente with Buddy Rogers and the bereft Grant Withers suffered accordingly. Loretta was feeling—well, not so hot herself, and it interested her to see some one suffering more than she. A few sympathetic questions and they were swapping heartaches, then confidences, then, sitting silent in mutual sympathy and understanding, they meditated on the inconsistencies of the opposite sex.

As Grant left her that night at the front door he said, "Gee, wouldn't it be funny if we were to fall in love?" But funnier things have happened, because they did.

That dignity of Loretta's, which at first you can't believe is real, is inherently a part of her. She is never startled out of it. She doesn't gush in public over Mr. Withers, and I cannot picture her riding down Hollywood Boulevard cuddled in his arms, or swapping kisses with him. When asked about her feeling for him she says quite simply, "If anything ever happened to Grant I don't believe I'd ever get over it"—and that ends it. Yet one feels that there is more sincerity in that ingenuous statement than in all the heroics of Pola Negri over her departed Valentino.

Occasionally Loretta comes to the Thalian Beach Club on a Sunday. Then, Grant or no Grant, she is surrounded by a flock of men. Once, not long ago, I lay near her on the sand, watching. There was a far-away look in her eyes, but a slightly puzzled and dissatisfied expression on her face. All at once her brow cleared and she had the answer. There were no men around.

A short distance away was a crowd of boys and much giggling and laughing. She walked over to see who the rival attraction was and beheld her five-year-old sister, Georgiana, a cake in one hand, an ice-cream cone in the other, candy, and fruit all around her—all wheedled out of amorous males.

Loretta sighed and the far-away look came back into her eyes. Perhaps—who knows?—in ten years more there'll be another Young standard bearer.

But by that time Loretta will be Mrs. Grant Withers and probably mothering somebody to follow Georgiana!

What The Fans Think

Continued from page 10

us call that fan's attention to the possibility that Gary has reached the point in his career where he is quite capable of taking care of his own *affaires d'amour*.

Publicity, of course, is not always to bad effect, as witness that regarding Emil Jannings' recent return to his native country. It is apparent that some fans are still laboring under the delusion that Emil returned home on account of his heavy, no-talkie accent. Possibly it would be best if we could always think of his departure in this light.

Could Jannings not have continued making silent films? He could have—save for one reason, the reason which sent him scuttling back to Europe. At the time he left America, Emil's card at the box-office was practically a blank. From one of the biggest attractions he dropped to a negligible position. It is interesting to note that his last three films made but little money, while his final vehicle was an almost total failure financially.

Sad but true. The fans actually grew weary of the heavy emoting and tragic atmosphere of every Jannings film. Despite the heralded variety of his rôles, Emil was, after all, an artist who employed only one set of emotions. He did this well—beyond compare—but always it was Jannings, the actor, who stood out, no matter how great the portrayal. The fans became accustomed to every twist of his style, which though inimitable, tended to become monotonous after many tastes of it. This is not wholly my personal opinion, but what I feel certain to be the real cause of Jannings' downfall in America.

Richard E. Passmore.

Media, Pennsylvania.

Mack Unappreciated.

It gives me cause for many chuckles when I read a review of a picture by Norbert Lusk in which John Mack Brown appears. Try as he may, Mr. Lusk summons no enthusiasm for this up-and-coming young gentleman and, while he never says anything deliberately malicious or injurious about the player, the reader can easily discern his inability to appreciate the apparent popularity of this young man.

For instance, in his review of "The Single Standard," Mr. Lusk remarks, "Nils Asther is *Packy*. I thought him fine. John Mack Brown is the husband with a problem. Most people think him fine, too." How delicately he puts that—and how easily the reader judges his opinion of Mr. Brown!

Perhaps I get so much amusement from Mr. Lusk's comments on this actor, because I believe I estimate Johnny Mack in about the same manner. I try very hard to discover warmth or naturalness in the personality and acting of J. M. B., and am always disappointed when I cannot find them. He is a player I *want* to admire, because I believe he is really deserving of sincere liking, as he is actually an ambitious, intelligent, and normal sort of person. But, alas, his performances leave me cold—I can't get beneath his stilted manner.

He showed a faint glimmering of what he might be in "Coquette," for in his rôle he did reach the sympathies of this fan, but he should have done the same in "The Single Standard." However, I'll be *darned* if I could feel sorry for John M. Brown. I'm afraid all my sympathies were with Nils Asther, even though the character the former portrayed was more worthy of respect. I'm convinced that the drawling-voiced John is much better in a talking part, because his voice is very good, and in speaking he loses some of his stiffness and becomes more human.

Well, perhaps some day my thoughts of this actor will change. There is every reason to suspect that they will, since he has lots to learn and is very young, but in the interim between then and now, I shall continue to enjoy Mr. Lusk's subtle remarks about him.

Ellen W. White.

5247 Florence Avenue,
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Buddy Valiantly Championed.

This letter is inspired by the remarks of "Lucy B." and "Dolores Vasholz" in the November issue.

I really don't know how to start. Lucy B., if you read Buddy's interview carefully, you will have noted that, primarily, Buddy doesn't want to get married because he's too young. His exact words are "Marriage never enters my head. Not now. I want to work out my contract, before I think seriously of settling down." He goes on to say, "You can say for me right now I'd rather stay home with my music than to do a lot of running around." Later in the interview he mentions that he doesn't want to marry, because his fans don't want him to. Lucy B. says no one cares. Well, lots must, for doesn't Buddy say that he gets "oodles of letters telling me not to"? Not that they would really stop him when the right girl comes along. Nothing will matter then.

Dolores Vasholz, I'd reread that para-

graph about the supposedly sarcastic remark about Charlie Farrell. That's untrue. He states a fact. It's true that we haven't seen Charlie for a long time. Buddy says it's "funny, isn't it?", meaning that here's a wonderful actor who has made three good pictures and yet hasn't been seen on the screen in a long while. I don't think, Dolores, you quite interpreted that paragraph correctly.

If you two are such followers of Buddy's, you most likely have read all the interviews and noted the boyish, excitable, happy-at-being-alive and "at-peace-with-the-world" manner in which he expressed his view and opinions. That type of person doesn't always think of how a thing may sound to others. He just says them the way they come to his mind. You have to read between the lines and if you would, I'm sure you'd find you were mistaken in saying he was conceited.

A good example of that is the comparison Buddy makes with Valentino. I can just see his eyes shining; he's so happy to think that he has had such wonderful success as to get so many letters, more than even Valentino. Buddy must think a lot of Valentino, to compare himself to him. You usually try to compare yourself with one you admire, isn't that so? He says that he tries very hard to please his fans. Does that sound conceited?

Dolores, please remember that Buddy became a star before he played in his first starring and *talking* picture, "Varsity." His popularity grew through "Wings," "My Best Girl" and "Abie's Irish Rose," all of which were silent as far as he was concerned. So his voice had nothing to do with him becoming a star. His voice, together with his acting, will determine how long he will remain a star.

Believe me, Dolores, if one star can replace another one so easily as in your case, you're not my idea of a true fan. Just because of one or two remarks which you interpret incorrectly, you turn against your favorite. A sort of fair-weather friend, eh? This goes for Lucy B., also. You two could have waited for further developments before throwing brickbats.

JEAN HAEHNGEN.

1206 Washington Street,
Hoboken, New Jersey.

From a Merry Pilgrim.

What about me? I am highbrow. I adore Jeanne Eagels. I am lowbrow. I love to see Oliver Hardy bully Stan Laurel. I am ordinary. I rush out and buy PICTURE PLAY the minute it is on the news stands, and read it from the cover page to the cigarette ad on the back.

There isn't a person in Hollywood that I do not like. I confess that I am "that way" about six or more actors all the time, and any number of them permanently. I could not live in Hollywood; my mouth would hang open until people would think me eccentric. They do now, because I am so fond of movies.

Motion pictures set our dress styles. Confess, aren't there hundreds of women in your city with long, angular bodies and a mop of Garbo hair? And in every other town, too. Aren't the homes of modern America showing the trend of the film influence? All over the city they are—subtly. Oh, yes, very subtly. No one would admit that they were doing it; but they are.

You needn't glorify sex in order to like Garbo. You do not have to swing from chandeliers because you have a weakness for Lupe Velez. It isn't necessary to take up music because Buddy Rogers is the

Continued on page 116

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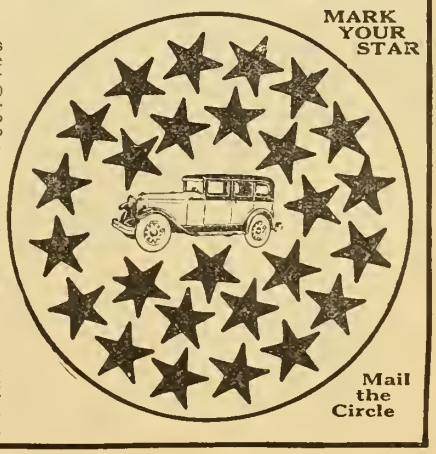
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IMPULSIVE YOUTH

By Vivian Grey

She was rich. And he was poor. She gave him up because she didn't want to break his mother's heart, the heart of the woman who had saved and scrimped so that he might go to college and get away from the manual labor that seemed destined for him.

It was an impulsive act, the sort of thing she was always doing, for at the start she had acted on impulse when she left her luxurious home to cast in her lot with the humble folk on the other side of the creek. It was impulse that sent her out at midnight to make her own way in the world, alone, with no money in her purse. And when Phil Rhoades found her and would bring her back, she refused, for she was determined that she would not stand in the way of the career of the man she loved.

In a way, it is true that most of us act on impulse at one time or another, trusting somehow to the hidden voices within us that our actions may be for the best. The author of this absorbing story tells what may happen when we make impulse the guide to life. It is a story of youth in the grip of a great love that is here before us, a book that we do not lay aside until the last page is read, and one that we take up again, for it is well worth the rereading.

75c 75c

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From the Dust of Defeat

Continued from page 59

work. Out of that hundred, possibly ten get more than a few days' work. And out of twenty who rise from the ranks of extras, or who start in pictures with a contract, only one, as a rule, ever gets to the point where he receives screen credit.

So Johnny, you see, has done a little better than slip into the groove of cold, dry statistics. The boy will get somewhere. In fact, he already has. Even now he is attracting attention in "The Cock-eyed World" as a soldier who lost both arms. And he proved his ability to speak right out by playing in "The Ghost Train" in a Hollywood theater.

But to go back for a moment to that little band of ten who came out to Hollywood so hopefully. On the train bearing them westward they studied each other carefully and speculated on those most likely to succeed.

All agreed that John Westwood, of Princeton, was the one who would reach fame and fortune. Little did they know that in the two months of his contract Johnny would do only glorified extra work in two pictures —placed so far from the camera that it is doubtful if his own mother could find him. Of them all, only Westwood and Stambaugh were given short renewals on their contracts.

Cassidy, of Georgia, was ideal material for Westerns, but no one came forward with a good contract for him, and he was too eager to get back to his own environment to stand the long struggle of breaking in. Wilcox, of Michigan, went home when his contract expired, but came back for a while to struggle along as an extra. Glendenning, of California, got a job for a while in the wardrobe department of First National, but he, too, gave up and went home. Knox, of Yale, worked for three months as a reader in the scenario department, but now he is running a gas station. Only Stambaugh remains on the books of the casting offices.

Maybe you would like to know how he did it. He had no more encouragement than the others, to be sure. He was no more handsome; I doubt if he was much more talented. But he had a stubborn pride that made him refuse to admit he was beaten.

For a while after his contract expired he was seriously ill, and had to go home. But he came back—and by that time the college-boy contest was as stale as any news of yesterday. He got a part in a stage play that ran eight weeks, but this was before Movietone and Vitaphone days, and stage players were not grabbed up as eagerly as they are now.

By sheer persistence he induced studios to make tests of him, but they reposed on a laboratory shelf, and he could never find an executive who had taken a look at them. He read parts for every stage play that went into production. Usually the stage manager was enthusiastic over his reading, but inevitably before the last week of rehearsals began, some one in authority would decide that they couldn't afford to take a chance on an inexperienced actor who might forget his lines.

Finally his nerves got to the breaking point from the strain of inactivity. He was still determined to get into pictures, but he needed something to occupy him while he waited for that much-heralded knock of Opportunity. By some lucky chance he met Harry Wurtzel, an agent, who was wise or sympathetic enough to know that the boy needed a friend. Wurtzel couldn't ease him into any acting jobs, but he could, and did, put him to work in his office handling stories. This gave Johnny an entry into studios, and an opportunity to get acquainted. It wasn't long before the people who didn't want to buy his stories did want him for a part.

Johnny is a well set up, poised, and vigorous young man, but since his first part was that of a blind man, he will probably go on and on playing cripples and defectives, until he sees a chance to work toward his cherished ambition, which is to direct. But he doesn't care what they ask him to play, so long as they *ask* him. Johnny has got by where many others have failed.

RETENTIVENESS.

I can forget the lessons learned in school
Of ancient pyramids and foreign lands.
I guess I can forget my lipstick, too,
But not the movies where we first held hands.

JEAN DOUGLAS.

Are They Versatile?

Continued from page 88

lous in picture after picture, did a home-girl rôle in "Four Walls." It was surprising, a little jarring, but excellent. How could Carmel have felt not to be wearing trickling strands of earrings and glistening rows of sequins? Dorothy Sebastian did a gorgeous comedy bit in "Spite Marriage," which was quite a departure from her gilded society rôles. Lilyan Tashman, although she always is more or less vampish, can handle her rôles in three or four distinct ways. She can be decidedly serious about it, she can be hard-boiled, or she can insert delicious comedy into the part; which gives her a place in the list of the versatile. Jane Winton is another of the celluloid cats who got on a high horse, and did a quite priceless comedy rôle in "Captain Lash."

Joan Crawford's career has been made up of exceptionally varied rôles; but we do not think of her as being versatile, because she gives to each one practically the same personality. Her warm, glowing beauty permeates them all. Her heroines are all vivid, gay, romantic, in whatever period they appear. She is first a modern girl in William Haines' pictures; then a girl of 1830 in "Across to Singapore"; then ultrasophisticated in "Our Dancing Daughters"; an East Side girl in "Four Walls"; then a decorative dancer in flowered skirts in "Dream of Love." She is very pretty and alluring in them all, wearing the minimum of clothes with as much distinction as she does *bouffant* gowns. But in them all she is Joan Crawford, vital, alive, and dashing. It is her environment, not herself, that changes.

The metamorphosis of Lily Damita has been both sudden and startling. It is almost unbelievable that the wholly dignified and charming Lily—then Lili—of "Forbidden Love" and "The Rescue" is the same wild, impetuous *gamine* who wriggled boldly through "The Bridge of San Luis Rey." It was. Perhaps this is not entirely versatility, but partly the inevitable Hollywood custom of literally undressing every attractive newcomer, and placing her in a picture where she may caper about with much waving of arms, legs, and feet; a habit of cashing in on her cuteness. Still the rôles essayed by Lily were at the extremes of convention. In the first-named pictures she was quietly charming and cultured; as *La Perichole* she was Pola Negri, Mae Murray, and Lupe Velez combined.

Although Greta Nissen can be both seductive and capricious, her presence is primarily decorative. Her career was launched in "The Wanderer," in which she played a charmer. She wore a black-silk wig and little else. There followed siren rôles in abundance.

Madge Bellamy surprised with a highly dramatic rôle in "Mother Knows Best" after a succession of sugar-coated ones. Phyllis Haver went tragic in "Chicago" as balance for her succession of blond flirts. Likewise Marie Prevost, well known as the bedroom-farce girl, who changed her pajamas for a reform-school uniform in "The Godless Girl," and did a splendid piece of real acting. Estelle Taylor, whose rôles of slightly shady ladies had won her a definite niche in the Hollywood Hall of Fame, departed from such rôles in an unusual characterization of a Chinese woman in "Where East Is East."

These are but a few of the departures the stars have made. Sometimes they are kept in conventional rôles by their producers. May McAvoy, Dolores Costello, Lois Wilson, Claire Windsor, Bebe Daniels, and Billie Dove seldom do anything very different. Others are given hopelessly unsuitable rôles, and are entirely miscast. Florence Vidor was badly miscast as a woman of the streets in "Chinatown Nights"; Betty Bronson was entirely unconvincing as an Oriental dancing girl in "One Stolen Night"; the charming Irene Rich seemed totally incongruous as the mistress of a dive in "Shanghai Rose."

But whenever a star is labeled a definite type, she immediately gives a performance so wholly and devastatingly different, that the label is forthwith removed and she is called versatile.

CONFESSIONS.

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I can't say yes, I'm in this fix—
Would it be right to marry him
When I'm in love with Richard Dix?

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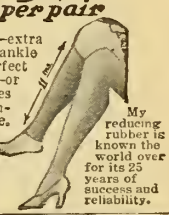
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The Playground of the Stars

Continued from page 83

He sauntered to a table in the casino not long ago, tossed out a bill, let it ride till it doubled and redoubled, then said, "All that money mine?"

"All yours."

"Too much. I don't want it."

He picked up a handful of currency to distribute among the musicians, and told the dealer to keep the rest.

"I have a suspicion it's a gambling game," said Tom, "and I don't like gambling games."

Clara Bow took a fling at roulette, but no dealer's day was ruined as a result of her winnings. Lupe Velez found out what it was all about and the lesson cost very little. Bebe Daniels and Lilyan Tashman fared better. Norma Talmadge, Margaret Livingston, Laura La Plante, Dorothy Mackaill, and a score of others played for small stakes, but did not get very far. Miss Livingston did manage to salvage about $300 from the game.

Carol Lombard followed a system. Sauntering up to the table, she found two men making heavy bets. The dealer was all attention. His cards were carefully watched. The players were losing. Time after time the deal went against them. Carol got out her money and started betting the way they didn't. Pretty soon she had a neat pile before her. Then she "beat it"—right out into the open air. One friend said she won seventy-five dollars. Another said it was seven dollars or five dollars, he didn't know which.

Al Jolson visits Agua Caliente at every opportunity. Joseph M. Schenck gives parties there. Jack Dempsey is a regular visitor when he is on the West Coast. Each Sunday morning sees a dozen or more stars on the golf links or tennis courts. There is a swimming pool, horses to ride, and greyhound races on a quarter-mile track.

Decorum is maintained rigidly in the hotel and casino. Evening dress is *de rigeur*. Excessive drinking is not permitted, nor is an intoxicated person allowed to play at the tables.

Just outside the casino is a wishing well—a cute, little fountain where you throw in money and make a wish. That is, you throw in money unless you have stayed too long in the casino, in which case there may not be any to throw. A wish never, never can come true, if it isn't accompanied by the splash of a coin in the well. It's a snooty little well. It will not work for nothing.

Tom Mix and Raquel Torres are the two most popular players who visit Tiajuana and Agua Caliente. Tom usually carries a pocket full of nickels and pennies when he goes to Tiajuana, and his advent is like the coming of a circus to the Mexican children. They swarm all over his car, scramble for the pennies he tosses, and they chatter to him as though he were some rich uncle.

Raquel Torres will play on the street with the urchins, and to them she is the most beautiful girl in the world. They do not care for Lupe Velez or Dolores del Rio, the two other most widely known Mexican actresses. Lupe, they think, has "gone Hollywood," and Miss del Rio is coldly aristocratic.

Agua Caliente promises to be the Gretna Green of the film folk. The luxurious hotel, with its beautiful gardens, affords a lovely avenue along the road to romance. Raoul Walsh was the first to be married there. Jacqueline Logan was next, although the marriage did not seem to "take." Priscilla Dean became the bride of Lieutenant Leslie P. Arnold by the side of the wishing well. Evelyn Brent was married to Harry P. Edwards in the governor's suite.

With the ponies running, the casino housing gay parties, sobriety enforced at the bar, cool days and nights close to the ocean, it is little wonder that the stars climb into airplanes and say to the pilot, "Agua Caliente, Jeems!"

What The Fans Think

Continued from page 113

big moment, or art because Gary Cooper is an artist of parts.

But to get to the heart of it. Picture people are the kindest, most misunderstood in the world. They will do anything in reason for a person, if they have even slight proof of that person's sincerity.

I have a passion for autographs, and do you know, I never had but two requests refused. One because I got rattled by my sister, and made a mistake, and the other because I did not know at the time that Robert Frazer's pet hate is autograph hounds, or I never would have asked.

I'm a merry pilgrim, and I like to adore at every shrine as I go along. While the rest of you go on, with your pet hates and little dislikes, I am going to stay young forever. I am diving headfirst into whatever is new, and never a prejudice will I let into my head.

Mrs. John M. Finn.

1534 Hiatt Street,
Indianapolis, Indiana.

Jerry Knows a Thing or Two.

After reading the letter of H. R. H. from Regina, Saskatchewan, in which he, or she, states that when Clara Bow opens her mouth her face seems to go into an eclipse, and also says that she has no "It," I can hardly contain myself. Oh, the things I'd like to say to that person!

In my estimation, Clara Bow is one of the greatest of the younger actresses After seeing "Dangerous Curves" my admiration for her has increased a great deal. When she opens her mouth, instead of her face going into an eclipse, she reveals a row of perfect teeth. She has the most expressive face I have ever seen on the screen, and lovely hair and eyes. Now, say what you please, Clara Bow couldn't have been a favorite as long as she has if she had no "It." And I would so much rather have Clara put pep into me than watch Dolores Costello wander moon-eyed over the screen.

A word about Richard Arlen and Richard Dix, two of my favorites. What's happening? Especially to Dix? All along he's been so popular playing in comedies like "Nothing But the Truth," and then he says he will play romantic rôles, and thrusts "The Wheel of Life" on us. Richard, we just can't see it. "The Wheel of Life" is one of the worst of your pictures. In fact, *the* worst.

I have always liked you because you played in such clean, fine pictures. And were so human and decent in your love-making, and now you're going to play romantic rôles! For Heaven's sake, don't try and be another John Gilbert.

And then comes Richard Arlen, the very finest screen actor. After seeing him in "Thunderbolt," "The Man I Love," and "Dangerous Curves," I am very anxious to see "The Virginian." But, Richard, if you pull another dying stunt, I don't know what I'll do. I could hardly live through it in "Wings."

In that picture you were too tough and conceited. In "Thunderbolt" you were so human, just the way I like you, especially in that scene where your mother tried to put iodine on your hand and you spilled the bottle. It was so natural and boyish, that I hope you will play another part like it.

Jerry M.

Jackson Heights, New York.

Stars Afraid of Fenton?

Anne Cassidy's letter regarding Leslie Fenton strikes a responsive note in me. I saw him in "A Dangerous Woman," with Baclanova, and I felt, with Miss Cassidy, that he is not given nearly enough opportunity to use his remarkable ability. It seems that in each picture he appears just long enough to show us how really fine he is—and then, pronto—they shoot him, or stab him, or throw him down a flight of stairs! What's the matter? Are they afraid he will show up the stars, because this boy can *act*—and how! Besides, he has a charming personality, and what more does he need to get a real part?

I hope Gary Cooper isn't high-hat, because it's not at all in character with the parts he plays. I've always liked him tremendously. His affair with the hectic Lupe is indeed unfortunate, however, and the sooner he terminates it the better for his career. I know a number of women who have suddenly lost interest in him, considering his taste for the Mexican a reflection on his character. Gary, as we see him, ought to fall for somebody like Mary Brian, or the cool, charming Fay Wray—although, of course, it's too late, now, for a romance there. Dragging oil stations down the road with Lupe, isn't what we like to think of Gary doing.

R. Newcomb.

2732 Dohr Street,
Berkeley, California.

Laugh With Jack

Continued from page 89

His career matches Clara's plaid skirt in color and nonchalance. Among the kids at the La Salle High School in New York City, he acquired the reputation of being a smart-cracker. After school he "went into Wall Street"—as a clerk. Admits work didn't interest him, but that they all had a good time.

May Leslie, casting a Junior League charity show in 1919, gave him a rôle, and Wall Street did a fade-away. Lulu McConnell, vaudevillienne, saw his League "Frolics" act, and suggested a two-a-day partnership that endured until 1927. And there were excursions into musical shows, "Artists and Models," "Peggy Ann," the "Passing Shows," and a date or two with the "Follies"—professionally, I mean.

A letter to director Wesley Ruggles—when he heard that the articulate screen was going tuneful—got him a small part in a La Plante comedy-drama. Malcolm St. Clair picked him for a rôle in Clara Bow's exposé of what gobs do on shore leave, and that won a Paramount paper. His work in "The Dummy" elicited the most critical praise, though he was no liability to "Chinatown Nights," "The Wild Party," "Street Girl," "Close Harmony," or "Hard to Get," after which he was borrowed for the oral version of "Classified," starring Dorothy Mackaill, to give it more pep.

His aim is to get a laugh out of life, his ambition to be the George M. Cohan—minus flag waving—of the musi-movies.

He's well built, with the sort of face that suggests a good time at the party, rather than moonlit, sheikish attentions. It is topped by light-brown hair, and set with blue eyes that narrow into twinkling slits. He has not had enough fan mail for it to become a problem. Its absence casts no shadow upon his blithe life. He seems quite regular, and the boys around the studio root for him and catch his jokes to relay them.

His enthusiasm flared at mention of the Broadway boys who have made good, particularly the song-and-dance men. He finds his harmony not in Meyerbeer's thunderous grandeur, nor in Chopin's delicate charm, but in the ivories that rattle melodies from the studios' raucous tin-pan alleys.

He doesn't take movie art too seriously. Not, he explained, like the star at the "Coquette" première, who exclaimed, "I'm simply worrying myself to a shadow! Isn't it marvelous?" He is absolutely convinced that movies are all just in fun, and it will come out right for all concerned, except, perhaps, the villain. And *he* gets a handsome pay check.

Parenthetically speaking, why do they stuff the public figure of a professional humorist with comic cotton? At the mention of Oakie's name, smiles broaden; at his approach, every one stands around and waits for the smart patter. He seldom fails them; between a bit of a scuffle, a couple of asides, and a remark or two, he leaves the impression of zestful fun. However, the reputation can become a handicap even to such a fellow as Will Rogers, whose witticisms fall like the coconuts in a South Sea picture. Alas, we expect to be convulsed; and, while smiling at a quip, consider it but a paving of the way for a comic cascade.

This preliminary placing may also rebound, in public consideration of a comedian's work. Told that he is funny, one adopts a Missouri air and dares him to amuse one.

That Jack does proves he is really okeh.

Short Cuts to the Wastebasket

Continued from page 104

I think this reissue in talkie form is by far the best. I haven't as yet seen that picture you made in Europe, but am on the lookout for it. I bet it's darn good. Sue Carol plays with you, doesn't she?

I'm going to thank you in advance, as I'm sure praying hard for the fulfillment of this requisition, so to speak, and I just can't think of being let down.

So, when all is said and done, whether or not you receive a response to your letter—as your girl friend down the street did to hers—depends very largely upon you.

In writing to the younger players particularly, it is always advisable to send money. If your letter indicates sincerity and intelligence, and the address is plainly written and not abbreviated, the chances are you will get results. Here's luck!



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A Confidential Guide To Current Releases

Continued from page 109

dumb. Authentic views of Panama and Havana. Kenneth Thomson, Natalie Moorehead, Paul Page, Warren Hymer, Lola Lane.

"Gold Diggers of Broadway"—Warner. Singing, dialogue. Musical comedy in color, with faint plot woven in about man who tries to save a kinsman from a chorine, and falls for one himself. Winnie Lightner's clowning saves the show. Lilyan Tashman also good. Conway Tearle, Nancy Welford, Ann Pennington, William Bakewell.

"Great Gabbo, The"—Sono-Art. All dialogue. The fascinating, complex Gabbo is neglected, but the musical-show craze makes an average inning of Erich von Stroheim's reappearance as an actor. Odd story of ventriloquist who realizes his suppressed love too late. Betty Compson in backstage rôle.

"Street Girl"—RKO. Singing and dialogue. Story of a girl found starving on the streets, who turns out to be the salvation of four musicians who befriend her. Hard to believe, but probably entertaining to majority. Betty Compson in the sugary rôle, Jack Oakie good as lines permit; John Harron, Ned Sparks, Guy Buccola.

"Smiling Irish Eyes"—First National. All dialogue. Colleen Moore's first talkie, in which she is much better than the story deserves. An Irish lass lets her fiddling lad go to New York, and after a lot of transatlantic travel, they finally embrace over the wishing well, back on the ould sod. James Hall, Aggie Herring, Claude Gillingwater.

"Say It With Songs"—Warner. Singing and dialogue. Al Jolson's new picture, cut from previous patterns. A good deal of moviesque hocus-pocus, as well as sonny-boy songs, but perhaps you like them. Davey Lee and Marian Nixon.

"Hungarian Rhapsody"—Paramount. Sound. Smoothly directed, well-photographed film, in Hungarian setting. Charm rather than wrenching moments. European favorites, Dita Parlo, Lil Dagover, and Willy Fritsch. Story of officer's love for girl and his career.

"Pleasure Crazed"—Fox. All dialogue. Wild scramble of melodrama, with a cast including three important talkie discoveries, Marguerite Churchill, Dorothy Burgess, Kenneth MacKenna. Intrigue and adventure around a country estate, crooks, jewels, and lovers. Well-played support.

"The Time, the Place, and the Girl"—Warner. All dialogue. An amusing, lively story from the pompadour age. Grant Withers makes début in talkies, with honors, as victim of a stock fraud, but he blunders out. Every moment good for a laugh. Betty Compson, John Davidson, Gertrude Olmsted.

"Charming Sinners"—Paramount. All dialogue. A mild stage play denatured further for the screen, with much tea sipping and hand kissing. A constant wife catches up her husband and gives him a lecture and makes threats, all elegantly set forth by Ruth Chatterton, Clive Brook, and William Powell. Mary Nolan's first talkie appearance.

"Behind That Curtain"—Fox. All dialogue. Very good film, in spite of the mystery being revealed too soon. Lois Moran in audible début. Story of a girl who marries an adventurer in London and discovers in India that he is a murderer. Capital performance by Warner Baxter. Gilbert Emery, Philip Strange do well, also.

"Four Feathers, The"—Paramount. Silent. English soldier loses his nerve before Sudan war, but later goes to the jungles to redeem himself in the eyes of fiancée and friends. Authentic, thrilling sequences made in the wilds, around which picture is cleverly built. Fay Wray, Richard Arlen, Clive Brook, William Powell, Noah Beery, Philippe de Lacy.

"Black Watch, The"—Fox. All dialogue. Pictorially magnificent film about English soldier on the Afghan front, whose mission is to win love of girl leader of hill tribe. Stirring episodes, but falls short of its ambitions. Victor McLaglen, Myrna Loy, David Rollins, Mitchell Lewis, Roy d'Arcy.

"Cocoanuts, The"—Paramount. All dialogue. The Four Marx Brothers bring their capers and humor to the screen, without loss of fun or individuality. Slight musical-comedy plot about a stolen necklace. Kay Francis, Cyril Ring, Oscar Shaw, and Mary Eaton.

"Broadway"—Universal. All dialogue. Big in point of sets, story reminiscent. Show girls, wise-cracking boys, bootleggers in evening clothes, with gun play and love-making, all finally meeting suitable rewards. Old stuff made tolerable by embellishments. Thomas E. Jackson and Paul Porcasi of stage cast, Evelyn Brent, Glenn Tryon, Robert Ellis, Leslie Fenton, Arthur Housman, Merna Kennedy.

"Fox Movietone Follies of 1929"—Fox. All dialogue and song. Pageantry of colorful revue, with wisp of story, and all the ingredients of a stage show, except a certain cleverness. Many well-known faces, including Sue Carol, David Rollins, Stepin Fetchit, Sharon Lynn.

"Innocents of Paris"—Paramount. Dialogue and singing. Début Maurice Chevalier, French stage star of unique personality due for merited success in another picture. Shoddy story of waif befriended by junkman and latter's rise to fame on stage. Astonishing performance by child, David Durand. Sylvia Beecher and Margaret Livingston.

"Not Quite Decent"—Fox. Part dialogue. Hard-boiled night-club queen discovers long-lost daughter as chorus girl listening to temptations of villain, so she exposes serpent to girl in great, big scene of simulated drunkenness and toughness. Theatric, unconvincing, but tolerably interesting. Louise Dresser, June Collyer, Paul Nicholson, and Allan Lane.

"Show Boat"—Universal. Part dialogue. Life aboard a river theater traced on a wide canvas. Stirring musical accompaniment, but well-known story does not gain in film version. Laura La Plante, Joseph Schildkraut, Emily Fitzroy, Alma Rubens good.

"His Captive Woman"—First National. Part dialogue. Dorothy Mackaill at her best, opposite Milton Sills. Silent episodes on charming island,

where love blossoms. Murder trial with surprising sentence. Beautiful photography, excellent acting.

"Christina"—Fox. Silent. Quaint, pretty, though sirupy, picture, with Janet Gaynor as Dutch girl, and Charles Morton her circus sweetheart. Troubled love, but certain to turn out right from the first. Rudolph Schildkraut, Lucy Dorraine.

"Lady of the Pavements"—United Artists. Old screen friends in new trappings, but familiar situations. A haughty countess, Jetta Goudal, spurned by her fiancé, counters by making him fall in love with a café girl, Lupe Velez, picked up and made a lady overnight. The affair gets out of hand, the girl flees, and the lover follows. William Boyd is the man. Lupe sings and sings.

"Noah's Ark"—Warner. A spectacle of more eye than ear interest, unsurpassed in its Deluge scene. Modern sequences culminating in a hopeless tangle in the World War, which fades to the biblical sequences, where the same characters appear. George O'Brien, Dolores Costello, Guinn Williams, Noah Beery.

"River, The"—Fox. Romantic, poetic, and slow picture of siren's untiring effort to win an innocent country boy, who doesn't know what it's all about. Magnificent backgrounds of forest and stream and best acting of Charles Farrell's career. Mary Duncan unusual as persevering siren finally sublimated by love.

RECOMMENDED—WITH RESERVATIONS.

"Drake Case, The"—Universal. All dialogue. Last appearance of Gladys Brockwell in a restrained portrayal of mother impelled to remain silent though accused of murder. The mystery is well hidden. Madge Bellamy, Forest Stanley, Robert Frazer. Average courtroom drama.

"Why Leave Home?"—Fox. Dialogue and music. A new version of "Cradle Snatchers," with the rowdy humor of original replaced by foolish musical-comedy story. Amateur talent on a lark. Sue Carol, David Rollins, Nick Stuart, Dixie Lee.

"Womantrap"—Paramount. All dialogue. Several favorites reappear in story of detective who discovers that the murderer he has come to arrest is his own brother. Confused approach weakens it. Evelyn Brent, Chester Morris, Hal Skelly, Leslie Fenton, not at their best.

"Fast Life"—First National. All dialogue. A hollow story, topheavy with theatrics and bombastic talking. Melodramatic situation in which the governor's son, Chester Morris, hesitates to confess a murder and save his friend's life. Other players John St. Polis, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Loretta Young.

"Twin Beds"—First National. All dialogue. A moth-eaten farce in which an inebriated stranger wanders into the bride's bedroom and things have to be explained before happiness sets in. Patsy Ruth Miller is charming as the bride. Jack Mulhall, Armand Kaliz, Gertrude Astor, Zazu Pitts.

"Thunder"—Metro-Goldwyn. Silent. The trials of a veteran engineer who suffers from a schedule complex are portrayed by Lon Chaney. The climax comes with hauling a relief train to flood sufferers over a submerged track. Too much detail. James Murray fine. Phyllis Haver and George Duryea.

"Wheel of Life, The"—Paramount. All dialogue. Action revolves slowly, and by coincidence. Heavy efforts to dodge love in India, that hotbed of romance, until a stray bullet paves the way. Richard Dix a very un-English Englishman, and Esther Ralston does not gain by speeech.

"Drag"—First National. All dialogue. Richard Barthelmess at low ebb, in story about a country newspaper editor whose in-laws are a "drag" to his career, until he finally returns to the city and his first love. Alice Day, Lila Lee, Lucien Littlefield, and Tom Dugan.

"Father and Son"—Columbia. All dialogue. Artificial plot and dialoguc, the sweet, sweet palship of father and son all but wrecked by fortune-hunting stepmother. A homemade phonograph record saves the day. Jack Holt, Micky McBan, Dorothy Revier, Wheeler Oakman.

"Idle Rich, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. All dialogue. Story of conflict between young millionaire and his stenographer-wife's poor family, in realistic comedy. Poor recording and photography, but good acting. Bessie Love, Conrad Nagel, Leila Hyams, Robert Ober, James Neil, Edythe Chapman, Paul Kruger, Kenneth Gibson.

Information, Please

Continued from page 102

guerite de la Motte was born in Duluth. No, Gloria never lived there. She was born in Chicago.

E. M. D.—Well, I hope the first time you have written me won't be the last. The leads, *Sally* and *Bill*, in "The Good-by Kiss," were played by Sally Eilers and Matty Kemp. Lane Chandler has been busy at the Universal studio making a serial, "The Lightning Express." Betty Bronson has been working at the Warner studio. Addresses are given in the list at the end of The Oracle. The bandit in "Revenge" was Leroy Mason. And the young couple in "The Cohens and Kellys" were Nora Lane and Cornelius Keefe. Cornelius has been on the screen about four years, but he usually plays in quickies. Write him at The Masquers, Hollywood.

TED OSBORN.—Your favorite, George Duryea, was discovered by Cecil DeMille and given the lead in "The Godless Girl." Since DeMille's company broke up, George has just been working here and there occasionally. At this writing, he is busy on "The Dude Wrangler," an independent production. George was born in Smoky Hollow, New York. He has dark-blue eyes and dark hair, is six feet tall, and weighs one hundred and seventy. His fan club has headquarters with Julian Arnold, 446 Candler Street, Atlanta, Georgia.

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ing congratulations, and I now have quite a dandy collection. No, I don't know of any George Lewis fan club, so I'll put you down for one and refer his admirers to you. George was born in Mexico City, December 10, 1904. He has black hair, brown eyes, is six feet tall, and weighs one hundred and seventy-five. He began his film career as an extra in 1925. I believe his father was English, and Lewis is his family name. He married Mary Lou Lohman, March 23, 1928. If you write him at Universal City, he would probably send you his photograph.

R. NOLAN REECE.—This business of trading pictures among fans got to be too much for us, so we had to stop mentioning it. *Herbert Duncan*, in "Annapolis," was played by Hugh Allan.

VIRGINIA WELCH.—See above. No, Clara Bow is not married, but perhaps she really means it about being engaged to Harry Richman. And perhaps not! I honestly don't know most of the stars' home addresses. Every one in Hollywood seems to move every few months, anyhow. Laura La Plante's pictures during 1926-27 were "Beautiful Cheat," "Skinner's Dress Suit," "Midnight Sun," "Poker Faces," "Her Big Night," "Butterflies in the Rain," "Beware of Widows," "Love Thrill," "The Cat and Canary," and "Silk Stockings."

RICHARD EVERETT.—See R. NOLAN REECE. Thanks a lot for the information. Jean Hersholt was born July 12, 1886. Besides those you mention, Louise Brooks' films include "American Venus," "The Social Celebrity," "It's the Old Army Game," "The Show Off," "Evening Clothes," "City Gone Wild," "Now We're in the Air."

SUN TAN.—But it must be wearing off by this time! Mary Eaton doesn't tell her age. Nor does Mabel Normand. Ronald Colman was born February 9, 1891. Bessie Love is thirty-one and unmarried. May McAvoy will continue with her screen career. Your quotations about the stars are very apropos; why don't you become Bartlett's rival?

REGULAR READER.—And you prove it by not asking for answers in the next issue. Jack Holt works at the Columbia studio, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood. H. B. Warner is with Warner Brothers, but he's not part of that big, happy family. Philo McCullough can be reached at the Masquers Club in Hollywood. Philo was born in San Bernardino, California, June 16, 1892. He is married to Laura Anson. He was on the stage in stock, before going into the movies.

KATY ROSE PETTY.—You are in quite a state over John Boles, aren't you? The talkies are suddenly bringing him fame and glory. He was born in Greenville, Texas, October 28, 1900. He attended the University of Texas and studied for a medical career. But the war interrupted his studies, and by the time he returned from overseas he felt it too late to resume his medical course. He had an excellent voice, and a concert singer who heard him persuaded John to come to New York. After the usual struggle, he finally was given the lead in a musical comedy, "Little Jesse James." He continued on Broadway for several years, until, after seeing him in "Kitty's Kisses," Gloria Swanson asked him to play opposite her in "The Loves of Sunya." Since then, besides those you mention, his films include "The Shepherd of the Hills," "We Americans," "Fazil," "Bride of the Colorado," "Man-made Woman," "Water Hole," "The Last Warning," "Desert Song," "Rio Rita." Before the Swanson picture, he had small roles in "So This Is Marriage" and "Excuse Me." Vera Reynolds has been playing in quickies now and then, and recently appeared in Universal's "To-night at Twelve." Charles Farrell is with Fox. "The River" was released in December, 1928. Yes, Charlie and Janet Gaynor still appear together. "Sunny Side Up" is their newest release.

R. P.—Of course Jascha Heifetz's biography has nothing to do with my job, even if he did marry Florence Vidor! But the pamphlet published by his phonograph recording company says that at the age of three he was a great virtuoso, and when he was seven he studied at the Royal Music School in Vilna, Poland. So I assume he was born in Vilna. He is only about thirty years old now. Ask at your public library or your local music store where you can read about him.

WILLIAM REED.—You bet I'm a friend to all the movie fans, but I can't print answers in the next issue. A magazine requires several months to be made up and printed. Mary Eaton was born in Norfolk, Virginia, but doesn't say when. She is a blue-eyed blonde, and is about five feet two, though Paramount, for whom she works, gives no exact description of her. Write her at the studio. She recently married Millard Webb. William Farnum has been playing on the stage for the past few years. I don't know where he can be reached.

MARGOT G.—"How's business?" Whose business? Mine or everybody's? I only mind my own. Maurice Chevalier was born in Menilmontant, a suburb of Paris, "less than forty years ago," his biography states. He's a blue-eyed blond. Greta Garbo is also. Yes, Gary Cooper and Lupe Velez are really engaged. Raymond Hackett was born in New York, July 15, 1902. Studios do not charge for voice tests, and any test taken by an outsider is of no value. As I don't live in Hollywood, I can't say whether the Los Angeles "Red Book" gives the addresses of movie stars, but I doubt it. As soon as stars' addresses are made public, they are constantly annoyed by salesmen and panhandlers.

HELENE R. NELSON.—Don't tell me you're nervous, just writing to me! What is this strange power I have over fans? Mildred Davis Lloyd was born in Philadelphia, but doesn't say when. The release date of Harold's new film, "Welcome Danger," in New York was October 19th. And I'm afraid PICTURE PLAY has not published an interview with either of them recently enough for the issue to be available.

MISS ELIZABETH MCKNIGHT.—So your brother is like David Rollins' double? Well, perhaps he'll be famous, too, some day. Virginia Lee Corbin was born December 5, 1909. She is five feet five, blond, and weighs 110. Jean Arthur doesn't tell her age. She has brown hair and hazel eyes, is five feet four, and weighs 116. Jean Darling is seven years old and blond. Of course, she's growing; at last accounts she was four feet tall and weighed 47 pounds. Snookums is four years old; I have no description of him. Mary Brian was christened Mary Louise Dantzler. Nancy Carroll is separated from her husband, Jack Kirkland. I don't know of any stars born on October 2, though Alice Joyce comes close, with a birthday on the first.

M. W.—So you're brimming over with questions? Well, I see you spilled them. Yes, your idol, Ronald Colman, was married in 1920 to Thelma Ray, but they haven't lived together in years. Ronald

was born in England, February 9, 1891, and was on the stage before he went into pictures. "The White Sister" was his first American film. Write Dolores del Rio at United Artists studio. Probably Lon Chaney does not send out photos; he's a very secretive, shy person who shrinks from the public.

ME, MYSELF, AND I.—Ah, triplets! I hope I don't have to answer your questions three times. In "Fugitives," *Dick Starr* was played by Don Terry, and Arthur Stone played *Jimmy*. Harry Richman is close to forty. I didn't see "River of Romance," and I'm just as puzzled as you are over Buddy's laughter at the passage you quote.

MARY ELLIS.—Questions that are dying to be answered have to have first aid at once! So here goes. Thomas Meighan is to make an occasional picture. His new one is "The Argyle Case." Thomas is six feet one and weighs 170. Brown hair, gray-blue eyes. He and Frances Ring have been married practically forever—I don't know their wedding date. Pola Negri was dropped by Paramount at the end of her contract, because her salary was all out of proportion to current salaries and she wouldn't take less. She recently finished a picture in France, "The Queen's Necklace."

EDDIE ATKINS.—Yes, I'll keep a record of your Bodil Rosing club, but I'm afraid you won't have many customers, as you are the first ever to ask me about her. She doesn't give her age; I suppose you know she is Monte Blue's mother-in-law? She is five feet three, weighs 125, and has blue eyes, blond hair. Her next film is "The Bishop Murder Case." As she is not a featured player, I have not kept a record of her films—you see, with several thousand players on the screen, it would be impossible to record the films of any but featured players. Her pictures as given in her printed biography, compiled about a year ago, include "It Must Be Love," "Sunrise," "Wheel of Chance," "The Patriot," "Out of the Ruins," "The Fleet's In," "King of the Rodeo." Yes, I'll be delighted to become an honorary member of your club—if I don't have to write any more letters.

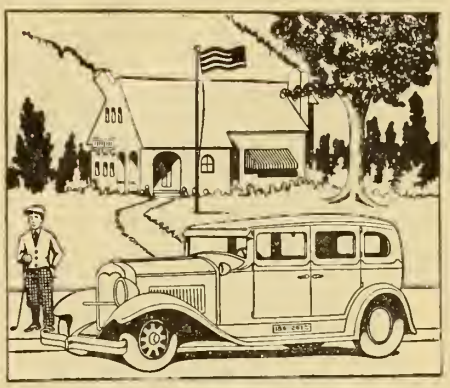
MISS ROSE PALONSKY.—I'm afraid it was a false alarm that Red Grange was to appear on the screen again. Universal announced that he was to make a picture, and then announced later that it was indefinitely postponed. Red is going back to his professional football.

MARY MARTHA MURRAY.—As to why many actresses look older than they are—perhaps it's only that some of them look older than they *say* they are. However, Loretta Young and Anita Page are really as young as they claim to be. Russell Gleason is twenty-two. His next film is "Seven Faces." Charles Morton's next is "It Might Have Happened." Yes, "Eva the Fifth," now called "The Girl in the Show," is all talkie and Nanci Price has an important rôle in it. Mona Ray is not really a negro girl; I don't think she has played anything since *Topsy*. She's only fifteen. Yes, William Russell died of pneumonia last February. And there is no exact limit to the number of questions one may ask, but we do expect only a reasonable number. Yours were.

CATHERINE SIDLO.—It's such a relief to get nice, easy questions like yours; it's no fun digging for answers. Buddy Rogers is twenty-five, and six feet tall; Hugh Allan the same height, and a year older. The only actresses I can think of who

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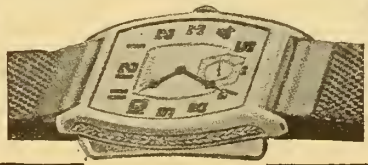
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give their heights as exactly five feet six are Garbo and Mary Astor. Players with January birthdays are Bill Haines, on the 1st, 1900; Marion Davies, the 3rd, 1900; Davey Lee, 5th, 1926; Tom Mix, 6th, 1880; Phyllis Haver, 6th, 1899; Vilma Banky, 9th, 1903; Bebe Daniels, 14, 1901; Nils Asther, Patsy Ruth Miller, the 17th, 1902 and 1904, respectively, and Virginia Valli, the 19th, 1900.

HELEN L. SWETLAND.—All the players you mention are Americans. As to Gwen Lee's disposition—what a question! Could I come right out and say an actress was grouchy—and get sued for libel? I don't know Gwen, but I'm told she's very amiable. Colleen Moore's leading man in "Naughty But Nice" was Donald Reed. Warner Baxter is the only prominent film player from Columbus, Ohio. William Boyd comes from Cambridge; Dorothy and Lillian Gish from Dayton and Springfield; Gertrude Astor from Lima; Ralph Graves and Alice Calhoun from Cleveland; Hobart Bosworth from Marietta.

PEG STERLING.—Yes, your one question is a whopper! Wampas stars for 1925 were Violet Avon, Olive Borden, Betty Arlen, Anne Cornwall, Ena Gregory—now Marian Douglas—Madeline Hurlock, Natalie Joyce, June Marlowe, Joan Meredith, Evelyn Pierce, Dorothy Revier, Duane Thompson, Lola Todd. Bad guessing that year, wasn't it? The 1927 baby stars were Patricia Avery, Rita Carewe, Helene Costello, Barbara Kent, Frances Lee, Mary McAllister, Gladys McConnell, Natalie Kingston, Martha Sleeper, Sally Phipps, Sally Rand, Iris Stuart, and Adamae Vaughn. Guessing almost as bad, what?

YNONA FUNK.—Elaine Iverson and her Eddie Nugent Club can be reached at 314 Lincoln Street, Marseilles, Illinois, and I'll add your Eddie Nugent Club to the list also. Yes, William Russell died. William Farnum plays on the stage now; perhaps you can reach him in care of *Variety*, 154 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City.

L. RAYMOND.—Sorry, I never heard of the family of Adams boys in the movies. If you know their former address, why not write them there? It might work—the post office is constantly forwarding mail to me from addresses of five or six years ago.

D. J.—So you live on a fur farm? With all the furs mentioned on your letterhead I'll bet you never get cold, do you? In "Annie Laurie," *Ian MacDonald* was played by Norman Kerry; *Alastair* by Joseph Striker. I think the picture you describe with George O'Brien and Victor McLaglen was "The Fighting Heart." Billie Dove was the leading lady. In "The Rough Riders" *Bert* was played by Charles Emmett Mack, who was killed shortly afterward in an automobile accident.

Addresses of Players

Richard Arlen, Esther Ralston, Mary Brian, Neil Hamilton, Warner Oland, Ruth Chatterton, Florence Vidor, Clara Bow, Chester Conklin, Clive Brook, Charles ("Buddy") Rogers, Gary Cooper, James Hall, William Powell, Evelyn Brent, Doris Hill, Nancy Carroll, Jean Arthur, Olga Baclanova, Jack Oakie, Kay Francis, David Newell, Jack Luden, at Paramount Studio, Hollywood, California.

Greta Garbo, Leila Hyams, Bessie Love, Edward Nugent, Gwen Lee, Ramon Novarro, Norma Shearer, John Gilbert, William Haines, Lon Chaney, Renée Adorée, Marion Davies, Eleanor Boardman, Karl Dane, Dorothy Sebastian, Lionel Barrymore, James Murray, Charles King, Raymond Hackett, Wallace Beery, Raquel Torres, Joan Crawford, Nils Asther, Conrad Nagel, Josephine Dunn, Anita Page, Buster Keaton, John Mack Brown, Lewis Stone, at the Metro-Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, California.

Vilma Banky, Ronald Colman, Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, Norma Talmadge, Chester Morris, Gilbert Roland, Don Alvarado, Lupe Velez, and John Barrymore, Dolores del Rio, Mona Rico, at the United Artists Studio, 7100 Santa Monica Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

Colleen Moore, Jack Mulhall, Doris Kenyon, Milton Sills, Billie Dove, Richard Barthelmess, Dorothy Mackaill, Corinne Griffith, Alice White, Ian Keith, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., at the First National Studio, Burbank, California.

Reginald Denny, Hoot Gibson, Mary Philbin, Laura La Plante, Eddie Phillips, Barbara Kent, Barbara Worth, Glenn Tryon, George Lewis, Dorthy Gulliver, Fred McKaye, Ken Maynard, Joseph Schildkraut, at the Universal Studio, Universal City, California.

William Boyd, Robert Armstrong, Alan Hale, Jeanette Loff, Carol Lombard, and Junior Coghlan, Russell Gleason, at the Pathé Studio, Culver City, California.

George O'Brien, Edmund Lowe, Earle Foxe, Janet Gaynor, Richard Walling, Barry Norton, Charles Farrell, Victor McLaglen, Lois Moran, Nick Stuart, Sally Phipps, Frank Albertson, Farrell MacDonald, Markuerite Churchill, Paul Muni, Charles Morton, Sammy Cohen, Lola Lane, Paul Page, Helen Twelvetrees, Louise Dresser, David Rollins, Marjorie Beebe, Sue Carol, June Collyer, Warner Baxter, Sharon Lynn, and Mary Duncan, at the Fox Studio, Western Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Audrey Ferris, Dolores Costello, Louise Fazenda, Monte Blue, Edna Murphy, Grant Withers, John Barrymore, Al Jolson, at the Warner Studios, Sunset and Bronson, Los Angeles, California.

Sally Blane, Hugh Trevor, Bebe Daniels, Betty Compson, Olive Borden, at the RKO Studio, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Allene Ray, 6912 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Robert Frazer, 6356 La Mirada Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Patsy Ruth Miller, 808 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, California.

Robert Agnew, 6357 La Mirada Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Dorothy Revier, 1367 North Wilton Place, Los Angeles, California.

Julanne Johnston, Garden Court Apartments, Hollywood, California.

Malcolm McGregor, 6043 Selma Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Jackie Coogan, 673 South Oxford Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Ivor Novello, 11 Aldwych, London, W. C. 2, England.

Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Anna May Wong, 241 N. Figueroa Street, Los Angeles, California.

Eileen Percy, 154 Beechwood Drive, Los Angeles, California.

Herbert Rawlinson, 1735 Highland Street, Los Angeles, California.

Forrest Stanley, 604 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, California.

Gertrude Astor, 1421 Queen's Way, Hollywood, California.

Lloyd Hughes, 616 Taft Building, Hollywood, California.

Virginia Brown Faire, 1212 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Johnny Hines, Tec-Art Studio, 5360 Melrose Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Theodore von Eltz, 1722½ Las Palmas, Hollywood, California.

William S. Hart, 6404 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Estelle Taylor, 5254 Los Feliz Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

Pat O'Malley, 1832 Taft Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Ruth Roland, 3828 Wilshire Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

Gilda Gray, 22 East Sixtieth Street, New York City.

Bert Lytell, P. O. Box 235, Hollywood, California.

Kenneth Harlan, Hollywood Athletic Club, Hollywood, California.

Ben Lyon, 1040 N. Las Palmas, Hollywood, California.

Hugh Allan, Hollywood Athletic Club, Hollywood, California.

George Hackathorne, Hotel Palomar, Hollywood, California.



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MONTHLY

Picture Play

Volume XXXI

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Monthly publication issued by Street & Smith Corporation, 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York City. Ormond G. Smith, President; George C. Smith, Vice President and Treasurer; George C. Smith, Jr., Vice President; Ormond V. Gould, Secretary. Copyright, 1929, by Street & Smith Corporation, New York. Copyright, 1929, by Street & Smith Corporation, Great Britain. Entered as Second-class Matter, March 6, 1916, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879. Canadian subscription, $2.86. Foreign, $3.22.

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IS NOVARRO A FAILURE?



FANS continue to reproach him for playing rôles which they consider inadequate, and deplore the absence of another *Ben-Hur*. Some say they were disappointed in his voice as heard in "The Pagan," while his detractors declare that Mr. Novarro is a creation of pressagentry rather than the remarkable man his loyal adherents insist he is. Now, for the first time, Mr. Novarro unburdens himself of his inner thoughts for publication in PICTURE PLAY for March. They have been recorded with impartiality and skill by Samuel Richard Mook, whose interview presents Mr. Novarro as no story has ever presented him before.



CLARA BOW SHOPS FOR A BABY!

STARTLING as that may seem at first glance, it's true, and Miss Bow admits her hunger for something more tangible than her popularity gives her. She confesses to Dorothy Wooldridge just what she wants of life, just what her career has cheated her out of, and why she canvassed the orphan asylums and foundlings' homes of Los Angeles in quest of her ideal baby for adoption—the baby which she believed would appease her longing for more lasting love than she has ever known. This is an amazing story, franker by far than the usual stellar interview.



OLIVE BORDEN REPENTS HER FOLLY!

THIS is good news for those who have always admired Miss Borden's beauty and had faith in her ability to shine, without excessive and bizarre gowns. She has little money, now, for the gorgeous appurtenances of stardom with which she used to surround herself, for she is paying off debts incurred when her motors, jewels, gowns and an operatic retinue were essential to her existence as a star. It's a much more human and understandable girl Myrtle Gebhart describes in the story you will read in next month's PICTURE PLAY. And you will admire Miss Borden the more for her courage and candor. You will admire no less the courage and candor of the entire contents of March PICTURE PLAY, the honest magazine of the screen.



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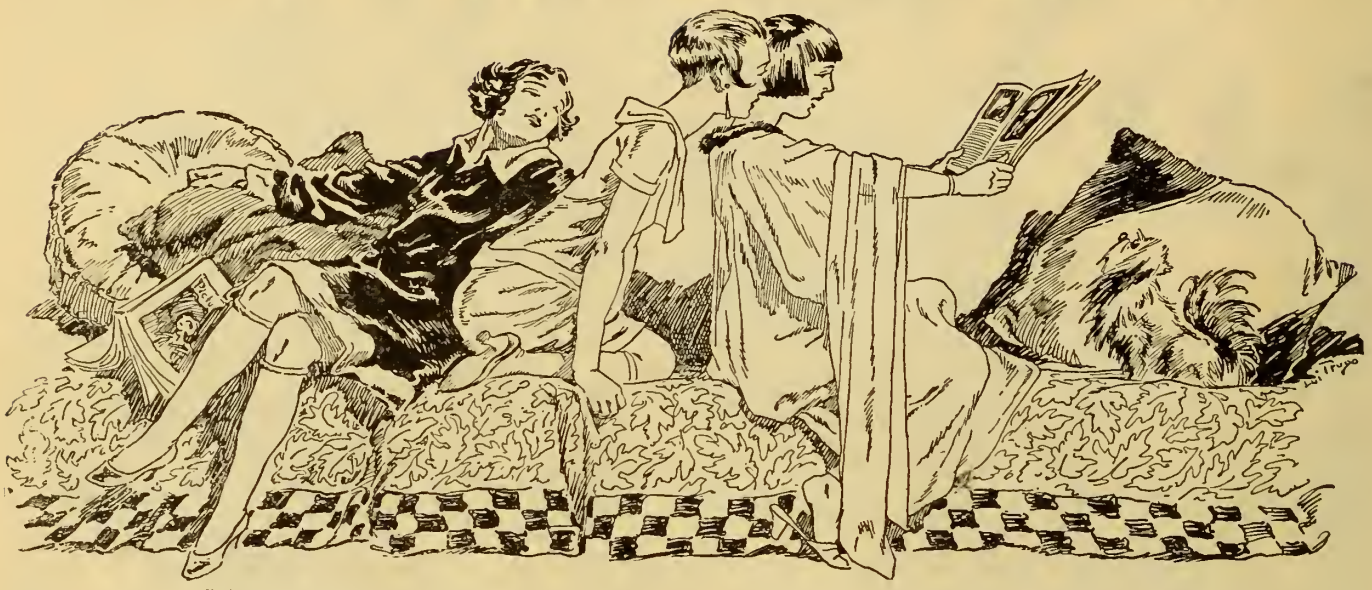
If you could see only one motion picture this season, that picture should be "The Show of Shows." Don't dare miss it—for you may never look upon its like again!

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What The Fans Think



Criticism Versus Cavil.

IT is truly amazing to note the frequent unkind, caustic comments the fans make on the stars. Caviling, ofttimes as petty and puerile as it is personal and stupid. Contrast it with the comments made by the reviewer, who, though he may not always praise, knows his art. One reads *his* criticism with interest, for he must have good judgment, a keen, analytical mind, and true discernment, able to point out merit as well as demerit of a given film, free from prejudice and bias. That is the real critic, worthy of the name.

The fan, however, who, with pen dipped in vitriol, proceeds to write holes in his stationery in a lopsided attack here, there, and yonder, succeeds only in making himself or herself despised, and often the laughingstock of better-informed, better-mannered persons of intelligence, education, and knowledge. It is gratifying to see, however, though their number is too large, they are the minority. Fans who give constructive, well-written reviews exceed them almost two to one.

A letter to "What the Fans Think" in November PICTURE PLAY typifies the average conceited effusion. Let us quote from that letter and see. "Personally, I like the fans who knock the movies." Again, "You *do* get so much help out of seeing others find fault with the stars."

Just what this help consists of she does not state, but proceeds to do some knocking herself. She is a self-styled criterion of Southern accent among the "cultured classes." She presumes to give Mary Pickford points—dagger points, thoroughly poisoned—on such accent. Ah! How regrettable that Mary could not have employed this fan as a coach before she made "Coquette"! Tons of gray matter on the market, and Mary didn't know it.

Still, with her vast resources, experience, common sense, and business acumen, perhaps she *was* well supplied, since we have seen other letters from the South, congratulatory in tone as to the accent. These letters gave every evidence that the writers were persons of intelligence. For the edification of the fault-finding fan, a little information may not be amiss. "Refined Southern people" are not confined to the South. Many have moved to Los Angeles. Are they known to Miss Pickford? Ask her. Also John Mack Brown, her leading man in "Coquette." LOUISE ANN VESTER.

6431 Roble Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Standing By Alice.

I am not a particularly ardent fan of Alice White, though I like her. There are too many who think she has no place on the screen, and who write to "What the Fans Think" about their dislikes in no uncertain terms.

Many times these people are far from fair. The letter of Betty of Toronto particularly raised my ire. She rakes Miss White over the coals, then ends with words to the effect that Alice should be banished from the screen. Just because Betty does not care for Miss White, she takes it for granted that no one else does. She should remember that if Alice did not have many admirers and box-office value, she would not be where she is now. She has made her niche, and is entitled to it as long as she can hold it, which, I predict, will be quite a while yet, judging by Miss White's present drawing power and youth.

It is a long-established fact that Alice White's least desire is to resemble Clara Bow in any way. She knows that to resemble a popular star is a certain way to oblivion. Besides, who wants always to be mistaken for some one else?

Another fan says every time she sees an Alice White film she is disgusted. Why does she continue to see Alice, if she doesn't care for her? Every one has his favorites and dislikes among the stars. Why not see one's favorites and avoid players one doesn't like? Be fair, fans, and don't begrudge some one a little happiness and fame, just because you don't happen to like them. L. M.

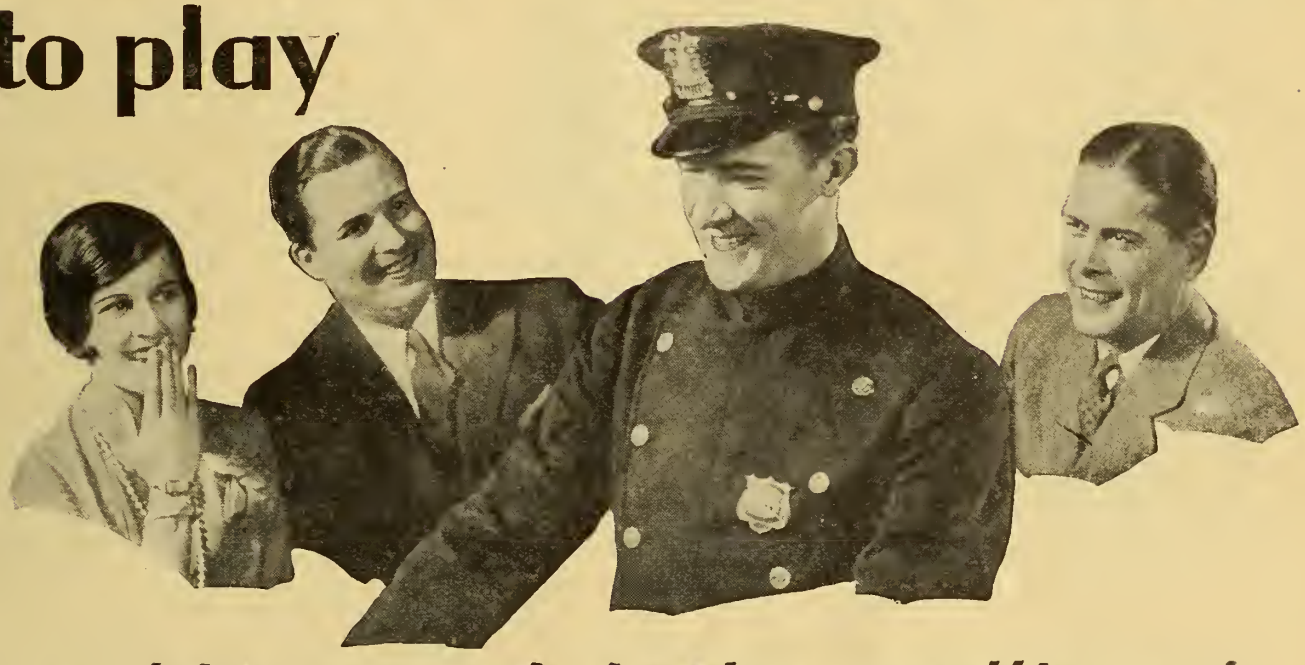
Beach, North Dakota.

La Pickford's "Drawl" Booed?

Six months ago things looked uncertain for talkies, but to-day it is different. The merits of the latest talkies have swung around public favor, and I believe that they will banish silent films, if not entirely, then to a certain degree. The merits of "The Doctor's Secret," "The Trial of Mary Dugan," "Broadway Melody," "The Valiant," "Bulldog Drummond," "Madame X," and "Interference" are indisputable. They *are* talking pictures. It's films like "Broadway," "Broadway Babies," "Movietone Follies of 1929"—what a title!—and their ilk that are keeping sane audiences from supporting talkies.

Continued on page 10

They dared Officer Kane to play



.. and his music held them spellbound

ETHEL'S house party was at its height. Shrieks of laughter mingled with phonograph music could be heard outside.

Suddenly there came an ominous knocking at the door. Ethel ran to open it, and —lo and behold—there stood Police Officer Kane.

"G-G-G Good Evening," gasped Ethel.

"I want to see the man of the house," thundered Kane.

"I'm sorry," stammered Ethel nervously, "but my father is not at home."

"Well what's goin' on in here anyway?" continued the officer sternly. "Sure and every one on the block is complainin' of the noise. I've a good mind to arrest the lot of you."

Ethel was mortified—what a disgrace!

"Oh please," pleaded Ethel, "please don't do anything like that, I promise—"

But Kane could restrain himself no longer.

"Don't worry lassie—you were all havin' such a fine time I couldn't help droppin' in. Go on—have all the fun you can," laughed the big good-natured policeman.

"Oh," sighed Ethel, greatly relieved, "how you frightened me. Won't you join us?"

Kane Joins the Party

"Ha," laughed Kane as the Victrola started again, "what's the matter with you all—playin' that canned music—can't any of you play this beautiful piano? Sure I'd like to give you a tune myself."

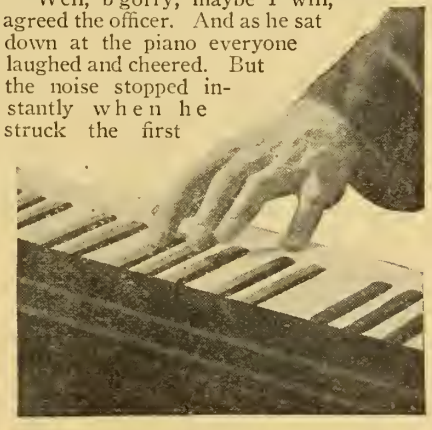
"I dare you to play for us," shouted Ted Strong quickly sensing a chance to have some fun at the policeman's expense.

Others chimed in, "Yes, do play for us, Officer." "Just one tune." "Yes, just one—that will be plenty!"

"I'm afraid I'll have to be goin'," stammered Kane, embarrassed as could be.

"Mr. Kane, I think you might play for me after the fright you gave me," smiled Ethel.

"Well, b'gorry, maybe I will," agreed the officer. And as he sat down at the piano everyone laughed and cheered. But the noise stopped instantly when he struck the first



rollicking notes of Rudolph Friml's famous "Song of the Vagabonds." They were amazed at the way his large hands flew lightly over the keys.

"More—more." "Encore." "That's great—play another." They all shouted and applauded as the last notes of that snappy march song died away. Kane then started that stirring old soldier song, "On the Road to Mandalay." One by one the guests all joined in and sang.

Then Kane wound up with that popular dance number, "You're the Cream in My Coffee," and the whole crowd danced.

"Well," he laughed happily as they applauded long and loudly. "I'll have to be on my way now."

"Thank you for your lovely music," said Ethel. "You must be playing a good many years?"

"Sure and I haven't been playin' long at all." Then the questions came thick and fast. "How did you ever learn so quickly?" "When do you find time to practice?" "Who was your teacher?"

Kane Tells His Story

"Well, to tell you the truth I had no teacher. I've always loved music but I couldn't take regular lessons on account of my duties as a policeman. Then one evenin' I saw a U. S. School of Music advertisement in a magazine, tellin' of a new way of learnin' to play with no teacher at all. I didn't believe it myself but they offered a free sample lesson so I sent for it. One look at the Free Demonstration Lesson showed me how easy it was so I wrote for the whole course. My friends all told me I was crazy until I started playin' little tunes for them from real notes.

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Continued from page 8

In due time, no doubt, there will remain but one difficulty which seems at the present moment insurmountable—*accent*. It has caused much controversy already, and I am afraid will cause more in the future. Vilma Banky and Baclanova, Hungarian and Russian respectively, have both appeared in talking pictures. Their English is by no means perfect. In Baclanova's "A Dangerous Woman" the script was altered to give her a foreign rôle. Both these actresses have gained praise for their work, and their broken English has helped them to gain it. It is not they who have to worry over the accent question, but those who must speak English without a break.

Following the precedent of Banky and Baclanova, will British stars be cast in British rôles, and American stars in American ones? So far this has been the case. Colman, Brook, Loder, and McLaglen have appeared in British films. I don't mind them in these films, as long as they are good, but I'm sure American fans will be wanting Clive and Ronnie and Vic back again in films with American backgrounds.

Already fans in the United States are complaining about the English accent. I can understand their feelings. We Scots feel the same way when we hear and see one of those bootlegging films, with actors speaking American slang with a nasal twang that just leaves us cold. Now don't think that I can't stand a little bit of Yankeeism. It's not that. It's our favorites I'm thinking of, those personalities we know and love. Think of the harm it will do if Britain ceases visiting theaters showing films starring American players, or vice versa.

Already Britain has booed Mary Pickford because of her assumed drawl in "Coquette," making the picture a complete failure in this country. What will happen to "The Taming of the Shrew," with Mary and Doug speaking like what they are—New Yorkers?

It is a question for the producer and director to ponder over. It is for us fans to help them, not to hinder them. Therefore, I hope American fans will not think ill of me for pointing out this fact.

James M. Dades.

10 Rosendale Road, Pollokshaw,
Glasgow, Scotland.

A Cyclonic Retort.

Please, Betty of Toronto, calm down. Alice White can get along perfectly well without all those unkind remarks you're throwing her way.

I can't imagine any one going to see a player if she knew she'd feel furious after the show. But maybe some people can't help it. I suppose you give more than one person a fearful pain, if you talk about other people the way you do about Alice White.

I am also glad that Alice isn't a girl friend of Buddy Rogers, for any one can plainly see that she deserves better.

I'm sorry, but I disagree with you when you concur with Joyce Alliston about awarding a leather medal to some one who would take Miss White off the screen. But I will give a gold medal to any one who says anything against Miss White and gets away with it.

Betty Harrison.

2225 Post Street,
Jacksonville, Florida.

What? Squelch "The Flame"?

Can't something be done about Lupe Velez? You can't pick up a magazine without reading about how much she loves her Gary. Love! Why, such cheap publicity is an insult to the word, besides being in the worst possible taste. It's positively nauseating, and, furthermore, it's spoiling Gary for me. Until Lupe appeared on the scene, he was one of my favorites; but it seems to me that a man who would stand for a girl who carries on in such an outrageous manner—well, he's not the man I thought he was.

If an American or English girl went on in that fashion, she would not be tolerated for one minute. Just because an actress is of foreign extraction, she is seemingly allowed any amount of latitude. "Child of nature," indeed! If this lady is an example—in my opinion she is one big pose—then may I never come in contact with one.

Another brickbat. I'm absolutely sick of seeing half-clad girls posing on every second page. Thank goodness, my two darlings, Mary Pickford and Mary Brian, have never appeared in a disgusting costume. I just couldn't bear it if they did; but then, I know they never will—they are ladies. Of course, I would not expect anything different from the Alice Whites, the Anita Pages, or the Lupe Velezes.

J. E. R.

Brisbane, Australia.

The Accused Please Rise.

Being constant followers of all the actresses and actors, such as Greta Garbo, Ruth Chatterton, William Powell, Nils Asther, Raymond Hackett, Gary Cooper, and Lon Chaney, and many others of present and past fame, we have come to the conclusion, after seeing John Gilbert and Greta Garbo together, then seeing Gilbert by himself, or rather without Greta's support, and after reading Ina Claire's opinion of her husband and what his public likes, we just want to say that she is mistaken or deadly in love with him.

Without Greta Garbo there is no such thing as John Gilbert, after seeing him in "His Glorious Night," and hearing the burst of laughter during his love scenes, when the audience should have been held at the highest pitch of emotion. It was a sad disappointment—his first talking picture. We would rather have silent pictures with Greta Garbo than all the talkies without her.

Our interpretation of Catherine Dale Owen, in "His Glorious Night," is that she intended to be a second Garbo, which is an utter impossibility.

This is the opinion of a few of Gilbert's followers, and let's hope some more will voice their opinions before it is too late.

Lillie May Jones.
Mildred Mullins.
Mary E. Heidson.
Jewel Hilton.
Ollie Boatwright.
William E. Bazer.
Aloysius J. Jones.

2223 Virginia Avenue,
Shreveport, Louisiana.

Gene Charteris Enters the Ring.

What has happened to that special pet of Providence, Ramon Novarro? What has become of that splendid villain of "The Prisoner of Zenda," and that gallant gentleman of "Scaramouche"? The personality that endeared these films to us has fled, and left in its place a slightly portly actor, very conceited and self-sufficient, and with about as much verve and versatility as a wilted lettuce leaf.

His tireless press agent has lauded him to the skies and given him all the attributes of an Adonis, yet even that worthy gentleman can't possibly keep him afloat much longer. Poor Ramon, his personality has collapsed like a pricked balloon—his own egotism the sharp point that brought about its complete deflation.

And, last but not least, he's acquiring a most unbecoming roll of fat about his face and neck. We've been zealously taught that he is the modern incarnation of a Greek god, yet I'm sure no self-respecting Greek god could look one half so fat, or act one half as foolish, as Ramon in "The Pagan." Oh, yes, I know that Novarro has an excessively large fan following, but it's not because of his acting, but in spite of it.

I wish that this misguided young man would get wise to himself before youth and opportunity have forever fled. Then and only then will he become worthy of his own exalted opinion of himself.

Gene Charteris.

Benton, Washington.

Mr. Eury Appeals.

Now I understand what becomes of those lost quarters which fans send to the stars for photographs! Since my note appeared in "What the Fans Think," announcing that I had photos of players to give away, I have been besieged with requests—more than three thousand of them, and to most of the fans I have already replied. However, there are about twenty-five letters which contained postage stamps or coins, with no addresses, or addresses so incomplete that my replies were returned. Some of the addresses are entirely illegible, and several forgot to put in the envelope the postage or coin they intended to.

My supply of photos is long since exhausted, but I am very eager to return the postage to those who sent it. If any reader wrote to me for photos, inclosing postage, and has not yet received a reply, please write me, giving your complete address.

I think that if the stars realized how important a place the gift of a photo holds in the fan's heart, and if the fans were more reasonable in their requests for photographs, there might be some means devised by which the photos might be distributed more wisely. The present situation is deplorable, for no photo is worth the quarter asked for it. Give the fans their photos. Surely they deserve them, if loyalty is worth anything.

Leonard E. Eury.

Box 636, Boone, North Carolina.

Buddy's a "Keen Kid."

My dear Lucy B. and Dolores Vasholz, what do you think Buddy Rogers is, anyhow? Isn't the poor kid only human? You seem to have built up some ideal, and are disappointed because he turned out to be like the rest of us.

Can you give me any reason why Buddy shouldn't toot his own horn, as you express it? People never get anywhere if they just sit back and let other people take all the applause, when they don't really deserve it. I think it is perfectly correct for him to tell how his fan mail compares with what Rudy Valentino used to receive, and I'm not going to cry over any shattered idols because he did it.

Of course, there is such a thing as being conceited, but I don't call it conceit just to boost your own business, as Buddy was doing. There are the two extremes—egoists and meek, timid souls. I think Mr. Rogers is hitting the happy medium.

Lucy B. says that no one cares whether or not Buddy gets married. She's just kidding herself there. It would make a difference—and a great big whale of a one. I know many girls who are crazy about him, because he is free and they can dream beautiful dreams about him and

themselves. It makes a difference if your idol is married or single. Some day Buddy will get married, and, though his fans won't all leave him, there will be a change in their feelings toward him.

If Buddy said to an interviewer that he was the very best actor in movies, I would go on liking him just the same. In the first place, I wouldn't believe it, and, even if some one proved it to me, I wouldn't care. I don't judge acting by what the actor says about himself, anyhow. Buddy is a great actor and a keen kid!

M. Carson.

Des Moines, Iowa.

Saying Only the Good.

Picture Play subscribers write the most insulting and cruel letters about the stars that I have ever read. Really, fans, ever since I first saw some of those terrible and unjust criticisms I've been trying to realize that there are folks in this world so perfect that they can say the things some of them have about others. Just what good the fans get out of it I don't know. I have always tried to make "If you can't say anything good about a person, don't say anything at all," my motto.

It makes me happy to read letters like those of Jeanne McCarthy and June Minter and a few others with an optimistic and normal frame of mind.

To Grayce M. Tether I would say, if you don't think Joan Crawford is a mighty good example, just what do you call beauty?

To Madelon Bradley: I hope I don't surprise you by contradicting your opinion of Conrad Nagel. He has looks, even though he is blond—what of it?—and his acting ability has been widely acclaimed. He is not old, and what makes you say he is bald? If he spoils a picture for you, why, in Heaven's name, don't you stay away? I'm sure there will always be another fan ready to bounce into your seat.

Mabel Ridley, I'm sure Clara Bow doesn't show any more leg than she is directed to, and what do you mean when you say she "throws herself about"? Could you, perhaps, mean her unassumed pep and vitality? Every picture I see of her makes me like her more, and I think her voice couldn't suit her better.

Clara A. Bell takes the daring liberty of saying that Charles Farrell is homely, stupid, dull, and unconvincing as the sheik in "Fazil." Her adjectives happen to be all wrong. There is such a thing as a player being miscast, you know; but in this instance I was so absorbed in the romantic picture I really never noticed anything amiss. I guess I just couldn't pick it to pieces, after enjoying it so, and that seems to be what most everybody does with a picture. I don't agree with you about Barry Norton, either. It seems a pity that folks insist on applying the term "Mamma's boy" to him ever since he was termed such in one production. I enjoy his acting and am sure a lot of other people do, too.

To Theresa L. Krebs: I've seen Colleen Moore wear her hair in several different ways, and am sure you have, too. Maybe you want her to abandon her bangs permanently. But that would be like Harold Lloyd throwing away his spectacles.

Peggy Brewer, what a lot of trouble you're brewing. If you know anything about the stars, you'll know that their husbands cannot produce box-office receipts. And just because she happens to be happily married to John McCormick is not the reason that Colleen Moore gets the highest salary of any girl star.

Continued on page 94



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WHAT would you give to be this artist--earning a big income—enjoying studio life? He has learned the secret of forming simple lines into finished illustrations.

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"sally"



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all in color

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Other films have *matched* the stage in magnitude and class—"Sally" *excels* it with all-color chorus spectacle more lavish than Broadway ever dreamed of!

150 beauties in the largest indoor scene ever photographed in Color . . . 36 Albertina Rasch girls who toe-dance more perfectly than other choruses can clog . . . And an orchestra of 110 to play the song-hits that "Sally" made famous and many new numbers added for the screen production . . .

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Photo by William A. Fraker

Lupe Velez, who hasn't been seen in a new picture in months, will soon break the silence in "Hell Harbor" and make up for lost time. Her rôle is ideal for her—a wild girl who lives on an island in the Caribbean, where pearl traders tarry to mingle with the human driftwood brought in with the tide. One of the traders, an American, *Bob Wade*, played by John Holland, is hated by *Anita*, because his purchase of pearls from the local Shylock will enable the latter to marry her. So *Anita* takes matters in her own hands, frustrates her father's plan to sell her, and changes *Bob Wade* from an enemy to a lover.

Stars of the

With John McCormack receiving $500,000 for his appraising theirs at $400,000, including a percentage screen players is being waged as never before. Out emerge as a star worth $175,000 per picture, or will for stellar honors prove to be the sensation of ing summary of

By Edwin



Already a leader, Warner Baxter still needs strong rôles.



Jeanette MacDonald, the melodiously delightful heroine of "The Love Parade" and "The Vagabond King."





But the big question is, who is going to own the darned place, and when and how will its fate be decided?

The year 1930 may give the answer to the vexing question. At least it should bring the beginning of the reply. Will Greta Garbo or Mary Garden be given the keys to the town? Yes, Mary, for even she is being heralded as a prima donna of screen opera. Whether it will be John Gilbert, or the mature and flag-waving George M. Co-han?

It is just as well to put the inquiry in as broad and fantastic a light as possible. Whatever contentions there are for first place in the movies, now seem to lie primarily between the eye-alluring screen favorites, and the ear-attracting stage actors. One might even put it as a contest of beauty versus brains. But that is hardly fair to all film entrants. Screen folk are proving themselves not to be as dumb mentally as they were technically—of necessity—when pictures were mute.

There will always be a place for Edward Everett Horton any year.

Helen Kane, baby-talk star, gets $2,500 a week.

Raymond Hackett, the foremost dramatic juvenile.

AFTER a fire, one can generally look for the ruins and ashes. But when fire strikes in Hollywood, it is time to begin rubbing one's eyes to see the fireworks.

Fire struck three years ago in the movie colony, and as yet the insurance companies can't tally up the losses. The flames didn't ignite any studio buildings or stellar mansions, but before they were extinguished, they burned up pretty completely the results of about thirty years of strong, silent strivings, leaving little but some cinders.

Then they started the fireworks! And this pyrotechnical display has been going on at such a terrific rate during the past year or two, that nobody has had time to do little but look bewildered at the giddy spectacle.

The talkies, of course, are the cause of the conflagration and the attendant pyrotechnics. They have just about wrecked everything—peace, home, happiness, and the glory of all past reputations.

Now after seeing one city, so to speak, completely destroyed, the movie colony has set about erecting another, and it looks just about twice as glamorous.

There is more money than ever before in this new municipality; there is, perhaps, more fame, with a much greater audience, and there is something to cheer about in a brand-new thrill and experience which is vouchsafed to those who find in the environs of this new domain their opportunity.

New Year

services in a film, and Moran and Mack of the profits, the battle of stage versus of the carnage will Richard Barthelmess one of the host of youngsters being groomed 1930? Every fan should read this amaz- unprecedented conditions.

Schallert

At all events, the battle now wages all along the Western front, and it is anything but quiet. Overnight sensations, namely, new contenders, are being hailed from everywhere. Recruits and reserves are being brought up to do valorous deeds against the tried-and-true shock troops. There is no revolution any more; it is war!

Stars are cited for all sorts of talents and virtues. Some of them do not even glory in what might be termed a camera-pleasing aspect. A few are downright plain, but let that be as it will so long as they can sing or talk inspiringly.

Studios have encountered a baffling problem with some of their older favorites. They cannot be sure that their voices will register as enticingly as their personalities. While many silent stars have orated pleasingly, to be sure, there are others in the high places who are very much on the doubtful, if not on the bashful, roster.



Al Jolson remains the heart-throb of singing films.

Gloria Swanson faces the dawn of greater artistry and fame.

Richard Barthelmess hasn't lost by voice-doubling in "Weary River."

Kay Johnson's lovely voice is heard in "Dynamite."

Talkies have placed Edmund Lowe in the big-money class.

The stage player has something which is not generally possessed by the movie luminary. He is able to color words effectively. He endows syllables with a charm and haunting quality that evades analysis. He makes a phrase acquire subtle meanings. He sings and dances with ardor and assurance.

On the other hand, he doesn't mean a thing at the box office, and it is going to take time to make him popular.

Generally speaking, though, gifted newcomers are receiving the attention of the moment. Some of them are drawing the biggest salaries. A few are receiving these enormous stipends, without even being seen yet by the film public. Celebrity in the theater, in opera, or on the concert stage, explains this condition.

There is, for instance, the record-crashing sum paid to John McCormack for his initial picture. The total is said to be $500,000, an almost-unheard-of amount for this sort of enterprise. Only those stars who manage their own destinies, like Chaplin, Fairbanks, Pickford, and Lloyd, can equal or surpass it. Noted players under contract have seldom, if ever, got more than $200,000,



Norma Terris, a prima donna who can really sing.

Paul Muni is building for sensational success.

Marguerite Churchill is a type new to the screen.

while John Gilbert, Corinne Griffith, and Richard Barthelmess are among the few headliners who may be named as receiving approximately that.

Moran and Mack not long ago contributed a shock when it leaked out that their contract with Paramount would likely net them $400,000 for a single picture. This, as it happens, was estimated because about half the returns were derived from sharing the profits. Four hundred thousand dollars is tremendously high for a single production. But the studio must feel that their venture with the "Two Black Crows" is a profitable one, for the team is already making its second film.

Various stars who have recently entered the tournament have won amazing remuneration. Paul Whiteman's garnerings are somewhat revolutionary, especially since he received a huge advance, and dictated a story policy and other matters most royally and regally. The actual sum to be paid for his services is expected to reach $200,000, of which $50,000 was given immediately. In addition, the band is receiving $9,000 a week, it is said, and was paid a large sum, even while it was only waiting last summer.

Marilyn Miller, brought from her luminous place on the musical-comedy stage, did not soar quite so high, but high enough. The reputed price for her services in "Sally" was $100,000. This comes near the class of the more famed film celebrities, though $75,000 a picture is still exceptional.

Ina Claire began at $75,000, but her second picture is to bring her $100,000, and her third $125,000. Lawrence Tibbett's returns are also reported to be on the ascending scale, as befits a vocal star, beginning somewhere near $75,000. Irene Bordoni was similarly remunerated for "Paris." Also Will Rogers. The $75,000 a picture paid to an entertainer with a well-known name seems, indeed, to be a favorite beginning. Some slightly less prominent are receiving as high as $50,000, as witness the English star, Evelyn Laye, specially imported by Samuel Goldwyn for his "Ziegfeld Follies."

It will be noted that most of these payments are by the picture, rather than the more familiar weekly salary, which possibly indicates their experimental nature.

Older players who have demonstrated vocal accomplishments, or who have had stage experience, are not faring badly. Lowell Sherman sailed into "General Crack," for example, to the tune of $5,000 weekly, which is above the average he has been receiving. Bebe Daniels and Richard Dix, in their new alignment with RKO, are reported to get $3,500 a week and a share of the returns on their picture besides. Reginald Denny is reputed to have signed with Sono-Art, a new and vigorous concern, for $6,000. Richard Barthelmess, under his new arrangement, is raising the ante from $150,000 to $175,000 per picture. He isn't to make as many, it is understood, so he breaks just about even, when his returns by the year are considered.

Some other decided strikes by the newer players include Edward G. Robinson, from the stage, with an important rôle in "Sunkissed," Vilma Banky's Metro-Goldwyn film, for which she is receiving $3,000 a week for the engagement, and Dennis King, who was secured under regular contract by Paramount at the same figure. Helen Kane,

Will Rogers has benefited largely from talkies.

Helen Chandler is reminiscent of Mae Marsh.

the baby-voiced girl, grows richer to the extent of $2,500 a week, it is said; Basil Rathbone, polished leading man, $2,500, and Hal Skelly, $2,000—and their names are scarcely known as yet to movie audiences!

Edmund Lowe may be included among the older players, for he has won high recognition from Fox for "In Old Arizona" and "The Cock-eyed World," and is now rated as a $3,000-a-week breadwinner, if you will permit that paradox. Edmund will soar much above that, as the contract goes along. He is in the larger-money class now and has earned it.

All in all, the newer stage stars are *not* being paid sensational salaries, with the exception of the few mentioned. The average for the more noted in their field ranges between $500 and $1,000, and a number of these are very happy with such proceeds. The stage has, in many cases, not paid them as well. They are, furthermore, enjoying the pleasant working conditions of the studios, and the benefits of home and outdoor life. In addition, they are almost pitifully overwhelmed with the publicity that comes their way.

Footlight folk have never been so much written about as their screen brethren, and most of them think it is "simply marvelous." They don't entertain that oldest and happiest of Hollywood's delusions, either, of believing as gospel everything "sweet and nice" that is printed about themselves—a delusion which has caused more cranial inflations than any one thing. Stage folk are often termed more regular.

It is surprising how easily opinion is swayed and how quickly old loyalties are thrown overboard these days. It's a little unfair to the movie contingent, who have pioneered the way, after all.

The defection is nevertheless likely to be far-reaching. Fans are becoming interested by degrees in the new people, as the box office is showing. It is with reluctance, of course, that most of them turn from the stars they have known, and the names they like, but turning they are, just the same. Only by making good all over again in the talkie medium can the older stars hope to survive. And this realization brings sadness to many of those who are forced to make good, and aren't faring so blithely.



Ronald Colman, *sans peur et sans reproche* in talkies.



Talkies lifted Marian Nixon out of semi-obscurity.



Harry Green, a type of comedian new to the screen.

Claudette Colbert, a vocal and optical boon to the screen.

Lawrence Tibbett's is the first grand-opera voice heard in a feature film.



In the beginning of talkies, filmgoers were glad to hear voices; they were concerned particularly with hearing the stars they know, but to-day that novelty has passed, and they want *good* voices. They want people who can perform expertly and convincingly on the talking screen, regardless of who they are. This has been shown time and again in the reception of pictures, particularly the musical type, where the bigger hits were scored by the unknowns, or at least nonfamous.

How many can survive, therefore, of the stars that have been celebrated in the past, and who will be the great screen-brighteners of 1930?

Only the wiliest soothsayer might attempt to answer that question, and even he probably would be wrong. There is no telling, as yet, and there won't be any definite list of stars for many weeks to come.

A few will naturally rise above the mass of moiling humanity trying to score



José Mojica, recruited from the operatic stage.



Fifi Dorsay, a sparkling personality.



Charming worldliness is supplied by Kay Francis.

in the talkies. They will be both from the stage and screen, and above all, perhaps, they will be a new generation, not too well known in either.

Personally, I believe there is a set of younger girls and younger men in pictures who will be heard from frequently and consistently in the future. They are not getting the bigger opportunities now. Indeed, some of them are just starting. But watch them when they get going. The public still wants youth.

It is a chap like Chester Morris, of "Ailbi" fame, or a Raymond Hackett, of "The Trial of Mary Dugan" and "Madame X," or again a John Mack Brown, in "Coquette," who, rather unheralded, have stood out as possessing marked promise. Indeed, they scored the early brilliant hits in the talkies and, I believe, pointed the way to future successes.

I would say much the same of Marguerite Churchill, in her earlier efforts. She shows real artistry. Possibly, too, something may be expected of Helen Chandler. I hear that Marion Shilling shows unusual promise, although I have not yet seen her. Dorothy Jordan is another. Joan Bennett may be a real "find" in the making.

Then there are the screen girls who never quite won out in the silents, who are shining since the films went speakie. The list should begin with Bessie Love as a pioneer, but there were others both before and after her. There is Mary Brian, with a series of consistently good performances. There is Lila Lee, who is apparently registering anew; Lois Wilson, Marian Nixon, Alice White, Nancy Carroll, Myrna Loy, and Betty Compson. Handsome predictions are also made for Constance Bennett.

Consider, too, what John Boles has done in a few musical pictures to win applause. Gary Cooper and Richard Arlen, in "The Virginian," are not behindhand, either, with their sympathetic dramatic work. Arlen is away ahead of his accomplishments as a silent star, because of his portrayal in "The Man I Love." And Lawrence Gray, because of his esprit in "Marianne," has become a genuine personality.

Go back to the beginning of the change, and you will find Warner Baxter, Conrad Nagel, William Powell, Evelyn Brent, and others leading the way, who never clicked so brilliantly under the old régime, but who have now come to the front in a glittering blaze of glory.

Of the stars who were previously acclaimed, and who have so far held their sway, one may mention Mary Pickford, Ronald Colman, George Bancroft, and Harold Lloyd. No question exists in the minds of those who have seen "The Taming of the Shrew" but that Douglas Fairbanks is a hit personally. He has a splendidly trained voice and a mature art derived from his stage experience. "The Taming of the Shrew" is unfortunately a slapstick affair that will draw some critical barbs, but Doug himself is splendid.

Gloria Swanson's triumph is already being chanted. She has made the transition as deftly as anybody in "The Trespasser." Her voice has richness and resonance to match perfectly her glowing personality. Gloria is advancing further in the talking

Charles Bickford, a new variation on a brawny theme.



Norma Talmadge is expected to regain her footing in talkies.

medium, without doubt, than she ever did in the silent. It is the dawning of a new day for her.

Norma Talmadge faces her problem as yet, but will doubtless conquer it. She is naturally gifted as an actress and, the auspices right, will probably renew her fortunes. Her entrance has been a bit turbulent, because of the remaking of her first picture.

From Lillian Gish, too, perhaps, renewed illumination may be anticipated. Colleen Moore, set back momentarily by a bad picture, "Smiling Irish Eyes," is on the way again with "Footlights and Fools," her second and versatile excursion. Janet Gaynor, Charles Farrell, Charles Rogers, and some others face more acute perplexities. So, too, does Mary Duncan at the moment, although her stage experience should tell, in the long run. Norma Shearer is potentially great, and needs only the proper vehicles to display a peculiarly strong and natural talent.

Lon Chaney, in company with Charles Chaplin, remains definitely a silent star as yet. They are the only ones holding the fort, it would seem—the last of the old guard—among the bigger stars. John Barrymore is expected to be better than ever. One can safely make this prophecy, after seeing him in "General Crack."

And what of the stage people who have flocked to Hollywood in ever-increasing numbers, since the great victory of Jolson? Al himself remains outstanding, but his forthcoming pictures will have to be more ingenious than "Little Pal," which was simply another improvisation on the "Sonny Boy" theme. Al is due to join the aristocracy soon, with United Artists. Then he will, for good or ill, probably dominate his own pictures as regards story, et cetera. Al's voice is still the supreme heart-throb voice of the movies, and he is a much better actor than was ever surmised during his years on the stage.

Singing stars are appearing everywhere these days. There is hardly a studio that hasn't a battalion of them, and their chances of success are exceptional, because they are associated with that new and popular type of entertainment put forth by the movies. The roll call begins with such names as Harry Richman, Rudy Vallée, Van and Schenck, Nick Lucas, all of vaudeville, night club, and jazz-band fame, and continues with the very interesting Jeanette MacDonalds, Bernice Claires, Norma Terrises, Alexander Grays, and various others recruited to fill the movies with melody. Here and there a grand-opera name appears, like José Mojica and Alice Gentle and perhaps also Tita Ruffo and Tita Schipa. Above all, there is the fascinating Maurice Chevalier, who is due for bouquets and laurels in Lubitsch's "The Love Parade."

Stage names range on endlessly. The way was paved by early arrivals like Ruth Chatterton, Walter Huston, the late glorious Jeanne Eagels, Paul Muni, James Gleason, who both acts and writes, Robert Armstrong, Charles King, Charles Bickford, Kay Johnson, Kay Francis, Edward Everett Horton, El

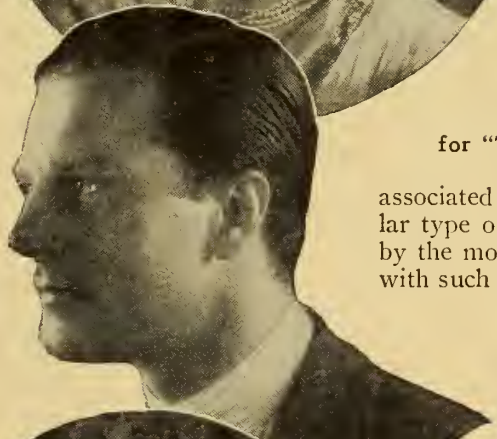
Continued on page 108



Bebe Daniels, singing actress supreme of the films.



Winnie Lightner, comedy's prize package from the stage.



Dennis King received $3,000 weekly for "The Vagabond King."



Ann Harding has every gift of a big star.



Paul Whiteman, the talkies' biggest investment so far.



Confessions of a Diner-out

Hollywood's dinner tables topple and smash a few conventions, but are solid-mahogany support for some others.

By Christopher Bleecker Barclay

Illustrated by Lui Trugo

SAY, you kids back in Podunk, Iowa, Paducah, Kentucky, and Amory, Mississippi. Suppose you came to Hollywood. What would you like more than anything else, assuming, of course, that you had already met all the stars you wanted to know? To have dinner with them in their homes? I thought so. But, oh, what a disillusionment you'd be letting yourselves in for. The sound of crashing idols would equal the noise made by the fall of one of the big Chinese dynasties. For some of your favorites are as lacking in knowledge of civilized conventions as Eskimos are in the use of the hula skirt.

One little starlet, for instance, carries on a spirited conversation with her butler whenever he appears in the dining room.

Consider the well-dressed and proper-looking Neil Hamilton. On the day I met him, he, a friend of his, and I spent a very pleasant afternoon together. On dropping his friend at home, we were invited in.

About six o'clock Neil turned to me with a disarming smile and said, "I'll phone home. If there's enough food, you can come to dinner." My consternation must have shown in my face, for Neil said, "Don't worry," and stepped over to the phone, which was in the same room.

A conversation with Mrs. Hamilton ensued, which was not calculated to put me at ease. When it grew too embarrassing, I left the room and joined our host in the kitchen. Neil followed us presently and said, "I'm afraid there isn't enough food. You see, we were only expecting one guest and another just dropped in, which means there are four people to eat the food prepared for three. If I take you home, it will mean the cook must go without."

"It's quite all right," I assured him.

Fifteen or twenty minutes later, I prepared to leave. "Wait," Neil ordered, "I've got to phone home again." As our host was in the room with us, there was nothing for me to do but sit and swallow it, which I did—with constantly mounting color. The conversation ran about like this: "Hello, dear. What have you done? What? Nonsense! He'll have lots in common with the others who are coming. Well, it's O. K. if you don't want him, but it's six forty-five now, and if I don't bring him to dinner, it will mean that I have to take *him* home and *I* won't get home for another hour yet."

I interrupted at this point to assure him I would much prefer not to come, and that I could easily get a bus. "Shut up," said Neil, and turned to the phone again. "What? All right, dear, we'll be there in a little while. I know you'll enjoy meeting him."

He hung up and turned to me with a triumphant smile. "It's O. K."

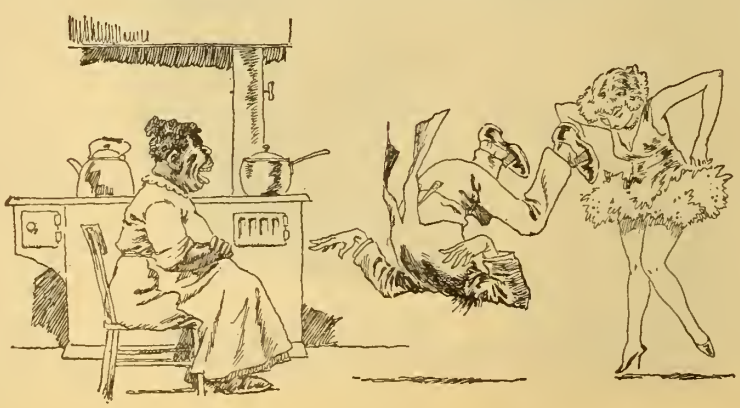
"See here, Neil, I'm not going. I'll come over some other time, if you want me, when Mrs. Hamilton will have had notice, and it won't inconvenience her so much."

"Like hell you're not coming. It was simply a question of getting enough food at this late hour, and the cook said if we'd give her some money, she'd get her dinner at a restaurant after she leaves. All *you've* got to do is be funny."

You can imagine how much I felt like being humorous. We arrived at his home and I was greeted quite affably by Mrs. Hamilton, quite as though I had been the honored guest, and they had been expecting me for weeks.

Presently we sat down to dinner. The food, over which there had been so much argument, consisted of chopped-shrimp salad, peas, enough spaghetti to feed a regiment, and coffee. As the spaghetti had been cooked already, and there was enough for five more people, the only question of food could have been opening other cans of shrimp and peas, and I couldn't understand the occasion for all the argument.

The lady of the house and her guest perform flipflops and the Breakaway to keep cook in good humor.



I haven't often spent a more uncomfortable evening, although having finally decided to "have me to dinner," both Mrs. Hamilton and Neil were quite the gracious hosts.

Then, there is the strange case of James Hall. Jimmie has complained often and quite freely, both in print and in conversation, of

the manner in which he has been imposed upon. After more than a passing acquaintance with him, I can assure him that nine tenths of the imposition is entirely his own fault. He complains bitterly that he is the most misunderstood man in Hollywood. Possibly. And, possibly, too, when he extends an invitation, people misunderstand him to the extent of taking it seriously.

He invited me to lunch at the studio once, and set the time at twelve. Finding myself unable to get there by that time, I called early in the morning, and asked to change the appointment to one o'clock. When I arrived I was informed that, on calling Jimmie to change the hour, he had told the studio he was ill in bed, having had a tooth pulled, and would be unable to get there at all that day. He would like me to lunch with him next day.

Fearing he might not feel equal to meeting me next day, I called his home to inquire for him, and to assure him I would be glad to make it some later date if he didn't feel up to it next day. But the luncheon hour safely past, Jimmie's health had returned with surprising speed, and he had gone out motoring—an original cure for a newly pulled tooth!

However, wanting to talk to James, I appeared at the studio next day, at the time set. Fifteen minutes later Jimmie appeared and suggested that we go to his home for lunch, where we wouldn't be interrupted. Arrived there, he showed me over the house and returned to the living room. From time to time, his Filipino servant appeared with small glasses of a colorless fluid which Jimmie tossed off with great gusto, but the lunch has not yet put in an appearance.

I should have taken heed of these two experiences, but Jimmie is the sort of chap one can't help liking, so when he invited me for lunch a third time, I foolishly accepted. When I arrived, he greeted me effusively and immediately announced, "I'm not hungry. They had some food on the set this morning, and I've been stuffing all day. Do you mind skipping lunch?"

It's a cinch that Jimmie's rather large waistline did not reach its proportions as a result of dining with friends he invited to meals. If persons have succeeded in "working" him for food in the past, all I can say is they earned it, although I doubt that the meals were worth the effort expended to get them.

There is no accounting for the vagaries of the gifted. The fair and festive Dorothy Mackaill invited me to lunch in her dressing room one day. The lunch was of small moment, for at that time Dot was my big thrill. No attention was paid to the food as we chatted.

During the conversation Dorothy expressed a desire to meet a friend of mine, and asked me to bring him out as soon as possible. We parted with mutual protestations of esteem. The following Tuesday my friend and I appeared on the Mackaill set. Miss Mackaill, noticing our approach, made some remark to her companions at which they all laughed and, following which, she turned her back on us. On reaching her, we were a trifle



While waiting for the lunch which never appeared, he tossed off glasses of a colorless fluid.

embarrassed by her persistence in keeping her back turned to us.

Sidney Blackmer, her leading man, to save the situation, forced conversation. During the conversation, Miss Mackaill, although she had been standing less than two feet away, and couldn't have helped being aware of our presence, calmly walked off the set and left us there, without ever having taken the slightest notice of us.

One of the people of First National, in apologizing for her singular conduct, explained that she had had a rather troubled week-end because of some question about the accuracy of her income-tax return, and she was still preoccupied about it when we called.

Renée Adorée invited me to her home for dinner. As she lives about an hour's drive from Hollywood, it was no inconsiderable trip. I arrived and rang the bell. After a considerable lapse of time an old Frenchwoman appeared suddenly around the corner of the house, and inquired what I wanted.

I asked if Miss Adorée was in, and was told she had gone to the studio.

"Do you expect her back shortly?"

"No!"

"That's strange," I murmured, "she invited me here for dinner."

"She tell me she weel not be home to dinner and not feex nawthing," the maid explained.

Next morning a mutual friend called up to apologize and to explain that Renée had passed me on the road as she hurried home. He did not explain, however, just how it was she had told the maid to "feex nawthing for dinner, as she weel not be home."

The friend implored me to be reasonable and go the next day, which would be Saturday. Admiring Miss Adorée a great deal, I agreed. About the time I should have been starting, the friend telephoned again to say that Miss Adorée found it inconvenient to be at home at the stipulated hour, and would I mind making it Monday?

Needless to say, I would mind—very much—and I have not as yet repeated my hour's drive to the Adorée bungalow.

[Continued on page 104]



Some of the stars are as lacking in manners as Eskimos are in the use of a hula skirt.

Never Let Well

That is the motto, unconscious or otherwise, of
ing the color



Laura La Plante, above, entered the movies as a buxom maid with chestnut hair, but she soon became aware of the lure of peroxide and has remained faithful to it.

Joyce Compton, below, decided that she was getting nowhere as a wishy-washy blonde, and in the corresponding position on the opposite page you will see what she did about it.



The raven locks of Aileen Pringle, above, agreed handsomely with her creamy complexion, but not with Aileen's sudden distaste for brunet beauty.

Jean Arthur, below, made herself well known as a brown-haired ingénue, talented and entirely satisfactory.





Alice White, above, once was dark-haired like this, but she too yearned for the artificial touch, so she gave Mother Nature the laugh and dipped her head in what the beauty parlors have on tap for the discontented.



Enough Alone

lovely ladies who vie with the ermine in chang- of their hair.

Here, below, is the stately Aileen Pringle as she chooses to be to-day, with her brunet past wiped out by waves of *blondeur* and looking—if you ask us—not nearly so distinguished as of yore.





Of all the ladies who listened to the siren call for the bleach bottle, Laura La Plante, above, has gained most in distinction, poise, and the development of a new personality.

Joyce Compton, below, displays her new personality too, namely, a mop of red curls, and rejoices in not being a wishy-washy blonde any more.



Alice White, right, shows what she did to add to the cares of a star's life—if visiting a hair specialist is a care and not a pleasure.



Jean Arthur, left, is proud of the change she made in herself. Are you?





Photo by Spurr

The hey-hey Alice has become almost wistful offscreen, but her films will remain the same.

Naughty Baby

Alice White skipped gayly through life and pauses to grasp a new

By Myrtle

WHAT is it that Alice White has, or hasn't, which occasions an increasing controversy? A curious situation is that, though the fans antagonistic to her appear to outnumber those laudatory, her films make money. Discussion of her personality, or aspersion of her merits as an actress constitutes Hollywood bridge-table talk.

If she fulfills the faith of First National, who even hints at undeveloped dramatic power, it will be an anomaly—a success based upon and *caused* by criticism! Not speculation or debate—*disapproval!*

Even report, sluicing the information that love had softened the "Dime-store Diana," left me unprepared for the change. Quick, sharp impressions—a silhouette slimness, somewhat clouded eyes. A pathos hung about her, a vaporous melancholy. Thin almost to nothingness. In her pale face, no longer masked outrageously with cosmetics, a numb waiting, in every look a sense of lurking tears.

Where was the snap and crackle that used to be amusing, the provocation of the vest-pocket Venus, where that gaucherie that had grated?

"Why so doused in indigo? Hear you're really in love, tired of the hey-hey whirl," I remarked, and added, with a trace of mockery, "just what *is* love? I can spare a whole day. Begin."

As she paced the room in quick, nervous strides, and shook her blond head, a tremor passed over her.

"Sacrifice." Her voice quavered. "Pain."

The raillery provoked by the thought of flip little Alice going in for heavy suffering slid into a musing wonder, half convinced.

"Not your line, baby. Rehearsing a vaudeville playlet?"

She looked at me. I stopped before her eyes, eloquent with appeal.

Love to Alice, I reflected, had always meant gay times, presents, and most of all, flattering attentions. Her swains had been temporary decorations.

Alice was in love with a person, no longer in love with being loved.

"They exaggerate things about me. At school in New Haven, we kids used to hang out the window watching the Yale students who passed, idolizing them. That was told with the inference that even as a child I was boy-struck. Because I say what I think to faces, instead of behind backs, I have been called rude and ill-bred. I liked to dance and be rushed, so people said I was traveling a swift gait. I was partly to blame. I wish I hadn't flirted." The regret breathed out on a wistful sigh.

She exaggerates the importance of those *amourettes.* Alice is realizing that the celluloid shoot-the-chutes, with all their bumpy thrills, constitute no permanent plane for self-respect, happiness, or achievement. In Hollywood's complicated fabric the personal is too often dramatized. Balance is achieved only through evaluation and by evolving two selves, two views, the one distinctly professional, the other separating all that appertains to private convictions into a hidden niche. It requires intuition, determination, and experience to effect this differentiation.

Photo by Fryer



In spite of reassuring box-office success, Miss White hungrily read one fan letter praising her.

Quiets Down

films alike until she fell in love, and now she realization of things.

Gebhart

Alice is contemptuous of self, afraid of self and the world.

She will get over the contempt! And, quite likely, the fear.

The vagaries of her quicksilver feelings, always her impetuous guides, heretofore proved shifting buoys. She is clinging to an anchor, the first steady, sensible affection ever accorded her.

Sidney Bartlett, with a combination of tact and firmness, is piloting her through a period of inventory, uncertainty, and renovation. He saw beneath the gewgaws a clever girl, a mind spending itself on superficialities, a talent being frittered away. I like him, clean-cut, with a keen, level gaze, despite the handicaps of a Byronesque forehead and a mop of curly, dark hair. A college man, newspaper reporter, stage actor, roamer, he tackled Alice's problems shrewdly.

A muffled Alice, constrained and inarticulate in an experience wondrously sweet and strange, her eyes trail him. He manages her welfare without causing ill-feeling, by avoiding interference professionally, though he considers her puff pictures scarcely gratifying to his belief in her talent.

Moderation marks her interests now; her scale of living is simpler, her surroundings less disordered. They go riding horseback together, and in the evening go to the movies, or read.

"Gone Shakespeare?" I quoth. *"Et tu,* Alice?"

"No, we couldn't translate the dialect." A little of the old humor appeared. "Only magazines and current fiction."

Her danger is the frank confession of love which she holds there, for all to see, in the dark-brown eyes, the only color in her thin face. Flattering to a man, such numb adoration—at first.

One smiles at young love. But concerning an actress, whose entire cycle tends to overevaluate self, it is often of major effect in shaping character.

"Mind if my honey lunches with us?" All vibratory nerves, a quivering tensity, and brooding, hungry eyes —I was alarmed.

Mr. Bartlett's arrival calmed her. She creeps into that shielding love, looks out from it, her humor twinkling again. She is spellbound by chivalry and sweetness—a precious protection. Though her manner had scratched, she had always been gentle of thought. It required, apparently, but a touch of tenderness to melt the tin of her.



Photo by Brown

Miss White's imitation of Clara Bow handicapped her career and caused much fan resentment.



Under the guidance of Sidney Bartlett, Alice is settling into a steadier path.

A half belief in her possibilities and an unwillingness to foster a prejudice enabled me to overcome an initial dislike of Alice. This baby spot, spewing its little light so badly, irritated me. A shrill personality. Grasping the spectacular, stepping in staccato tapping through a papier-mâché sensationalism. A firecracker that tried to be a Roman candle.

A parade of migratory affections, each emotional breeze swaying her—stunt aviator, camera man, star, business man, director. Ambition had no place in her romantic marathon. And never a trace of malice followed. A mercurial manner adapted subconsciously to the ideals of each, making her life as mutable as these transient feelings. Lapping up what she thought was experience.

A miniature "Follies," crudely staged. Cheap jewelry, clanking. Brief, loud frocks. Pet Chows in a yapping whirl. Peppery chatter of dates and the contemporary flame, piped in a thin, high voice. Squabbles and reconciliations. Brash, the light released by this thirty-watt incandescent.

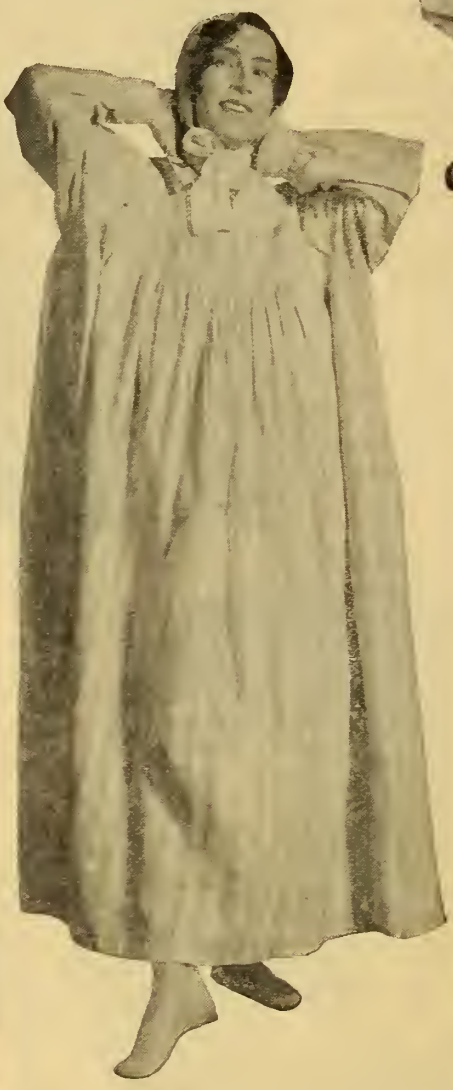
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Polly Sets The Pace

Miss Moran dons several charming creations that follow the figure-revealing mode of to-day, just to prove that she knows what the smarter sort of girls are wearing this season.



Stunning pajamas are worn by Polly, above, during leisure hours at home, and quiet pride simply cannot be suppressed.



With the revival of the *svelte* feminine figure, Polly, above, selected this dashing nightie, with her usual unerring taste.



The middy blouse and bloomers as worn by Miss Moran, upper right, are again the last word in nifty athletic femininity.



This adorable evening gown becomingly sets off the naïve charm of Miss Moran, right, and sentimentally hints of the short skirts of yesterday while making a graceful bow to to-day's fashion in the sweep of the train.



Chic snugness and furry warmth are cunningly blended by Polly, right, in her winter street ensemble, from hat to tailored galoshes.



Even in Hollywood, Charles Farrell and his mother are at home only in a New England interior.

Hero Worshiper

In his enthusiasm for other stars, Charles Farrell hasn't begun to realize his own place among them, so he remains unspoiled by success.

By Alma Talley

IF I could only meet a star!" That is the secret wish of every boy and every girl who pays fifty cents at the box office. A star in person! There is a glamour, a kind of magic about him that appeals to the vanity of us all.

Bill Smith, who lives just around the corner and takes Mamie to the movies every night—Bill would like to meet his favorite player. And so would Mamie. To touch that magic hand, to look close into those famous eyes. To stand, tongue-tied, in the presence of greatness.

Such are the yearnings of every Bill and every Mamie the country over. They are impressed by glamour.

Imagine, then, their surprise to know that some of the stars themselves feel just the same way about it. Which brings us to Charlie Farrell, also a hero worshiper. Since "Seventh Heaven," Charlie has become one of the most popular stars on the screen. His thousands of fan letters tell him of thousands of admirers.



Charlie says he's quit reading stories about himself, or reviews of his films.

Surely where film fame is concerned, he need not salaam to any one. He could so easily pat himself on the back and say, "Charlie, you're good. Look at your fan letters! Look at your admirers. I guess you're pretty good."

But he doesn't. He doesn't pat himself on the back. And if he says those things to himself, his words are not convincing.

Instead, waving his arms as he talked, he said surprisingly, "When I meet some of the more important stars, I get completely tongue-tied!"

Full of unconscious, boyish gestures, such as rumpling his hair so that it stood on end, all helter-skelter, he said, "When I first met Mary Pickford, I couldn't think of a word to say. I was so awed I couldn't talk at all. I couldn't have been more impressed if she had been the Queen of Roumania. I found later that I need not have been so shy. Mary is very charming, and has a gift for putting others at ease. I came to know her very well, because Doug, Jr., and I were together a great deal, before he fell in love

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Over the

By The Bystander



Photo by Fryer

Zasu Pitts drew many a chuckle in "Paris."

NO matter where you go in New York nowadays, there is one name that you are bound to hear—Evelyn Laye. Dictionaries have been combed for the choicest adjectives, staid commentators on theatrical affairs have taken to their jobs with new enthusiasm, pouring forth column after column of unbridled praise, and nightly the doors of the Ziegfeld Theater turn out on the world another horde of members for the chorus that murmurs delightedly about the rare charm of this newcomer to America.

Fanny the Fan likes to discover talent in obscure quarters, and she hates to admit that the majority is right; but even the fact that many thousands of others discovered Evelyn Laye before she did, can't keep her from joining in the general applause.

Last summer an obscure note in the newspapers informed an uninterested world that Evelyn Laye, of the London stage, was coming to America to appear in musical films for Samuel Goldwyn. But first, it announced, she would appear in New York, in Noel Coward's operetta, "Bitter Sweet." No one cared, particularly, until "Bitter Sweet" opened, and they caught a glimpse of her. Now every one who has seen her cares a lot, and New York will be sorry when she entrains for Hollywood to appear in pictures. But the audiences throughout the country that will gain by the mechanical device which permits her to be in several places at once, ought to be in a fever of impatience and offer up a few jubilant cheers.

For the first time on record, Fanny was speechless when the last curtain fell on "Bitter Sweet," and we wandered to a near-by hotel for a cup of tea. Others have spoken of her "amazing sorcery" and her "delicate magic," but it was some time before Fanny could come out of the spell Miss Laye had engendered to say a word.

"Almost every girl in pictures who has sung before the microphone ought to be bundled into a plane and sent to New York to see her," she announced. "I say 'almost,' because Bebe Daniels is excused. She doesn't need to, because Bebe knows the value of reticence and the others don't. When I think of the wheedling, coaxing, overemphasized manner that Janet Gaynor was permitted to adopt when she burst into song, in 'Sunny Side Up,' it makes me writhe. And many of the others are just as bad. Maybe it is the fault of the directors, but I will bet my next tickets to 'Bitter Sweet'—and nothing is more precious to me at the moment—that no director could make Evelyn Laye sing without enchanting delicacy."

You may gather from all this that Fanny likes her. And if you think that she is different from the rest of the world, just go into any New York shop and see how long it will take a hairdresser to tell you that she can do your hair in soft waves, like Miss Laye's, or a shopgirl to recommend something similar to what she has bought.

Photo by Louise



"Do you think she is beautiful?" I asked Fanny, "as beautiful as——"

I didn't have to finish the question, because Corinne Griffith is, of course, the standard by whom almost every one measures beauty.

I could see that old lovalties were struggling in Fanny's mind.

Ruth Chatterton has gone West, where the ocean is nice and warm.

Teacups

Fanny the Fan tosses a few wreaths of laurel at England's gift to the movies, and scans the recent parade of pictures and players.



Photo by Chidnoff

Fans everywhere are asking about Norma Talmadge's absence.

"Well, maybe not as beautiful as Corinne, but much lovelier than any one else," Fanny decided.

"Didn't Gloria Swanson start something when she told a reporter in Chicago that Corinne was the only truly beautiful girl in pictures?" Fanny asked. "That was a brave stand to take on the eve of her departure for Hollywood. But Gloria has never lacked courage, and if Hollywood held a public indignation meeting, she would still stick to her story."

Fanny chuckled in recollection of the stir Gloria caused. She was remote from the howling argument, on a train going West, when indignant readers started yelling at the newspapers that Gloria was wrong. A lot of press agents rushed into print trying to promote the claims of Carmel Myers and Billie Dove to beauty, but they didn't get far. There seemed to be a lamentable lack of public support for their views. The only legitimate contender for the crown of beauty is Loretta Young, who is growing more exquisite every day. But she hasn't the poise of Corinne, nor the grace.

"Did you hear what Helen Kane did?" she asked.

"Boop-boop-a-doop" is the logical answer to what Helen Kane did in any emergency.

"No," Fanny whined, "be sensible for a minute, if it isn't too much effort." Though why Fanny should expect any one really sensible to tag along with her is a mystery.

"Helen Kane was furious over Gloria's statement, and she sat right down between shows at the Palace and wrote letters to all the papers saying that any one with half an eye could see that Clara Bow was the one real beauty among film stars. I think it was nice of her to stick by a fellow Paramount player like that, and I do admire Clara Bow's eyes, but I wonder if she really thinks her beautiful?

"That reminds me. Helen Kane was on the same bill at the Palace with Carmel Myers, and if that isn't competition for a girl making her début in vaudeville, I don't know what is."

"Clayton, Jackson, and Durante," I offered helpfully, always ready with the wrong answer.

Sharon Lynn puts over songs like a veteran.

Photo by Autrey



Fanny ignored me. "Helen Kane has a tremendous following in New York, and she was in great form last week. But Carmel held up her part of the performance very well. Carmel looked dazzling—just the way an audience wants a movie star to look. White-satin gown, ermine wrap, and dizzy-colored hair, to say nothing of a mannequin sweep to her walk. She sang rather well, too, though her voice is better suited to more intimate quarters.

"She doesn't plan to stay in vaudeville. She just took a fling at it for a few weeks, for the experience of facing an audience."

"And to prove that she doesn't have a double when she sings in pictures," I added, always a hound for the real reason.

"I don't blame picture players for wanting to get out and face an audience occasionally," Fanny went on. "It must get pretty dull never to hear applause and see how many bows you can take."

"Of course the easy money has nothing to do with it," I argued, remembering Anita Stewart's jubilation over pocketing an oversize check for singing about twelve minutes a day."

"Well, something, maybe," Fanny granted. "A four-thousand-a-week salary is luring Fanny Brice into vaudeville, now that she has finished



Photo by Fryer
Carmel Myers enjoyed a brief fling in vaudeville.

her picture for United Artists. And Winnie Lightner is getting a much bigger break in vaudeville, since she made her big hit in pictures. I wonder if Jane Winton is going into vaudeville? She has a lovely singing voice, and none of the producers seem to have done anything adequate with it. She is on her way to New York now, and you can be sure Jane has some plan up her sleeve.

"A lot of players have skipped through town lately," Fanny babbled on. "You can see them almost any night at 'Bitter Sweet.'"

I thought it strange that she could let five minutes pass without mentioning the play, or Evelyn Laye. Fanny is like the fabled kitten who was given a pink bow and could talk of nothing else.

"Paul Muni is here making personal appearances with 'Seven Faces'——"

"Just to prove that he is himself, and not six other fellows," I suggested—as who wouldn't?

"He is a grand actor," Fanny went blithely on. "Only I do wish that while Fox is shipping their players East they would get around to sending Sharon Lynn, so that we can get acquainted with her. How that girl can put a song over! Song-plugging methods suit her, while they don't suit Janet Gaynor's fragile type. And besides, Miss Lynn never gives you the impression that she is shooting the works. Even with mammy-singing methods, you still feel that she is holding something in reserve.

"Evidently Sharon Lynn is becoming the old dependable of the Fox lot. I heard from California that Fifi Dorsay had a burst of temperament and walked out of 'Happy Days.' By the time she came back to apologize, Sharon Lynn had her rôle, and was doing it so nicely that the director didn't care to change, thank you.

"No one is indispensable in pictures, but it takes some girls a long time to find it out. Nancy Carroll got in a huff, during the making of 'Paramount On Parade,' and walked out, and Lillian Roth got her rôle. And if you have seen Lillian Roth in 'The Love Parade,' you know how cunning and effective she is.

"Nancy Carroll's sister Terry is doing some Paramount shorts at the Long Island studio, and every one seems to like her a great deal, and that is more than the West Coast studio can say for Sister Nancy."

"Anything else going on in Long Island?" I asked idly.

"Well," Fanny admitted, "at the moment it is about as exciting as an old tomb, but Chevalier is to start a picture there in a few days. That's excitement enough for any one. And Claudette Colbert is to play opposite him. She will also play in Richard Arlen's 'Young Man of Manhattan' there, too, so we will have her around quite a while, and what could be better?

"Ruth Chatterton finally finished 'The Laughing Lady' over there, but not without a lot of grief. She had to make some scenes down at the shore, and the ocean just wouldn't behave. As you may have noticed, it has been cold lately."



Photo by Alexander
Four thousand dollars a week is luring Fanny Brice back to vaudeville.

I drew my furs more closely around my throat and shuddered.

"Cold or not, Miss Chatterton had to go into the water and be rescued. The first time they tried to make the scene, the surf was rolling so hard it sounded like a hurricane on the sound mechanism. Then there were storms, and by the time there was another mild, sunny day the water was like ice. For a while it looked as though some one would have to invent a contraption to take the sound of chattering teeth out of the mike. You can't blame her for being jubilant over going back to California, where they keep their ocean fairly warm the year round.

"Miss Chatterton still holds the prize for being the best stage-trained player in pictures. She has learned a lot about the camera, and she succeeds in doing everything naturally. People don't laugh at *her* love scenes, and if you think that audiences don't get hilarious at the wrong moments, just go to see 'Condemned.' And think of poor Catherine Dale Owen, too. She is so lovely looking, but when John Gilbert started making love to her in 'His Glorious Night,' raucous shouts rent the air.

"People have evidently recovered from the first awe

at hearing players speak from the screen, and now they are ready to giggle at anything. Just an ill-mannered lot, that's what we are.

"I didn't blame the audience at 'Paris' for growing restive. Irene Bordoni is too big a girl to get so awfully cute. She and Louise Closser Hale played the whole picture in an exaggerated stage technique. Instead of letting the audience find out for themselves that it was a farce, they forced every point, and played so hard that they might as well have carried banners announcing that they were being frisky. So far as I am concerned, the bright moments were all donated by Zasu Pitts. You know how that limp, mild manner of Zasu's slays me. Her rôle was small, but she did it marvelously.

"Some day, I suppose, the ranks of screen players will be weeded out, but you can be sure that no matter how selective the process, Ruth Chatterton and Zasu Pitts will remain. Stage players speak their lines beautifully as a rule, but forget that the camera exaggerates every grimace and movement. And screen players carry the illusion optically, but at the expense of long pauses between lines. Only a few can combine the best features of stage and screen technique.

"If Norma Talmadge doesn't come out in a talking picture pretty soon," Fanny rattled on at a terrific rate, "fans are going to fear the worst about her voice. Norma's mail bag must bulge with letters asking when she is coming back, if ever, because I've had dozens inquiring if I knew anything about it. I don't know anything about it, really. I've heard that 'New York Nights' was pretty bad, but that it was largely the fault of an unsympathetic story. But if Norma doesn't come back pretty soon, people will say 'Norma Talmadge? Yes, I've heard the name before, but who was she?'"



Photo by Ball

Catherine Dale Owen made an inauspicious début in talking pictures.

It seems to me that Norma was wise to hold up the release of her first talking picture, if it wasn't worthy of her. After all, Gloria Swanson stayed off the screen for months rather than have "Queen Kelly" shown, and now that "The Trespasser" is out and making a tremendous hit, every one has forgotten her long absence. But who am I to argue with Fanny? Maybe she is one of those cruel souls who likes to know the worst.

"I wonder when Alice Joyce is coming back to pictures?" Fanny wondered audibly. "I think her voice would be all right after a bit of training and experience. And she is so lovely looking. Of course, New York openings wouldn't be so decorative without her. She always appears stunning. Alice caused quite a sensation at the Mayfair by leaping to her feet to welcome Paul Kelly. He is out of San Quentin on parole, and all his old friends, including practically all the theatrical and motion-picture people, are eager to show him that they are still his friends."



Alice Joyce is a stunning figure at New York social events.

Photo by Ball

"Will he go back in pictures?" I asked, wondering if the menacing figure of Will Hays would block his career.

"Not for the present," Fanny admitted. "He has had several stage offers, but naturally, after all he has been through, he would like to make his first public appearance in a sympathetic rôle. When he does appear, New York will see an opening the like of which they haven't seen since——"

"Evelyn Laye's," I supplied glibly.

"Every one will turn out in their largest and shiniest diamonds to assure him of their good will. I shouldn't be surprised if the occasion takes on the aspect of a political meeting.

"But speaking of riots, you should attend a picture opening in New Haven, Connecticut."

Fanny does get around.

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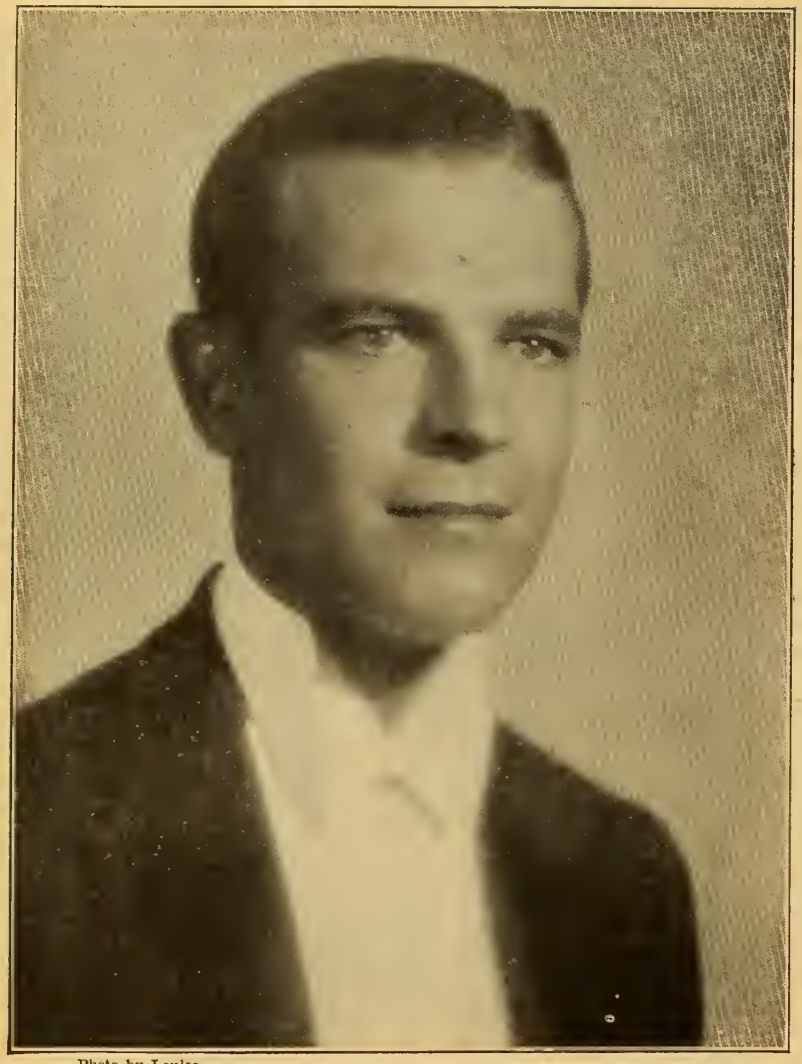


Photo by Louise

Talkies put Mr. Gray out of pictures, but singies brought him back again.

Gray Skies Are Blue Now

That might be the title of the theme song of Lawrence Gray's career, for with the discovery of a singing voice he has come into his own.

By Samuel Richard Mook

TIME was when, if you'd ask a person, "Can you sing?" you'd get the horse laugh. If the chords on which they played the horse laugh were out of order, you'd get an answer something like this: "Yeah. I got a swell voice—for calling pigs."

Nowadays you go into the reception room of one of the studios and you twiddle your thumbs and twist your hat while the girl at the desk holds a confab with her girl friend, or the sheik who's trying to get through to see Mr. Getme Inright.

"I'm up for the part of *Hope,* in 'Some Sweet Day,'" confides the friend.

"Oh, do *you* sing?" asks the girl at the desk.

"Do I *sing?* Do *I* sing?" and the friend bursts into song to prove it. The more there are in the room the better. There might be a director in the crowd.

Believe you me, baby, in these parlous times a good voice is more to be desired than great riches. If you doubt me, ask Lawrence Gray.

Until old man Mike got the upper hand in the late film revolution and ensconced himself as czar of the studios, Larry was just another juvenile. And to hear him tell it, he wasn't so hot at the job, either. "I can't, to save my life, figure out now how I ever managed to get a job," he confided.

Well, come now, little man, I didn't know it was as bad as all that. Still, I never heard of his being awarded a gold medal for turning in the best performance of the year. As a matter of fact, Larry's screen career from the start to now has been a sort of freak affair.

He was peddling his wares as teller or something, in a bank in San Francisco. One holiday, when the bank was closed, a motion-picture company was on location there, and shot some scenes on the yacht of a friend of Larry's. The director wanted some young people for atmosphere, so the owner of the yacht invited various friends, among them Larry. The director, noticing him, told him if he ever wanted to break into pictures to come down to Los Angeles, and he'd see what could be done. A short time later Larry got a wire telling him if he had decided to take a chance to come on.

Larry went, and got a job. But not acting. He was that pariah of the studios—a supervisor. "I was just a little over twenty at the time. Can you feature me breezing up to some big shot at the end of the day, and bursting out with something like this, 'You fell two scenes behind on your shooting schedule today. See that you make it up to-morrow.' I lasted just so long—which wasn't very long, after all, and I was out. They'd had a reorganization at the studio.

"In the shuffle, a friend of mine named Tom White got to be casting director. So I began to eat again. Whenever there was a call for extras, he'd call me.

"But I fell in love and trailed a dame to New York. That was a big mistake as far as my stomach was concerned. None of the studios had a reception committee with a contract waiting for me at the station. In fact, none of them seemed even to know I was arriving.

"Would you believe me if I told you that even after I called on them and let them know I was in town, I still had trouble finding work? And I don't mean perhaps. When those Eastern casting directors tell you 'Nothing doing,' that settles it. In fact, I'm sure they furnished the inspiration for that song, 'There Ain't No Maybe In Them Babies' Eyes!'

"What? Oh, I don't know what became of the girl. I was so busy trying to keep from tightening my belt up another notch I sort of lost track of her.

"Occasionally I managed to get a little extra work.

"I was living in one of those brownstone houses in the Forties. You know, the kind with half a dozen steps going down to a basement entrance, and a dozen going up to the first-floor entrance. The tax for room and board was only—well, it was pretty nominal. I'll never forget the place.

"There was a big, fat landlady, and she used to sit at the head of the steps on the second floor and shout down greetings to the people as they came in to dinner in the evening. The house had four floors. She had the phone beside her and a bell cord. When the phone rang she

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Photo by Ruth Harriet Louise

MORE, perhaps, than any other player, Lawrence Gray has had his ups and downs, rising to prominence and sinking to obscurity. Now that he has come back with a bang, he tells in the story opposite all about his uneven career.



Photo by Clarence Sinclair Bull

CAN it be that Greta Garbo looks anxiously into the future to learn what her fate will be in talkies? Calm those troubled eyes, Greta! Close those tremulous lips! In speech or silence you will be the great tragic actress of the screen!



Photo by Fred A. Archer

TO Myrna, the lady known as Loy, we give a jeweled decoration for modesty, courage, and achievement. The first because she really is, the second because of the big rôles she has tackled, and lastly because of her success in them.



Photo by Pinchot

RICHARD DIX'S next picture, eagerly awaited by the myriad chapters of his countless fan clubs, is sure to please them one and all, for it will be that most amusing of mystery comedies, "Seven Keys to Baldpate," with the original dialogue.



Photo by Eugene Robert Richee

THOUGH George Bancrott has returned from a jaunt through Europe, there's no need to fear that he will go continental and play boulevardier rôles, or even dream of doing so. Not while there's a rough diamond to be polished with his brawn.



Photo by Elmer Fryer

NATALIE MOORHEAD came quietly from the stage to the screen, but as soon as the producers saw her they set up a clamor for her to remain. There isn't another blonde quite like her and—but judge for yourself in "Spring Is Here."



Photo by Irving Chidnoff

VOLATILE, emphatic, fiery—that is Mary Duncan. Either you admire her acting enormously, or your appetite for it must be cultivated, like a relish for caviar when you taste it the first time. Then Mary, like caviar, grows on you.



Photo by Preston Duncan

A CHANGE has come over Evelyn Brent—and a great change it is, too. Gone is her sardonic laugh, and gone also is her sullen expression. The story opposite describes both Evelyns, old and new, and tells what caused the transformation.



Photo by Dyar

Happy and changed though Evelyn Brent is, solitude and introspection will always be essential to her.

The Melting Of Evelyn

"He's the handsomest man in Hollywood—bar none!" says Miss Brent of her husband, thus explaining why the strong, silent woman she once was is no more.

By Helen Louise Walker

HAPPINESS is becoming to people. They expand under it, somehow, and grow more attractive. Success is good for them, if they are intelligent enough to cope with it. It gives them poise and assurance and a friendly attitude toward a world which has been kind to them.

These sage reflections are occasioned by the fact that I have been talking with Evelyn Brent.

Evelyn has changed a great deal since I first met her soon after her success in "Underworld." Then she seemed a little sullen, and there was a shrewd cynicism in her face that was almost hard. She seemed a girl who was emphatically able to take care of herself—and she seemed a girl who had grown to be like that through grim necessity. One sensed that life had taught Evelyn to be hard, and that experience had been none too gentle with her. She had learned, one fancied, to fight for what she wanted, and to take disappointment with a smile.

Her initial success in "Underworld," after a long period of mediocre crook rôles, appeared to impress her very little—which was unusual. Ordinarily a hit like that convinces an actress that now, at last, she has arrived, and she rides the crest for a while. Evelyn, one gathered, had shrewdly concluded that one hit does not constitute a success, nor does one picture make a star. She knew that it must be followed with other hits—good stories well directed, rôles which suited her, and consistently good performances before she could claim any permanent place in pictures.

She was too self-contained, too experienced, too level-headed, to be stampeded into any vast enthusiasms, or even a whole-hearted satisfaction over one successful picture. She viewed these matters with skepticism, and set determinedly about seeing to it that the initial triumph bore fruit.

I fancy that the executives who deal with her have found that she is a person to be considered with respect in any matter which affects her career. There is a characteristic story told of her in conference with a group of studio heads over the renewal of her contract.

It is the custom of most studios to treat a player with elaborate coolness during the weeks preceding the termination of his contract, and the question of whether or not it shall be renewed must be discussed. No one talks with him. He receives little publicity. He is the recipient of reproachful glances. All of which tends, you see, to break down confidence in himself, to make him fear for his job, and to make him tractable when the question of salary is broached. It is an old ruse, but it frequently has amazing effects.

Evelyn went through all this disciplinary ostracism without seeming to notice it. When the big day came, she was ushered into the presence of a grave group of business men.

"Now, Miss Brent," they began, "you know we want to do all we can for you. But your pictures haven't gone as well as we had hoped——"

Evelyn laughed that short, ironic laugh. "Come! Come!" she said. "Don't pull that with me! I've been *married* to an executive! Let's talk business. Now, here's what I want——"

She got it. And her success has been a steady, gradual rise to a secure position. She has just been made a star.

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Photo by Chidnoff

Joan Crawford's adulation of Pauline Frederick entitles her to fan membership.

Stars Get That

Fan "crushes" are not confined to moviegoers by your dresser doubtless has a screen thrill, too,

By Radie

IF you are the kind of fan who thinks of stars as gods and goddesses perched on some vague Olympian heights, unattainable, inexplicable, unreal, then I warn you in advance to skip unconcernedly over these pages. For this article is to deal with facts, not fancies, and show you your favorites where you would never dream of looking for them—on terra firma. It will show them removed from the high pedestal on which you have placed them—real, normal, everyday people, even as you and I.

Suppose I were to begin by telling you that the stars that you worship so adoringly have a great deal in common with you? They are fans, too, as enthusiastic as the most ardent contributor to "What the Fans Think." I'll wager were I to tell you that Clara Bow, who changed "it" from a neuter pronoun to a national institution, is a devotee of Gloria Swanson, whom she has met but once, you would rebuke me with, "Oh, yeah?" Or will you believe me if I tell you that that meeting took place several years ago, when Gloria reigned supreme at the Paramount studio, and Clara was a star in the making?

Clara happened to be working on a set next to that of Miss Swanson and, although all entrances were barricaded to the public with the admonition, "No admittance," Clara walked in. Paul Snell, genial publicity man, spied Clara, and knowing of her admiration for Miss Swanson, introduced them. It still remains a big moment in Clara's life, for it was her first and last meeting, despite the fact that Clara's home in Beverly Hills is only a five-minute walk from Gloria's.

The gentleman to whom Clara has given her screen allegiance she has never had the privilege of meeting. You fans meet him on innumerable occasions, cinematically speaking, under the name of Ronald Colman.

Clara, it seems, is not the only star who hitches her preference to Miss Swanson. Take Janet Gaynor—providing Lydell Peck will let you, of course!

Last year William Fox treated Janet and her mother to a trip to New York as a reward for Janet's beautiful performance in "The Four Devils." It was Janet's first visit to New York since fame and fortune came tumbling into her lap, and she was showered with all the luxuries of a visiting potentate. A suite in the Savoy-Plaza Hotel was hers, a limousine was placed at her disposal, and a huge tea given in her honor.

Across the street Gloria Swanson was making the Plaza her temporary headquarters. I hap-



Photo by Dyar

"I call her 'Ruth' and she calls me 'Dick'," says Richard Arlen of Miss Chatterton.

Photo by Rowley



Gary Cooper's screen idol is Greta Garbo.

Way, Too

any means, for the player who rates a photo on about whom he or she raves to every listener.

Harris

pened to mention the fact to Janet, and remembering that Gloria had once remarked that in her humble estimation, Janet was the finest actress on the screen, I suggested that she telephone her.

"Oooooo, I'd never have the nerve to do that," answered Janet. "Why, I should be so thrilled talking with her that I would get all tongue-tied."

Of course I swooned. Wouldn't you have done the same under the circumstances? When I came to, I ran to the nearest exit and phone booth and called Miss Swanson, telling her that Janet was visiting right across the street from her, and delicately hinting that a telephone call might not be amiss.

A few hours later, Janet's voice squeaked the exciting news that Gloria Swanson had called and invited her to tea the very next afternoon! Before the tea, Janet and I lunched together. Although we occupied the most inconspicuous table in the room, she was immediately spotted by thrilled onlookers, and continually besieged for a smile and a word. Among them were two youngsters who approached our table daringly, but when they realized that they were actually in the presence of the divine Janet, it was too overwhelming, and they just stood there mute and awed.



Janet Gaynor was excited over talking with Gloria Swanson.



Photo by Kahle

John Mack Brown never tires of praising Mary Pickford.

"I know that feeling," Janet confessed later, "although I can't imagine anybody getting that way over me!"

I thought of the star who had sent her a letter signed "Your fan, Leatrice Joy." I thought of Lillian Gish who had proclaimed her an embryonic Duse. I thought of Jim Tully who had turned traitor to himself by extolling her virtues in print. And I answered, "You're right, Janet, not anybody —everybody!"

Coincidentally enough, Janet's costar, Charles Farrell, also shows a decided preference for the Marquise de Falaise de la Coudraye, whom you know under the working name of Gloria Swanson. Charlie has met his favorite at various social functions in Hollywood, and frankly admits that he is as spellbound in her presence as any fan.

Running Gloria Swanson a close race for popularity in the film colony is Norma Talmadge. Norma of late has secluded herself in an inconspicuous little cottage at Santa Monica, and her public appearances are few and far between. On those rare occasions when she does brave the glare of the limelight, she is enthusiastically acclaimed.

Recently she attended the Los Angeles première of a play which had attained great popularity in New York. Sitting directly behind her was Sue Carol, not as a star, but an excited fan thrilled at her nearness to some one at whose shrine she had worshiped for years.

"Of course, I didn't see any of the action on the stage," Sue reported



Photo by Rowley

Buddy Rogers was self-conscious before Miss Pickford.



Photo by Kahle

Lois Moran sees Greta Garbo's films at least three times.

later, "because my eyes were glued on Norma all evening. Poor Nicky was absolutely disgusted with me. I had made him scout all over town for tickets, and then ignored him and the play the entire evening!" And she threw Nick a mischievous look.

Incidentally, it is interesting to note that Sue bears a striking resemblance to her idol, both possessing a warm, brunet beauty that has earned homage for them throughout the world.

Another Carroll—Nancy, this time—also cherishes a great admiration for Miss Talmadge.

"I have never met her and only have caught fleeting glimpses of her at openings, and in the shops of Hollywood," said Nancy, "but at that I guess I'm pretty lucky. I have never even seen my other favorite, Douglas Fairbanks. Sounds almost as fantastic as one of Ripley's 'Believe it or not' statements, but it's true—honest Injun!"

Speaking of Douglas Fairbanks, that famous blonde whom he prefers, also has her quota of fans in the realm of movieland. Among them is Charles Rogers, now one of the primary reasons why girls go West. When "Buddy" was just a fan, even as you and I, he worshiped Mary Pickford from a twenty-five-cent seat in a Kansas City moving-picture emporium. When, by circumstances which some attribute to fate, and others to lucky breaks, Buddy came to Hollywood and was cast as leading man opposite his idol in "My Best Girl," he still worshiped Miss Pickford. And now, when he is among the privileged few who leave their visiting cards at "Pickfair," he still retains the same affection and admiration for Miss Pickford.

"Gee, you have no idea how hard it was for me the first few days of 'My Best Girl,'" Buddy confided. "I had the double job of trying to act natural before the camera, as well as before Miss Pickford, and it was a pretty big task, I can tell you!"

John Mack Brown, who had the honor of playing opposite Mary in her first talkie, is as enthusiastic as Buddy in extolling the virtues of his star. Recently, on the birth of Jane Harriet Brown, Miss Pickford sent the new arrival an exquisite, little necklace of pearls, and John numbers it among Jane's choice possessions.

Richard Arlen says that if he had time to write fan letters, he would send them to Ruth Chatterton and Douglas Fairbanks.

"Ruth was on my fan list long before her arrival at the Paramount studio," Dick admitted, "so you can just about imagine how thrilled I was when I discovered her dressing room next to mine. Of course, I had to act neighborly—she was a stranger on the lot—and we became fast friends. Now I call her 'Ruth' and she calls me 'Dick' and I'm more a fan than ever!"

Gary Cooper may be "that way" over Lupe Velez in private life, but his screen thrill is the "divine woman," Greta Garbo. Gary has never met Greta, but he comforts himself with the thought that he is not one of a minority, for few persons in Hollywood have ever seen Miss Garbo in person.

That this is no idle hearsay or press-agent blurb can be attested by your scribe. When Garbo was making "A Woman of Affairs," by some stroke of luck I was allowed on her set, where even angels fear to tread. Later, when it was bruited about that I had gazed upon Greta Garbo in person, not a motion picture, I was bombarded with a volley of questions. "What is she like?" "Is she as tall as she seems?" "Is her hair naturally wavy?"

Perhaps my most avid questioner was Lois Moran, for Lois' admiration for Greta is no silly, adolescent "crush," but an earnest and sincere appreciation of one whom she considers a great artist. Lois sees all Garbo's pictures at least three times, and thinks nothing of standing in line, with the rest of the fans, waiting for available seats. [Cont'd on page 111]



Sue Carol was so thrilled over sitting near Norma Talmadge she missed the whole play.

Who Is This Man?

Ever since his overnight success in "Alibi," this question has been asked about Chester Morris, so an interviewer gives an intimate close-up of him.

By Madeline Glass

WHO is this man?

This is a question asked by American fans. It is also asked by foreigners. *"Voilà!* Who is zis man?" inquire the French. " 'Scuse, pliss, but who is gentlemans?" the Oriental wants to know. *"Caramba!* Who is hombre?" asks the Mexican.

Well, as nearly as I can find out, Chester Morris is a stage player who has won the admiration of the picture fans. That in itself is a feat worthy of a genius. Moreover, he won it not by impersonating great lovers or charming heroes, but by ferocious gangster characterizations. Most fans are seething in righteous anger over the invasion of Broadway's thundering herd, and a stage star stands as much chance of ingratiating himself with them as Emma Goldman does of getting an American passport. A stage actor who pleases the flicker fans has to be good—I mean bad, or rather—oh, well, fix it up to suit yourself. Chester won by being bad.

Of all the stage people who have made their fortune on or near Sunset Boulevard, Chester Morris is one of the most decisive successes. His was not the easy, almost accidental success which at times comes to a screen player, because of a single good performance. Many years of work and training before the footlights have so developed and polished his talents, that fine performances follow as a natural consequence.

On the night "Alibi" opened in "The Angel City," not a film devotee was interested in Mr. Morris. But when the show was over, the audience gathered about him and made him sign programs until his arm ached. Critics hauled out their choicest adjectives in praising his performance, and producers instructed their detectives to arrest the gunman on sight, and get his signature on a contract.

Knowing that fans are always interested in unusual characters, I set out to get a story of the screen's best bad man. The idea was by no means unique, as the same thought had occurred to all the other Hollywood writers. One interviewer, hoping to do the occasion justice, practiced talking from the side of his mouth in the underworld manner, with the result that he was far more gangsterish than Chester.



Chester Morris is a charming and well-spoken chap, entirely unlike the ferocious gangsters he portrays.



Mr. Morris grew up on the stage and not many years ago was a plump, naïve youngster known to every agent on Broadway.

In interviewing it usually is best to have a talk with the player about whom you are writing. In a few instances, to be sure, this proves to be a waste of time, as certain actors and actresses have nothing of consequence to tell the sweating scribe. Be that as it may, it is best to give the star a chance to speak, now, or be for ever silent; he or she may fool you by being good copy.

With this precept in mind I called on Mr. Morris at the studio where, having been forewarned by the publicity department, he was waiting

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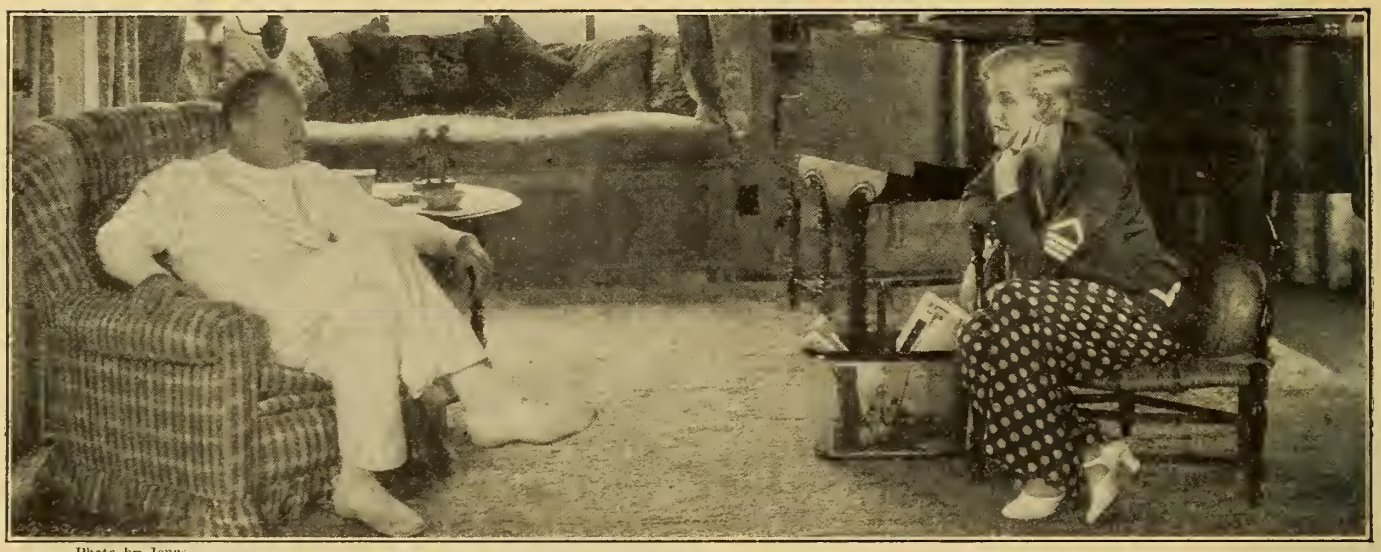


Photo by Jones

William Seiter and Laura La Plante live in easy-going comfort minus folderols.

Without Benefit Of Fireworks

Seven years a star, Laura La Plante has never been extravagantly praised or severely criticized, her steady emotional balance giving her a security impossible to the skyrockets of the screen.

By Myrtle Gebhart

LAURA LA PLANTE remains perennially a favorite, because she is not a great artist. She is a more permanent box-office star than the genius."

Thus spoke Doctor William M. Marston, formerly of Columbia and New York universities, who analyzes plays and actors and public reactions, and "blends" film emotions for Universal. Holding degrees of B. A., L. L. B., and Ph. D. from Harvard, and having practiced legal psychology as a member of the Massachusetts bar, he knows his stuff.

"Laura's popularity lasts, while many sensational successes ricochet into failure, because she is the best balanced in emotional values. Her equal possession of submission and compliance results in a tranquil temperament and consistently good, conscientious work. She has sufficient dominance to drudge, but not enough drive to push herself. Her leading quality is inducement, projecting a lovely, refined personality.

"She can be depended upon to give pleasant, skillful performances, never emotionally great. No ecstatic, imaginative flights ever will high light or mar her serene career."

The "primitives," it seems, are dominance, compliance, submission, and inducement. Various combinations produce those emotions which we have designated, erroneously, as love, hate, and so on. Inducement is the ability to project attraction; compliance means adaptability.

Doctor Marston was dissecting players at my behest. He enjoyed the panic which his position caused, until the actors got used to being told they lacked inducement. Now, he is "psyching" plays for values to produce public submis—er, I guess I mean applause. But applause isn't a primitive! We'd better get back to Laura.

Miss La Plante's beach home is thirty miles from Hollywood.

Photo by Jones



Such a satisfactory person to get back to! Her theme song might well be, "I Ain't Got No Blues"!

She is as real and friendly—as *primitive*—as a geranium in a garden of exotic flowers. One of those comfortably commonplace people who subscribe to no extremes, she is neither very expressive nor inhibited; neither extravagant nor disinterested in material things; neither gladly exuberant nor morose. A normal, contented person, she has reduced the exaggerations of a film career to an ordinary, lusterless routine.

There are two sides to this placid picture which is Laura La Plante.

For seven years she has been a Universal star, according to record. During her ten years in pictures, she has never missed a weekly salary check. She has provided well for her family. Her work never has been severely criticized, nor has she personally ever made the slightest censurable gesture. She has maintained a happy marriage—her husband is the director, William Seiter—without propounding a single theory.

Turn the canvas from the light. Not shadowing, but faintly misting

this bright, smiling face are these facts. None of her starring films has had a showy première. Often, agreeably consenting to featured rating, she isn't certain of her own standing. Though her salary is sizable, many with far less experience make much more. Not once has her work occasioned particular acclaim. Her private life is so prosaic that frequently she shops and attends shows without being recognized.

Her success has been achieved in a sensible way, proving that quiet determination is more effective than explosives for a continuous career. She hasn't even in brief spasms attempted culture on the large and conscious scale affected by many players. She would ask why should she? With a childlike simplicity, she professes intellectual ignorance; yet, without seeming to, she has picked up a surprising amount of knowledge. She knows some French, and more than a bit of history, and is not art dull.

There can't be much about motion pictures that she doesn't know, though she thinks her own films not important enough even for a failure to rate mention! She has played everything since, at fifteen, she added her chubby self to comedies. She feels no urge, however, to deliver diatribes concerning the producers' mismanagement of the business, believing it guided as sanely as possible, all factors considered. Her opinions can be forceful, and as such are freely expressed, but never orated as critical platforms.

"Gosh!" she murmured feelingly, when I related the doctor's deductions.

Laura can say a great deal very simply.

No repressed yearnings annoy her. Her wish for a car—sleek, dark, unobtrusive—was gratified. Such clothes as she desires she buys; sport dresses with gay collars and cuffs and lacy, feminine frocks.

Their apartment gives an effect of discreet elegance. The furniture is French of no particular period. Their beach place is thirty or more miles from Hollywood, a distance beyond the once-secluded Malibu. It has rugged comfort. On one side of the sandy yard is a tennis court, on the other a very young garden. Two bath houses, the walls of the men's being adorned with *La Vie Parisienne* covers. Around the house are verandas, arbors, trailing vines, unexpected nooks for settees.

"This," I remarked, "proves that you have inducement. You have induced a lot from a gentleman whom I would mention if he would come up out of that book and notice us."

"She boop-boopa-doops me." A good-natured grumble issued from the bulk of masculinity sprawled inelegantly into and over an armchair.

"Brute!" said Laura amiably.

You very seldom read interviews with her, because she has nothing sensationally important to say, and thinks it too much bother, and also ridiculous, to develop affectations. She has no extravagances or fads. That she has survived without startling publicity indicates appreciation, by a steady public group, of her saner, sweeter attributes.



Photo by Ball

Laura's only quarrel with the studio sent her home frightened and crying.

"When I was promoted from a Christie guarantee of twenty dollars a week to a straight salary of fifty, I went haywire. I bought two pairs of slippers, at twenty-seven fifty each." Curled up on the couch covered in rough, tan cloth, she looked like such a little girl, a slightly chubby little girl, in her beige flannel, with its red tie and cuffs. Confiding a dream for ermine or diamonds would have seemed appropriate. Instead, she yawned and replied, "Didn't I have nerve? I don't pay half that for shoes now. I couldn't be so wasteful. I shop around, and I won't be overcharged."

Sensibly recognizing her own limitations, she turns over her affairs to ones more competent. For years the same person has taken care of her fan mail, which has maintained an even pace, re-

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Photo by Freulich



John Boles plays opposite Miss La Plante in "La Marseillaise."



Photo by Chidnoff
Lupe Velez has changed her manner of dress and make-up, but her Americanization ended there.

Hollywood Over

By A. L.

WHEN a foreign actress arrives in Hollywood the colony arches its plucked eyebrows, gives the newcomer a critical once-over, and goes high hat.

"Can't see her!" the ingénues remark.

"Impossible!" agree the old-time players.

"Somebody probably got plastered and signed her up," volunteers that clan which has missed the goal.

It has happened not once, but a dozen times. They come from Germany, Austria, Hungary, Italy, Sweden, with their foreign-cut clothes, speaking little or no English—lonely figures in a strange land, bravely trying to smile, and wondering why people look at them and laugh. Their trunks and bags are un-American. Their hats are absurd, their clothes just miss being correct. They look longingly, hungrily, at the swanky, little movie girls who know their Hollywood, and appear so arrogantly at ease. Until a newcomer makes good, she is virtually an outcast.

I have seen some of our foreign players on their arrival struggle desperately to be friendly and agreeable, while bracing against stares as icy as ever came from feminine eyes. I have seen them fighting back the tears, because they felt their aloneness, and then I have seen them take up the challenge and in time emerge the most gorgeous creatures, with poise and beauty and talent to amaze the world. But they had their bumps before they made good.

I recall the day Vilma Banky stepped from the train in Los Angeles, in March, 1925. She wore a loosely fitting, black coat, with a cheap, fur collar and a black-and-white pancake hat. The usual actress' flowers consisted of a lone chrysanthemum, pinned on the lapel of her coat. She might have been mistaken for an immigrant from Germany, and expected to reply "Y-a-a!" to a question.

A few days later I met a widely known actress in the Montmartre who asked, "Have you seen Sam Goldwyn's new Hungarian, that Miss Banka or Banky, or something like that? They say she was a star for Ufa. Well, if she's a beauty, I'm Cleopatra and a rival to Peggy Hopkins Joyce. She'll never make the grade here. I don't see why they keep bringing those foreigners over. Give us the same chance, and we'll go twice as far."

Two months went by, before I saw Vilma again. By then a modiste had fashioned her gowns. A beauty specialist had worked on her yellow hair. Max Factor, the authority on make-up, had showed where and how to emphasize and sublimate her good points. Before long her first picture,



Lupe was just a crude, little soubrette who knew nothing of subtle make-up until Max Factor instructed her.

Makes Them

Several foreign players reached the movie capital with strange dress, manners, and customs, but surviving the early trials, they soon emerged as the gorgeous creatures you know to-day.

Wooldridge

"The Dark Angel," with Ronald Colman, was released, and Hollywood fell at her feet.

"Beautiful! Charming! Wonderful!" the colony exclaimed. "And a marvelous actress!"

"Nothing succeeds like success," and this is particularly true in the case of Vilma Banky. The Americanization process developed her into one of the most radiant of all stars—this girl who might have been mistaken for an immigrant that day the liner bore her into New York harbor.

Even less attractive in appearance was Greta Garbo. Greta arrived wearing a little, checked suit which badly fitted her. Her shoes were run down at the heels. Her stockings were silk, but in one was a well-defined run. As a sartorial masterpiece she was a total loss. A delegation from the studio and a flock of writers met her at the station, and accompanied her to the Ambassador Hotel, where a suite had been reserved. She could speak no English. A woman writer who helped her unpack, noted that she wore cotton "undies." Every one in the reception party tried to be as cordial as possible, but they made little headway in view of the fact that Greta spoke only Swedish and German.

"Where do you expect to live over here?" she was asked through an interpreter.

Modestly, slowly, she gave the reply which has become a classic among screen legends.

"I think," she said, "I like a room with a nice, private family—one which will not cost too much."

Within six months Greta had been arrested for speeding her new, green car. She had acquired a wardrobe and a maid, and had turned a cold shoulder and deaf ear to anybody and anything she did not like. But every one who met her and noted the hauteur in her bearing, and the smoldering fire in her gray-green eyes, promptly gasped, "She's got 'It'!"

Greta didn't care a whoop whether any one liked her or not—in fact, doesn't yet. She came here to work, and



Greta Garbo was a different person in six months, poised, alluring, and highly individual.



Girls had no desire to imitate the first Garbo bob seen in this country.

is thoroughly disinterested in anything else. To this day she remains aloof and dresses as she sees fit. She doesn't need expensive clothes for appearance in public places, because she makes no appearances in public places.

Greta acquired English slowly. She was not particularly anxious to learn. She stood beneath a fig tree on the Metro-Goldwyn lot, one day not long after her arrival, eating the fruit regardless of a sign which warned that it must not be touched. A studio cop came running up.

"You must not pull them figs!" he blurted. "Can't you read that sign? Whatsa matter wit' you?"

Greta eyed him coldly, tossed away a stem, and gave him a large part of her stock of American language in reply.

"Beat it!" she said.

No one knows where she learned the two words. She did not know herself. Another time, in trying to tell that she was imported, she declared to the director that she was "important."

The advent of talking pictures,



Photo by Tzamouzakio

Lena Malena cut her weight and hired an English teacher, so she is getting on.

however, caused Greta to study English in earnest, and she now handles it well, although she has not completely eliminated her accent. She *has* completely eliminated American slang, and a too-frequent reference to the Deity. Her most characteristic phrase now is, "It's quite all right!"

One of the most difficult ordeals in becoming Americanized was experienced by Lena Malena, the German actress. Lena arrived in this country weighing one hundred and forty-five pounds. Much of it was just plain fat. "German people like 'em fat," she explained, and she wondered why so many persons looked at her and laughed. Lena had bangs which reached almost to her eyebrows, and she had a habit of posing. She would assume a posture which might be anything from a straining madonna to a cigar-store Indian.

She knew nothing of the language when she came to Hollywood. In restaurants she would call a waiter and walk around among the tables, pointing to the dishes she wanted. When going west from New York she got off the train in Chicago, believing it to be Hollywood. Lena did not think any country could be so big.

"I found out that people were laughing *at* me, and not *with* me," she confided one day. "And I soon realized it was because I was too fat. I took off thirty pounds—got down to one fifteen. Then Cecil DeMille put me under contract. Good breaks and bad breaks came, but I learned to save my money, so I've come through. I got an instructor in English when the talkies came. Now I do not say, 'I know English and speak him well.' "

When Miss Malena arrived in Hollywood, she learned that fetching plumpness in Germany was just plain fat in this country.

Photo by Baxter



Lena's latest rôle is in "Hell's Angels." She is an enthusiastic American now, and popular.

Of all the newcomers, however, the advent of Lupe Velez caused the loudest titter to Hollywood. The bit of Mexican wildfire knew nothing of conventions and cared less. She came from the Mexican *cantinas,* a lithe, exuberant, irrepressible girl who "treated 'em rough," laughed and moved on. She was just the type Douglas Fairbanks was seeking for "The Gaucho," and when he saw her rushes at the Hal Roach studio, he quickly asked for her services.

Lupe had come from the Southern republic with a wardrobe of Mexican dresses, her hair coarsely bobbed, her repertoire of dances those of the cabarets. She knew nothing of screen technique. Probably it would have ruined her if she had. She just naturally hurled herself into anything she was told to do, and the result was a riot. Not until Max Factor, the make-up expert, showed her what to do did she have any idea her appearance could be improved, refined.

"I luff you!" was the first English phrase she learned, and Lupe used it everywhere. No matter whom she met, that individual was assured by Lupe of her "luff." Producer, director, carpenter, painter, or prop boy—it was all the same. Ray Coffin, director of publicity, came to the studio one morning, with a bull pup in his car. Lupe rushed forward and grasped it in her arms. She showered kisses all over its head, exclaiming periodically, "I luff you! I luff you!"

The demonstration over, Ray looked at his property.

"Come on, pup!" he said, "you've got enough lipstick on your face to warrant a bath. It's the shower for you." And off they went to the laundry.

Lupe uses her lipstick profusely. In

one of the restaurants while she was yet new in Hollywood, a woman writer asked for her autographed photo, then showed it to some friends. The fiery Velez got the idea that the girl was making fun of the picture. Just before she left, Lupe gave her lips a thick coating of her red, red rouge, leaned over the writer's chair and kissed her on the nose—a kiss that lingered long.

"I forgiff you!" Lupe murmured, and walked away.

Onlookers saw the gesture, saw the large, red splotch on the tip of the writer's nose, and laughed at her dismay as she rose and fled to the washroom.

Lupe arrived in Hollywood with a manager and seven hairless Mexican dogs, the boss of which was named Malatone, in honor of Lupe's current boy friend. The dogs in time gave way to an Australian honey bear, two eagles, a turtle, and a parrot. The dresses bought in her native country were quickly discarded.

When Prince George of England visited Hollywood, in September, 1928, from the British warship anchored at Santa Barbara, Lupe was invited to a dinner given in his honor by Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks.

"And how did you get along?" she was asked.

"Wow!" the little tornado replied angrily, "I can be dignified when I want to!"

But to be so continuously would be Lupe out of character. She is vastly more energetic and restless than Dolores del Rio, Raquel Torres, or Armida, other girls from Mexico. Miss del Rio was educated in an American convent, and Raquel, although born in Hermosillo, Sonora, has lived the greater part of her life in Los Angeles. Armida is more like Lupe than any of the rest, and is a much more accomplished dancer.

Of all the foreign actresses who come to Hollywood, those from France have the least difficulty in acquiring American manners and customs, and finding a niche in filmdom. This probably is because they come smartly gowned, according to American ideas and have learned much English in Paris. Further, they do not have trouble in obtaining a working vocabulary. Take the case of Lily Damita.



Vilma Banky might have been just another immigrant when she landed in New York.



Photo by Alexander

Two months after Miss Banky arrived a miracle in dressing and make-up had taken place.

Miss Damita came to America under contract to Samuel Goldwyn in May, 1928. She arrived in New York with an extensive wardrobe—from Paris, of course. She had danced for two and a half years at the Paris Opera, replaced Mistinguette as the star of the Casino de Paris, and had played in eight pictures. Besides a fair knowledge of English, she could speak German, French, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese. The task of Americanizing her was negligible. Nevertheless, Goldwyn inserted a clause in her contract requiring her to learn to speak English, without an accent, within a given time. Later her contract was renewed, without inclusion of any such clause.

Miss Damita is one of the few who was accepted and fêted in Hollywood, without having to undergo the customary period of probation. Knowledge of her career had preceded her. Her accent seemed delightful.

"The hardest thing to understand is American slang," she said. "It means so different from the way it sounds. It doesn't mean what it says."

"But you are learning it?"

[Continued on page 113]

Beauty and

She finds that it rouses interest in an



Heavens! What is Corinne Griffith, left, coming to by swinging on the gate as she scans the horizon in white-kid boots?



Gladys McConnell, above, augments her boots with spurs, for she's a practical Western heroine.

Our Clara, outer left —but isn't Miss Bow everybody's?—would have you believe that she is properly booted for an airplane spin.



Billie Dove, above, in "The Painted Angel," is a stage-coach bandit *a la* night club, with glistening boots spangle-starred.

the Boot

ankle by concealing it as she stalks her prey.



Fay Wray, left, who used to be photographed with swans, now slips on boots to slay her innocuous "past."



"Alas, poor Yorick," says Alice White, above, quoting "Hamlet," which probably means that she has Shakespearian ambitions!



Josephine Dunn, right, as the pride of a Cossack regiment, contributes beauty to it to keep the wild soldiers up to the mark.



Marian Nixon, right, fragile and feminine, is booted and armed for a gopher hunt in the Tom Mix manner.



Photo by Fryer

Billie Dove isn't above doing her own washing now and then.

Hollywood High Lights

By Edwin and Elza Schallert

On, on goes the studio whirl, and here are some of its sparks of news and gossip.

NEVER engaged but once—that is the unique record of Bessie Love in the film colony. And that engagement, which she announced just a few weeks ago, is to lead to marriage. She will be a New Year bride.

Bessie was definite in vouchsafing the news of her betrothal. She even made known her bridesmaids and her matron of honor.

The little star's husband will be William Hawks, a broker, brother of Kenneth and Howard Hawks, both of whom are executives in pictures. Bessie and he have been devoted for several months, and rumors that they were affianced circulated, but were not taken seriously, because Bessie has always been so romantically elusive.

"I am happy now that it is settled," she told us, "and for once I am really in love. All the other romances of which I have been accused were well—just not anything."

The Hawks family, it will be remembered, is already much married into the film profession. Kenneth is the husband of Mary Astor, and Howard of Norma Shearer's sister, Athol. At one time, Sally Eilers was reported engaged to William.



Photo by Bull

It runs in the family, talent and good looks—introducing Douglas Shearer, Norma's brother, sound engineer for Metro-Goldwyn.

Norma Shearer and Mary Astor, it may be noted, will be Bessie's bridesmaids. She will have Blanche Sweet, who is perhaps her dearest friend, as her matron of honor, while other attendants will be Carmel Myers, Bebe Daniels, and Irene and Edith Mayer.

Some of the skeptics are professing to believe even yet that Bessie won't marry, but knowing in the past how she refused to take love to heart, we're prophesying that she will.

Sure, 'Tis a Castle!

John McCormack's arrival in Hollywood was quiet. The Fox company, famous for receptions, dedications, and other fanfare, signalized the noted Irish tenor's ad-

vent with only one social affair, a banquet restricted to studio executives and certain civic nabobs and plenipotentiaries. There were speeches and dancing, and John himself expressed formally his pleasure at being present.

McCormack has been made to feel right at home at the Movietone studio. A bungalow in the best Celtic taste was provided for his satisfaction and enjoyment. The establishment, comprising three rooms, even has a thatched roof, which took weeks to build. John himself was heard to comment that in appointments it was "foiner than his home in Oirland."

Occupying a bungalow on the Fox lot is a real distinction. Only McCormack and Will Rogers possess such elegance, and their two retreats are right beside each other. The architecture of Will's, in contrast to John's, is Western, for it is built of adobe.

Erin Moves Merrily In.

McCormack's arrival was preceded by that of Maureen O'Sullivan and Thomas Clifford, two movie "finds" from Erin. Miss O'Sullivan proved to be a winsome type and speaks English without an accent. It is believed that though she is not characteristically the pretty film girl, she may have a future.

Tommie Clifford is a broth of a boy, with a brogue which is the delight of all who hear him.

Both are under contract for six months.

Very, Very Polyglot.

Fantastic! That is the only word to describe the plan of the studios here, there, and yon to produce pictures in a variety of foreign languages.

Hollywood, apparently, is on the way to creating a modern Tower of Babel, and the exodus of the foreign players which took place with such hysteria a year ago appears to have been needless.

Several companies are filming pictures in Spanish and English. Separate versions are made, one company, generally the English-speaking one, working in the daytime, and the Spanish at night.

"Blaze o' Glory," the Eddie Dowling film, was produced that way, with Eddie and Betty Compson taking the leads in the English version, and Mona Rico and José Bahr playing in the Spanish.

The aim is, of course, to popularize the talking pictures with the large Spanish-speaking population of South America.

Several companies, notably Metro-Goldwyn, are projecting versions of pictures in French, German, and Spanish.

New Versatility Demanded.

An interesting side light on this is the intention to use stars who are linguists in both the foreign and American version. And there are a surprising number who do speak more than one language.

Photo by Dyar



"A fattening fig for all your diets!" says James Hall, as he settles down to breakfast without a sliver of Melba toast in sight.

One of the most versatile is Ramon Novarro, who knows Spanish, French, and German. He could enact his own scenes in all these languages, as well as English.

French is understood by a large number of players, including H. B. Warner, George Arliss, Pauline Frederick, Marion Davies, Lillian Gish, Vivienne Segal, Jeanette MacDonald, Ina Claire, Ann Harding, Constance Bennett, and, naturally, Maurice Chevalier.

Those who might qualify with their German are Greta Garbo, Ernest Torrence, and, surprisingly enough, Lon Chaney. Miss Segal, Miss Gish, and Alan Hale are among others.

Should the need arise, we hear that Al Jolson will gladly oblige with Yiddish.

Another Movie Wonder.

A talking dog is one of the latest acquisitions of moviedom. His name is Jiggs and he appears in "The Love Parade."

Jiggs gave a demonstration of his conversational ability one day for our benefit, else we wouldn't have believed the tales told of his talent.

He says "mamma" and "hamburger," and may soon learn to exclaim "Hot dog!"

The process by which he accomplishes this is extremely interesting. At first one has the impression that the gifted animal is about to have nervous prostration, but with much grunting and quivering, and apparently a great concentration of will power, he finally emits the syllables in no unmistakable fashion.

May Bring Own Powwow.

Colonel Tim McCoy, erstwhile Western star, is again in the movie colony, and will probably resume his interrupted career now that outdoor films are returning to popularity.

We lost track of him for about a year, but learned from his lips that he had spent part of that time in Europe, and the rest on his ranch in Wyoming.

Colonel Tim is a sort of godfather of the Indians, and may sponsor their début *en masse* in an audible picture. If he does this, we shall probably be happy to chronicle the existence of a few more dialects than are already heard in the theaters, and Heaven knows there are already plenty!

Pauline Radiates Queenliness.

The dazzle of Pauline Frederick may always be proclaimed—especially when she appears on the stage. Pauline is a favorite footlight star on the Coast, and her premières are always a beacon to admiring film folk.

Recently she was seen in a new play, "The Queen Was in the Parlor," by Noel Coward, and pleased brilliantly with her emotional charm. The first-night audience applauded her for ten minutes after the final curtain.

Pauline enacted the queen of a mythical kingdom, bitterly torn between the demands of love and duty, and ultimately and fatefully forced to follow duty. It was

an ideal rôle for her—indeed, one of the best during her recent theatrical ventures.

There is a possibility that the piece may be seen in pictures. Pauline is under contract, of course, to Warner Brothers, whenever she happens to do any screen work. And by the way, she should have a chance to redeem herself for the unfortunate results of her talkie début in "On Trial" over a year ago.

Duncans Will Stay On.

More and more, all the arguing pro and con among the fans about the desirability of bringing stage stars to the screen seems to go for naught. The studios persist in signing them, and paying exceedingly well for their gifts.

The Duncan Sisters are among the latest to be placed under long contract, studio heads being duly impressed with their comedy and song in "It's a Great Life."

The Duncans will probably croon through four more features in the next year or so, and will, it is said, receive $500,000 for their contribution, which, mathematically considered, means $125,000 for each production. Not so bad this, for two gay troupers who failed completely to register their talents in the silents a few years ago.

Sartorial Sentimentality.

For a male star to receive requests for his cast-off clothing is decidedly a new experience even in Hollywood, but then in the case of Gary Cooper there was cause sufficient.

Gary wore kilts in "Medals," and some enterprising girls hearing of this, opined that the Scotch garb would make most fashionable skirts, especially if of the length they necessarily thought would be worn by Gary. Consequently we learn that they wrote to him in the hope of acquiring the kilts, both for their practical value and as mementos.

So if there is a sudden craze for Scotch plaids, you will know where it started.

A World Without Women.

"Medals" may prove a singular picture, in that it hasn't the vestige of a love story. No feminine character is younger than about fifty.

On the stage, "Medals" was known as "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals," and tells a quaint plot of maternal longing.

There is another picture now in the making that will have no conventional romance. This is "All Quiet on the Western Front."

A few years ago no film would have been considered without some sort of love interest. Today, in many productions, it is secondary. In fact, producers are afraid of very "hot" love scenes in talkies, because they are so often laughed at.

This happened with "His Glorious Night," starring John Gilbert, and occurred also at a preview of Norma Shearer's "Their Own Desire." There was no fault to find with Norma, because she gave one of her best performances. It was just that romance expressed in the peculiar reverberating and often hollow-sounding tones of the talkies seems to lose its magic spell. Recognizedly, too, it is very difficult to write suitable dialogue for love episodes. Mere words sound ridiculous.

And what is this going to do to stars like Greta Garbo, if they should happen to continue on their course of hectic enamorations?

When a Husband Chooses.

They're all returning. Even Dorothy Dalton is coming back to the screen. She will play in "Bride 66," a musical show, for United Artists.

The occasion for her return is her husband's entrance into the movies as a producer. He is Arthur Hammerstein, noted for his stage successes, "The Firefly," "Katinka," "Rose-Marie," and "Sweet Adeline," all of which he sponsored in New York.

Miss Dalton's rôle in "Bride 66" will be prominent, though not the lead. "I needed a vamp for the production," Hammerstein remarked in announcing her return, "so I wisely chose my wife," he said, with a smile.

Miss Dalton, formerly a Paramount star, has been in retirement for four or five years. During her Ince days, she was considered one of the biggest drawing cards of the movies.

The most aristocratic of all dogs, the Russian wolfhound, ceases to be aloof when Kay Francis is near. There's a reason!

Photo by Dyar



Ben Lyon's Waxing Riches.

A lifelong career in one picture. That seems the prospect for Ben Lyon, who has been on the salary list of "Hell's Angels" for two years, and is now working in the talking version.

The interesting thing is that Ben has amassed approximately $175,000 thus far from the engagement. He received $1,750 a week for one hundred weeks, and now it is said that his salary is to be increased to compensate for his using his voice. We believe the new amount is to be $2,500, and that this, too, will be increased later.

Latest bulletins say that "Hell's Angels" has cost to date nearly $3,500,000.

Jean Harlow, a society débutante from Chicago, takes the place of Greta Nissen in the talking version. Miss Nissen played throughout the silent.

How to Gain a Hearing.

Lew Ayres is the newest *"wunderkind"* of the films. Everybody is prognosticating his future and digging into his past, since he was chosen for the lead in "All Quiet on the Western Front." And everybody is saying that his experience is the most remarkable.

Ayres, it seems, couldn't get anywhere in pictures a few years ago, and so, having a voice, became a night-club entertainer. He regarded this as only a bypath and not his profession, so he tried to obtain engagements at the restaurants visited by film executives. It was his hope that they might take notice of him.

Naturally, this led to Agua Caliente, the popular resort below the Mexican border, and to various night clubs in this vicinity.

Ayres would make a hit with those who heard him, and they would invite him to come up to Hollywood, but it led in most cases to nothing. Still, week after week he would commute from south of the Mexican line to the film metropolis. He decided, after a time, that some of the gentlemen must have been a little mellow with sentiment, or something, when they asked him to visit them, and then promptly forgot his existence when they returned to the grind of the studios.

Anyway, the solicitations and the trips back and forth finally led to opportunity, and he was cast opposite Greta Garbo, in "The Kiss." This was freakier still, for it was his voice that had caused all the attention to himself, and the very first rôle that he was given was one in which he didn't sing a note, or even speak.

Financial Despondencies.

Depression still hangs rather heavily over Hollywood, because of the recent stock-market debacle. It hasn't been such a sweet Christmas, nor will it perhaps be such a wildly giddy New Year.

Some of the studio executives suffered the heaviest losses, although many of the stars were also nicked badly.

John Gilbert, among others, seemed very much downcast at a party we attended lately, and we hear that this was due partly to the losses he sustained during the panic.

Jack is always so bright and cheerful when out socially, that it seemed strange to see him moodily walking by himself in the garden. Ina Claire, his wife, was a bit disturbed and declared that he had been to the doctor, and was found to have low blood pressure.

There are many stars who deserve bad luck more than Mr. Gilbert. For in more ways than one he is a peach of a fellow.

Did He Mean the Lady?

Lowell Sherman and Helene Costello manage to keep the guessing game going regarding their marriage. They go everywhere together, but won't admit an engagement.

At the theater one evening, when approached, they presented the usual sphinxlike attitude, but Sherman did proffer one ray of hope, which may or may not mean anything.

Monocled, and attired in full dress, as is his custom when out of an evening in public, Sherman suddenly donned his silk hat while seated in the theater, and humorously shot forth:

"Ready, as you see, for my rôle in 'The Wedding of the Painted Doll.' "

Far Fields Still Verdant.

If you don't get along well at one studio, try another. Helen Twelvetrees it is who has redemonstrated the truth of this famous saying.

Brought West among the very earliest recruits from the stage, when pictures went speakie, Miss Twelvetrees worked for Fox, making her début in "The Ghost Talks." After she had played in several other pictures, and her contract came up for renewal, it was allowed to lapse.



Photo by Dyar

When cook leaves does Richard Arlen sulk? No, he pitches in and does as good a job in the kitchen as he does on the screen.

Shortly afterward, she was engaged by Pathé for "The Grand Parade," and because of that film, obtained a long-term contract. The studio people consider her one of the finest talkie stars they have and don't hesitate to say so. Her appeal is rated not unlike that of Lillian Gish, to whom she does bear at times a very marked resemblance.

Explorers Coming Home.

A most unusual film adventure is drawing to a close. The "Trader Horn" company is returning from Africa.

We have looked at the still photographs on this production, and it promises to have unique interest. The oddest conditions were combated by the people who sought a natural setting similar to the one described in the book. The players, including Edwina Booth, Duncan Rénaldo, and Harry Carey, ventured into the very heart of the Dark Continent, where the tsetse flies buzz thickest, and hippopotami, rhinoceri, and crocodiles flourish and enjoy themselves.

So far as can be learned, they all escaped tsetse bites, as well as those of the animals mentioned, and write home that they have a wonderful picture.

Well—we shall see. But they deserve it, for they actually did face difficult and dangerous hardships in making "Trader Horn."

A Grecian Christening.

Now it's time to have Scintilla! This remark is prompted by the fact that Iota has arrived in the movie colony.

Iota, as his name would signify, is very small. In fact, he is a four-month-old pickaninny, who has recently been added to "Our Gang." "Beanie" Walker, the hu-

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Photo by Apeda

Norbert Lusk understands the "crushes" of the fans, because he began early to have them himself.

Introducing An

If you've wondered about the writers here's your chance to learn all about them. make no plea

By Samuel

BACK in the good, old days when I earned an honest dollar for an honest day's toil, I used to stagger home at night, choke the children and settle down with a pipe and PICTURE PLAY. I often wondered, in those days, what sort of beings the people were who wrote so glibly about the great.

The first thing I did when I landed in Hollywood was to suggest to the editor that probably other people were as curious as I had been about the contributors to PICTURE PLAY. Possibly wishing to discipline me, he told me to go ahead and write about them.

Heigh ho! And a bottle of rum! Don't ever believe anything they say about the temperament of the stars hereafter. Gilbert, Garbo, Negri, Borden, and half a dozen others rolled into one, haven't as much temperament as one interviewer. One girl had to wait three weeks to have her photo taken, because she hadn't any clothes to wear. Another waited almost a week, because she had just had a marcel a few days before, and didn't want to get another before her regular day. One of the men wanted to know if he was going to head the article. *Tchk! Tchk! Tchk!* Such a bunch! And not a feed out of the whole tribe.



Photo by Louise

Helen Louise Walker wrote an exposé of a milk trust which sent acquaintances of her father to jail!

NORBERT LUSK.

Mr. Lusk, whose devastating reviews appear with surprising regularity each month, is from New Orleans. Years of residence in the North have not lessened his yen for hot biscuits and cornbread. As he sallies forth every evening to gaze on the latest picture contributed by those he calls "the gifted," his state of mind is apt to be influenced by his dinner. If the menu has included either of these important items, it is fairly safe to conjecture that the opus to be witnessed will receive at least a modicum of praise—even though the film be one of Richard Barthelmess'.

He lives alone, without even a pet tadpole, in a skyscraper apartment on lower Fifth Avenue, in New York, which combines English antique furniture with modernistic objects in rather surprising, though happy fashion. However, his pride is centered on his clocks, none of which seems to make a sound until late in the evening, when their chimes smite the ear with amazing frequency, as though to remind the visitor that it really *is* this late and quite time to go. To these clocks he gives the attributes of humans. One is a bit temperamental these days, another is sulky, another is jealous of a new addition to the collection, and so on.

Occasionally he gives small dinner parties—for relaxation, he says, though he thinks nothing of spending an entire day in preparation, and the guests are apt to be chosen for their fluency in praising his culinary efforts. Being partly of French extraction, food plays an important part in his

All-star Cast

whose names you see in *Picture Play*, For, unlike the stars of the screen, they for privacy.

Richard Mook

life and the discovery of a new sauce has been known to excite him.

He journeys from New York to Philadelphia for almost every purchase he makes because, as he carefully explains, he has charge accounts there. But my own guess is that he goes on a sort of Conrad-in-quest-of-his-youth mission, for he made his first movie connection with the old Lubin company of Philadelphia in the bone age of the screen.

He smiles understandingly at the "crushes" of the fans, because his own experience has made him an authority. Only he calls his "personal enthusiasms" and analyzes them. One of his earliest and most lasting was Margaret Anglin, the stage actress, whom he saw thirteen times in "The Awakening of Helena Richie." Determined to meet her he went about doing so in his own way, which consisted of writing a two-thousand-word eulogy and having it printed at his expense on the quality of paper he deemed worthy of his idol's touch. The star in self-protection introduced him to Raymond Hackett, then an actor of seven, who proved more receptive to fan admiration.

As a rule he is mild-mannered and amiable, but on occasion his tongue fairly drips with biting sarcasm and irony, while the usually benign look in his eyes gives way to a diabolic gleam. Once, in his absence from the room, I chanced upon clippings in a scrapbook that revealed him as a scenario writer in bygone days. My shouts of laughter brought him quickly back into the room. His inquiring smile faded as he saw the secret book in my hand, and then occurred one of these transformations.

He has the most sardonic and at the same time the lightest sense of humor I have ever encountered. He is the only person whom I consider a friend.



Photo by Monroe

Though William H. McKegg has few friends, he is generous to a fault and hospitable in the extreme.



Photo by Louise

Myrtle Gebhart has plumbed the depths of human misery and remains a Pollyanna at heart.

I almost forgot to add that in his spare moments he edits PICTURE PLAY, and his pet economy is the use of a pay station rather than his own phone to save a nickel.

HELEN LOUISE WALKER

Miss Walker is the thoroughly professional interviewer. Witness the fact that when I called up for an appointment, the first thing I heard was a suspicious "Who buys the lunch?"

"It's a holdup!" I raged. "Who ever heard of an interviewer buying lunch for any one?"

"I'll bite—who?" said Helen. "I'm an interviewer myself, and I certainly have no intention of getting into bad habits. Come around to-morrow at eleven."

I pried an eyelid open at the breakfast table and staggered around. Her father, thinking to avoid more arguments, had thoughtfully left some ginger ale and ice on the table. The sound of the ice tinkling in the glass had a soothing effect, and Helen began to talk.

"Now, *don't* ask me how I began writing. I didn't begin. It just hap-

pened. I was a fluttery ingénue débutante—if you laugh at me again I'll bounce this bottle off your bean—in Omaha, Nebraska. The society editor of the paper"—*one* of the papers, she hastily corrected herself—"had some pictures made of me and phoned to say I might have one if I would call for it. I went down to collect my honest dues, and fell in love with the place.

"My dear, it was positively fascinating. Next day I went back for a job. The s. e. laughed at me. I flipped my skirts at her and went over to the city editor. His 'No' was heard by mother at home. The managing editor heard it, too, and followed me to the steps. I told him I knew nothing about writing, but that I knew everybody of importance in town. I started work next morning.

"I was six months on the paper, during part of which time I was 'Cynthia Grey'! My career was cut short by an investigation I conducted on the price of milk. I discovered there was a milk trust in Omaha, and the investigation ended when three of father's acquaintances were sent to jail!

"Father thought a change would do me good, and I finally landed in Los Angeles. We were looking for a house and our prospective landlord proved to be the editor of one of the Pasadena papers. On hearing that I was from Omaha and my name was Walker, he asked if I was Helen Louise Walker, and said he had read some of my articles. He invited me to come to work for him.

"When I presented myself, he asked what I wanted to do. I told him interview people. He replied that their interviews were covered. I assured him that I could get out a mimeographed form to cover the interviews *they* printed, and all they would have to do would be to fill in the names. 'Prospects are for the best crop in years. I am amazed at the strides in progress made by California. Los Angeles has the most unusual weather of any city in the country.'

"I assured him I did *not* want to interview successful business men, but just writers, actors, visiting noblemen and unusual people. He told me to interview an author—any author. I picked on Rupert Hughes. The story must have been good, because they put me on the staff. Next I was assigned to George Horace Lorimer, editor of the *Saturday Evening Post*. I——"

The ginger ale was all gone, so I oozed out into the California sunshine and unusual weather.



Neville Reay is single, twenty-five, lives alone and is one hundred per cent disillusioned.

MYRTLE GEBHART.

About four feet ten inches of human complexity, christened Myrtle Theresa.

Here is a girl who has plumbed the depths of human misery and remains a Pollyanna at heart. Born in Dallas, Texas, her parents migrated to Chicago just before the machine-gun epidemic broke out. This may explain, if not excuse, her peace-loving disposition.

Filled with dreams and hopes, Myrtilla worked and saved. When she thought she had saved enough, she wrote to the head of one of the numerous schools of scenario writing in Los Angeles, telling of her qualifications—or lack of them—and adding that she was ready to come to Hollywood on receipt of a wire advising her what her prospects were. The head wrote her lengthily, advising her to remain at home. So Myrtle Theresa came out to give Frances Marion a run for her money.

She finally managed to obtain a job as reader of scripts in one of these schools. Never having been inside a studio, she was admirably fitted to criticize stories. The school blew up and she got a job as publicity writer for a Bible publishing house at fifty dollars a week. The job lasted three weeks and the company went broke. She got another job with another scenario school, this time addressing cards and envelopes. Probably through heartache and lack of nourishment, she developed a cough and a cold. Her employers refused to let her come to work, but permitted her to take envelopes home to address them, for which she was paid three dollars a thousand.

She continued sobbing and coughing her way through that year, often so sick she could hardly sit up to jab at the typewriter keys with one finger. Her food consisted chiefly of peanut butter bought in bulk and spread thinly on crackers. About half a dozen of these sandwiches constituted a meal, Pollyanna playing that one was soup, the next salad, one an entrée, one the roast, et cetera. The only parallel to this that I can think of was the solitary dinner that Charlie Chaplin ate on Christmas Day in "The Gold Rush."

Eventually Myrtle got into fan-magazine writing. Trouble still followed her. First her mother died. Then

Continued on page 92

In Five Snappy Lessons

That's all it takes to learn French according to the Benny Rubin-Anita Page system graciously illustrated on this page by the founders themselves.





Savoir-faire, which means "To know how to do," is the subject of the lesson, left.

Cherchez la femme, another way of saying "Find the woman," is seen, right.

"Et voila!" says Miss Page, below, to illustrate the French equivalent of "That's that!"

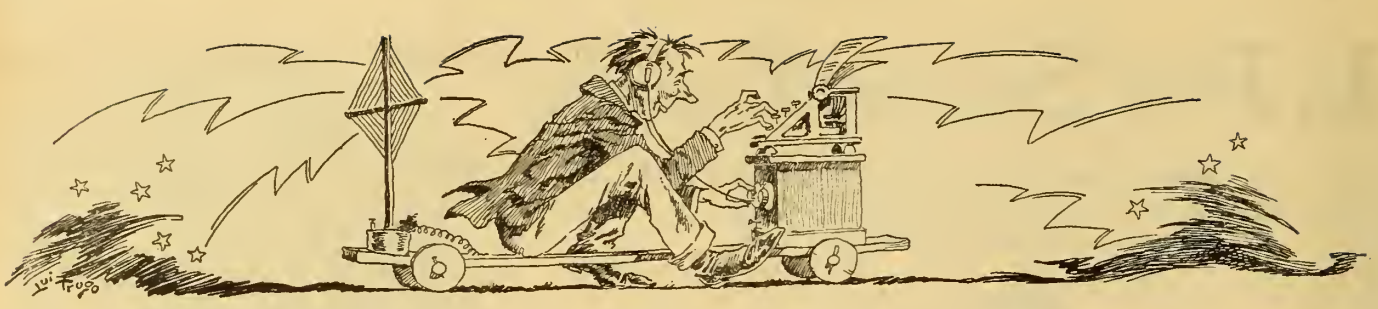




"Je baiser vos mains," murmurs Mr. Rubin, left, and Miss Page knows that he is only saying "I kiss your hands."



"Ils ne passeront pas!" the famous challenge of the French during the war, becomes, right, "They shall not pass!"



The Stroller

Pointed comment and illuminating asides on life in the studios.

By Neville Reay

Illustrated by Lui Trugo

ONE musical revue has not yet been filmed, and herewith is submitted the outline of one which merits production.

The picture is called "The Studio Revue."

As we open on a girl singing a patter about how we run the movies, a chorus of extras come on singing, "We keep rich on five dollars per." All wear fur coats and have telephone numbers on signs around their necks.

The order of these numbers may not be dramatic, yet they are in proper assortment. The second number is a fast dialogue between a chorus of supervisors, scenarists, directors, and actors. It is a novelty number. It starts off with the director speaking a few lines and nimbly tossing a papier-mâché buck to the supervisor. We get the idea that some picture has been a flop. The producer is an interested spectator until the last, when some one tosses the buck to him. All but the bewildered producer exit.

The next number takes place in a director's office. His assistant is interviewing a girl. Before the girl's contract is signed we "black out."

The studio gatemen's quartet next sings the song, "If We Told What We Saw in the Dead of Night."

The interpretative dance number is next. Synopsis: Production manager is explaining to the producer where the money went. He starts off slowly leaping about the stage, waving his arms madly, the producer skips behind him, trying to keep up. The dance becomes wilder and wilder. They go into a whirling dervish. The producer falls down dizzy, as the production manager, with a leap allegorical of mounting expense, jumps through the roof of the theater.

Next comes one of those so-called fashion numbers. The male star sings a song as each show girl comes down the runway with the star's name on a placard around her neck. This name is in larger type on each succeeding girl. As the star turns from one girl to the next he sings, "I like her some, but I like you more." This goes on until the star's head fills the screen in close-up. Then in a series of multiple dissolves and whirls, we see the star's name descending upon us until the only sound audible is the sigh of greatness.

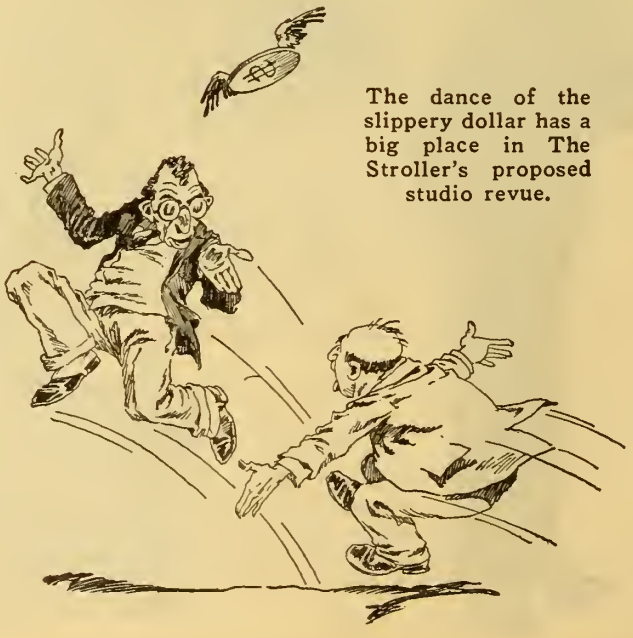
A touch of tragedy is contained in the next number. The première danseuse flits out singing a song called, "I Promise You." This is the announcement of the coming year's program. The chorus girls come out, each representing one of the pictures. They go into a perfectly drilled dance, bewildering and surprising to the audience. The pictures haven't been produced yet. First one and then another falls down until, when the curtain drops, several of the girls are still whooping it up, a couple of weak sisters are doing their best and the rest are prostrate.

A blues singer is next. She reviews pictures for a daily newspaper. Her song is, "I'll Tell the Truth—When My Boss Is Dead and Gone." It is very doleful.

The next number is a soliloquy by an actor or director, "I Made Me What I Am To-day."

The comedy number shows a projection room. The end of a picture is presented on the screen. A soft alarum is played off scene. The producer says, "Do you like that picture?" A chorus of beautiful but scantily clad girls leap from the theater chairs and fall into line. They do a clever dance and join in the refrain of the song which consists of variations of one word, "yes."

Finally all the players come on for a tremendous finale. The orchestra puts down its instruments and climbs on the stage. Actors, directors, supervisors, and others, join in a mighty crescendo of "yes," fall to their knees as the curtain lowers, and shout one final, world-shattering, superfortissimo "yes" as the curtain strikes the boards.



The dance of the slippery dollar has a big place in The Stroller's proposed studio revue.

Once we had but to read words and mispronounce them to ourselves—to-day they are mispronounced for us.

One chain of theaters held a "pronunciation day" and made it clear to all its patrons that they were not at Lo-ey's theater—they were at Low's.

That may be the first flame of a revolution in better Americanese. But my idea of the true language is best illustrated by the cast of a picture, each member of which gives a different pronunciation to the word "subtlety," none of them knowing what it means.

We do need more pronunciation days. I suggest a series of short subjects for release in Hollywood based on the dictionary, the same being an adaptation therefrom. But I don't know whom to get to direct it.



A chorus of extras wearing fur coats and their telephone numbers cavort enchantingly.

I have decided to live in the center of some great desert in the summer of 1932.

That is the year of the next presidential campaign, and I have been viewing with alarm the methods used not far back in the New York campaign, when the various would-be mayors became talking-picture actors and cast images of themselves, tremendously large, on the sides of buildings, with voices incredibly loud.

No one will be able to avoid the speeches, and heckling will be wasted effort. You can't confuse a projectionist. You can't even get him to focus the picture, or put it in the middle of the screen.

By giving plenty of warning, some one may be able to suggest an antidote in time.

Has any one thought of using a Robert Benchley short subject for a filibuster in Congress?

The habit of running out on premières has proved to me that there is hope for some of our stars.

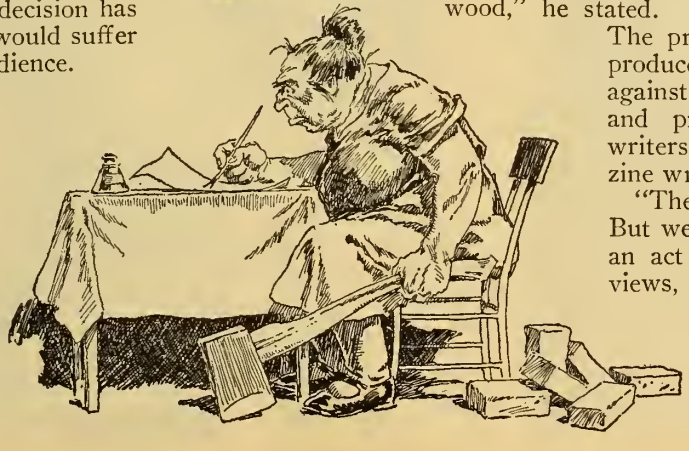
The most atrocious spectacle of openings is the appearance of stars on the stage after the performance. It is as much as to say, "Wasn't I good in the picture? Let me hear your applause." Too often the players flop dismally about on the stage, wondering what to do.

I never thought much of Jolson as a screen player. But he recently ran out on an opening when he was supposed to appear. He gave a lame excuse that he didn't think it fair to charge people five dollars a seat. I think Jolson did a noble thing. It would be worth five dollars to me not to have to hear him tell how stars sleep sideways on their beds.

Will Rogers' disappearance act was a little worse. I don't care for his smart cracks particularly, but I don't mind seeing him spin the rope. Rope spinning has always fascinated me. As punishment, it would be entertaining to force Jolson to spin the rope and Rogers to sing mammy songs. No decision has been rendered as to who would suffer most, the stars or the audience.



Proof that this center of learning is unlike any other, was contained in an amazing disclosure made by a snooper.



A star who said he trusted no woman was asked to pay the expenses of a fan who wanted to come and beat him up.

Snoopers may have their place in the scheme of things, and evidently have. There are snoopers in Hollywood who get paid for it, and whose findings would make highly interesting reading to a certain type, if or when our national statutes are sufficiently broadened to permit unlicensed tale-bearing.

A friend of mine recently applied for life insurance. Within three days I was visited by a seedy-looking individual who looked like a process server.

"What," he said, "are the personal habits of Carroll Graham?"

"Why," I replied, "he sleeps standing up; smokes chewing gum; flavors his coffee with strawberry ice-cream, and parts his hair in the back. Why?"

The mysterious-looking person glanced cautiously about as he wrote this down. "There's nothing unusual in that. He may be able to get his insurance after all. You see," he confided, "I'm a special investigator for the Schnitz Insurance Company.

"Now, a fellow who drinks this Hollywood gin can't get insurance with us. That stuff should be used to run engines. We don't really want to pry into a man's private affairs, but it's necessary. Anything that shortens his life and decreases his normal expectancy is of interest to us.

"Supposing the man was running around with somebody else's wife? Ah, ha—you get me? He might get away with it, but the averages are against him."

This sounded rather interesting in a way, so I asked him what classes of motion-picture workers he considered the best risks.

"There are two kinds of insurance for Hollywood," he stated. "First, there is life insurance. The premium is high, but we protect producers against directors, directors against stars, stars against press agents and press agents against magazine writers. We refuse to protect magazine writers.

"Then we have accident insurance. But we don't pay when the accident is an act of God, like mobbing at previews, arguments over screen credit, or who ruined the picture.

"Gag men have a special clause. If they go insane they get a dollar a year."

Continued on page 108

Vive The French Girl!

Players from France become acclimated in the movie capital quite easily and these have already made good bids for movie fame.



Fifi Dorsay, above, the vamp in "They Had to See Paris," was given the lead in Victor MacLaglen's "Hot For Paris" and a contract.



Irene Bordoni, above, of the New York stage, was asked to appear in two other films after completion of her first, "Paris."

Renée Adorée, below, has long been favorably known to fans.



Yola d'Avril, below, plays a small but effective rôle in "The Love Parade."



Lily Damita, above, the stormy señorita of "The Cock-eyed World," went into a stage musical, "Carry On."



Reckless And Charming

There's a great deal more to Constance Bennett than that, as you can see for yourself, for she has come back to the screen to stay.

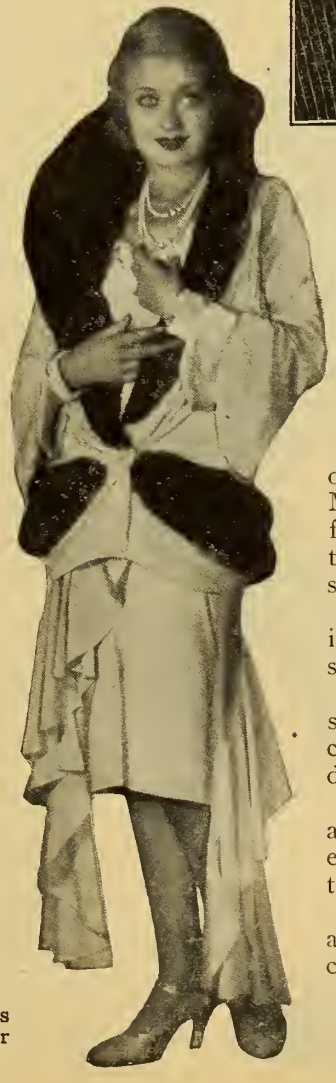
By Romney Scott

FIVE or six years ago a new personality streaked like a comet across the film horizon, blinding us with a beauty as intense as a white flame, and was gone, leaving nothing but the memory of a few characterizations almost perfectly done. Her name was Constance Bennett.

Strange, incomprehensible almost, that eye-searing beauty was used to decoy men to their ruin, temporarily, anyhow. There seemed no reason for it. Her beauty was the type we like to see safely folded in the hero's arms in the last hundred feet, and to know that fair face would not be pricked by life's thorns—not while our hero could prevent it. No, sir!

But things like that never happened to the girl in those days. In the last reel she always went dejectedly—more or less—down life's by-paths, her discontented mouth puckered into a shape you'd just love to kiss, while the sappy hero turned, albeit reluctantly, to the more wholesome, but certainly less attractive mate his director had selected for him.

Perhaps the movie magnates, with more vision than they are credited with, realized that such beauty and charm were too potent to remain the exclusive property of one man. The world would be paying court to the household of any man lucky enough to win her. Whatever the reason, this girl still in her teens, played sophisticated rôles as they have never been played before or since; played them without benefit of any of the artifices usually employed for such parts since movies began. No obvious make-up, no startling coiffures, no outlandish clothes, and no seductive wiles. She just walked onto a set dressed like one of Chanel's prize exhibits, with that come-hither look in her eyes and, believe me, they came. The fact that at the end they left her was less a credit to their taste than to any lack of charm on her part.



Constance Bennett wears clothes with a way all her own.



Photo by Hesser

Constance Bennett has calm, gray eyes and a voice with husky undertones that quite disturbed Mr. Mook.

During her two years on the screen she free-lanced all over the place. It was not until she played in "Sally, Irene, and Mary" that M.-G.-M. signed her to a five-year contract calling for fifty-two weeks of work a year. Six weeks after signing the contract she went to New York, married, and left the screen flat.

After that her erstwhile screen lovers turned to the other interests furnished them by the casting directors, and not quite so discontentedly to *"True Blue" Lou* at the end.

Now, after the lapse above noted, this girl comes back—still looking like one of Chanel's exhibits, but with that discontented expression about the mouth all gone, and with that devastating wit and beauty more fully matured.

News of her return flashed to the four corners of the earth, and there was a mad scramble on the part of everybody who ever heard of a fan magazine, or who knew how to dot an "i," to get a story, and—oh, yes—an interview.

She looked at me out of the calmest gray eyes I've ever seen, and extended her hand. Like William Gaxton, in "A Connecticut Yankee," I began immediately to carol

"I took one look at you—
That's all I meant to do,
And then—my heart stood still."

Oh, gee! Oh, gosh! She started talking, but for all I knew she could have been telling me that "The Birth of a Nation" was a great picture. News of the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment would scarcely have impressed me—just then. The husky undertones of her voice, vibrating with something that—er—something that—that—well, you know how it is! Finally somebody, some kind soul, held a bottle of strong-smelling stuff under my nose. I took a swig—sniff, I mean—sat up and began to pay attention.

She was telling me how she happened to sign her present contract. Her old agreement with M.-G.-M. had still a year or so to run, when she was approached by Ufa to make two pictures in Germany. She telephoned Metro-Goldwyn and asked if they would release her. They tried to cajole her into coming back to America to work. Constance opened her gray eyes wide in astonishment. At least, I imagine she did. It's a trick she has. "Why should I? It means giving up my friends, my home, my life on the Continent. Here I can make two or three pictures and still do the things I want."

After several phone calls across the Atlantic—or maybe it was the Pacific, because when you listen to that husky voice and she gazes at you with that far-away look in her eyes, time and place mean nothing—M.-G.-M. released her, and Constance prepared to depart, bag and baggage, for Germany.

This story has got to be good, so for the sake of adding a little dramatic interest, we'll say that as she was turning the key in the lock, the phone rang once more. With a smothered "Bother!" she unlocked the door, and went back into the house to answer it—the maids had all gone already, you see—and who do you suppose it was? Right! Joseph P. Kennedy begging her to rally to the aid of dear, old Pathé, who was fighting a losing game in the battle of the centuries.

Constance, who is a game sport and loves to take a chance, boosted her salary until it looked like the French war debt, and waited. Mr. Kennedy, who is a conservative business man, and not a game sport, said "Utsnay," or words to that effect, and fainted.

Miss Bennett's quiet sense of humor is maintained at no sacrifice of dignity.

Photo by Fryer



Hearing nothing further, Constance hung up the receiver, locked the door, and proceeded on her way. She got as far as the railroad station this time, when she was summoned to the phone, and Mr. Kennedy, having revived, informed her that she would be cheap at twice the price, or words to that effect, and invited her to take possession of a dressing room on the Pathé lot.

To me Constance typifies Park Avenue. To put it vulgarly, she has that indefinable something that spells "class." I don't know what, if any, finishing school she attended. If she did, her school can point with pride to her as a Grade A specimen of its product. She has a remarkable sense of humor, coupled with the knack of chatting freely and easily to put you at ease. Yet, with it all, there is something dignified about her. I cannot conceive of any one becoming unduly familiar, nor can I picture any one presuming to take liberties with her.

Probably more has been written about the Bennett temperament than almost any other subject in filmdom, and yet it really is not temperament. It is simply an overpowering inclination to obey that impulse, whatever said impulse may be, and to let the consequences take care of themselves. This trait is dominant in all the Bennett sisters, Joan and Barbara, as well as Constance.

A great deal of notoriety has been given the lack of understanding and affection existing between the sisters, yet Constance often refers to them both. Joan she speaks of most often, possibly because she is the little sister, or because of her sudden and sensational rise to fame. "She's a darling," or "Isn't she a dear?" are most often the gist of her remarks. They never think of each other as rivals, as they feel there is plenty of room at the top for them both.

Joan thinks Constance one of the most finished actresses on the screen.

With it all, there is a marked difference between the two. Constance is more worldly, more sophisticated; Joan is sweeter and gentler. Constance has a more vivid personality—a more direct magnetism. Joan grows on you, and you like her better as you come to know her.

Barbara is the least known of the three on the screen, although better known, perhaps, as a dancer. She has made but two films, "Syncopation" and "Mother's Boy."

Joan's pictures have followed each other with bewildering speed. "Bulldog Drummond," "Three Live Ghosts," "Disraeli," "The Mississippi Gambler," and "Puttin' on the Ritz."

The two things all three sisters have in common are their recklessness and their charm.

About the only thing left to tell you is that when you want to see sophisticated entertainment, plus looks, plus clothes, plus the ability to wear them, and to listen to a voice that sends little shivers up your spine, go to see Constance Bennett.



A Confidential Guide To Current Releases

WHAT EVERY FAN SHOULD SEE.

"Disraeli"—Warner. All dialogue. One of the great stage plays intact, with George Arliss in title rôle. Plotting to acquire Suez Canal interwoven with love story, excellently acted, make it outstanding picture. "Dizzy" brilliantly portrayed. Joan Bennett, Anthony Bushell, and Doris Lloyd good.

"Rio Rita"—RKO. All song and dialogue. Technicolor. Bebe Daniels triumphs in singing rôle, with glamorous settings that surpass stage spectacle. Good story, nicely unfolded. Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey supply real comedy. John Boles sings his best songs so far. Also Dorothy Lee, a newcomer.

"Welcome, Danger" — Paramount. Part dialogue. Harold Lloyd makes you laugh all through, with time out only for breathing—and some speech by Mr. Lloyd. His voice suitable. *Harold* runs down a Chinese villain in his own way. Barbara Kent naïvely charming. Noah Young funny as policeman.

"Applause"—Paramount. All dialogue. Exceptionally good film featuring Helen Morgan, and her moaning songs. Girl from convent stands by mother, faded burlesque queen at sacrifice of love. Moving performance by Miss Morgan. Joan Peers a revelation as the daughter. Fuller Mellish, Jr., and Henry Wadsworth excellent.

"Fast Company"—Paramount. All dialogue. Baseball comedy that provides capital entertainment, even if you are not a fan. Jack Oakie registers as superior actor, funnier than ever. Evelyn Brent is chorus girl, also at her best. Richard Gallagher, Sam Hardy, Gwen Lee.

"They Had to See Paris"—Fox. All dialogue. Will Rogers in one of the most entertaining films ever made. Humorous study of newly rich family on holiday. Irene Rich beautifully portrays the wife, Marguerite Churchill the daughter. Ivan Lebedeff is the nobleman, but not the villain. Fifi Dorsay.

"Sunny Side Up"—Fox. Song, dialogue and Technicolor. Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell surrounded by spectacular musical comedy. Whether the stars are good or not matters little, because of speedy action and original staging. Leads concerned with childish romance. El Brendel, Frank Richardson, Marjorie White.

"Lady Lies, The"—Paramount. All dialogue. Intelligent, smart, modern picture, free of elocutionary taints. A kept girl refuses to give up rich widower, even if she has come between him and his children. Walter Huston and Claudette Colbert excellent. Fine touches by Charles Ruggles and Betty Garde.

"Dynamite" — Metro-Goldwyn. All dialogue. Cecil DeMille's first experiment in talkies brilliantly effective. Moviesque plot, embellished with fine acting and photography and intelligent dialogue, becomes convincing, even if about coal miner and society woman. Kay Johnson's début perfect. Charles Bickford, Julia Faye, Conrad Nagel, Muriel McCormac, Leslie Fenton.

"Big Time"—Fox. All dialogue. An unpretentious picture made charming by its simplicity and the excellent acting of Lee Tracy. Backstage story of hoofer who deserts his wife for blond menace, and their ups and downs. Mae Clarke, Josephine Dunn, Stepin Fetchit.

"Hollywood Revue"—Metro-Goldwyn. All singing and talking, some Technicolor. Highly entertaining kaleidoscope of songs, dances, and skits, with an impressive list of stars. Like a glittering stage revue, with no story, yet not a dull moment. Marion Davies, Marie Dressler, and Albertina Rasch ballet take honors.

"Hallelujah"—Metro-Goldwyn. All dialogue. An epic in its true meaning in the portrayal of the ups and downs of a cotton-belt Negro family, as the film reveals the inner life in striking interpretations. There has never been a film like it in the dramatic sweep of a simple plot. All Negro cast directed by King Vidor.

"Cock-eyed World, The"—Fox. All dialogue. An explosive, profane, and rather vulgar, but highly diverting, continuation of the amorous adventures of *Top Sergeant Flagg* and *Sergeant Quirt* of "What Price Glory?" The war over, new affairs are found to blossom in the tropics. Victor McLaglen, Edmund Lowe, Lily Damita, El Brendel.

"River of Romance"—Paramount. All dialogue. An old film made over for talkies, with Buddy Rogers "The Fighting Coward," who refuses to fight, but gets results by bluffing. Dueling period of the South. Acting of high order, atmosphere authentic. Mary Brian, June Collyer, Wallace Beery.

"Last of Mrs. Cheyney, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. All dialogue. Drawing-room drama, whose heroine edges into society to rob her hostess, with tricky and artificial aspects to whole story. Norma Shearer does well. Basil Rathbone, Hedda Hopper, George K. Arthur, Maude Turner Gordon, and several stage recruits.

"Dance of Life, The"—Paramount. All dialogue, Technicolor sequence. Taken from the play "Burlesque," backstage life is pictured sympathetically and grippingly. The story of a little dancer who sticks to her worthless husband, a likable clown. One of real backstage pictures. Hal Skelly, Nancy Carroll, Dorothy Revier, and excellent support.

"Single Standard, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Brilliant acting by Greta Garbo, although the story is not an inspiration. Arden Stuart attempts to live her own life freely, but conventional mother love dispels her theories. Nils Asther, John Mack Brown, Dorothy Sebastian, Lane Chandler, Robert Castle, Kathlyn Williams.

"Evangeline"—United Artists. The familiar poem done with great pictorial beauty and moments of poignant emotion. Dolores del Rio's finest performance since "Resurrection," sincere and infinitely pathetic. Roland Drew and Donald Reed good support.

"Wonder of Women"—Metro-Goldwyn. Part dialogue. Dignified, beautiful portrayal of a genius who fled from his simple fireside to renew his associations with a prima donna and his awakening to his true inspiration. Marvelous acting by Lewis Stone, and Peggy Wood ideal as his wife. Leila Hyams the singer.

"She Goes to War"—United Artists. Incidental sound. War picture with unusual story and magnificent acting, in which a girl dons her drunken fiancé's uniform and goes to battle, and is awakened to real life. Alma Rubens and Eleanor Boardman give fine performances, and the talents of Edmund Burns are brought out. John Holland, Al St. John, Yola d'Avril, Glen Walters, Eulalie Jensen.

"On With the Show"—Warner. All dialogue, singing, dancing, and entirely in Technicolor besides. Gayety and beauty of musical comedy, with young love of an usher and coat-room girl, with other issues galore. Entire cast does well. Betty Compson, Louise Fazenda, Sally O'Neil, Joe E. Brown, William Bakewell, Arthur Lake, Wheeler Oakman, Sam Hardy, Ethel Walters.

"Bulldog Drummond"—United Artists. All dialogue. A melodramatic thriller, with sophisticated viewpoint which makes fun of what transpires. Story of bored ex-war hero, who advertises for adventure and gets it. Ronald Colman vitalized and remade by speech, giving memorable performance, ably seconded by Joan Bennett, Lilyan Tashman, and Montagu Love.

"Madame X"—Metro-Goldwyn. All dialogue. Old-time melodrama of mother love superbly vivified by fresh dialogue, modern direction, and superb acting, with Ruth Chatterton and Raymond Hackett as mother and son reaching heights of tear-wringing emotion in famous courtroom scene, where wretched woman charged with murder is defended by son taught to believe her dead. Lewis Stone, Eugenie Besserer, Mitchell Lewis, Holmes Herbert, and Ulrich Haupt.

"Letter, The"—Paramount. Entertaining eloquence and dramatic situations make this a milestone in all-dialogue films, and bring to the screen the gifted Jeanne Eagels. A civilized picture showing the wrecked lives of an English couple in Singapore. Stage cast devoid of cuties includes O. P. Heggie, Reginald Owen, and Herbert Marshall.

"Iron Mask, The"—United Artists. A picturesque tapestry, sequel to "The Three Musketeers," superbly exploiting Douglas Fairbanks. Story from

[Continued on page 118]



Nick Lucas and Myrna Loy are featured in this charming number from "The Show of Shows," and it is only one of many.

The Screen in Review

By Norbert Lusk

Huzzas or taps are sounded as new pictures pass in parade.

THE most gorgeous and varied and interesting of all the revues—that's a conservative estimate of "The Show of Shows." Entirely in technicolor, it has everything to justify the title, with more well-known names than have ever been crowded into a single picture, and more originality and charm than have heretofore been captured by screen musicals.

That's saying much, but take it from me you won't be disappointed except possibly in one particular—your favorite star hasn't enough to do! For surely you will want to hear more of John Barrymore than he gives in his magnificent rendition of the *Duke of Gloucester's* soliloquy from Shakespeare's "Henry VI," and I know, too, that Beatrice Lillie will leave you pining for more of her comedy, while such charming numbers as "A Bicycle Built For Two," with Pauline Garon, Grant Withers, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Chester Morris, Jacqueline Logan, and others, are all too short. The old-fashioned costumes in this episode, as well as those of the girls in "The Florodora Sextet"—Marian Nixon, Loretta Young, Myrna Loy, Patsy Ruth Miller, Edna Murphy, and Lois Wilson—are worn with such ease and grace, and their pompadours are so completely becoming, that instead of burlesque the number has a wistful quality that is utterly beguiling to those whose memory of feminine costumes goes further back than knee-length skirts. And if this has no evocative effect upon you, the dazzling ensembles certainly will—that marvelous drill which opens the show, performed by more girls than one can count, on a flight of stairs reaching almost to the heavens; and the exquisitely costumed precision dance by the black-and-white girls is equally bewildering.

One could ramble on and on, without ever doing justice to this wonderful entertainment, and even a list of the players would fail to approximate the delighted surprise one feels in recognizing them here and there as bright bits of light and beauty in the kaleidoscope of color. See "The Show of Shows" and die!

Mr. Chevalier Goes Graustarkian.

Maurice Chevalier's second picture, "The Love Parade," is far more ambitious than "Innocents of Paris." When the shortcomings of that picture are recalled for purposes of criticism, one is reminded that it ran eighteen weeks in San Francisco. By the same token, the new film should run eighty weeks there, though as a matter of fact it afforded me less pleasure. But I may be exceptionally immune to Mr. Chevalier's talents. Enough to say that he has no such songs in the new film as he had in the earlier one, though there is every need for a string of musical gems, for "The Love Parade" is a romance told in song. But I found the music far from haunting and not even adequate. However, Mr. Chevalier finds himself surrounded by a superb production, with all the pomp, pageantry, and ceremonial of the toy kingdom of Sylvania. That name is significant of the lack of originality and imagination in the picture.

It tells the story of a rather long-drawn-out duel of the sexes, the principals being *Alfred*, a rakish fellow, who is married by *Queen Louise* and finds himself with no hand in the affairs of the country. As prince consort he is expected to be a husband only. His pride and self-respect wounded, he threatens to leave the queen and file papers for a divorce. But her love for him is greater than her sovereignty, so discord ends in happy compromise.

There are, of course, bright touches in the narrative, for Ernst Lubitsch directed it; but for the most part points are driven home with the force and frequency of a riveting machine, and the action is more emphatic than subtle. One catches himself longing for a moment of real tenderness or charm, or a faint suggestion of spirituality, instead of insistence on the sexual attraction of one character for the other, with apparently nothing else to explain the pursuit of *Alfred* by *Louise* upstairs and through corridors until she invades his bedroom. In short, the picture strikes but one note in the scale of love, and the repetition of that note grows tiresome.

Jeanette MacDonald, of musical comedy, is *Queen Louise,* handsome, slender, animated, a good singer and a good enough actress, though deficient in that magnetism which makes many a less well-trained player more interesting. Lupino Lane and Lillian Roth furnish boisterous comedy.

A Tribute to Gloria.

This is a pæan of exultation over Gloria Swanson's smashing comeback, more than a review of "The Trespasser." At the outset it must be said, however, that to many of us Miss Swanson hadn't retreated—not while she left us her magnificent *Sadie Thompson* to think about. But her long absence from the screen since then, due in part to her decision to delay the release of "Queen Kelly," caused qualms among the faithful lest her distinguished career become a tradition more than a reality. New values were being established by the talkies, with Miss Swanson yet to be heard from. Now, with her determination, capacity for hard work, and sheer inspiration proven anew, she proudly comes forth to claim the success which was waiting for her.

Because of what she gives to it, "The Trespasser" is a brilliant achievement. Without her it is best not to think of it, for the author, Edmund Goulding, who also directed it, has provided Miss Swanson with a strained, artificial melodrama reminiscent of the stage as it used to be. Though it fairly blazes with sure-fire situations, the fire is not kindled with sincerity. However, Mr. Goulding's overzealousness as an author is atoned for by splendid direction, in which good taste, economy, and fine authority are combined. And always there is Miss Swanson's skill, which glosses and gives the radiance of honesty to moments which it is doubtful if any other actress could disguise. Her speech is natural and expressive, and her singing voice is smooth and sympathetic. Though we all make much ado about Miss Swanson's début in audibility, I predict that in the course of a few pictures we shall look back upon her voice, as it is heard in "The Trespasser," as merely the beginning of her development.

For the sake of record, the story details the trials and tribulations of a stenographer who marries the son of a multi-millionaire. She is separated from her husband by her father-in-law, who maneuvers his son into another marriage. The cast-off wife, driven to the wall, becomes the mistress of her employer for the sake of her child. The death of her admirer causes the discovery of the child by reporters, who insinuate that he is the son of the deceased. To protect the boy's name, the ex-stenographer sends for her former husband to tell him the child is his. They are about to be reunited when the second wife, crippled in an accident, decides to sacrifice herself for the woman she knows her husband still loves. Whereupon the first wife stages an even showier sacrifice. She will give the boy to his father and fade out of the picture. And so she does. But Mr. Goulding slays the second wife and brings the true loves together.

Hardly an inspired story, but it is said to be what women like. Robert Ames, as the young husband, is perfectly cast, and I liked Purnell Pratt, as the protector of *Marion Donnell.* But all the acting is of a high order.

An Island Paradise.

Though worth your attention, "Condemned" isn't equal to Ronald Colman's "Bulldog Drummond." Intelligently produced and acted, it is effective up to a certain point, but it is confusing.



Jeanette MacDonald and Maurice Chevalier are the singing stars of a musical romance, "The Love Parade."

Here is what is patently a melodrama, its locale Devil's Island, the French penal colony famous for the tragic isolation of its inhabitants. But beauty is given full sway in romanticizing the surroundings as well as the desperate criminals themselves; and the light-hearted *joie de vivre* of Mr. Colman, the star prisoner, is perhaps the first time in the annals of criminology that a man sentenced to solitary confinement on a remote island is so eupeptic as to look upon it all as a lark.

This would be accountable if the proceedings were farcical, but they aren't. One is asked to share the suspense of *Michel's* escape; a tear is beseeched for Louis Wolheim's death by drowning, even though he calls out to the lovers as the waters close around him, "Don't forget to be respectable!" Again, the warden of the prison, whose brutality equals that of Noah Beery, in "Beau Geste," is forever bungling in a crisis and causing one to laugh at his crotchety futility. So you see, the picture has neither the forthrightness of melodráma nor the sustained laughter of comedy. One coquets with the other, while the spectator is in doubt of the intention.

Of course Mr. Colman gives a capital performance. You know it, without being told. And Ann Harding is lovely and eloquent as the warden's wife in love with *Michel.* How it happens that so ethereal and bridelike a girl is wedded to an elderly brute, is something I cannot tell you. Enough to say that she is a true princess of make-believe and contributes more than a generous touch toward transforming Devil's Island into the enchanted land of Hans Christian Andersen.

Waxworks.

Novelty is the saving grace of "Seven Faces," widely heralded because Paul Muni plays a septet of characters. And novelty alone justifies it. Like the protean specialty of a lightning change artist in vaudeville, heavy drafts are made upon the make-up kit and almost none



"Frozen Justice."



"Footlights and Fools."



"The Trespasser."



"Mississippi Gambler."

on the best talents of the actor. The result is a stunt rather than the sustained inspiration Mr. Muni exhibited in "The Valiant." Nor is this unexpected. When a star expends himself on seven rôles it is more than likely that the aroma of grease paint and spirit gum will emanate from them all, however real he might have made a single one of the characters.

And so it is with *Papa Chibou,* caretaker of a waxworks, whose charges come to life in a dream, this antique trick enabling Mr. Muni to give impersonations of *Napoleon, Don Juan, Diablero,* a hypnotist, *Franz Schubert, Joe Gans,* the Negro pugilist, and a costermonger. *Catherine of Russia* steps from her dais and *Lady Godiva* alights from her palfrey to participate in *Papa Chibou's* nightmare, but Mr. Muni, happily, does not include female impersonation in his stunt.

This pasquinade interrupts the story, but when it is over the love interest reappears and *Papa Chibou* is himself again, intent on bringing together *Hélène,* daughter of a judge, and a young lawyer named *Georges,* despite the opposition of the girl's father. To this is added another sentimental problem—the sale of the waxworks, the auction of the old man's beloved figures and his determination to possess his "friend," Napoleon, auction or no. Arrested for the theft of the wax effigy, he is brought for trial before *Hélène's* father and is defended by *Georges.* You wouldn't have him guillotined for stealing a paraffine Napoleon with a defective ear, would you? Well, he isn't. There now! See how much more you know of life than before reading about "Seven Faces."

Mr. Muni acts *Papa Chibou* finely. He could not do otherwise. But the character is clothed in such theatric fustian, and the story involving him is such self-conscious fawning upon the box office, that the purpose is defeated by too much of a good thing. Marguerite Churchill is warmly natural and feminine as *Hélène,* but she doesn't suggest a French girl, nor does the rôle adhere psychologically to girls of *Hélène's* class in France. Russell Gleason, a pleasant actor when sensibly cast, goes a step further in destroying illusion by acting a French juvenile with a Middle-Western accent. As pronounced by Mr. Gleason, "our garden" suggests sandpaper being raked.

So This Is Paris!

You will like Irene Bordoni and you will like "Paris," her first film. It is a glamorous spectacle, tuneful, at times hilariously funny, and it has sophisticated distinction. Furthermore it is exceedingly well acted—something one doesn't often find in musical comedy on the screen. I enjoyed it every minute. The story—not the most original in the world, but at least not draggy—concerns a staid young New Englander who goes to Paris to study architecture and falls in love with a revue actress. His puritanical mother follows to break off the match and falls a victim of the city's charm, so completely outdoing the actress in gayety and abandon that the latter refuses to marry the son of such an outrageous parent. All this is a plot of the actress' partner to bring her to her senses and make her realize she loves him. In the interstices of the story appear splendidly staged revue scenes in technicolor, with Miss Bordoni, the star, in a succession of bizarre creations for the songs she sings inimitably. She plays the French actress to the manner born, as she has every reason to, and brings to the screen a type entirely new.

Jack Buchanan, of musical comedy in this country and England, her singing partner, is a light comedian of engaging skill. But it is Louise Closser Hale, stage actress in the rôle of the mother, who runs a race with Miss Bordoni for stellar honors. Her performance is a gem of resourceful comedy. Jason Robards is excellent as the prim son, and Margaret Fielding and Zasu Pitts are also gratifyingly present.

Collegiate—With a Difference.

Don't let the surfeit of campus pictures keep you away from "So This Is College." I've a notion it is the best of them all, not forgetting "Sweetie," of course. But the former is more substantial and less in the musical-comedy vein, though it is entertainment of the lightest sort. Nor does the story shed new light on the carefree existence of seniors, sophomores, and freshmen. Life is still

a series of wisecracks, dances, sentimental rivalries, with football for a climax. But it is brightly set forth, with speed, smoothness, a human quality and much charm.

All this is largely due to Elliott Nugent—no relation to Eddie—who comes from Broadway for his screen début, and Robert Montgomery, also from the stage, whom you may have seen in "Three Live Ghosts." To their performances of rival seniors they bring an authority only possible to players with stage experience, yet their training has not been gained at a sacrifice of appearance. Not only do they look like college men, but they speak their lines as glibly and spontaneously as if they were impromptu. Only the actor of experience and intelligence can do this, as many a screen juvenile has learned by the sweat of his brow at rehearsals.

Briefly, the story is about two collegiates who have remained friends through thick and thin. But when one boasts of his conquests among the co-eds, the other is spurred to show him a thing or two. Thus they become rivals until the girl, who has led both on, transfers her affections to another. Sally Starr, the girl, is cute and pretty in spite of poor photography at times. But that shouldn't keep you away from an exceptionally diverting film.

A Shanghai Gesture.

Chalk up a real hit for Mary Nolan, and one for James Murray, too. They are seen in "Shanghai Lady," a melodrama containing an original and striking situation as well as a quality of sustained suspense that one doesn't find every day. I enjoyed every moment of it. The character played by Miss Nolan is colorful, to say the least. She is *Cassie Cook,* a beautiful but hard-boiled inmate of *Madame Polly Voo's* establishment, which in the dialogue is euphemistically termed "a tea house." Quarrelsome, insubordinate, *Cassie* is expelled because she is "no lady." But she boasts that she is not only a lady, but will be recognized as one. This paves the way for her accidental encounter with *"Badlands" McKinney* in a railway compartment. To the escaped criminal *Cassie* is a delicate flower of womanhood to be protected, and to her he is a chivalrous gentleman without guile. They are in love without knowing it and each is terrified of confessing to the other. But finally each is made to know the other's identity and *Cassie* sacrifices herself to save *McKinney* from capture. Happily, her sacrifice is not in vain.

There's much of this that's sheer melodrama, but it is well developed; and because of the interesting background and the fine acting of the principals one believes the story and shares the emotions of Miss Nolan and Mr. Murray. Besides these two, Anders Randolf, Wheeler Oakman, and Lydia Yeamans Titus are conspicuous, and Yola d'Avril and Mona Rico contribute outstanding bits.

Mr. Dix at His Best.

Richard Dix's good-by picture for Paramount, "The Love Doctor," is his second audible comedy and one of the most amusing of all his efforts. It is far ahead of "Nothing But the Truth" and so far eclipses the miasmic "Wheel of Life," that it is doubly a pleasure to exclaim that Richard is himself again. He plays with ease and authority, resourcefulness and true comic intent; and always he is buoyant, engaging, and intelligent.

The story, based on the old play "The Boomerang," isn't exactly a fountain of novelty at this late day, but it is admirably presented by all concerned. Mr. Dix's fans—except those who moan about the injustice done him by cruel producers in not casting him as *Hamlet*—should be vastly pleased at the new lease on cinematic life taken by their idol. His rôle is that of a young doctor whose first patient, the son of a friend, is suffering from jealousy caused by unrequited love. The doctor prescribes for the young man seclusion in the country under the care of his office nurse. He is confident that the boy's sweetheart will be brought around by jealousy of his charming companion. The simple scheme reacts upon the doctor, who finds himself jealous of the nurse's attentions to the patient and proceeds to get himself into hot water of various degrees of temperature in pretending not to care—until he wins nursie for himself.

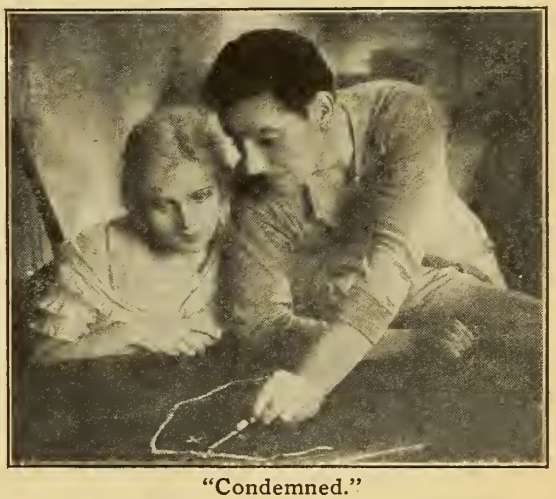
June Collyer is the nurse, pretty and pleasant, Morgan Farley is the chap wasting away for love, and Miriam Seegar sparkles as his sweetheart who schemes to win the doctor. [Continued on page 96]



"Love, Live and Laugh."



"Jazz Heaven."



"Condemned."



"Paris."



The simple act of sitting on a piano while singing became Helen Morgan's trade-mark and started her toward fame.

Million-dollar Blues

Stage, screen, and records all pay handsome tribute to the sobbing contralto of Helen Morgan's laments, and Helen remains herself despite the golden stream.

By Malcolm H. Oettinger

TWENTY years from now bright little boys will go to the head of the class for remembering Helen Morgan as the girl who made the piano famous—not by playing it, but by sitting on it.

She has crooned torch songs from her perch in low-ceilinged, high-tariff night clubs. She has sobbed "Can't Help Loving Dat Man" in one of Ziegfeld's most ambitious operettas. She has recorded her hypnotic contralto on wax, sighing bye-bye to blackbirds, mammies, daddies, and Dixie. And now she is a celluloid celebrity, with—it should be needless to say—sound!

The Helen Morgan night club was always overflowing—with people, I hasten to add—from midnight to curfew; the Morgan shows, "Show Boat" and "Sweet Adeline," have been unqualified sell-outs; the Morgan début in pictures justified its title, "Applause."

Once you have seen and heard her, you do not question the reason for her successes in so many fields. She is a "natural," and naturals, as many of us know from bitter experience, are rare.

Whether one admires the audible in pictures or not, one is forced to admit that the new form has brought fresh sophistication to the screen. Warm receptions have been accorded such adult performers as Helen Morgan, Kay Francis, Claudette Colbert, and Ruth Chatterton. For a long time we were surfeited, to put it euphemistically, with a tiresome succession of Billie Doves, Buddy Rogerses, Clara Bows, and Colleen Moores. Juvenility seemed to have the screen in an iron clutch. And life is difficult enough as it is.

The talkies are introducing grown-ups. Subtlety and sense are here to stay. And if sound should serve to retire Olive Borden, Sally O'Neil, Anita Page and hosts of other pretty little girls, I shall be the last to assume the sable robes of mourning.

Helen Morgan started what turned out to be a career by being crowned queen of the May in some Canadian queen contest. Rumor has it that the Prince of Wales himself presented her with the royal scepter. And if you know anything of beauty contests, you know that it was only a step to a chorus job right in New York, N. Y.

The launching of a smart but shoestring revue called "Americana" found Helen Morgan listed for a single solo, and so well did the brunet balladist croon that a night club immediately annexed her.

I first saw her in one of the upholstered garages in the fitful Fifties. She was a great personality then, some three years ago, even as she is to-day. The room was narrow and poorly ventilated, but it boasted atmosphere when the lights dimmed, a baby spotlight would find a little piano shoved surprisedly into the middle of the floor, and Helen Morgan would saunter over from a table to climb onto the music box, pout prettily and sigh a song of unrequited love.

Slim, dark, wistful, the Morgan stood out against the smoke very like an etching—her eyes big and luminous, her hair an artistically tangled mop, her hands naïve, expressive.

As a *chanteuse* and as an actress Helen Morgan is one of nature's children, with nature in one of her benevolent moods. You cannot talk of Morgan and technique in the

Continued on page 114



After seeing "Applause" you want to know all about Helen Morgan, of course; and you are glad to see Malcolm H. Oettinger's name again in PICTURE PLAY after a long absence. Well, on the opposite page you will find this happy combination.



Menace

It's William Powell, of course, in "Pointed Heels."







Mr. Powell, at top of page, as a theatrical producer, tempts Fay Wray with the contents of a bottle.

Richard Gallagher and Helen Kane, above, as a wise-cracking team of dancers.

Mr. Powell, center, up to his old tricks, enters Miss Wray's dressing room uninvited.

Miss Wray, above, gives up the stage to marry Philipps Holmes, composer of a jazz symphony.

Miss Kane and Miss Wray, left, on the morning after the night before.



Chow Mein

Chinese atmosphere plays a large part in "Son of the Gods," and Richard Barthelmess assumes the rôle of a Celestial.



Mr. Barthelmess, right center, as *Sam Lee*, has been reared by a Chinaman and is supposed to be one himself.



Mr. Barthelmess, in the circle, adopts Chinese costume with success and recalls his memorable rôle in "Broken Blossoms."



Constance Bennett, right, as *Alanna Wagner,* the heiress who brings real love into the life of *Sam Lee* for the first time, then breaks his heart by scorning him because of his supposed Chinese birth.



Sam Lee and *Alanna Wagner,* left, at the height of their romance, when *Alanna* refuses to listen to *Sam's* confession.



The Hand

It strikes at the crucial the two families in averts life-

Robert Montgomery and Norma Shearer, left, love each other without knowing that his mother and her father are infatuated.

Belle Bennett, below, as the wife of Lewis Stone, pleads with him to give up *Beth*, another man's wife.



Mr. Montgomery, left, as *Doug*, and Miss Shearer, as *Lally*, plan an idyllic future as man and wife.



Miss Shearer and Miss Bennett, below, in a charming moment as mother and daughter.



Of Fate

moment in the lives of "Their Own Desire" and long misery.

Norma Shearer, right, as *Lally*, hasn't a care in the world until she learns that the man she loves is the son of the woman who has broken her mother's heart.

Miss Shearer, with Mr. Montgomery, below, in the tragic moment of discovering their peril.





All doubts and fears dispelled, Miss Shearer, right, sees her parents united, while Mr. Montgomery stands by to assure her own happiness.

Miss Shearer, below, refuses to accept the arguments of Mr. Stone in favor of divorcing her mother for another woman.





She Jests

But the heroine of "The Laugh behind her



Clive Brook, left, as *Daniel Farr*, and Ruth Chatterton, as *Marjorie Lee*, at the theater.

Miss Chatterton, below, smiles hysterically when she hears the charges against her in her husband's divorce suit.





Miss Chatterton, above, face to face with Mr. Brook, as the lawyer who defamed her, determines to ruin his reputation as he ruined hers.



Nedda Harrigan, right, as *Cynthia Dell*, Miss Chatterton, and Dan Healy, as *Al Brown*, in a significant moment.

At Life

ing Lady" learns that tears lurk every smile.

Ruth Chatterton, right, at last reaches her moment of revenge when she succeeds in getting Clive Brook in her apartment.



Miss Chatterton, below, smiles in anticipation of her triumph.







Miss Chatterton, above, though intent on punishing Mr. Brook, really loves him, and so does he love her.

Miss Chatterton, left, Hubert Druce, and Mr. Brook meet at a house party, where they play at cross purposes.





Guilty?

An amazing problem is developed by Pauline Frederick, in "The Sacred Flame."

Miss Frederick, at top of page, as *Mrs. Taylor*, knows that Lila Lee, as the wife of her invalid son, is in love with Walter Byron, as his brother.

Alec B. Francis, left, as *Doctor Harvester*, Miss Frederick, and William Courtenay, as *Major Liconda*.

Miss Frederick, below, with Conrad Nagel, as her son, Miss Lee, and Dale Fuller, as *Nurse Wayland*, who plays an important rôle in the tragedy that follows.

Miss Frederick and Mr. Francis, in oval, watch the wedding of Mr. Nagel and Miss Lee.





Hale Fellow Well Met

A villain with a past gets a haircut and a shave and emerges as a star comedian with a future.

By Marquis Busby



Alan Hale could sell electric fans to Laplanders, or telephone directories to Fiji Islanders, for he is that kind of a salesman.

WHEN Alan Hale appeared as the rough, uncouth sailor who almost succeeded in kidnaping Leatrice Joy, in "Vanity," he wrote finis to his days as a screen villain. In a way this sailor was a bad un, but he was a bold, brash fellow with a sense of humor. Audiences liked him, because he was human and the usual screen villain is not. It was demonstrated clearly that here was a new comedy star in the ascendancy.

All Alan's lucky stars must have been twinkling brightly during the making of that picture. It was what is known on Hollywood Boulevard as a great break. Back of this break, however, was a tremendous personal driving force—the will to win. The stalwart, blond Alan had been known to the screen since the old Lubin days in 1912. He had been well known and well liked in the film industry, but never a conspicuous figure.

Fame actually came up like thunder with "Vanity." He followed this success with other comedy rôles. Along came the turmoil of the talkies, and he survived that test. Now he is starred by Pathé, his first stellar picture being "Sailor's Holiday."

Alan had not been enthusiastic about returning to acting. He had a short time previously graduated to directing, you see. He realized that the career of a screen villain was not a promising one, and he had grown tired of chasing screaming ingénues through melodramatic plots. He was well on his way to success as a director, and the megaphone seemed infinitely more desirable than a box of grease paints. But Cecil DeMille had urged Alan to take the sailor rôle. Heavies of that particular muscular type were hard to find. Even then most of the erstwhile bad boys of the screen had turned comedians.

His success in that rôle is just another of those curious happenings in that realm of magic, Hollywood. No one knows when Aladdin will rub his wonderful lamp. Before Alan gave up acting he had made a definitely favorable impression as the German father in "The Four Horsemen," in which he was actually younger than his two sons, Jean Hersholt and Stuart Holmes. He played the mighty *Little John*, in "Robin Hood," and was prominent in the cast of "The Covered Wagon." Then came "Vanity."

After that he was featured in a rowdy series of William Boyd's comedies. The last picture in which he appeared with Boyd was the recent "Leatherneck." He enacted romantic characters in "Sal of Singapore," with Phyllis Haver, and in the story of carnival grifters, "The Spieler."

Incidentally, "The Spieler" came near being a fatal picture for him. The climax came in a fight between Alan and Fred Kohler. The burly Fred, in the picture, had the jolly little habit of enticing his enemies into battle, and then breaking their necks. The fight was nothing, if not realistic. Alan had had laryngitis for weeks, and was unable to speak above a whisper.

"And I couldn't find any studio that was contemplating a talking version of 'Whispering Smith,'" he mourned.

The nature of his fan mail has changed as his screen character has changed. When he was a villain, kindly old ladies wrote letters assuring him that they knew he was not as bad as pictured. He had such nice, light eyes. Men and boys liked his rough-and-ready clowning in the Boyd pictures. The colored notepaper is making an appearance now, since he played the lover in "The Spieler."

If Alan had not selected the movies as a profession he could have sold electric fans to the Laplanders, or a last year's telephone directory to a Fiji Islander who couldn't speak a word of English. He is that kind of salesman. As a result, there has never been any terrific struggle since his early days nor on the screen. He had a product to sell, Alan Hale, and he went about it in a businesslike way.

He has unbounded faith in his own capabilities, without being unpleasantly egotistical. Then there is that marvelous gift of the gods, occasionally found in actors, an irrepressible sense of humor. Alan can even laugh at himself, and that is a test. I can recognize his booming, hearty laugh in a crowded room at Montmartre, the Biltmore ballroom, or at the theater.

Hale Fellow Well Met



Here Alan Hale is seen with his little daughter, Karen.

I did not know Alan during his day of villainous screen rôles, but I have not forgotten how he portrayed them. He was much heavier, wore his hair long, and boasted a really impressive mustache. It doesn't seem possible that this man could ever have been the Alan Hale I know so well to-day. Now he wears his crinkling, blond hair close-cropped, and the mustache is gone. Physically he is as hard as nails. He is an ardent golfer, making consistently around eighty, and is more than just fair on the tennis courts. He explained to me not long ago why he had altered his appearance.

"When I began to play heavies on the screen, I deliberately tried to change my appearance. I did not want to have my real personality confused with the villains. I intend to keep my own personality now. I want to play characters with comedy or tragedy.

"Why did I decide to become an actor? I thought of becoming a lawyer, a doctor, or a civil engineer. My friends always said, 'Oh, that's fine. You'll make a good one.' Too much encouragement, you see. They didn't say that about acting. That's one reason why I decided on the stage. Then, too, to become a lawyer you go to college six years. To act a lawyer you go to the theater two to four weeks.

"I did come pretty near being an osteopath. My schooling did not go very far. Later when family finances were at a higher point, my father set aside a certain sum of money for my training in that profession. They told me that I would have to take an entrance examination. I persuaded them that I would make such an excellent osteopath, and would learn so rapidly, that the examination was not necessary. Of course, I could never have passed that preliminary test with my grade-school education."

Even then Alan was selling himself to people.

Spinal columns, however, proved considerably less interesting than proscenium arches. Anyway his very bulk and strength would have driven patients from his office, screaming with terror. He returned to his original plan, a stage career.

One of his early engagements was with the late Margaret Lawrence, in a play called "Her Son." It had a protracted run of three nights in Philadelphia, and then went ignominiously to the haven of all bad plays, the storehouse. Alan's salary was twenty-five dollars, and his hotel bill was fifty-four dollars.

"I was a big actor, you know, and had to keep up appearances. I made up the difference between my salary and the hotel bill by making 'touches' on about thirty relatives."

One of his earliest jobs during the pioneer days of pictures was with the old Champion Film Company in New Jersey. While he was living in Philadelphia, he succeeded in selling a scenario to this organization for the good, round sum of five dollars, whereupon he started blithely for New York and a career. The fare to the city and return was four dollars and seventy-four cents. He had his railway ticket and exactly twenty-six cents to jingle in his pocket. He announced with grand emphasis that he was a good actor, and succeeded in selling himself to the president of the company. In a short time he became one of their "highest-paid" actors. The studio even made the gesture of paying his ferry fare from New York.

Mrs. Hale was Gretchen Hartman of the stage and screen and recently returned to the latter in "The Time, the Place and the Girl."



Alan was with the Biograph company while D. W. Griffith was directing there. He was originally slated for the rôle played by the late George Seigmann, in "The Birth of a Nation." He lost out, because his faculty for "joshing" did not meet with the approval of Griffith.

He entered the Hollywood film colony in 1921, following long seasons on the stage with Viola Dana, in

Continued on page 116

Study Hour

Youthful fans who think that the life of the stars is a glorious escape from books and figures should scan this page.



H. B. Warner, above, has an office in his home, with all the intimate touches of a den, to which he retreats for rest and work.



Reginald Denny, above, even has a desk in his mountain cabin near Big Bear Lake, for affairs follow him to his retreat.



William Cowan, the director, right, has a cozy den and work room in a bright corner of his home, where finishing touches are made for his picture plans.

Cecil DeMille, below, has handed starring contracts to many celebrities across this desk, the central piece in an elaborately equipped bungalow office on the M.-G.-M. lot, yet the effects lend an intimate touch usually expected only of dens.





What high-school fan, tired of his history text, would trade places with Joseph Schildkraut, left, who has seventeen thousand five hundred volumes in his library, to say nothing of two desk pens?

They "Bottle" Sounds Now

How the studios are accumulating a stock of ordinary and extraordinary noises for future use.

By A. L. Wooldridge

Illustrated by Lui Trugo



PICTURE companies that make news reels can rummage through their storage vaults, and emerge with films showing the Goddess of Liberty disappearing in the fog off New York harbor.

They can dig a little deeper and come out with the inauguration of President Taft, the finish of the "bunyon derby," the approach of a cyclone, the Christmas crowds on Broadway, the snake dances of the Navajos, or the Mississippi River on a rampage. There are hundreds of these scenes on call.

Directors at some studios can telephone the vault keeper, "Send over Colonel Lindbergh's start across the Atlantic, a good fire on the water front, and some pelicans chasing fish. While you're at it, see what kind of a buck-and-wing dance there is on the levee at Memphis."

Such films have been accumulating for years—everything from weddings to holocausts, prize fights to dedications, surgical operations to parades. There is scarcely anything of major interest which has not been canned in celluloid and laid away.

But now comes a real task. The producers must preserve sound for the talkies.

I sat in a small projection room at the Metro-Goldwyn studio recently, with Wesley Miller, superintendent of the sound department. It was because he knew how sound might be expected to act under both normal and abnormal conditions that he was placed in charge of this new and important branch of the company's activities.

"Want to give you a little idea of what we're doing now," he said by way of explanation, as we took our seats.

The lights were switched off. All noise was excluded. From away off in nowhere came the faint sound of an approaching railway train. It seemed a mile away. There was the rhythmical puffing of the locomotive, the click, click of wheels against the joints of rails, and the rumbling of coaches. I looked ahead, expecting momentarily to see a headlight burst into view. But the rooms remained blanketed in night. The whistle of the locomotive shrieked when apparently a quarter of a mile away, and the sound of the train increased in volume. A moment more and the roaring thing was upon us.

But not for long. The phantom train swept by without disturbing a zephyr and passed into the distance without leaving a cinder in its trail. The only suggestion that I had been precariously near one came from several well-defined drops of perspiration clinging to my brow, and a recollection that I had wanted to dive under the seats. But it was dark, and I couldn't see how to get under the seats. The experience left me with a most uncomfortable feeling. I don't like to have a train run at me in the dark. I guess I'm funny that way.

My discomfiture was immeasurably relieved when the sound specialist said, "Well, that's over. Now let's sit down in the Pullman and enjoy a pleasant ride."

The reproducing machine started again and there came the low rumble of the upholstered car as one usually hears it from within, the muffled clicking of the wheels against the rail joints. Then, via the film, we rode in the engine and on the platform of the observation car.

"We have preserved these noises," Mr. Miller explained, "so they may be inserted into any film from now on."

Orders are going out at most of the larger Hollywood studios to make a record of the various sounds which will be needed in talking pictures. And that's no small order.

Shortly after sundown not long ago, a recording device was set up by the side of a synthetic swamp on the Metro-Goldwyn lot. An operator sat down to wait. Presently he leaned forward and set the machine in motion. For half an hour the wheels whirled noiselessly. Then the operator snapped off the switch, and returned to his quarters. In the log of the day's activities, he wrote, "Delayed fifteen minutes. Waiting for frogs to croak." And the songs of the pond amphibians, all neatly done up in celluloid, now await the call of directors.

So he ate potato chips in front of the microphone.



The chirping of crickets, the bray of donkeys, the lowing of cattle, the howling of wolves, the yapping of coyotes, and the singing of birds have been recorded. The roaring of lions, too, has been laid away.

"We wanted a good, lusty lion's roar for use in the M.-G.-M. trade-mark," Mr. Miller said. "Heretofore, as you know, all our pictures have opened with Leo sitting on the top of the world, where he opened his mouth a time or two, but emitted no sound. Orders came to give him voice.

"How do you suppose we got it? We took a recording machine out to the Charles Gay lion farm, where there are two or three hundred lions ranging from day-old cubs to matured beasts.

"'Which is the best-roaring lion on the farm?' we asked.

"Mr. Gay pointed out a long, tawny, old jungle cat which seemed to be nursing a grouch. We set our machines in front of his cage. When feeding time came, the attendants threw chunks of horse meat to every lion on the place, except this one.

"Did he let out a roar? Let me remark that he did his best! I wish you might have heard him. He ran the whole scale from bottom to top, then went back and did it all over again. I'm not up on lion language, but I'll bet he called those attendants everything he ever heard which was low and degrading. He tore around in his cage terribly excited.



The long-eared "nightingale of the desert" refused to bray.

"We recorded everything from the melancholy sundown roars of peaceful lions to the snarls of that enraged old cat, and then his growl of satisfaction as he pounced upon the chunks of meat which eventually were thrown into his cage.

"We had more trouble recording the barking of dogs than we had with the lions. We made possibly half a dozen attempts, with as many kinds of dogs, before we succeeded. It is not uncommon to find dogs which will bark when their masters give the command 'Speak!' But you can't have the word 'speak' intermingled with barks in pictures.

"In time, we found a man who owned several Airedales which he had trained by signs. We first recorded the friendly, happy barks of the dogs at play, then their short, staccato yelps when excited, and presently their snarls. Then the owner grasped one of the wildest barkers among the lot, and we got a record of 'Mad dog choked to death by hero's strong hands!' as the title writer would have said in the day of silent films. Of course the owner did not choke the dog so it hurt. He merely pressed his finger against the animal's vocal cords. But I'll tell the world it sounded like strangling.

"Another sound we found hard to obtain was the braying of a burro. We wanted to take pictures of the animal, and at the same time record its voice so as to have both together, perfectly synchronized. But every time we turned on the lights, it got stage fright, or something, and stood dumb. Ordinarily it would bray at its owner's command. We had to give it up and take the sound and pictures separately.

"Then another strange thing happened. The burro would not crunch corn when we wanted it to. We learned, eventually, that the burro had lived most of its life on the desert and did not know what corn was. Wasn't interested in it at all.

"How do you suppose we got that sound? 'Red' Golden, production manager, stood directly in front of the microphone and ate potato chips!

"There are many noises we have not been able to bottle yet. For instance, the crack of a pistol, or the firing of a gun, tends to blow out the tubes in the recording machines, unless the control or mixer is turned very low. The resulting noise doesn't sound so very much like a shot. It might as well have been the whack of a board. The sound of an airplane, for a long time, was faked by flattening the shaft of the motor in an electric fan and holding it against the edge of a plank. We were called upon not long ago to reproduce the sound of a plane hurtling to earth in a tail spin. We tried almost everything and ended by using the works in an electric refrigerator."



A saxophone supplied the cry an ostrich declined to part with.

Almost all the everyday noises soon will be in the bag. Countless things such as the glub, glub of a water bottle, the pounding of the surf, the fall of rain upon a window sill, and the like, already have been bottled.

One of the most beautiful recordings thus far made was at the Universal studio in taking the songs of birds. At the request of Carl Laemmle, Jr., general manager of the company, an aviary was built upon a stage and three hundred canaries were loosed within. Time was allowed for them to become accustomed to their new surroundings. A battery of electric lamps, unlighted, were thrown about the cage and a sound-recording device brought near.

One evening after sunset electricians began gradually to turn a gray light into the aviary. First a tiny incandescent covered by a sack, then another and another. Before long the enclosure was flooded with light and the canaries, evidently believing that a gorgeous morning was there, lifted their voices and sang a symphony—sang with all their might, trilling and warbling and twittering, fluttering from perch to perch, giving their voices to the sun they thought was calling. What a concert it was!

The trade-mark of Pathé is a crowing rooster. Heretofore, the old chanticleer has been seen to rise from his perch on a weathervane, open his beak and emit an imaginary squawk. But with the advent of talking pictures this would hardly do.

"He's got to crow!" Pathé officials said.

They tried every means possible to get a rooster to crow into a microphone, but each turned a glassy eye upon the proposal. Their crows were their own and they would crow when they got good and ready, and not till then!

But that bottled crow had to come, somehow or other—and it did. They blindfolded an old rooster, kept him thus for a few minutes and then slowly removed the bandages from his eyes. When the bird

Continued on page 117

Too Continental

Why is it that European charmers, beginning with not endured with the fans? This article recalls reasons advanced for this

By Willard



Unsuitable rôles disillusioned Greta Nissen with Hollywood.

HOLLYWOOD is Hollywood and Europe is Europe, and never the twain shall meet, with apologies, of course, to Mr. Kipling.

At least that is the way it seems after watching some dozen or more Continental celebrities being fêted and exploited on their arrival in this country, only to return to the gay capitals of Europe before their movie stars had shone their brightest.

There are a remarkably small number of European favorites who have been successful in American films. They have gone back, nearly every one. Why? Oh, for various reasons, according to the press, but probably the underlying motive for all their departures is the fact that Hollywood isn't Paris, or Vienna, or Budapest, or Berlin. They long for that something that we associate with the sparkle of champagne and the gay camaraderie of the boulevards, and for want of a better name, call the Continental spirit.

Each year France, Germany, Austria, Hungary, Spain, and Russia, or perhaps we should say Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Budapest, Monte Carlo, and Moscow, send their quota of lovely ladies to our shores, bound for Hollywood. The toasts of the Paris cabarets, the favorites of Viennese society, the darlings of the baccarat tables, are sent as envoys of beauty and talent to the shrine of the American cinema.

They come, bringing with them adjectives such as fiery, vivid, capricious, effervescent, exotic, voluptuous, and all the other superlatives. With them come press reports, personality stories, pictures of them waving to the Statue of Liberty, comical accounts of their adventures with the English language. They come prepared to paint Hollywood red. But Hollywood is not so keen as it once was to be painted any color. The cinema city has been pretty well fed up on sensation. The newcomers are sometimes fêted once or twice, but more often they are ignored quite completely.

It is then that these gay creatures from overseas learn what Hollywood really is like. They find that there is none of the unrestrained gayety of the Paris cabarets, none of the nighttime sparkle of Montmartre. They find that Hollywood works more than it plays. And they find, to their dismay, that Hollywood is not interested in them, but in its work.

Then, too, they discover that their tense, impetuous temperaments are not suited to American films. They find that they lack the reserve and dignity of our film ladies. They put too much of themselves into their work, and are severely criticized for overacting. They cannot adapt their personalities to the sugar-coated coterie of the cinema city.

So they are disillusioned. For them California is not so sunny. They hear always the call of the bright lights and joyous laughter of the Continent. And



Photo by Richee

Though Arlette Marchal achieved success, she returned to Paris.



Natli Barr's importation was most disastrous of all.

—or What?

Pola Negri and ending with Eva von Berne, have many sad departures from these shores, with strange state of affairs.

Chamberlin

inevitably they go back where there is music and sparkle and color.

Pola Negri stood it for a long time. The glamorous, wonderful Negri! She is Polish. She has been wedded to a count and to a prince. She has tasted of Europe's life abundantly. Negri has known great joys and great tragedies; she has met triumph and defeat. Strange and brooding, her personality combines the loves and hates of a smoldering race. She was for a long time the greatest actress in Europe—gave glowing, vivid performances, vital and passionate. She was queen of emotion.

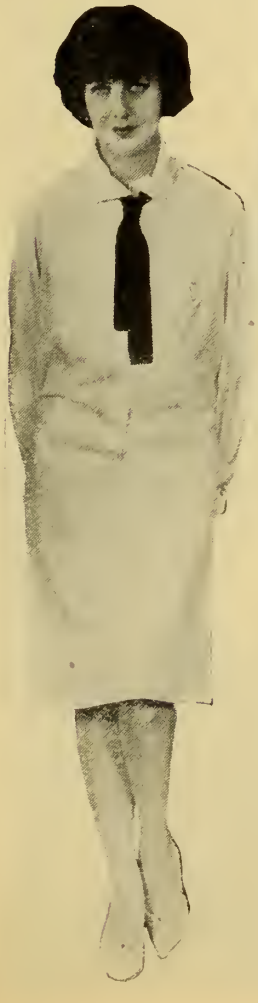
Then Hollywood's siren call reached Pola's ears; the spider web of fame in America caught her turbulent fancy, and she journeyed to Hollywood. Paramount starred her in one picture after another, but the old glamour was gone. It is doubtful if Pola's heart was ever in Hollywood. Yet she stayed and finished her contract. Now she is back in Europe, at her château near Paris, her prince cast aside. In Europe new triumphs may be awaiting her. Perhaps she will make another "Passion." Not one of her American-made films approaches that.



Photo by Freulich

Many attempts to captivate finally sent Lya de Putti home disheartened.

Maria Corda just didn't fit in.





Pola Negri's "case" is history.

Pola Negri was always misunderstood by the American public. It was difficult to penetrate the shell of mystery which encased her. She was berated as temperamental, moody, cold. Her dark eyes gleamed unreally from the pallor of her sullen face. Artists are never understood. They are too high-strung, too finely tempered, too uncanny, to be understood by the throng. Pola Negri is an artist.

The blond Greta Nissen lent her capricious charm to American films for only too short a time. She was given rôles which didn't suit her. Heavy, vamp parts that brought out a false eroticism which, though attractive and alluring, did not satisfy the Norwegian snow maiden of the films. They cast her in "Fazil," which was her most intriguing rôle, but pictures never gave Miss Nissen a fair chance. She, too, was disillusioned, and deserted Hollywood for the stage of the hinterland. In Greta's case it was a longing for dramatic rôles which drove her from the Hollywood trifles which were allotted her.

Lya de Putti not long ago made it known that she is through with pictures in America forever. She has sought the capitals of the Continent where, as she says, "there is music and opera and friends." Miss de Putti, although she has always been considered a vamp, very bitterly berates the inconsistencies of Hollywood. She dislikes their method of film making, she disapproves of their mode of life, she is shocked at their divorces. Marriage to her, she says, is something sacred and lasting. Hers, too, is a personality fitted to Europe, one which could never hope to adapt itself to American manners. She is distinctly foreign, and her American venture has been most unfortunate.

Her artistic career began and ended with "Variety." She made "God Gave Me Twenty Cents," "The Sorrows of Satan," "The Heart Thief," "Buck Privates," and "Midnight

Too Continental—or What?



Photo by Hill

Some years ago Dagmar Godowsky tried vainly to become a favorite.

Rose." The rôles were most disappointing. She made one last effort in "The Scarlet Lady." That too was unsuccessful. So now she has left Hollywood bitterly behind. Back in Europe she may make another "Variety." She is an artist—strictly in the European sense of the word.

Maria Corda has fared a little better, although for a time it looked as though she, too, had deserted American films. As it is, her activities are only partially devoted to Hollywood. Before her American arrival, she was seen in "Moon of Israel" and "Madame Wants No Children," both of which were of a style entirely Continental. Her first American-made movie, "The Private Life of Helen of Troy," was an artistic success, but it was peppered with that same Continental sophistication, and fans did not respond as they might have. In other words, her American début was not a triumph, and Madame Corda returned to Europe. There she made "A Woman of the Night" for a British company. Lately, however, she has been seen in this country again, opposite Milton Sills, in "Love and the Devil." This had a background of Venetian opera life, and was of a European style especially fitted to the personality of Madame Corda.

Dagmar Godowsky was of a type too foreign and strange to be wholly appreciated or liked by American audiences. She played vamp rôles of a type not unlike Theda Bara. Her type passed from public favor, and so Dagmar left the screen. Now she is in Europe. Dagmar is the daughter of Leopold Godowsky, the famous concert pianist. She is Russian, of a type distinctly peculiar to the American code of ethics. Europeans would class her interesting. We would term her unnatural.

Nita Naldi was an enigma. She is really American-born, although her dark Italian features belie the fact she is of native parentage. Her voluptuous beauty, her regal, serpentine figure, her sleek, shiny hair, belong in the European drawing-room, the casino, the gown shops on Rue de la Paix. The American public saw Nita Naldi slink sinuously through countless vamp rôles of the cushion-lined apartment type. Naldi wore bizarre gowns and barbaric jewelry. Her narrow, oblique eyes, almost Egyptian in their slant, spelled the eternal lure. Vamps of that kind ceased to navigate, and Nita sought the crystal lights of Parisian salons. She knew Valentino. She mingled with foreigners. She was sophisticated, witty, brilliant. Only once has she visited American shores since leaving. She decided she didn't like it here at all, and hopped on the next boat back to Europe. She makes pictures in Paris. One of them, "The Model of Montmartre," was released in this country. It should never have been shown here. Its frank sophistication, so typical of Paris, was labeled vulgar by many.

The great Russian tragediénne, Nazimova, has long since deserted the American cinema for the stage. Her personality is somehow dwarfed on the screen; she cannot give expression to her talents. Nazimova made "A Doll's House," "Camille," and "Salome." They were artistic, fantastic, bizarre. So much so that nobody but Nazimova knew what they were about. She left films disgusted. She made a return, however, and contributed three performances in "Madonna

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Photo by Monroe

Nita Naldi frankly prefers Europe to Hollywood.

Photo by Spurr



Nazimova's screen career ended ingloriously.

I didn't know she had red hair





"Why, it's Nancy Carroll! I didn't know she had red hair!"

This fascinating Paramount star—like all your other favorite motion picture stars—becomes a new personality under the magic wand of Technicolor—real, vibrant, convincingly alive! A photograph transformed into a radiant reality!

Black-and-white motion pictures disclose only half the loveliness of handsome women, only half the magnetism of virile men. Technicolor works the miracle that shows the players in their true human colors.

Settings, costumes, landscapes, that were merely "pretty" in black-and-white, become exquisite in Technicolor.

After ten years of intensive research and experiment, the Technicolor process has been perfected. Technicolor's color experts, Technicolor's scientific staff, its cameras and its laboratories are used now by the greatest producers for their finest productions.

Technicolor is a name for the motion picture patron to remember. The process of photographing color and preparing the motion picture film makes the color endure, so that the smallest theatre in the smallest town gives its patrons, with Technicolor, the same beauty of color, the same accuracy of reproduction, that grace the screens of the finest motion picture theatres on Broadway.

★ Technicolor is natural color

SOME OF THE TECHNICOLOR PRODUCTIONS

IT'S A GREAT LIFE, starring the Duncan Sisters (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer); DIXIANA, with Bebe Daniels (Radia); GLORIFYING THE AMERICAN GIRL, with Mary Eaton. Eddie Cantor, Helen Morgan and Rudy Vallee in revue scenes (Paramount); GOLDEN DAWN, with Walter Woolf and Vivienne Segal (Warner Bros.); HOLD EVERYTHING, with Winnie Lightner and Joe E. Brown (Warner Bros.); The PARAMOUNT PARADE, all-star revue (Paramount); PARIS, starring Irene Bordoni (First National); THE ROGUE SONG, with Lawrence Tibbett and Catherine Dale Owen (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer); SON OF THE GODS, starring Richard Barthelmess (First National); SONG OF THE FLAME, with Bernice Claire and Alexander Gray (First National); SONG OF THE WEST, with John Boles and Vivienne Segal (Warner Bros.); THE VAGABOND KING, starring Dennis King (Paramount); BRIDE OF THE REGIMENT, with Vivienne Segal (First National); UNDER A TEXAS MOON, all-star cast (Warner Bros.).

THAT HAPPY PAIR!



Here's Bessie Love and Charles King of "Broadway Melody" fame.

No wonder they're laughing and singing!

They've made a picture that's even greater than "The Broadway Melody."

THE ROAD SHOW

Marie DRESSLER

Polly MORAN

Gwen LEE



Eddie PHILLIPS



Jack BENNY



Geo. K. ARTHUR

Join the chorus with the hit songs:
"Love Ain't Nothin' But the Blues"
"Lucky Me and Lovable You"

Yes, it is even greater than "The Broadway Melody." Watch this absorbing drama unfold with its tantalizing tunes and its screamingly funny situations. Charles F. Riesner, the "Hollywood Revue" genius, directed it. Take a tip. All roads lead to "The Road Show."

THE METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER LION — THE GREATEST STAR ON THE SCREEN

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

"MORE STARS THAN THERE ARE IN HEAVEN"

Continued from page 27

Why? Because she knew no better. She lacked neither courage nor tenacity, but a selective instinct. Drawn into the limelight, flattered by loose, extravagant praise, she was thrown upon her own resources with no reserve of training, power, or perception.

Involved in complexities, she is entering that period negotiated, not without heartache, by Joan Crawford, Mary Nolan, and others who thought to make a fête of life, the consequences of which are not lived down easily. Her guide was the momentary heart attack. Everything revolved about the current emotion. Her brain was indefinite and flaccid, swamped in personal issues.

A handicap was her imitation of Clara Bow, either at the instigation of others, or her own unwise idea. Constant references to their resemblance spread the thought of a race, based upon identity of personality, from Hollywood conversation into public powwow. Bow fans resented the claim of similarity; Alice's supporters denied the implication of copyist.

Alice was accused of being only a Bow road company No. 4. Her brown tresses went yellow, red, and vermilion in echo of Clara's changes. There was a to-do of rivalry over petty fads, the shouts louder from the White bleachers. The disputed resemblance was voiced, crassly, by the "friends" exploiting Alice.

Only before the camera is the Bow possessed of audacity. Offscreen, Clara slips into a dun bewilderment, at times sullen, ordinarily pensive, occasionally streaked with a rebellious and superficial gayety. Shadow Clara is imaginary.

Her flapping prototype erred in deeming it necessary to italicize her screen self by a personal temperature matching that sustained by her mad movies. Alice also was misguided in seizing such obvious methods of climbing.

Verbal contest is waged over actors' merits; our stellar system is built largely on such competition, with the fans active as seconds. But the consideration is usually of talent. Alice's present disinclination to force comparison gives her a chance to stand upon her own merits, which are not meager, to develop her own personality, blanketed and twisted by this tailored-to-Clara garment.

Her career reflects the jumpy continuity of her brief life. Alva White lived with her grandparents until she was six. After schooling in a convent, at a Connecticut seminary and at Virginia College, in Roanoke, she followed her grandparents to Hollywood. She was secretary to Billy Joy, Leatrice's brother, worked the switchboard at the Writers' Club, was a clerk at the Universal studio, addressed envelopes for a business firm, rang doorbells for a real-estate agent, and finally held the script on Chaplin's "A Woman of the Seas," a film never released. Either these jobs did not interest her, or she was incompetent.

A photographer suggested snapping Alva. She wore an old sweater and tam, but he knew his hypo and the pictures turned out well. Tests for the "Collegian" series were terrible, but they won her a First National contract and a rôle, her first acting, in "The Sea Tiger."

Reviews lauded her. Then began her flapper fancies, her attraction of notice by flagrant and cheap publicity. Either she didn't care that people talked, or, befuddled, she thought to bluff it out. Her salary had climbed to six hundred dollars. She pertly demanded fifteen hundred. Rumor mentioned temperament. Her acting, for a disciplinary time, was confined to being the foil in tests of others. Her contract was completed, and not renewed immediately. The scare sped self-confidence; bravado was partly assumed to cover a timidity engendered by repeated criticism, and by her own fear.

Stardom meant hard work. She trouped, she tried. Nobody has ever taken her seriously. That galled. Her untrained intellect seized the only way it knew to meet gossip—with a loud laugh.

"The girl with the million-candlepower eyes," they publicized her.

"Why so archaic?" she sniffed. "Give me a break. Make it air beacons."

Atta girl! Step, baby! Cute baby! Hollywood hugged her and ridiculed her. One of our charming social customs, that.

The critical faculties of the young Bartlett brain appeared on the crest of this second success. I like his reticence, his paucity of phrasing personal feelings.

"Miss White has exceptional ability," he said, tersely, when I complimented his salutary influence. "Though familiar with many aspects of this hectic business, she knows little of the commonplace world outside, and has no real comprehension of values. She was miserably trying to kid herself. She must have every chance for her happiness and for her talent's progress.

"My position is not a nice one. I do not relish being called 'the current suitor.' Every girl, particularly in pictures, has attentive boy friends. Miss White has been the target for unfair, malicious gossip. Ridiculous, yet it must be lived down—by ignoring it."

Her work will follow much the same formula as in the past, except that it will be vocal. "Broadway Babies," "The Girl from Woolworth's," "Playing Around"—all for the audible screen, entertaining or silly, according to your taste. "Show Girl in Hollywood" sequels *Dixie Dugan's* activities.

Recently, the company tore up her contract and gave her a new one at a four-figure salary. Such magnanimity is occasioned only by cold calculation of box-office power.

"My fan mail is next to the highest on the lot, between thirty and forty thousand letters a month." The pathos which veiled her dissolved in flashing pride. "Why do so many who don't like me bother to write to 'What the Fans Think' in PICTURE PLAY? Last month one defended me. She was sweet."

Her fluty voice trills acceptably. Her talent has been called the kettledrum of the orchestra—it must be played with hammers. That's rather unfair. True, her ability being less mental, sympathetic and expert direction is required. The prattling pictures, in depriving her of atmospheric stimulus, left her floundering around, the cold, silent stage lifting a blank wall against which her fluttering emotion quickly beat itself out. Now she is becoming accustomed to evoking feeling by thought, less sensible to surroundings.

Stumbling through this present fog will deepen the shallowness of her work. Fighting a hostility she cannot understand, evaluating everything according to the personal equation, when she learns to discipline imperative feeling and discards false principles, she will grow appreciably.

"Put something in the story about my honey, will you?" Solemnly I gave assurance that I would mention Sid.

"It will last, so far as I am concerned." Fear stalked her eyes again. "And I *know* my honey isn't the changing sort." A smile zigzagged.

His love will endure as long as she needs him; man glories in solving the problems women get themselves into. It may prove permanent. If this protective affection continues, she will emerge from her little trial a more lovable person. If her bubble bursts, the crash either will send her out to a what's-the-use giddiness, or, if she has the basic fine stuff, settle her upon a steady path.

Whether the finale be sadly cynical, or trimmed with Lohengrin and lace, I have an idea—because I, too, believe in her—that it will be the making of Alice.

Continued from page 62

a nervous breakdown, and finally she lost her father. More illness. Operation followed operation. How many, only she knows. But she goes "smilin' through."

She takes her work in deadly earnest, and carries on an active correspondence with about five hundred fans.

Her sense of humor is illustrated by a story she tells of herself. One of her fan friends, whom she had never met, called on her. Both nervous and ill at ease, they had nothing to say to each other and shifted from one foot to the other. The silence was finally broken by the fan who gasped out an astonished, "Oh, my! I thought you were *pretty!*"

As a rule when fans come to Hollywood they make a bee line for Myrtle, long before they attempt to see the stars. She lives in a bungalow court and gives teas for her fans. She has that quality rare in Hollywood—imagination. Stars when entertaining call in a caterer, and one tea or dinner is pretty much like another. But Myrtle plans her own and you find the daintiest refreshments at her teas of any given in Hollywood.

She has the deepest, most abiding faith in human nature I have ever come across. She has been accused of writing "goo." Perhaps. But I'm willing to stake my life that Myrtle has never written anything that she, herself, did not believe, and there is something splendid about a girl who has been through the mill as Myrtle has, and can still see only the good in people!

WILLIAM H. McKEGG.

The redoubtable William H. McKegg—"Barney" to his intimates—was born in England, but left a couple of months later to live on the Continent. This gave him a wider and broader knowledge of Germany, France, and Italy than of his native land. In fact, he didn't begin to read or write English until he was eight years old and then his teacher, by mistake, got hold of the cynic's dictionary and taught him from that instead of a grammar. His early training is responsible for the high-flown foreign phrases with which his writings are spattered.

After the war he went to Paris to follow his own inclinations which turned toward music, *vo-do-dee-o,* with sculpture and literature in the back of his mind. He did more traveling than studying, and such places as Budapest, Brindisi, Florence, Amalfi, Paris, and Chambery became his stamping grounds. He later found himself in Antwerp, and was so fascinated by the carving of an Indian, representing the United States, on the base of an altar in the Antwerp Cathedral, that he turned a cold shoulder to Europe and sailed for New York.

When he wrote recently that writers often make the mistake of thinking they have become intimate with stars whom they interview, he spoke the truth. But that charge could never be made against him. He transacts his business and departs. Unless the star makes overtures toward further meetings, he could as well have dropped off the face of the earth, so far as Barney is concerned.

He lives with his mother in a bungalow-court apartment and has few friends, but I have never encountered such loyalty as he shows where those few are concerned. He is generous to a fault and hospitable in the extreme.

He has an insatiable appetite for music, particularly grand opera, and prefers Wagner to all other composers, probably because his music is heavier and the stage is strewn with dead and dying at the finish.

He has always been a keen movie fan, although until comparatively recently he saw mostly foreign films, including the Scandinavian version of "The Four Devils," which gave him a greater thrill than Murnau's masterpiece, most likely because in the former the boy and girl were killed in a drop from the trapeze.

He has light-brown hair and blue eyes. He gets a tremendous kick out of his fan mail, and believes that writing is his true *métier.* He is extremely sensitive to colors and harmony, and absolutely indifferent to the shows put on for his benefit by those of the gifted with whom he comes in contact.

"THE STROLLER."

Mr. Reay—maiden name, Neville William, Jr.—was born in St. Paul for no good reason, except that his parents happened to be living there. St. Paul had schools, even in those days, and Mr. Reay received his education there—or, at least, he learned to spell, which accounts, in part, for the readability of "The Stroller." The yarns in this article are partly traceable to the fact that his father was a big newspaper publisher, and started feeding Neville type along with his bottle. He has never recovered from the effects of this, and still feels that a good story is worth more than all the accuracy in the world.

Having learned to spell, he went to a military prep school—name deleted by request of school—and from there to Princeton University. He used his psychology and philosophy books as teething rings. He says that he never read fan magazines, until he was forced to write for one. I don't believe he reads them now, either, as he had never even heard of *me,* until I went out to interview him. Fancy *that,* now!

He emerged from Princeton with an A. B. degree, but the only degree recognized in Hollywood is the third degree administered by the police department, and he says the two have no connection.

From Princeton he returned to St. Paul and became a court reporter, during which time he became infected with the Bacilli Disillusionmenti and the germs of unrest started working. He left St. Paul and went to New York to work for the *World.* He left there to go to Los Angeles.

He didn't say why—
He didn't say when——

—a woman doubtless—and went to work for the *Evening Express* as a court reporter. At this time he was only eighty per cent disillusioned. Some guys are gluttons for punishment! Four and a half years ago he entered the picture racket as a publicity writer and was soon one hundred per cent disillusioned. There, now! I hope you're satisfied.

Feeling that there was nothing left to unlearn, he was fully prepared for his great life work, but didn't know what that would be, until he started writing "The Stroller." Now he knows it is to be divided between "The Stroller" and a search for the ideal apartment, which, like Buddy Rogers' dream girl, doesn't exist.

Says Neville, "I live in Hollywood because I am sure there is no more amusing place in the world. I read fan letters to stars and find great comedy relief in the fact that, in most cases, I know the weaknesses of the star who is held up to adoration.

"It is like being a Grecian police reporter on Mount Olympus. The truth of the city will never be generally known except to some of those who dwell therein. The laws of the nation prevent the exposure of fact!"

He is single, twenty-five, lives alone, and plays bridge. Despite "The Stroller," he never walks. Permit me—PICTURE PLAY'S most eligible bachelor. Line forms on the right, girls.

[EDITOR'S NOTE.—Next month you will meet Edwin and Elza Schallert, A. L. Wooldridge, Alma Talley, Willard Chamberlin, Madeline Glass, H. A. Woodmansee, and others.]

Just Kids

When these stars surround themselves with their dolls, talkie troubles and calendars alike are forgotten.

Bessie Love, right, has dolls of infinite varicty as well as rare specimens of toyshop wild life.

Dorothy Mackaill, below, who boasts a collection of character dolls second to none in Hollywood, is thc envy of every little girl in town.

When Mary Duncan, bottom of pagc, was convalescing recently her friends brought several dolls and puppics to brighten her bed.







Joan Crawford, left, has a room in her new home dedicated to toys, and here you see some of the occupants.

Mary Philbin, bclow, has received dolls in native costumes from fans in almost every country.





Hollywood High Lights

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humorist, was responsible for his Grecian name, which, it must be admitted, was amusingly chosen.

Scintilla will probably show up some time later. There's a certain brightness suggested by it that couldn't be overlooked in the star world.

Back to Her Color.

Laura La Plante is to resume her *blondeur* again, which she sacrificed for "La Marseillaise," the French musical picture. Laura has been a sort of coppery brunette for several months, and disguised by this change of coiffure, was most difficult to identify as her charming self.

She detested the experience, but it had to be endured for the sake of the picture. She is having her hair bleached again as soon as possible. The word "again" is proper, for naturally, though most people have forgotten this, Laura is a brunette.

Novarro Vocal Hit.

Ramon Novarro's first full-length talking picture came within an ace of being road-showed. That is how good it is.

Ramon is a swashbuckling star in this film called "Devil May Care," laid in the time of Napoleon, and he sings five numbers.

The reports on the preview were most enthusiastic. Ramon is considered a brilliant "find" for the audible medium.

While "Devil May Care" may not be road-showed, one hears much these days about Lawrence Tibbett's "The Rogue's Song" being accorded that honor. This comparison is not meant to be derogatory to the excellence of Mr. Novarro's venture, however.

Toujours Lupe and Gary!

They still go about together. And what's more, Lupe continues to wear the square diamond that she has had on her engagement finger for nearly a year. Therefore, all Gary Cooper's denials of his romance with Miss Velez don't convince Hollywood that there is not a definite attraction between them, and still causes the suspicion to linger that some day they may marry.

Gary was very elusive on the subject of being affianced to Lupe, in an interview given during a trip East. He declared that they had never been engaged, but admitted that playing opposite Lupe had given him the biggest thrill of his motion-picture work.

Gary and Lupe were together at the preview of "Medals," in Glendale, and were all but mobbed by the fans after the show. Gary has a dazzling opportunity in this film, and the production itself is a serene artistic hit. It will probably easily gain a place among the ten best films of the new year.

Chile con Comedy.

Stranger things may have happened lately, but none odder comes to our mind at the moment than the plan to make Spanish versions of the Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy comedies, with the stars themselves speaking the soft Southern tongue. As a matter of fact, it is more than simply a plan. One of the comedies, "Night Owls," has already been finished. Even more amazing does it seem to find that the two fun makers are being coached in their Hispanic enterprise by a chap who glories in the Irish name of Robert O'Connor. In explanation it may be said that while his father was Irish, his mother was Spanish.

Laurel and Hardy speak a number of lines in their Spanish picture, and an entire company of Mexicans was called in to support them. Naturally they themselves had to learn their lines parrot fashion. Laurel had much more trouble than stout Hardy. Because of a peculiar "ish" inclination in his speech, he had literally to smother this by getting up steam and making a wild dash into the articulation of the foreign language.

"Our Gang" has also done their linguistic fandango in "The First Seven Years." They have a regular Spanish teacher on the set.

What The Fans Think

Continued from page 11

To "Lavender" of London, England: I'm sure you will be changing your opinion of Greta Garbo. Her rôle in "The Single Standard" I found to be different from all others, and Nils Asther was perfect. I hope they will be costarred in many more pictures. Nevertheless, Miss Garbo's pictures always leave me breathless, for she is a gorgeous creature and a wonderful actress.

You probably have all read the letter "Holly" wrote some time ago about Gary Cooper being upstage. Just a lot of hearsay, but she passed it on, and, lo, up pops a very true fan, Fraser MacDonald, who swallows it all and then writes the funniest letter imaginable. Fraser, how old do you happen to be, or was your letter really serious? Better find a man with "M. D." after his name as soon as possible, and ask him to take a good look. If all the fans' loyalty was upset as soon as yours, I guess there wouldn't be any fans.

Ah, we have with us another! Kathryn Snyder, are you sure you used your right name? Because I'm sure I never heard of your winning the prize for perfection.

Kit Leyland, you don't have to tell us. We know Gary Cooper is thin. Just the same, he is a fine actor, and we all love and admire him. And, thin or otherwise, he is still a human being and not a vegetable, so keep your names to yourself, please.

M. Watson, I'm surprised! You really haven't ever seen Clive Brook smile? I'm quite sure you're mistaken. By the way, where do you look for it? You'll find it on his face.

Well, fans, it seems I could go on forever, but I'm wondering if it would do any good. You see, it's much easier to find something good to say about anybody, so why waste the energy otherwise?

IRENE SEKELY.

10016 Elwell Avenue,
Cleveland Ohio.

The Perfect Voice.

Only a few of the young stars and players stand out prominently, in my opinion. Among these are Raymond Hackett, Loretta Young, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Lupe Velez, Phillips Holmes, Helen Foster, Gilbert Roland, Joan Crawford, Nancy Carroll, and George Duryea. As for the others, the girls are usually beautiful and the boys attractive looking, but they are not actors; they merely flit through pictures, and when they happen to play a certain part well, it is usually because the rôle requires nothing more of them than to be themselves.

I refer to such youngsters as Sue Carol, Anita Page, Ruth Taylor, Barbara Kent, Mary Brian, David Rollins, Arthur Lake, and William Bakewell, all of whom have on their side youth and looks, but little else.

Take, for instance, Anita Page. In "The Broadway Melody" Miss Page did admirably with the rôle of *Queenie*, but wasn't it because the character was so suited to her that very little acting was necessary? I think directors are mistaken in believing that the public wants so many new faces and such youthful ones. The youngsters, while clever and attractive, lack depth, and the pictures they play in are seldom outstanding or even noticeable. Of course, there are exceptions, like Janet Gaynor, but I am speaking of the majority.

I think the talkies deserve a vote of thanks for bringing to the screen such stage stars as Ruth Chatterton, Basil Rathbone, Kay Francis, and Charles King. Of course, they will never quite supplant my old, silent favorites, but they certainly have a warm place in my heart.

How thankful I was when the talkies came along and persuaded them to enter pictures! I think Ruth Chatterton is the most outstanding actress on the screen today. While falling far short of the screen-beauty standards, she easily leads in poise and acting ability, and her voice—well, to me her voice is the most wonderful one I've ever heard; I could listen to her for hours. I have seen all her pictures six or seven times, and enjoyed them the last time as much as the first.

DICK PEABODY.

St. Louis, Missouri.

Notes on Acting.

One can hardly expect perfect acting—complete submersion of an individual into a character—from any practitioner of the drama. Acting is rather technical—most

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When West Looks East

Scratch through the grease paint of a screen Oriental and you may find a player from Montana.



Anders Randolf, above, is the insidious mandarin in "Shanghai Lady."

Lydia Yeamans Titus, below, in the same film, transforms herself with a wig and gaudy trappings into *Madame Polly-Voo*.





Warner Oland, above, in the title rôle in "The Mysterious Doctor Fu-Manchu," turns out to be the very essence of the traditional intrigue of Far East fiction.



Richard Barthelmess, above, shakes off the ashes gathered in the making of "Young Nowheres" and arises splendidly bedecked in silk for "Son of the Gods."

Estelle Taylor, right, really suffered for art when she treated her eyes to give them that Oriental slant for "Where East is East."



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Silent and Successful.

Greta Garbo invests "The Kiss," a silent picture, with haunting beauty, but deprived of her glamorous presence, there is only a commonplace story to consider. Beautifully produced and finely directed, it is true, but only Miss Garbo excuses the exhibit. It is about *Irene,* married to a French business man while in love with another. The attentions of a schoolboy, the son of a friend, bring about the crisis. *Irene's* husband witnesses the boy's puppy-love kiss and, crazed by jealousy, is about to kill the youth when *Irene* intervenes and shoots to save him. Eloquently defended by her lawyer-lover, she is acquitted and then tells him she is a murderess. Of course it doesn't matter to him, nor to us, because Miss Garbo's guilt is so much more beautiful and honest than the virtue of other stars, that she can indeed do no wrong.

Conrad Nagel plays well the lawyer, and Anders Randolf is splendidly authoritative as the jealous husband. However, to the majority the thrill of discovering a newcomer, Lew Ayres, will make him the most important masculine member of the cast. His performance is extremely sympathetic and almost any success may be foreseen for him.

Miss Moore Defies Convention.

Musical comedy and an unhappy ending are some of the radical departures made in Colleen Moore's "Footlights and Fools." Another is the star's impersonation of a French dancer and singer. All this is a large order for the screen's Cinderella. The result is an unevenly entertaining picture, never poor, frequently very fine, yet not quite succeeding in being an exceptional film in spite of all the money and effort expended on it. But Miss Moore must be applauded for attempting to escape the pattern that has so long hampered her—in the eyes of the critics at least.

Though she is known in the picture as *Fifi d'Auray,* she is really *Bessie Murphy,* in love with *Jimmy Willet,* a shiftless youth given to secret gambling. Her heavy admirer is *Gregory Pyne,* of Wall Street, who gives *Jimmy* a job in his office to ingratiate himself with *Bessie.* Bonds are stolen, evidence is fastened on *Jimmy* as a confederate of the thief, and *Bessie* believes his story that it is *Pyne's* frame-up to get him out of the way. *Pyne* protests and orders the charge against *Jimmy* withdrawn. Then *Bessie,* though she has married *Jimmy* secretly, guesses the truth and tells him to go and never return. With *Pyne* also banished, she dully tells her maid to order the car to take her to the theater as usual. That's the end. Quite Russian, eh what?

Miss Moore plays the final sequence beautifully, poignantly, and threaded in and out of the rather somber story are stage scenes in technicolor. Fredric March is admirable, as usual, as the banker, and Raymond Hackett, no longer with a lady to defend, finds himself accused and bluffs an alibi with as much eloquence as if justice were on his side.

A Heart of Gold.

Clara Bow's performance in "The Saturday Night Kid" is a delight. Natural, unstrained, expressive, and at times deeply moving, it is proof of her increasing maturity as an actress, and altogether is one of the outstanding performances of the month. The picture is a talking version of "Love 'Em and Leave 'Em," which appeared some years ago in silent films, with Evelyn Brent, of all persons, in Clara's rôle. And darned fine she was, too, in the more serious and penetrating version of the shopgirl whose sneaking sister stole away her "fella" and caused the gay, pleasure-loving *Mayme* to simulate a hard exterior while chirping her motto, "Love 'Em and Leave 'Em."

All this happens in the talkie, with the addition of some department store scenes that are extremely amusing as a satire on the coöperative spirit fostered by *Ginsberg,* proprietor of the emporium. What might be called the theme song of the film is entitled "Glory, Glory Unto Ginsberg," and it is chanted at the meetings of the employees led by Edna May Oliver, as *Miss Streeter.* A rare characterization this and one worthy of the eminent character actress Miss Oliver is. Jean Arthur does well as Miss Bow's wretched, little craven sister, but for the life of me I couldn't discover that James Hall made the least effort to realize his rôle of Clara's fellow-worker, nominally the hero of the piece.

Low Stakes.

So clearly is "Mississippi Gambler" an echo of "Show Boat," that one can identify atmospheric scenes salvaged from the earlier work. This in itself is no artistic crime, and it would be applauded if inspiration had entered into the result. As it is, only a mediocre film is on view. Ever apprehensive of epidemics, the nervous reviewer asks if there is to be a wave of dandified gamblers who ply their nefarious trade aboard sidewheelers. A prayer should be added to strengthen the hope that such is not to be, if Joseph Schildkraut expects to play them all.

For he struts and swaggers and smirks across the border of reality into the land of caricature, causing one to imagine that if such a character existed in real life he would be put off the boat not because of his tricky card playing, but on account of being a nuisance. At any rate he's there, and there's no getting rid of him till the fade-out, which is accomplished in a glow of sacrifice, the gambler having gone noble. He decoys an old gentleman into a game, fleeces him and discovers that he is the father of the icy beauty with whom he has been flirting. The girl enters his cabin without a tremor, engages in a game of poker with the sang-froid of an expert and wins back all her father has lost. There's something to do with a locket, because they're in love. But the gambler refrains from declaring himself and lets the poker-playing beauty slip right through his fingers.

Joan Bennett, Carmelita Geraghty, and Alec B. Francis are the principals, the latter very fine.

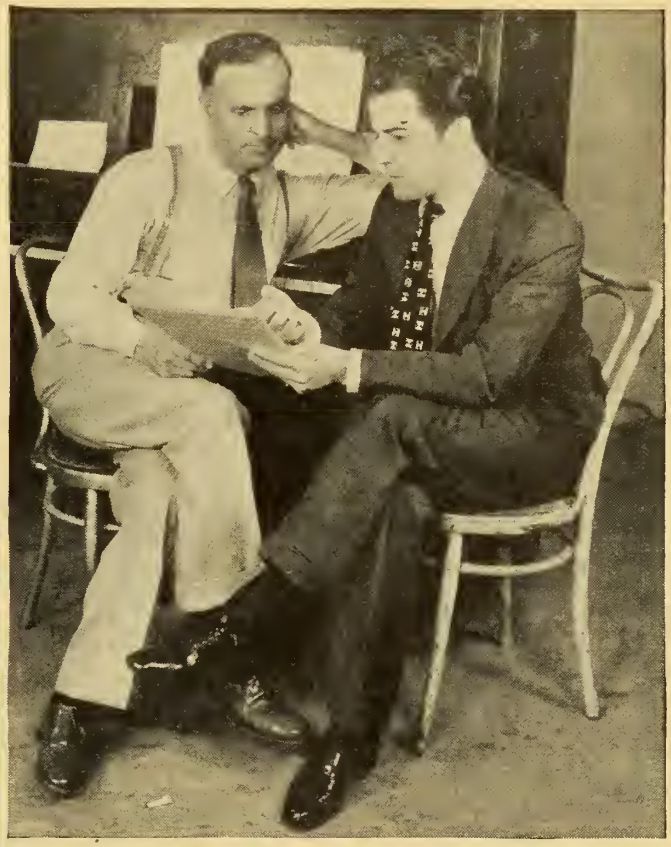
Isn't Jack Oakie Grand?

If you've not already seen "Sweetie"—and I feel that most of you have—perhaps you will care to have teacher's indorsement of it. But if it is a happy memory you won't need anything from me to recall it. For it's gay, inconsequential entertainment such as most picture-goers like, and lively every minute. It's a frolic, with a story as unsubstantial as musical comedy, but it doesn't ask to be taken seriously and nobody in it strives to do more than amuse. At the same time it has several moments of inspired burlesque, such as, for example, Jack Oakie's richly comic parody of Al Jolson, in a song called "Alma Mammy." Mr. Oakie is a song-and-dance man who enrolls as a college student and finds the alma mater song not to his liking, so he composes one as he thinks it ought to be. Then, too, there is Helen Kane, thought by many to be quite a genius of baby-talk songs. Nancy Carroll, with not enough to do to suit most of us, is wholly delightful as the heroine, *Barbara Pell,* a chorus girl who inherits a college and proceeds to make it hard for the football captain who jilted her. This kernel of plot is reminiscent of "The Charm School," if you know your old movies, but it doesn't detract from a peppy picture, with lots of songs and dances and pleasant young people, including Stanley Smith, a newcomer,

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This New Age

The stars used to romp gayly around between camera calls, but now they spend their odd hours over theme songs.



Herbert Stothart, right, goes over a new song with Ramon Novarro, who sings several numbers in "Devil May Care."





Anita Page, above, and Sam Feinburg, of the Metro-Goldwyn music staff, find William Haines in a more or less serious mood, and together they start drilling on the theme song for "Navy Blues."



Proud of her pupils, Ellen Beach Yaw, above, former opera singer, takes more than professional interest in the Duncan sisters' preparation for the songs in "It's a Great Life," for she has been their teacher since they were schoolgirls.

Lawrence Tibbett, left, Metropolitan opera singer, starred in "The Rogue's Song," invites Harry de More, his make-up expert, to hear a selection from his first screen effort, which is, incidentally, the most ambitious attempt to bring operatic music to film audiences.

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as the hero, with a very likable singing voice. And there is Wallace MacDonald, of the old guard, whose début in speech discloses one of the really admirable voices.

Mr. Jessel's Monologue.

It is rather churlish to throw cold water on George Jessel's enjoyment of his own singing and acting in "Love, Live, and Laugh." One senses that he gives generously of himself, because he believes that the more one sees and hears of him the more sunshine there will be in the world. But just as continuous sunshine is monotonous, so is Mr. Jessel's monologue tedious. And because of his insistence on giving a continuous performance, it serves him right that one scene, from which he nobly absents himself, is the best in the picture. Just to see if you agree with me, watch for the sequence in the day nursery played by several children and grownups. The story that surrounds this episode is too machine-made to detail, but as it is my duty to give an inkling of what pictures are about, I can't shirk my irksome task.

Mr. Jessel, as *Luigi,* a happy-go-lucky soul, with a song for every one and the kiddies, too, loves *Margharita,* the niece of the employer. Strange to say, she loves him, too. But *Luigi* is called to the colors in Italy, where he loses his sight. On his return to this country he searches for *Margharita,* who thinks him dead. The usual operation restores his sight, and learning the name of the doctor's assistant, he goes to thank him and discovers that *Margharita* is his wife. Instead of making a fuss, *Luigi* has a better time telling *Margharita* that it is her duty to love, live, and laugh, just as he laughs—behind a mist of tears.

David Rollins gives a good account of himself as an Italian boy, Lila Lee is the girl, and the knowing will find one of life's little ironies in Kenneth MacKenna, one of the bright lights of the stage, in the minor rôle of the doctor.

An Eskimo Soubrette.

The talkie début of the famed Lenore Ulric should be important, but it isn't. Partly her fault and partly that of the material provided, "Frozen Justice" doesn't qualify as first-rate entertainment. It is an expensive, pretentious picture which strains to be interesting, but the result is quite mild. In the first place, Miss Ulric assumes a difficult rôle as *Talu,* a half-caste Eskimo girl whose white blood causes her to hunger for the fleshpots of civilization. In stressing the yearn of *Talu,* Miss Ulric overlooks the fact that the girl is part Eskimo, consequently we see a lively jade of musical comedy, given to form-fitting furs and an accent that defies classification. Miss Ulric is more in her element in the dance hall at Nome, when she has discarded her cute native costumes for black satin, lace hose, "hot" songs and whoopee in the accepted Ulrician manner. You see, *Talu* has listened to the villainous sea captain and run away from her husband with him. But the husband follows her to Nome and pursues the villain as he flees with *Talu* over the snowy wastes, where an ice crevasse obligingly jams the villain to death. By this time *Talu* has had enough of everything, so she dies a lingering, operatic death uttering platitudes in the arms of her husband, who mournfully carries her toward an electrical aurora borealis which is doing tricks in the background. The scenes in the dance hall, which hark back to the time of the gold rush, are far more genuine than the palpably artificial snow and ice.

Robert Frazer plays the Eskimo husband with a gift of oratory more in keeping with *Marc Antony* than a stolid inhabitant of the arctic regions, and even that fine artist, Ulrich Haupt, isn't happy as the captain.

Mexican Atmosphere.

After his substantial success in "In Old Arizona" Warner Baxter could not fail to be interesting in another accented rôle. Unfortunately, it doesn't follow that every picture in which he plays such a part is as strong as the pacemaker. Such is true of "Romance of Rio Grande," beautifully produced, finely recorded, but neither gripping nor more than tolerably interesting. Stir your imagination just a bit and you know what will happen from scene to scene. Yet it is capitally acted by Mr. Baxter, Mary Duncan, Antonio Moreno, and an interesting newcomer named Mona Maris, who is destined for a conspicuous place in pictures.

Mr. Baxter is *Pablo Wharton Cameron,* estranged from his grandfather because his Mexican mother married an American. *Pablo* plies his hand as boss of railroad construction, in full Mexican regalia. Wounded, he is brought to his grandfather's hacienda by *Manuelita,* the latter's ward, and finds his grandfather eager to make amends for the injustice done *Pablo's* mother. *Juan,* his cousin, with a venal eye on the future, attempts to frustrate the old don's benevolent intentions and is double-crossed by *Carlotta,* his paramour, who bestows her affections on *Pablo* when she finds that he is winning out. This, you see, has all the earmarks of an old-time Western, especially in the melodramatic climax which ends in gunplay and *Manuelita* and *Pablo* facing life as one. As I said, excellent performances redeem the stereotyped story, but Mexican atmosphere, with singing, dancing, and incidental sound, casts a rather seductive glamour over the whole. Then, as above noted, there is Mona Maris.

Amnesia.

"Woman to Woman" belongs to the oh, me! oh, my! school of melodrama. The exclamation comes from wondering at the courage of the producers in filming it. Good acting, excellent direction and exceptional recording are more or less wasted on a ragout of situations that have done time in hundreds of stage plays of a bygone day and perhaps thousands of movies. Nor is the present combination of these situations calculated to disguise the antiquity of the material. It's really too bad—and I mean that both ways. Judge for yourself.

Soldier on leave in Paris enamored of singing girl—tears himself from her to get marriage license—is ordered to front—girl broken-hearted because of supposed desertion—end of war deprives soldier of memory—he is rich business man now, unhappily married—erstwhile singer billed as *"La Première danseuse de Paris"*—hugely successful on score of few pirouettes—weak heart, may topple over any minute—business man hears her old song and memory comes flooding back. Honestly, kiddies, I haven't the digital endurance to go on with this. Excuse?

Betty Compson is the singing dancer with a weak heart. She does well enough, but doesn't miss a time-worn point; George Barraud is the soldier whose speech is far more intelligent than the hoary lines given him; and Juliette Compton, a newcomer, is the cold, heartless wife—so cold and heartless that one wonders if Miss Compton could ever thaw out in a human rôle.

Alien.

"Is Everybody Happy?" may be answered bluntly in the negative. It is doubtful if Ted Lewis, the star, asks the naïve question in the picture with any hope of an affirmative. For the singing jazz-band leader probably knows that he is unbelievable as the wistful son of a Hungarian musician who, on learning that his son is playing jazz and not

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The Unshackled Man

The flurry caused last summer by the notion that the free masculine soul should wear pajamas outdoors, is fanned by Raymond Hackett and Robert Montgomery.



Raymond Hackett, above, would be a sartorial knock-out at anybody's horse race or football game in an outfit like this.



Robert Montgomery, right, steps high, wide, and handsome in natty pajamas on summer afternoons, with all the assurance of a small-town banker strolling down Main Street in white flannels and dark coat.



Nothing like pajamas for tennis, says Raymond Hackett, above, for between sets it's nice to lie on the grass and take a nap with that easy composure that comes from being appropriately dressed.



For evening wear Mr. Montgomery, right, shows with what striking results one can abandon the conventional "inky worsted and snowy linen," as hints on correct dress for men would say.



Flannel pajamas combine warmth and that carefree dash so becoming to an aviator, Mr. Hackett, above, insists.

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"Lots of pictures are shown up there, before they are shown in New York. But it will be just as well if no players ever go there to see themselves. Better, by far, to go there to see a rival's picture. Yale students attend, *en masse,* and so do the student bodies of a lot of prep schools. Evidently they have all taken up the study of diction in a large way, and they correct any errors in speech audibly. 'Take time to ar-tic-ul-ate' they caution in the admonitory tone of an elocution teacher, when a player slurs his lines.

"They showed 'The Taming of the Shrew' up there, and I'm glad the Pickford-Fairbanks family was in the Far East, where they couldn't hear the shouting. Not that the picture is bad—it is quite lovely at moments—but New Haven audiences can always find something to be captious about.

"Mary Pickford looks alluring, but she isn't always as effective as she might be. And it didn't heighten the effect of her performance to have a crowd of collegiate hoodlums chanting 'Oh, Pollyanna' to the tune of 'Oh, Susanna' during her most tense moments.

"As for Douglas Fairbanks, they just yelled at him to go climb a tree, or jump a wall, whenever he stood still long enough to deliver a line more than six words long.

"In the crowd there was a group of students who evidently had memorized the original text in order to make corrections when a point was reached where the adaptor took liberties with Shakespeare. Oh, it was a great night for New Haven!

"I bore up under it, because I am not one of those who thinks Shakespeare sacred."

And although she didn't mention it, apparently Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks are not among the players for whose defense she would make a public spectacle of herself. Imagine how Fanny would act if an audience in New Haven, or anywhere else, was irreverent toward Gloria Swanson!

"But I *am* going to New Haven when 'Hallelujah' is shown," she went on determinedly, "and if any one makes a comment, or laughs when he is not intended to, you can just send the word to *Philo Vance* that I am the one who committed all the murders. I doubt if it will be necessary, though. Even Yale students should feel a little gaspy and awe-struck over 'Hallelujah.' "

Suddenly Fanny stopped talking, while she fingered the glass before her as though it were some treasure she had long been looking for.

"Look!" she said in triumph, holding up an ordinary goblet, "this is just the right sort of glass with which to play talking pictures. Have you played it yet? All right, I'll show you."

And picking up the glass, Fanny started singing into it.

"It's the latest and most popular form of amusement at dinner parties," she went on, talking into the glass. The effect was that of the earliest and most brassy-sounding talking pictures. People at neighboring tables began looking around to see where the radio was. A waiter came hurrying over with our check.

"Tell me the name of the theme song you like least," she commanded, and I was at a loss for an answer, because a dozen titles came instantly to mind. "And I will sing it for you," she continued.

But there really is a limit, even to what I will stand from Fanny. So, with the aid of a waiter, I rushed her out of the restaurant. But she still held the glass in her hand, and all through the maze of Fifth Avenue traffic passengers hung out of other taxicabs looking for the squawking, bleating machine that was blaring forth "How Am I to Know?"

What The Fans Think

Continued from page 94

acting is exaggerated—and this exaggerated technique symbolizes the character being portrayed. But once in a flock of blue moons comes a Thespian pretender who can reduce technique and exaggeration to the minimum—who can submerge his own personality to such a depth that it isn't noticeable.

They say Garbo does this. I don't know, because I haven't quite recovered from the woman herself yet. That fact proves this: Garbo is usually the great Garbo. One makes obeisance to her personality more than the finesse of her performances.

Take Paul Muni and his *James Dyke.* Do you know what Muni, the man, is like from that? You do not. There wasn't any Muni in "The Valiant." It was all *James Dyke.* What can you do about an actor like that? DON ROHRIG.

Harmony, Indiana.

The Smelling Salts!

I saw Vilma Banky twice when she attended the opening of "This Is Heaven" in Chicago. She has always been my favorite actress. Her beauty is beyond words. She is exquisite, wonderful, perfect, adorable, angelic, and—oh, everything else that's marvelous!

I'm only a girl, but I dream about her all the time, and wonder if I'll ever have the wonderful fortune of meeting her and talking with her. When I saw her in person, I just held my breath until that blond vision of loveliness vanished. She has the most wonderful golden hair, and her features look as though they were chiseled from marble. Sometimes I think that she can't be real. Her beauty is unearthly. When I look at her I think that the heavens have opened and are sending forth their glory and radiance in her body. Oh, I grow incoherent when I think about her, and only repeat things, so I'll not say more. MARIE JOHNSON.

2922 Walnut Street,
Chicago, Illinois.

When Gary Was a Child——

I must reply to Marie Price's criticism of our Gary Cooper. My dear Marie, you say, "I knew Gary when——" We are living in the present and not in the past. It is possible that, in years gone by, some might have considered Gary, as you express it, "merely dumb and very, very conceited." That may be. Years ago he was a mere child, and what child does not at some time think himself *just it?* Dear girl, it is what we prove ourselves to be in later years that counts, and I still say that Gary *is* of the finest type of manhood.

I won't comment on his engagement to Lupe. I don't believe in trying to enter into the private affairs of our favorites. But Gary uses very good judgment in all he does, and time will prove it to you.

You say that Gary does not possess "It." Then he is not the cave man you infer in your letter. A cave man does not appeal to the average, intelligent woman. Sex appeal—bah! There are better things in life than that. LILLIAN.

P. O. Box 967,
Springfield, Massachusetts.

Jean Offers a Solution.

It is unfair of the fans to expect stars to send out photos free. One person could not handle a star's fan mail, and I am sure the people who work with the letters want good salaries, like the rest of us. Considering the amount paid for photos, envelopes, stamps, and handling, isn't it fair that the public should help pay some of it?

Why should the stars send out photos at all? Why not buy magazines with so many more pictures in them than you would get from the stars, and keep a scrapbook? I have one, and everybody admires it. In it I have pictures cut from magazines—my favorites in their best poses and in costumes—much better pictures than one would get from the stars, and more of them, too. In November PICTURE PLAY there are five large photos and too many smaller ones to count that are fine for a scrapbook. Would you not rather have five large photos of the stars than spend a quarter and wait an age for one photo of one star? JEAN BEACH.

6328 Eggleston Avenue,
Chicago, Illinois.

The Manila Screen Ruined?

After long, weary months of anxiety, I got the opportunity to express my view regarding the talkies, for they were first heard here in Manila only recently.

Imagine how such a fussy invention could excite poor Manila and set its people agog! When "Show Boat" was run, policemen were needed to keep order in front of the theater, because the people were so eager to hear those whom they had seen in silent films. "The Letter" and

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It Won't Be Long

Just another line in a finger print, or the turn of a card, and the mystery is solved.



O. P. Heggie, left, as *Inspector Wayland Smith,* the master sleuth in "The Mysterious Doctor Fu-Manchu."

The ace of all detectives is shrewdly portrayed by Clive Brook, right, in "The Return of Sherlock Holmes."







Basil Rathbone, above, as *Philo Vance,* in "The Bishop Murder Case," scents a clew in the meaning of a chess move and sits down to figure it out.

William Powell, left, is also *Philo Vance,* in "The Canary Murder Case" and "The Greene Murder Case." In the former the trail leading to the murderer is picked up in a card game.

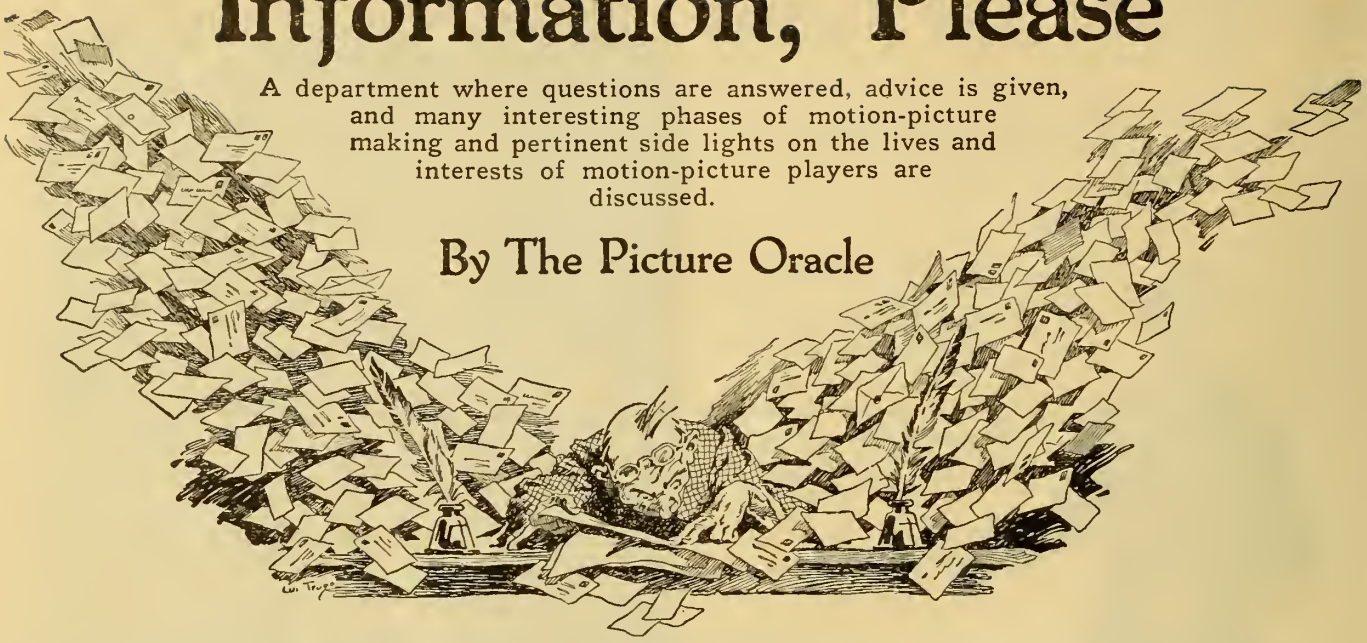


Craufurd Kent, right, as he appears in the rôle of *Inspector Blake,* in the talkie serial, "The Ace of Scotland Yard."

Information, Please

A department where questions are answered, advice is given, and many interesting phases of motion-picture making and pertinent side lights on the lives and interests of motion-picture players are discussed.

By The Picture Oracle



JACK BRENNECKE.—Your letter is certainly to the point—crisp as buttered toast, you might say. Doris Hill was born in Roswell, New Mexico, March 31st—she doesn't say what year. I think that is her real name. No, I don't think she is related to the other Hills in movies. PICTURE PLAY has not published an interview with her. Doris has blue eyes and Titian hair; she is 5 feet 2½ and weighs 115. Her next film is "Darkened Rooms." Very few stars autograph their own pictures. Just you try autographing several hundred pictures every day in your spare time—and see how you like it! No, PICTURE PLAY does not send out photographs of stars; we get only enough for use in the magazine. For particulars about a print of "America," write to the D. W. Griffith Corporation, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York City.

SHADY LADY.—So you'll sing my praises forever? I do hope you have a good Vitaphone voice. The film you describe was "King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid," a short film based on the painting by Burne-Jones. And, by the way, he was a very well-known artist indeed. It *was* Mary Astor in the picture; in fact, that is how she got her start in movies. But I don't remember who the leading man was, or who produced the film. With hundreds of two-reel pictures released every month, it's impossible for me to keep their casts on record. I should say "The Midnight Sun" and "Show Boat" were Laura La Plante's two most important films; she seldom plays in specials. Jeanette Loff was married in 1925 to Harry Roseboom, from whom she is now divorced. I think that is her real name. Jeanette formerly was a pianist in a movie theater. Her former husband is a business man. Jeanette was "discovered" by DeMille when she played a small rôle in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." I can find no record of the film "Street of Jazz."

A CURIOUS BLONDE.—Do gentlemen prefer you to be curious? If so, you're in luck. Yes, it's true that Buddy Rogers and June Collyer have a heavy crush on at the moment. June was born in New York, August 19, 1907. Buddy was born in Olathe, Kansas, August 13, 1904. Joan and Doug, Jr., are really married. Joan was born in San Antonio, March 23, 1908; Doug in New York, December 9, 1907. Clara Bow: Born in Brooklyn, July 29, 1905. Mary Brian: Corsicana, Texas, February 17, 1908. Arthur Lake: Corbin, Kentucky, 1905. Conrad Nagel: Keokuk, Iowa, March 16, 1897. They are all Americans. A fan club is a little organization in which admirers of a certain star correspond with one another. For the Clara Bow club nearest you—and not very near at that!—write to Louise C. Hinz, 2456 Sheridan Avenue, Detroit, Michigan. No, I don't know of any star with a birthday on July 2nd.

MIRIAM BREWER.—No, I don't think Barbara La Marr will be quickly forgotten. She was born in Richmond, Virginia, and was thirty years old at the time of her death. Her legal name was Rheatha Watson. I don't know whether it is still possible to get photographs of her; she had a First National contract at the time of her death, and that company is the only one who might send out her photos—though I doubt it.

CECELIA NOVAK.—So you thank me a million times? That ought to be enough thanks for any one! Ramon Novarro was born February 6, 1899. He is neither married nor engaged. Leroy Mason played opposite Del Rio, in "Revenge." Eddie Nugent doesn't give his age. Yes, he's married. Twenty-five is not necessarily too old to enter pictures, but it would be quite a handicap for a newcomer. Your friend's chances would depend on her personality.

MAVIS METCALF.—The responsibilities of one who starts a fan club? I shudder to think. Writing letters has to be your favorite occupation. There is no club for Nils Asther. Nils was born in Malmo, Sweden, January 17, 1902. He was educated at the University of Lund. Then he went into the government service, and then on the stage. Mauritz Stiller saw him in a news reel as winner of a ski race and offered him screen work. He came to the United States in 1927, under contract to Joseph Schenck. I think he uses his real name. He is divorced; I don't know his wife's name. His American films are: "Topsy and Eva," "Sorrell and Son," "Blue Danube," "Laugh, Clown, Laugh," "Loves of an Actress," "Her Cardboard Lover," "Our Dancing Daughters," "Dream of Love," "Wild Orchids," "Single Standard." Alice Terry's only recent film is "Three Passions." Write her at Rex Ingram's Productions, Franco Film studio, St. Augustin-du-Var, Nice, France.

ELFRIEDA FEIK.—If "the more, the merrier," is my motto, then I'm just Merry Christmas. Yes, there was an old film years ago called "Thorns and Orange Blossoms." Estelle Taylor and Kenneth Harlan played in it. Edith Roberts had the second lead. I haven't the cast for the old film "Dancing Fool," but I think it was a Wallace Reid picture.

MRS. ETHEL S. COTTINGHAM.—I'll be delighted to be an honorary member of your Richard Dix-Alexander Gray club, though I'm afraid you exaggerate the sensation Mr. Gray made on the New York stage. I go to the theater about five times a week, but scarcely even heard of him until his screen venture. And don't blame me if I had Richard Dix attending the wrong university. I didn't send him there—his official biography did.

BOYD-KOHLER-RICHMOND.—That must be somebody calling trains. Don't blame us that PICTURE PLAY hasn't published any photographs of William Boyd. We've been trying for months to get suitable pictures of him, but he doesn't like to be photographed. So blame Bill himself. Sorry, I don't know his child's name. Bill's character names in the films you ask about were as follows: "Steel Preferred," *Wally Gay*; "Yankee Clipper," *Hal Winslow*; "Jim, the Conqueror," *Jim Burgess*; "Dress Parade," *Viv Donovan*; "The Last Frontier," *Tom Kirby*; "Skyscraper," *Blondy*; "Night Flyer," *Jimmy Bradley*; "The Cop," *Pete Smith*, or *"Smithie."* In "The Volga Boatman," he was listed as *a boatman*; "Two Arabian Nights," *a private*; "Power," *a laborer*. Fred Kohler was born in Kansas City, Missouri—but doesn't say when. He is six feet tall and weighs 200. Light hair and blue eyes. He is married to Marjorie Prole and has an eighteen-year-old son, Bill, son of a former wife. Warner Richmond was born in Culpeper County, Virginia, but keeps his age secret. He is five feet eleven, weighs 170. Dark-blue eyes, brown hair. He is married and has a son, Warner, Jr., ten years old.

HAY.—Hey, there, I'm glad to hear from you again! So your friend pointed me out

Continued on page 120



85% of America's Leading Hospitals

now use the same absorbent of which Kotex is made

Here is medical approval which dictates every woman's choice of sanitary protection . . . it must be hygienically safe, it must be more comfortable than any substitute

KOTEX absorbent has replaced surgical cotton in 85% of America's great hospitals! Surgeons used 2¼ million pounds of Cellucotton absorbent wadding last year. That is the equivalent of 80,000,000 sanitary pads! Remember that Cellucotton is *not* cotton—it is a cellulose product which, for sanitary purposes, performs the same function as softest cotton, with 5 times the absorbency.

Hospitals depend on Kotex absorbent today.



They realize that comfort is most closely related to health during the use of sanitary protectives. Then is when women must have perfect ease of mind and body And Kotex assures such ease

This unusual substance—Kotex absorbent

Cellucotton absorbent wadding was an invention of war times. Its quick, thorough absorbency is almost marvelous. It is made up of layer on layer of the thinnest and softest absorbent tissues . . . each a quick, complete absorbent in itself.

These many air-cooled layers make Kotex not only *safer,* but lighter, *cooler* to wear. They also permit adjustment of the filler according to individual needs.

As one hospital authority puts it: "Kotex absorbent is noticeably free from irritating dust, which means increased hygienic comfort."

To women who still make their own sanitary pads of cheesecloth and cotton, these facts will be of interest. Kotex absorbs (by actual test) five times quicker, five times greater, than an equal amount of surgical cotton. It takes up 16 times its own weight in moisture and distributes that moisture evenly, not all in one concentrated place.

Kotex absorbent is used in hospitals where every precaution known to science surrounds a patient. Hospitals where world-renowned surgeons operate.

Lying-in hospitals use it in enormous quantities, proving conclusively that doctors regard it as hygienically *safe.* What other product offers this assurance?

Since it is so easy to buy Kotex and the price is so low, no woman need consider using anything else. Her choice is made for her by the medical profession. Surely, if they find Kotex absorbent best—even in the most dangerous operations—it cannot fail to be best for constant use.

Why smart women prefer Kotex

It is significant that 9 out of 10 women in smarter circles today use Kotex. They find that it permits a freedom and poise hard to acquire otherwise. That's because Kotex really fits. It is designed, you see, to conform . . . shaped at the corners and tapered.

For perfect daintiness, Kotex deodorizes. This eliminates all possibility of an offense that fastidious women consider inexcusable.

And here is the reason so many women first began to use Kotex: it is easily disposable. That fact alone has helped to change the hygienic habits of millions of women the world over!

KOTEX IS SOFT . . .

1 Not a deceptive softness, that soon packs into chafing hardness. But a delicate, fleecy softness that lasts for hours.

2 *Safe, secure . . .* keeps your mind at ease.

3 *Rounded and tapered corners*—for inconspicuous protection.

4 *Deodorizes . . .* safely, thoroughly, by a special process.

5 *Disposable* completely, instantly.

Regular Kotex—45c for 12—at any drug, dry goods or department store, or singly in vending cabinets through West Disinfecting Co.

Kotex Super-Size—65c for 12

Thousands of women first learned about Kotex in hospitals, then discovered they could buy it at their corner drug store! The price of the Regular size is never more than 45 cents.

A few months' trial will convince you that you owe yourself this modern, comfortable, *safe,* sanitary protection. Kotex Company, 180 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

KOTEX

The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes

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Confessions of a Diner-out

Continued from page 23

Again, I was asked to write a story of the furnishings of Dorothy Sebastian's home, which is strictly modernistic. Miss Sebastian graciously invited me to lunch. I arrived on time and rang the doorbell. A Negro maid opened it about six inches, and asked what I wanted. On being told, she informed me that Miss Sebastian, too, had been suddenly called to the studio.

When I stated that I had been invited to lunch, she explained that Miss Sebastian had tried to reach me, but that I was already on my way. But as she knew I was on the way, it occurred to me that Dorothy might have waited ten or fifteen minutes and explained matters herself.

Not wishing to be unreasonable, I explained to the maid that I was invited down simply in order to see the place, and that she could show me through as well as Miss Sebastian.

"Naw, suh, not without she's heah," the maid replied. "I takes my orders from her."

"Well, did she order you not to let me in?" I asked.

"Naw, suh, but she ain't tole me *to* let you in, neither."

"Will you phone her and ask if it will be all right to show me through?"

"Naw, suh, 'cause I don't know where to reach her."

"May I use your phone? I think possibly I can find her."

However, at this point the door was abruptly closed and the conversation ended.

Sue Carol, who is one of the most hospitable of all the Hollywood high lights, is not entirely immune to the aberrations the stars seem to feel is their prerogative. But when Sue invites you to dinner you can rest assured you'll get a dinner, and a darned good one to boot.

Imagine my embarrassment, however, on arriving for dinner recently to find Sue still upstairs dressing. Knowing one of her faults is habitual tardiness, I purposely arrived half an hour late, but she was still upstairs. Nick Stuart was at his home dressing, and had not yet arrived.

I was shown into the living room and left to introduce myself to the other guests, none of whom I had ever met before. After another half hour, Sue appeared briefly, greeted us, and disappeared. Still another half hour dragged by, when she reappeared in an apron, explaining that she had gone into the kitchen to see what we were going to have, and not finding the menu to her liking, had herself prepared something else.

"Well, will you *please* sit down with us now?" implored one of the guests, possibly feeling he was due for a respite from his efforts to make conversation.

But Sue merely smiled and disappeared again. When she finally came in and really joined us, she confided that dinner would not be ready for another hour, as the cook had got "sore" when she interfered, and had stopped cooking until Sue had finished out there. "I had to dance the Breakaway for her to get her in good humor again," she added.

"I'll go out and turn a few flipflops for her, too," Nick volunteered as he disappeared.

A mental vision floated by of Mrs. Astor and Mrs. Vanderbilt dancing Breakaways and turning flipflops in their kitchens to put their cooks in good humor. But they live in New York, Newport, and Palm Beach, so the conventions applying in those places would be entirely out of order in Hollywood!

Lest you think all movie people are strangers to good manners, I hasten to assure you that you might scour the country from one end to the other, without finding more ideal hosts than Fredric March and his wife, Florence Eldridge.

Their dinners are not planned to represent a county-fair exhibit of truck gardening and stock raising, but they are elegant in their simplicity, and the appointments and service are flawless.

At their home one meets people like Harlan Thompson, who wrote "Hot News," for Bebe Daniels, "The Ghost Talks," and "Married in Hollywood," and his wife, Marion Spitzer, the novelist; Kenneth Hawks and Mary Astor, and the charmingly sophisticated star, Kay Francis.

Oddly enough—for Hollywood—the talk around the dinner table is much more likely to center about subjects discussed in any American home than shop. You would listen—if you were fortunate enough to be asked there—to spirited recitals of their trip to San Francisco to see the Stanford-U. S. C. football game, including encounters with two motor-cycle cops who handed them tickets. One of them was so gracious about it that Fred wrote to the chief of police and complimented him on his well-mannered policemen. Fred and Florence were so charming that the other officer took the ticket back again.

There are debates about prize fights, tennis, and books such as "Ex-wife," "Galaxy," "Jalna," et cetera.

Coffee is served in the living room, and afterward you settle down to bridge, Guggenheim, and other games of the sort. The humor is of the quiet, rippling kind that keeps you in smiles and chuckles, rather than the guffaws which greet some of the ribald sallies in other homes.

It will be a great day for the movies when they can point to Fred and Florence March as a couple representative of the entire colony.

In the meantime, sit back and read, with an amused smile if you will, of the whims and foibles, the oddities and vagaries of the gifted in their frantic efforts to live up to their income and positions. But when you come to Hollywood, take my advice and first accept an invitation to the March domicile, rather than to that of your favorite, who probably thinks *pâté de foie gras* is a new kind of make-up!

What The Fans Think

Continued from page 100

"Show Boat" were the most decisive knock-outs in screen history here, because they brought a new era to theatergoers and proved that the majority liked them.

But I am one fan who is absolutely against them! While I was enjoying the picture, the talkies broke out, and, oh, what a noise they made! The theater echoed and rang, and my mind was taken away from the story. The film was finished without my understanding or enjoying it. That was how I survived my first talkie!

After all, they are not worth a continental. It is true they are hideous, horrible, monotonous, and good for nothing! They rob the screen of beauty, artistry, and real acting. They are a menace, excess baggage to the industry.

Please recall old memories of the past when movies were silent and players rose to stardom through their acting talents, and not by howling. If Wallace Reid, Rudolph Valentino, and others succeeded in silent dramas, why can't the stars of to-day? With the advent of these howling pictures, many a player who might have risen to stardom was brought down to obscurity. Eva von Berne, Conrad Veidt, Emil Jannings, and others are examples.

LUCAS B. ARCIAGA.
987 Int. 9 Singalong,
Manila, Philippine Islands.

An Argument Is Settled.

Lately in PICTURE PLAY there has been much debate as to whether Alice White can act or not. Some say she cannot, while others say she can. My opinion is that she *can* act. If she cannot, surely the producers would not give her the lead in these sensational, crowd-drawing pictures. Perhaps she didn't act quite as well in her early pictures as some others. Hardly any one makes a success at first.

I hope Alice White will achieve greater heights in stardom, and give her knockers a surprise, if they know what that means.

A. STOWITTS.
413 Madison Avenue,
Elmira, New York.

Without Benefit Of Fireworks

Continued from page 49

flecting the measured, leisurely tread of her life and work. Faithful Polly keeps her books and makes investments for her.

"I like to come home and boast, 'Dear, *I* made such-a-much on that Blink stock' and get a kick out of his pleased, 'Fine, baby, you're a smart girl.' But I know that I would be sunk without their advice and management. And my husband," she said, winking, "tells me what to do. He is very, very clever."

"Doctor Marston says," I murmured, "that women don't admire dominance in men; it irritates them; submission appeals to them, men they can captivate." That brought only a grunt. "Furthermore," I tried again, "he insists that in apparently idealizing women, men pay homage to their own reflected fineness and gentleness which they have hidden, fearing their fellowmen will ridicule them as weaklings, and with which they endow women."

"Absolutely!" A wide grin overspread the Seiter features. "Never knew Marston had so much brains."

We left him and went house touring. The long, beamed living room has low, fat chairs and divans, gayly cushioned window seats, brass and bronze and wrought-iron knick-knacks. Down one hallway one makes a world tour. It is papered with maps, bordered with humorous, colored drawings. Though the furniture is substantial, the new note is in modernistic boxes and French comic pictures and gay china. One's panoramic gaze meets one novelty after another. Nothing is very expensive, or at all ornate, yet the combination achieved is pleasing.

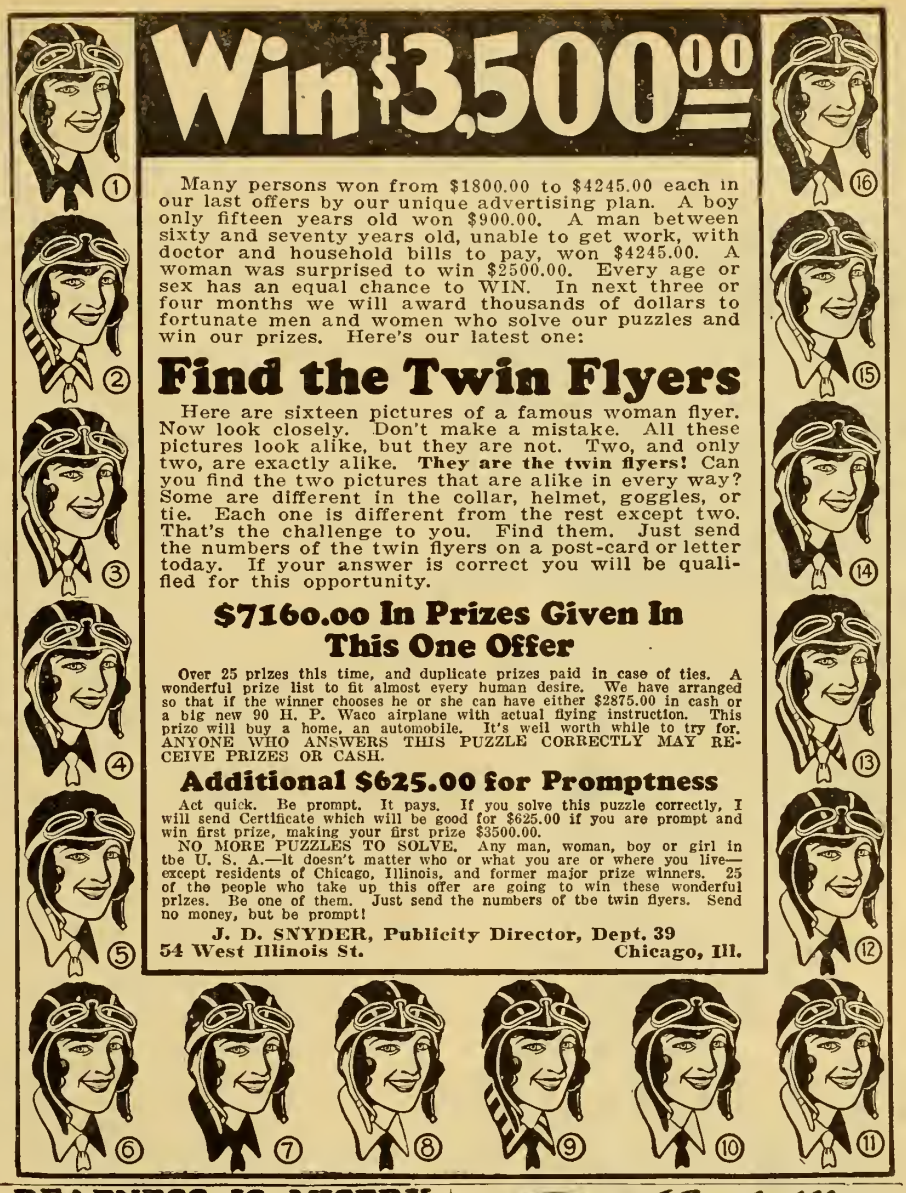
"How long have you been a star, Laura?" I asked at dinner.

"*Am* I one?" The amused quirk in her voice lifted an ironic question mark. "I often wonder. I get the billing—off and on. I am starred, then I feature with Schildkraut or Boles. My contract stars me, though."

"Too good-natured." Mr. Seiter's grumble was mitigated by his enjoyment of the well-cooked dinner served by the Filipino boy. "If they told Laura that she was to do a two-reel Western next, she would merely ask, 'And what sort of clothes shall I get?'"

"I have *some* gumption!" Her protest was not vehement. "I once quarreled beautifully. I wanted more money and better stories and stayed home. But I was frightened and cried and went back. Eventually I got the money. Sometimes I believe

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Win $3,500.00

Many persons won from $1800.00 to $4245.00 each in our last offers by our unique advertising plan. A boy only fifteen years old won $900.00. A man between sixty and seventy years old, unable to get work, with doctor and household bills to pay, won $4245.00. A woman was surprised to win $2500.00. Every age or sex has an equal chance to WIN. In next three or four months we will award thousands of dollars to fortunate men and women who solve our puzzles and win our prizes. Here's our latest one:

Find the Twin Flyers

Here are sixteen pictures of a famous woman flyer. Now look closely. Don't make a mistake. All these pictures look alike, but they are not. Two, and only two, are exactly alike. **They are the twin flyers!** Can you find the two pictures that are alike in every way? Some are different in the collar, helmet, goggles, or tie. Each one is different from the rest except two. That's the challenge to you. Find them. Just send the numbers of the twin flyers on a post-card or letter today. If your answer is correct you will be qualified for this opportunity.

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Over 25 prizes this time, and duplicate prizes paid in case of ties. A wonderful prize list to fit almost every human desire. We have arranged so that if the winner chooses he or she can have either $2875.00 in cash or a big new 90 H. P. Waco airplane with actual flying instruction. This prize will buy a home, an automobile. It's well worth while to try for. ANYONE WHO ANSWERS THIS PUZZLE CORRECTLY MAY RECEIVE PRIZES OR CASH.

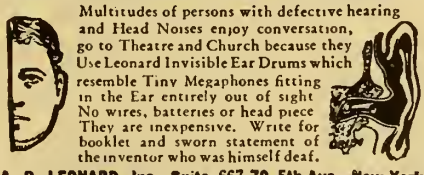
Additional $625.00 for Promptness

Act quick. Be prompt. It pays. If you solve this puzzle correctly, I will send Certificate which will be good for $625.00 if you are prompt and win first prize, making your first prize $3500.00.

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J. D. SNYDER, Publicity Director, Dept. 39
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Hero Worshiper

Continued from page 29

with Joan, so naturally I saw Mary quite often.

"But I'll never forget that first time I met her. Gee, I was scared! I suppose no matter who comes and goes in the movies, Mary will remain czarina of Hollywood. Anyhow, I felt just as you'd feel if you were being presented at court."

His hands were waving violently all the time he talked.

"But why?" I said. "Don't you realize that your own films are much more popular than Mary's are now?"

"Are they?" said Charlie, in genuine surprise. "Surely every one must have seen a wonderful film like 'Coquette.' There's never been anything finer than that on the screen."

"Well, perhaps 'Coquette,'" I conceded. "But that was a rather special film. Mary's pictures generally in the past few years have not gone very well, because her kind of heroine is no longer in vogue. Though of course Mary herself will always be loved by the public. But why should that awe you? You've quite a following yourself."

Charlie is so genuinely naïve that your heart warms to him at once.

"I try to tell myself that," he confided, "but it seems no use. When I meet some one like Gloria Swanson, I say, 'Don't be a fool. Other stars are just like me. They've got where they are with the same lucky breaks I've had.' I try to convince myself of all that, but it's never any good."

Amazing, isn't it? Down inside Charlie doesn't yet believe it's true—all this fame, all this money, all this adulation. Down inside he's still the little boy who watched movies in his father's theater at Onset Bay, Massachusetts. A little boy who thought stars were fabulous creatures in a world all their own, far beyond the reach of New England schoolboys.

He hasn't yet begun to realize that he's one of them himself, that his own dreams have come true.

"Then it wasn't a gag, a pose, your driving that now-famous old Ford?" I said.

"Certainly not! If I'd really tried to put on a show like that I could never have done it." Charlie continued waving his hands, plunging them through his brown hair which now stood completely on end. He is exceedingly boyish, full of animated chatter. And the scar on his chin detracts not at all from his appearance.

"I'll tell you how that started," said Charlie. "I was supposed to go to a dinner party before a movie opening, at Frank Borzage's house. I was out at a Santa Monica beach club, and I got all mixed up about the date. Anyway, I forgot about Frank's dinner, until they phoned me. Then it was too late to go, but I said I'd meet the rest at the theater.

"I had on knickers and a sweater, and was driving the old Ford. I just never thought about having to change, I was so intent on getting to the theater in time. Anyhow, I tore in just as I was, sweater, Ford, and everything. And of course everybody was there, all dressed up and in expensive cars, and I caused a lot of comment. That's how all that Ford business started."

"But you do still drive it?"

"Oh, sure. When I first bought it, I couldn't afford a better car. And now I'm sort of attached to it. I have a big car, too, but I still use the Ford sometimes."

And you know all this is not a pose for publicity's sake when you talk with Charlie. He's a kind of harum-scarum youngster, despite his twenty-seven years. The kind who, by his own admission, is the butt of all the studio jokes. But he was very hurt over William H. McKegg's story in PICTURE PLAY, which said he had no sense of humor about jokes directed against himself.

"I felt very bad about that," said Charlie, "because I *can* take a joke, and God knows I have to often enough! I've stopped reading stories about myself, or criticisms of my films, because you forget the nice things people say, and only remember the bad. The dirty remarks hurt, too, when you see them in print. So I've stopped reading stories about me; the flattering things are always called to your attention by friends, anyhow."

Charlie is like that. Extreme sensitiveness goes hand in hand with his lack of self-confidence, his incredulous attitude toward his own fame.

Probably the greatest thrill of his life is his father's pride in him. During Charlie's visit to New York, Mr. Farrell came to see him from Onset Bay, where he still owns a theater.

"I suppose," said Charlie, quite modestly, "I make more money in three weeks now than dad does in a year. And it gave me a great kick to have him here, and take him around and buy him clothes and things.

"For years dad has been hearing about Roxy, for example, and listening to him over the radio. Yesterday

he met him, and we all played golf together. Gee, but dad enjoyed that!

"You know," Charlie confided, "dad thinks every girl we see is trying to rope me in."

And dad, it turned out, had reasons to be suspicious. Charlie, it seems, had met a girl at a supper club. A producer had introduced them and confided to Charlie that the girl was one of his fans, and it would give her a great thrill if Charlie danced with her.

So Charlie did. He played up in great style, kidded her a little, held her hand. And as a result, the girl called him up constantly, and once, on his return to the hotel where he was staying, he found her in his rooms. It was only with great difficulty that he managed to get her out, because he knew by that time that she had some little gold-digging game up her sleeve.

That's one of the little troubles that come with being famous. People evolve all kinds of slippery means to extort money.

Charlie was making a personal-appearance tour, and apparently his self-confidence was growing with each additional city and the receptions he received on the stage.

"I told the Fox people," said Charlie, "that if I went out on the stage knowing I had to sing a song, or do a regular act, I'd be scared to death. But if I could just go on and manage it my own way, I could feel my way about better.

"And I've had a marvelous time; I scarcely have any stage fright at all any more. My first appearance lasted about five minutes, and gradually they've been getting longer, until now I'm on the stage about twenty."

You could see Charlie's pride in his growing self-assurance. The youngster from Onset Bay who was a movie fan, who shrinks back shyly in the presence of a celebrity, is gradually getting a firm foothold on his fame. And suddenly one fine morning, after he grows up, it will come to him in a miraculous flash that he too is somebody. Suddenly, like the poet in the legend, he will wake up to find himself famous.

Without Benefit Of Fireworks

Continued from page 105

I would have done better had I raised a fuss more often—and stuck to it. Again when I see temperament wrecking careers, I am satisfied to let things work out logically. Any growth, to be genuine and lasting, must be slow, normal, gradually progressive. Anything meteoric is bound to react.

"At times I have envied the overnight successes. They are so breathlessly thrilled. Exciting, wonderful things, all bunched. Probably they are so dazed that they realize only a part of it."

Because she is invariably sweet, interested but not absorbed, her humor appreciative rather than assertive, some have wondered if she ever has moods. In six years I have never met the slightest variation of manner. No nimble, erratic impulses ever rub her tranquillity.

"I've had lots of disappointments, but they do not seem as tragic as in my early days, just as then I thrilled over little victories—the lead in the 'Bringing Up Father' series, with Tom Mix, in a broncho opera, the heavy in a couple of wild melos."

Unaccustomed to and embarrassed by introspection, she makes a little fun of herself. "It all evens up. If I lose one rôle I want, something else as good comes along. I have only to be patient."

Though she may lack dominance, she has will power when goaded by sufficient incentive. Didn't she, at sixteen, walk halfway up Laurel Canyon and back every day, and eschew sweets, in order to lose fifteen pounds in two weeks, because she was considered for an important picture?

Didn't she, when up for rôles, go to painstaking effort to dress herself to make appropriately realistic impressions? She is conscientious, with that attention to detail of her plodding, thorough type. A limited vision, however, restricts her; no doubt a good thing for her. Her dreams never will be greatly glorious, nor her defeats spectacular.

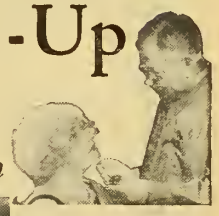
Her responsibilities have been shouldered with courage, even temper and common sense. Her mother is settled in a lovely home. Her young sister's inability to decide upon a career, handicapped as actresses' relatives are by a reflected glamour, is a vague worry rippling beneath her placidity.

Husband and servants baby Laura; protective smiles follow her around. But have you ever known domestic efficiency to be achieved when its feminine head had a helter-skelter brain?

Other Hollywood wives, older women, some without careers, should ask her how she does it, and save their guests the embarrassment of

Continued on page 109

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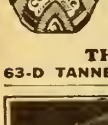


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(108)

The Stroller

Continued from page 65

"I was thinking of getting some insurance," I announced timidly.

The man shook his head.

"But we might insure you against becoming sane," he ended hopefully.

Joseph A. Jackson, often called "Stonewall," and sometimes the "Silver-tongued Orator," because a casual reference once to Scylla and Charybdis so confounded his Hollywood audience that they are still wondering what picture the acrobats co-starred in, went home for a visit.

The home town is a little place. The contents of such a novelty as a telegram would probably be whispered all over town within an hour.

So some of the scenarist's playmates sent some telegrams.

"FORECLOSING ON THE MORTGAGE." "REPOSSESSING YOUR CAR." "TAILOR WANTS THAT SUIT BACK." "FILED SUIT FOR PLAGIARISM."

These were followed in quick succession by more wires.

"WILL YOU SELL STORY FOR FIFTY THOUSAND?" "CAN YOU ACCEPT CONTRACT TEN THOUSAND WEEKLY?" "SHALL I LEND THAT MONEY TO ENGLAND?"

Jackson, on his return, reported that a banquet which was planned for him on his arrival was canceled after the first batch of telegrams, but that the next day a holiday was declared, and the main street named after him.

Tom Reed demanded an explanation of the change of heart.

"I sent the telegrams to myself," said Joe.

A man has been discovered who took an interview to heart.

Recently a star in a moment of ardent confession announced that he trusted no woman. Within three days of publication he received a fan letter which read, in part, "Have you no sister? Have you no mother? I would like to be where I could get in touch with you. Send me at once one hundred dollars for railroad fare, so I can go to Hollywood and punch you on the nose, and then go into the movies."

I am touched with a faint hope that camera angles are dying a natural death with the adolescence of talking pictures.

Whirling screens and sets have become less frequent. But there is one improvement that has been overlooked. If we had movable screens in theaters, we could liven up our shows with novelty.

If we could have what we might call a roving screen, set on wires so it could be moved at will over the heads of the audience, tilted at rakish angles, or at times entirely removed from the theater by popular acclaim!

There was a meeting in Hollywood, called by Will Hays, for the purpose of standardizing the size and shape of screens. We mustn't standardize anything in motion pictures.

But it does seem that some one was concerned with getting our screens all alike—or at least getting our film shot at similar dimensions. Movietone film is narrower than film used when a disk furnishes the sound. At this recent conference one important revolution was completely overlooked.

Some one should have suggested, and I now do, that the screen shape of the future be oblong, and taller than broad, in order to further the screen careers of those popular favorites, Hal Skelly, Karl Dane, and Gary Cooper.

Stars of the New Year

Continued from page 21

Brendel, Cliff Edwards, Jack Benny, Harry Green, and various others. The list has been augmented by the magnificent George Arliss, Lenore Ulric, and that spirituelle damosel, Ann Harding; Sidney Blackmer, Catherine Dale Owen, the "icy princess," who is sometimes very funny in her affectation; Lee Tracy, George Jessel, Winnie Lightner, and Belle Baker.

Brendel, Cliff Edwards, Benny, Lightner, and Green, all seem to have scored decisive humorous hits. Huston has won a place for his fine serious work.

Many of the stage players undoubtedly will depart, never to return, before the season is over, but some will remain. That is certain. The upheaval, not alone in Hollywood, but in the audience for pictures is far spread, and permits a much wider latitude of players than has ever been seen before.

The new faces of the screen will emerge only very gradually. The producers are praying that they will be accepted quickly, of course. They will not be masks of silence, but all will talk as well, and even though speech is not supposed to speak as strongly as actions—well, just wait and see!

Without Benefit Of Fireworks

Continued from page 107

hearing servants reprimanded, and that uneasy tension of a home badly managed. At the Seiters', from the moment that Mr. Seiter looks up over his book and greets you heartily, "Hello, babies! Hungry?" to the time that, hours and miles later, the chauffeur unwinds you from the fur robe and hopes, in a tone full of chuckling solicitude, that you enjoyed your sleep driving home, you feel a quiet, happy affection anticipating your wants, pleased that you are there.

What is the most important thing she has got out of it all?

"Contentment. That grows from a happy home life and fairly interesting work. In missing many of fame's thrills, I suppose I have also been spared its headaches."

"A pretty good kid," Mr. Seiter sums her up. "No indigo baths. Occasionally pouty, but it blows over in a twinkle."

As interludes between "Show Boat" and the most dominant rôle she has ever had, in "La Marseillaise," she played in "Scandal" and a couple of light talkies. As *"The Torch,"* leader of the mob in the French revolution play, she had to display exceptional spirit. She was costarred with John Boles, as *Rouget de Lisle,* composer of the revolution's battle hymn.

For it she had to dye her hair brown. Ever since I have known her she had been blonde. What was she, naturally?

"Just mousy," she grimaced. Who else could have refrained from a detailed dissertation on bleaching, why, when, and its effects on personality and future plans?

To be prepared, she took dancing lessons during her last vacation. The criticism of the vocal doubling in the "Show Boat" singing aroused her to the point of looking for her voice. She has produced one, by no means strong, or as yet very definite, but suggesting the possibilities of a sweet, light soprano. It is being coaxed by dutiful practice, with the hope that when she can trill her high C's and range down to a wistful, wishful hum of "blu-u-ues!" they may put her in a musi-movie.

"It makes me feel badly at times," she muses, infrequently, "that in ten years I haven't done anything."

I suppose when they put a gendarme uniform on her, give her a little baton to wave, and a powdered male chorus, and let her warble a tune for some rollicking revue, she will feel a sense of accomplishment!

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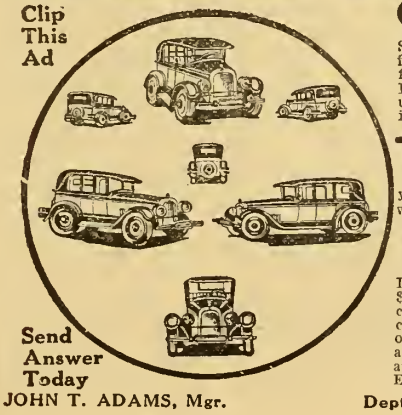
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Who Is This Man?

Continued from page 47

for me. As I was twenty minutes late, I half expected him to give me a *Chick Williams* glare and walk right out, leaving me all aflutter.

Instead, he began to explain that his embryo mustache was not a disguise, but a concession to art. "Makes me look like Wallace Beery," he added. Otherwise he appeared very like his screen self—slender, sleek, and alert.

"I recently finished a part in an Alice White picture," he observed, as we walked toward the studio restaurant. "We began every evening at seven, and worked all night. As I can't sleep in the daytime, it was a rather terrible experience for me. By the time we finished, I was almost ready for a sanitarium. After I had slept for a week or so, my wife and I and another couple went on a yachting trip."

He's a charming and well-spoken chap, this Chester Morris. If you aren't careful you'll find yourself liking him very much.

Coming directly from the stage as he did, there is one fine, old movie institution that he cannot understand—the vast interest which the public displays in players. Well, no one else can understand it, either. Stage players are not regarded with such awe and reverence by their admirers. The spectacle of a fan stooping to kiss the hem of Joan Crawford's skirt made Mr. Morris wonder if the lunacy commission shouldn't get busy.

Two or three days after "Alibi" had skyrocketed him to popularity, Chester stepped into a telephone booth, and came out to find a matinée audience waiting for him. Naturally he could not become annoyed with them, as they merely wanted to see him, feel him, and get his autograph.

"In this business," he said, after deciding on avacado salad and coffee for lunch, "we have to bear in mind that women are more interested in pictures than are men. When they tire of a certain type of picture, it means thumbs down. They have tired of crook pictures, so I probably will not appear in any more, for a while at least."

This elusive quality called screen personality concerns Chester Morris not a little. He has learned that without it an actor, be he ever so talented, may as well pack his mascara and return to Manhattan; he's sunk. To test Chester's drawing power, the producers of "Alibi" arranged for him to appear at a matinée showing of that picture in New York. He was to autograph programs for the fans, as he had been compelled to do by the première audience in Los Angeles. And do you think there was a rush of women to take advantage of this courtesy? No, darling, a few of them were interested, but the most enthusiastic patrons were the hard-boiled, hard-living members of society. One gentleman made it clear that there was a place for Chester in his particular gang, and invited him to join. As Mr. Morris is doing well in a slightly less dangerous racket, he gently refused. The incident proved to him that although women may admire the sleek and dangerous heavy, it is the hero whose fan mail has to be delivered in a truck.

"Recently I talked to a clever detective in Chicago," said Chester. "He was the man who found the typewriter that figured so prominently in the Leopold-Loeb case. I asked him if he knew any characters like *Chick Williams,* and he said he knew many of them, although they were only eighteen or twenty years old. According to this man, the only inconsistency in *Chick's* character was in the scene where he turns yellow. It seems that this is not done by our best gunmen."

Critics have been generous to Chester and his glowing talent. Complimentary adjectives have been flung at him like confetti. Fans also have taken to him like bees to honey, if you know what I mean. Yet some of us failed to indorse his performance in "Fast Life." It was a messy picture, anyway, based on an old-fashioned subject, harum-scarum youth. Following on the heels of his brilliant work in "Alibi," this descent into the maelstrom of overacting puzzled and pained us.

"It wasn't the director's fault that I acted so badly," said Morris, in discussing the picture. "We were working from a poor script, to begin with. As I had played the part on the stage in New York, he let me do it just as I had there, and he gave his attention to the other members of the cast. He thought I could take care of myself, but I failed to take into consideration the fact that screen photography magnified my size twenty times, and that the camera was almost on my nose in some shots. My work would have been all right on the stage, where a distance separates the actor from the audience, but on the screen it was terrible.

"My wife and I went to see the preview, and during the confession scene, she took me by the arm and said, 'Let's get out of here, darling.'

When we were on the street, I asked for an explanation. 'You weren't good in that part,' she told me."

"What is this I hear about stage people giving an icy shoulder to the film crowd?" I inquired. "Don't answer if it will incriminate yourself."

"I'd say it was just the other way—if at all," replied Mr. Morris, quickly. His clear, gray eyes surveyed me doubtfully, as if he suspected a trap. "But every one has been nice to me. My directors have shown much patience, and as for Mae Busch, who worked with me in my first picture, she gave me many good pointers on screen technique—was glad to do it. Other actors and actresses have been kind, also."

If given any sort of excuse, Chester will tell you about his fifteen-month-old baby. Something really should be done about it. Such behavior from the screen's toughest gangster just isn't reasonable. It seems that the baby sets up a fine row every time Morris starts to leave the house, and tardiness in keeping engagements is the result.

"A friend told me recently that I shouldn't let it be known I am married," he remarked. "Said that it would hurt my popularity."

"If an actor can act," said I, sagely, "it doesn't matter whether he is married, single, or a bigamist. He'll draw the crowds."

At present Mr. Morris is terrifically pleased with life. The talkies have been his Midas, and since he has a lot of New England conservatism, he will never need to ask the gods to take back their gift. Since living in California, with plenty of work and a generous ghost walking every Wednesday, life has taken on a halcyonic aspect.

"For fifteen years," he said, "I played on the stage, most of the time with my parents. Often the sheriff was only two jumps behind us. We knew what it was to rehearse a play for weeks, only to have it flop and close after one night. Naturally, all this"—glancing about at the great, white studio buildings in the bright rays of the sun—"is very different—and very agreeable."

It's clear that Southern California has a new booster.

Stars Get That Way, Too

Continued from page 46

Lois also understands the psychology of writing fan letters. Although she has never written one to a movie star, she has written to the author, Rosamund Lehmann, whose novel "Dusty Answer," she enjoyed so much. And I assure you that Lois was just as thrilled over Miss Lehmann's personal reply as you are when your letters are answered.

Joan Crawford's adulation of Pauline Frederick has been publicized almost as widely as her adoration of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. And it is her burning ambition to emulate Miss Frederick's magnificent performance in "Madame X" one of these days.

One day a whole crowd of us—Joan, Doug, Ramon Novarro, Carmel Myers, Ruth Harriet Louise—were having lunch at the M.-G.-M. commissary. The name of Kay Johnson, who is surely on your fan list since her gorgeous performance in "Dynamite," happened to come up in the course of conversation. Immediately Joan piped up, "Isn't she the guhrandest thing? I would simply adore to have an autographed photo of her, but I would never have nerve enough to ask for it!"

"But she's right on the same lot with you, Joan," I retorted. "I'm sure she would love to give you one, besides being tremendously flattered by your request."

"Oh, I'm sure she would," answered Joan, "but somehow or other I'd feel so silly asking her."

Speaking of lunching at the M.-G.-M. commissary reminds me of the luncheon that Lina Basquette and I had at the Montmartre one day. "Sorry, I can't stay for dessert, Lina," I apologized, at the end of the seventh course, "but I'm due at Beverly Hills to interview Clara Bow."

You would have thought I had exploded a bomb with my mention of Clara's name. Lina grabbed the check and hustled me out, with the announcement that she was going to drive me to my rendezvous. "It may be my only chance to meet Clara Bow—some one I've been wanting to meet ever since I first came to Hollywood—and opportunity only knocks once, you know!"

Lina's opportunity not only knocked then, but has kept on knocking ever since. Through the casual introduction of that day, Lina and Clara have become fast friends. It was but recently that Lina wrote an article for one of the fan magazines entitled "Clara, My Chum."

I could rant on for pages, telling you of the various raves of your favorites. Suffice to say that "what the stars think" in Hollywood is closely akin to "What the Fans Think" in Picture Play.

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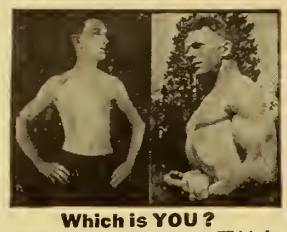


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The Melting Of Evelyn

Continued from page 43

Shortly after "Underworld" she divorced Bernie Fineman, accomplishing the matter with a sophisticated lack of dramatics.

But despite this cool ability to deal with life and people, despite the fact that I never heard of Evelyn seeming to pity herself, or moan about her art, or discuss her temperament, there was always a hint of discontent, of restlessness. Some bitterness—something you couldn't put your finger on.

I lunched with her recently. She had just finished her first starring picture, and was going to Europe for a belated honeymoon with her new husband, Harry Edwards. I watched Evelyn—and listened to her—with as much astonishment as I am capable of producing at lunch time. The girl was *chattering* and—good heavens! —*blushing!*

She rambled on about her new clothes, giggling because her modiste was trying to stage a fall showing, and had had to drop everything to attend to Evelyn's "trousseau." She raved over the new hats, moaned over an appointment with the dentist, and broke off to be ecstatic over the tricky little sitting room she would have on the train.

She interrupted herself to tell me that Harry was "the handsomest man in Hollywood—bar none!" and insisted that others at the table should corroborate her. She expanded at length on the advantages of waiting several months after marriage, before taking a honeymoon.

"It's much nicer," she averred. "You have had time to adjust yourselves to each other—to become really acquainted."

Later we talked alone for a time, and I asked her what stardom meant to her.

"Not much," was her reply. "I feel just the same as I did before. The fame, the publicity, people watching you and being curious about you—those things don't really affect you, you know. Except, perhaps, to make life a little more difficult on the surface. But at home—with the few people you really know and for whom you really care—you are just the same.

"All stardom means to me is a harder job.

"I should much prefer to play in all-star productions than to be a star myself. Your responsibility is so great. If the film is bad, you are the one who is blamed. And no one can possibly have good pictures all the time.

"If a picture is to have a cast of featured players' much more attention is paid to getting a good story. And it is easier to get a good story for that sort of picture than for one which must be built around a star's personality. And every one in the picture does better work, if the honors are divided evenly.

"I hope they will let me alternate, and I rather think they will. One starring picture, you know, and then one with an all-star cast. It makes for much better productions.

"I think talking pictures are tending that way. Acting is becoming more important and less stress is laid on personality. It will be more difficult to center all the interest upon one person when you have dialogue. And it almost does away with close-ups entirely—which is a blessing!

"I don't want to play straight leads. At least not of the ingénue variety. I want rôles with some meat in them. Characters.

"I am not, of course, anxious to go on playing crook rôles, although they are interesting. But I want to play women who are a little worldly, and who have real, human reasons for being like that. Just because you are a star, I see no reason why you should have to be sweet and girlish."

She broke off. "I am going away on a vacation and will not even *think* about pictures for six whole weeks!" She fairly hugged herself. And in a few moments she bustled away to attend to a score of frivolous, last-minute errands.

Yes, indeed. Evelyn has changed. Success—a solid one in which she can believe—and a happy marriage have made a different person of her. The sullen look is gone. And the discontented pucker between her eyebrows. She smiles and chats easily and amiably, instead of wrapping herself in that somber reserve. I haven't heard her short, sardonic laugh in months—not, in fact, since she was so unhappily at work on "Broadway." When Evelyn laughs now, it is because she is amused. And it is an infectious laugh.

Not that she has "gone ga-ga." Her remarks about her work and her newly acquired position will show you that. She is still shrewd. She still knows what it is all about. Life has not fooled her. Success has not overinflated her. What I am trying to tell you is, after all, one of the simplest of human facts. She is happy.

And, dear me! It is very becoming to her.

Hollywood Makes Them Over

Continued from page 53

"Hell!" she replied. "I have to."

I looked a bit surprised.

"Quite an expressive word," I remarked.

"Yes, you have many like that. There are 'pshaw' and 'shucks' and 'goodness me' and 'hell.' I like 'hell' best, 'cause it's the shortest."

I found it to be her most cherished exclamation. She did not know that it is looked upon with more or less disapproval.

It is hard to visualize many of the screen beauties to-day as the almost unattractive, young women who came to the films from other countries a few years ago. One would hardly believe that the girl with plaited hair, round face, and high-necked dress, who played with the Imp Company as Mary Pickford, in 1910, is the charming Mary Pickford, of "Coquette." But she is now beautiful and Americanized.

I saw Baclanova come to Hollywood heralded as the beautiful Russian actress from the Moscow Art Theater. Blond, with deep-violet eyes, speaking good English, yet she made me wonder where the appellation "Russian beauty" originated. She was rather pretty—I granted that, but I could not see her as a beauty. Then I saw her on the screen after Max Factor had applied his magic.

"Splendid!" I admitted. "Americanized!"

I saw Pola Negri come and go. I saw Beatrice Lillie of the English stage drift in and drift out, and Camilla Horn do two pictures with John Barrymore, and retreat totally un-Americanized. I saw Lya de Putti, Maria Corda, and Vera Veronina go back. And I saw probably the greatest of them all virtually retire from films, because her temper, or temperament, overpowered her judgment. I mean Jetta Goudal. She came to the colony a woman of mystery. Variously her birthplace is said to be Java, Roumania, Italy, France, Holland, and Singapore, the crossroads of the world.

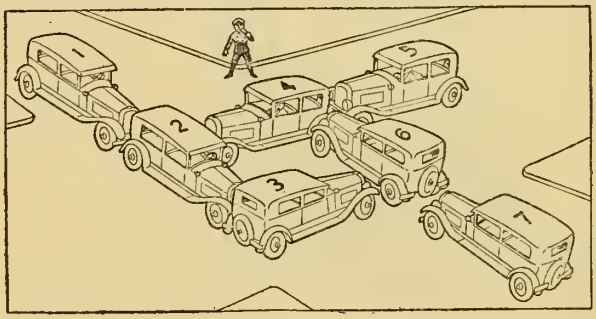
Jetta came with a hat pulled low over her eyes, walking with a slow, tigerish glide which suggested the Orient. She pulsated emotion. She was an instantaneous hit. But she fought with the producers, which is very un-American. She proudly displayed clothing made by her own hands, an accomplishment few actresses have attempted. She made few close friends, and when the talkies came Jetta moved on. She may come back. Many hope she will.

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Million-dollar Blues

Continued from page 74

same breath; she has not been trained or taught to sing or act. She is simply a Broadway sprite conquering the great common people and the select few with the same deadly magnetism. In writing of some one so utterly effective it is inevitable that you fall back on such venerable *clichés* as personality, magnetism and allure, all of which, to be sure, Morgan has.

Her set was the center of interest over at Astoria, the Long Island branch of Paramount. Her second picture was being spooled, a melodramatic affair called "The River Inn."

"Pictures are much easier than stage work," Miss Morgan confided. "You do a scene, then there's a delay that permits us to clown for a few minutes, relax, loaf, and do another scene. You know it's never going to be rushed.

"Of course, the bad part of this is getting up in the middle of the night. I mean, we're here at nine a. m., half asleep. But it beats the stage!"

Night-club routine would be the easiest of all, I suggested. But Helen said me nay. Decisively. She was emphatic on the point.

"The bunk! That's what I call it! Do you think it's fun going around glad-handing people and asking Mr. Scriffus how he is and asking Mr. Scroffus how *he* is? Who cares? Being the big-hearted hostess winds up in a big headache."

In addition to deploying the Morgan talents, "The River Inn" boasts the presence of the inimitable Jimmy Durante, late of "Show Girl," occasionally of vaudeville, always presiding over one night club or another. He is the droll clown who celebrates himself as Jimmy, the well-dressed man, who makes the most of his Cyranolike nose, who chants "I Can Do Without Broadway, But Can Broadway Do Without Me?"

Jimmy was taking "pitcher" acting easily. "Just another racket," he explained. "I learns me lines now. I memorize stujously before strikin' an attitood. But it's just another racket, kid. Show business is show business and you can't get away from it. At least I can't."

Miss Morgan walked off the set after a short scene with Charles Ruggles, and sank into a chair. She was tired. There had been a matinée and night performance of "Sweet Adeline" the day before, then this morning up at eight to get to the studio at nine. And a cold was impending.

As she talked, it was apparent that she is no different now, with a $5,000 weekly income, than she was a few years ago when drawing $100 a week. She has attained dizzy heights, as heights go this season, yet she has had no difficulty in retaining her equilibrium. At the risk of sounding fatuous, I would say that she is democratic, happy-go-lucky, unrestrainedly herself.

If the powers of Paramount succeed in transposing the Morgan charm and the Morgan manner to the screen, there is no doubt but that a new star will be firmly entrenched.

The Screen In Review

Continued from page 98

contributing symphonic melody to a great orchestra, leaves home rather than subsist on a crumb bought with son's tainted money. Quaintly, he turns up as the janitor of the great concert hall where his son is giving a benefit performance and wowing the bluebloods. All this is deplorably infantile, even as movies go when tailored to order for an alien star, but at least Mr. Lewis can be credited with singing, jazzing, and juggling his silk hat in the manner that has brought him renown in a medium less exacting than the screen. Marceline Day and Ann Pennington war for the heart of Mr. Lewis.

Tin Pan Alley.

"Jazz Heaven" won't lift you to heights of ecstasy, unless I miss my guess. It's too close to the groove of routine, for one thing, and is quite uninspired by anything save the desire to photograph something on virgin film. But the show must go on—meaning that the screen must be occupied by figures that move and talk. In this instance the principal occupant is John Mack Brown, as a song writer from the South bent on giving Irving Berlin a run for first place. He is unsuccessful until he meets his inspiration—a wise-cracking little girl. She takes a hand in his affairs and his song which, when accidentally heard over the radio from a piano warehouse where they have sought refuge, turns out to be a great, big hit. Sally O'Neil is the girl, Clyde Cook the mean landlady's kind husband.

Too Continental—Or What?

Continued from page 90

of the Streets," "The Redeeming Sin," and "My Son." And that was the end. She left more determined than ever that she was through with films. During past seasons she has been successful on the stage. Rumor at present says she will make a talking version of "The Bed of Innocence" in three languages, English, French, and Russian. If this is true, she will be giving the screen one more trial in her colorful career.

Eva von Berne, Lena Malena, Dita Parlo, Arlette Marchal, Natli Barr, and Vera Voronina all came and went. Miss von Berne played in one film, "Masks of the Devil," found America strange, and went home. Lena Malena, who created quite a minor stir in "Diamond Handcuffs," proved to be a rather mediocre and uninteresting actress, with no claims to beauty or acting ability. Arlette Marchal, after making a name for herself in America, was lured back to Paris; Natli Barr, a Russian beauty, played opposite Milton Sills in one picture, and her part was cut out. Vera Voronina, glamorous Russian blonde, last seen in "The Patriot," has, like others, disappeared into the night.

Even little Anna May Wong, although from a different land, found Hollywood wasn't all a feast of lanterns, and had to go to England and Germany to be recognized. She has a prominent part in Gilda Gray's "Piccadilly," made in England, and in Ufa's "Show Life" she stars.

Only three Continental stars have made lasting impressions on the American theatergoer—Greta Garbo, Vilma Banky, and Jetta Goudal. And of these, only Miss Banky seems to have successfully adapted herself to American life. Married to Rod La Rocque, starred in United Artists films, her career in Hollywood has been smooth and tranquil. She is the one shining example of the successful Continental star.

Greta Garbo, although she has risen to enviable heights, seems not entirely satisfied, and wanders from America to Europe and back again, as though undecided where to remain. If she had married John Gilbert—but alas, that is not to be. Greta remains a singularly strange figure, aloof, listless, lonely—foreign. It is difficult to say how long she will find America tolerable.

Jetta Goudal claims Versailles as her birthplace. And it is an oddly suitable setting for the poised and perfect Jetta. Her stately grace, her modulated mannerisms, a something piquant and French about her, belong to another era, one of powdered wigs and sedan chairs. She first won fame as *La Clavel,* the Spanish spy, in "The Bright Shawl." She has since become one of the screen's most distinctive personalities. But too often her temperament has run rampant, and she has lost some of the foothold she won, or in other words, her contract. But she was subtly humorous as *Simone,* in "Her Cardboard Lover," and as *Countess Diane,* in "Lady of the Pavements," she flaunted the crisp brocades and ivory fans of the courtly period she so typifies. *La* Goudal is a charming actress and one we want to keep in films.

And so we find them, these Continental creatures, restless, impetuous, too artistic to meet the practical requirements of Hollywood, placed in a world in which they do not fit, morose, unhappy, imbued with that Continental complex which, like the moth and flame, reaches out for brilliance and gayety.

And of the newer importations, Baclanova, Camilla Horn, Lily Damita, our current envoys from Moscow, Berlin, and Paris, how will they fare? Camilla Horn has already returned to Germany. Right now the other two are finding Hollywood a new sensation; their horizon seems rosy. But a year from now will the boulevards be calling them back, too?

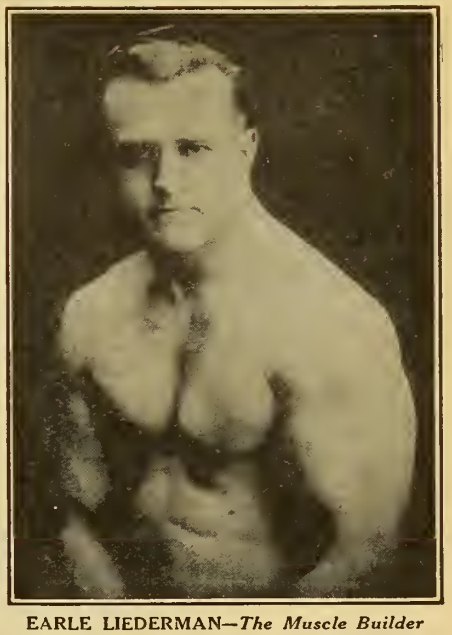
Baclanova seems to have found favor with fans, and Lily Damita was striking as the tempestuous *La Perichole,* in "The Bridge of San Luis Rey," and startling in "The Cockeyed World." But they too are imbued with that dash and sparkle which does not spell adaptation—or adoration. It is not likely that they will become permanent fixtures on the American screen.

PREFERENCE

I'm strong for Greta Garbo,
With her smile so sweet and slow;
I quite fancy Mary Pickford,
I can laugh with Clara Bow.

I think Norma Talmadge charming,
Dainty feet and ankles slim—
I can even weep with Chaney,
But I just love Rin-Tin-Tin.

JEAN DOUGLAS.



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Author of "Muscle Building," "Science of Wrestling," "Secrets of Strength." "Here's Health," "Endurance," etc.

Kill This Man

There's a devil inside of you. He's trying to kill you. Look out for him! He tells you not to work so hard. What's the use—the boss only piles more work on you. He tells you not to bother with your body. Do you recognize him? Of course you do. He's in us all. He's a murderer of ambition. He's a liar and a fool. *Kill him!* If you don't, he will kill you.

Saved

Thank your lucky stars you have another man inside of you. He's the human dynamo. He fills you full of pep and ambition. He keeps you alive—on fire. He urges you on in your daily tasks. He makes you strive for bigger and better things to do. He makes you crave for life and strength. He teaches you that the weak fall by the wayside, but the strong succeed. He shows you that exercise builds live tissue—live tissue is muscle—muscle means strength—strength is power. Power brings success! That's what you want, and gosh darn your old hide, you're going to get it.

Which Man Will It Be?

It's up to you—Set your own future. You want to be the Human Dynamo? Fine! Well, let's get busy. That's where I come in. That's my job. Here's what I'll do for you.

In just 30 days I'll increase your arm one full inch with real, live, animated muscles. Yes, and I'll add two inches to your chest in the same time. Pretty good, eh? That's nothing. Now comes the works. I'll build up your shoulders. I'll deepen your chest. I'll strengthen your whole body. I'll give you arms and legs like pillars. I'll literally pack muscle up and down your back. Meanwhile I'll work on those inner muscles surrounding your vital organs. You'll feel the thrill of life shooting up your old backbone and throughout your entire system. You'll feel so full of life you will shout to the world, "I'm a man and I can prove it."

Sounds good, what? But listen! That isn't all. I'm not just promising these things. I guarantee them! It's a sure bet. Oh boy! Let's ride.

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The Splendid Folly

By

BEULAH POYNTER

Would she do it? Would this beautiful, shy, little stenographer take the place of the movie star as a "double" in an act of great daring? That was the question which Dawn McAllister had to answer, and though the thought of it made her tremble from head to foot, her answer was a determined "Yes." For back home was her father suffering from a dreadful illness, in desperate need of the money which Dawn would receive for her daring.

And so she went out to her first great adventure. But it was only the prelude to an almost incredible series of thrilling episodes through which she was to move with head held high. How Dawn found herself, in very earnest, "doubling" for the star, how she fell in love, and how she finally won her way to happiness —these make "The Splendid Folly" a splendid story.

75c 75c

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Hale Fellow Well Met

Continued from page 84

"The Poor Little Rich Girl," and later with Louis Mann, in "Friendly Enemies."

One night at a dinner party in the Coconut Grove a well-known actor undertook to tell a humorous story. An executive of a film company broke in with the request to let Alan tell it, for no one could do it better.

"That set me to thinking," Alan told me. "If I could be funny off the screen, why should I continue as a humorless villain? The executive consented to give me my chance as a comedian. The rôle, by one of those last-minute changes, became dramatic instead of humorous. I think it was the finest characterization I ever gave, and I was called into the office and congratulated. Two or three weeks later I found that the studio was remaking the picture with another man in my rôle. It had been decided to change this really noble character to a villain."

Perhaps that explains why Alan confined himself to directing for the next eighteen months. When he was signed by Cecil DeMille as actor-director, the producer agreed that Alan would probably be worth $3,500 a week at the end of four years.

"Well," Alan remarked, "if you believe that, give me the $3,500 a week now. Next year I'll work for $3,000. The last year you can have me for $500." No, kiddies, Mr. DeMille said no!

I know few people who have a greater faculty for enjoying life than Alan Hale. He plays practical jokes on his friends, with all the *joie de vivre* of a sixteen-year-old boy. He dances every dance at the Mayfair parties, after a long day at the studio. His appetite is what one would expect from one of the biggest men in pictures, and with the requisite weight to carry the height. I have never seen him tired or dispirited.

Mrs. Alan Hale is the charming Gretchen Hartman, who recently reappeared in "The Time, the Place and the Girl." Their home is a cheerful colonial house on a wide, shady street in North Hollywood. The Hales have two lively youngsters—a son who attends junior military school, and a daughter several years younger.

Alan was born Rufus Edward MacKahan, thoroughly Scotch-Irish in spite of a marked Nordic appearance. His native city was Washington, D. C., and he was reared in Philadelphia. His screen name, according to his sister, was selected because Alan Moore was his boyhood chum, and a stage character which impressed him to a marked degree was *John Hale,* in "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine."

Gray Skies Are Blue Now

Continued from page 34

would answer it, and then pull this bell like nobody's business. Everybody in the house would come running to the stairs, and then she'd tell who was wanted on the phone. It sounded more like the patrol wagon than anything else, and as she looked like nothing so much as a police matron, the illusion was complete.

"One night when I got home the sheriff had taken possession of the place and padlocked the front door. It seemed she had forgotten to pay the rent for a few months. Luckily she had a key to the cellar door that the sheriff hadn't noticed, so we got in that way, and lived in the basement for a few days. We couldn't turn the lights on at night for fear of attracting attention.

"Six months of that, and I had had enough. I wired my sister—she's the sort of girl you can't forget—and she kicked in with enough to get me home. I ate the fatted calf for a while, and then dad hinted that the slaughter season in the corral was about over. We went into a huddle on what to do—that is, what *I* should do—and he finally agreed to stake me to another shot at pictures in Hollywood.

"I went back to the land of unusual weather, and started hanging around the Paramount studio again. My friend, White, got me a bit in a Gloria Swanson picture, 'The Coast of Folly.' Dick Arlen was in it, too. After watching Miss Swanson work, I had just sense enough to realize I didn't know *anything.* And was she great to me! Why, if I'd been her brother, she couldn't have taken more pains with me.

"Once between scenes we were talking and she began telling me about her next picture—'Stage-struck.' 'I come in and do thus, and you come in and do so.' She kept up that I-and-you talk for quite a while, so finally I said, 'What do you mean —*you* do so?' 'Oh,' said Gloria, 'didn't you know you're to be leading man in my next picture?'

"Well, box my ears! Who'd have thought of anything like that but Gloria? But I played it. And how! And then I played with her again in 'The Untamed Lady.'

"Things weren't so bad for a while after that. I played the juvenile lead in 'Ankles Preferred,' 'The Dressmaker from Paris,' 'Love 'Em and Leave 'Em,' and about steen others, including 'Oh, Kay,' with Colleen Moore.

"And then—— Came the dawn? Like fun. Came the holocaust! Came the talkies, and Larry was outside again. I took tests for 'The Broadway Melody,' until I knew the script better than the author.

"I used to stand on every intersection of the M.-G.-M. lot singing 'Broadway Melody' and 'You Were Meant for Me,' in hopes one of the executives would say 'For Heaven's sake, put him to work, so I won't have to listen to him any more'; but nothing like that happened. And presently the picture went into production without Larry.

"I finally managed to land the lead in 'After Midnight,' and thought I was sitting pretty. After that picture I loafed for four solid months. Before that the longest I'd *ever* been out of work was five weeks. I thought I was about washed up, and that I was just no good. Anybody could have bought my chances of a screen career for a plugged nickel.

"Then, all of a sudden, I was called for a test in 'Marianne.' There were only about twenty others tested. How I survived is something I'll never know. The test finally narrowed down to two—a Broadway man and me. Shake, rattle, and roll. Lady Luck, look my way! Come, seven!"

"Finally it got to be the night before they started production. DeMille, Thalberg—Lord only knows who else was there, and they couldn't decide which of us to take. Then Marion Davies—bless her—came in and they left it up to her. And she said, 'If it's all the same to you, gentlemen, I'd rather have Larry.'

"I guess you know the rest—contract with M.-G.-M. The lead with the Duncan Sisters, in 'It's a Great Life'; and now I'm working on 'Spring Is Here,' for First National. Well, here's how, and a cheerio!"

And Gray skies are blue skies now!

They "Bottle" Sounds Now

Continued from page 87

saw the light of day, he shook out his feathers, took a side step on his perch, looked about him and, without further ado, emitted a crow which is destined to be heard round the world.

In another talking picture completed a few weeks ago, it was essential that an ostrich yap, squawk, gurgle, or whatever it is that an ostrich does when it gives vent to its feelings. One of the birds was obtained from an ostrich farm and led onto the set where it stood mum.

"Anybody present ever hear an ostrich?" the director asked. Nobody had.

"Call up the farm and ask about it," the director ordered.

His assistant returned presently and endeavored to repeat the noise as it had been given to him over the phone. It sounded something like a cross between a worn-out trombone and a rusty hinge.

"Yeah," said the director, "that must be it. Only this ostrich isn't supposed to be sick. How do you think we'll ever get that noise into a film?" They went into conference. Evidently the call of an ostrich is not like anything ever heard before.

"Aw, heck!" the director finally exclaimed, "send for a saxophone player. We'll let him make it. If we don't recognize the sound of an ostrich, other folks won't, either. Let's go!"

It was noticeable that the bird standing by gave no indication of sensing in the saxophone gurgle a call from a mate. It did not even look around to see what had caused the disturbance.

The chasing and bottling of sounds requires the use of strategy, and sometimes the substitution of doubles. One company recently needed some bedlam—the kind of bedlam which usually comes from a traffic jam. It wanted the honking of many horns. This was easy to get. A steam calliope and three automobiles sufficed. The motor cars were stationed near the microphone and produced all the roar desired, while the calliope player pinched every key on the board for the most inharmonious jumble of honking horns imaginable. It was so bad it was good—for a comedy scene.

There are two methods of recording sound. One is by means of a disk similar to that used on a phonograph. The other is through use of a sound track on the film by which noises are electrically recorded. By either method sound may be recorded while pictures are being made and thus synchronized. Or the sound can be taken and later added to the pictures. These are the noises being bottled now.

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The Brand of Good Books

IMPULSIVE YOUTH

By Vivian Grey

She was rich. And he was poor. She gave him up because she didn't want to break his mother's heart, the heart of the woman who had saved and scrimped so that he might go to college and get away from the manual labor that seemed destined for him.

It was an impulsive act, the sort of thing she was always doing, for at the start she had acted on impulse when she left her luxurious home to cast in her lot with the humble folk on the other side of the creek. It was impulse that sent her out at midnight to make her own way in the world, alone, with no money in her purse. And when Phil Rhoades found her and would bring her back, she refused, for she was determined that she would not stand in the way of the career of the man she loved.

In a way, it is true that most of us act on impulse at one time or another, trusting somehow to the hidden voices within us that our actions may be for the best. The author of this absorbing story tells what may happen when we make impulse the guide to life. It is a story of youth in the grip of a great love that is here before us, a book that we do not lay aside until the last page is read, and one that we take up again, for it is well worth the rereading.

75c **75c**

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A Confidential Guide To Current Releases

Continued from page 69

Dumas revolves around the throne of seventeenth-century France. Marguerite de la Motte, Dorothy Revier, William Bakewell, and Ulrich Haupt.

"Alibi"—United Artists. All dialogue. Crook picture, played and directed with distinction. A cop's daughter sympathizes with underworld, marries a crook, but is soon disillusioned in a thrilling climax. Chester Morris, Eleanor Griffith, Pat O'Malley, Regis Toomey supply high lights in action and talk.

FOR SECOND CHOICE.

"Paris Bound"—Pathé. All dialogue. Wife who fears she is losing husband's love finely played by Ann Harding, in screen début. Praiseworthy picture. Leslie Fenton is Miss Harding's disappointed suitor, Fredric March the husband. Pretty turns and twists, good acting.

"Why Bring That Up?"—Paramount. All dialogue. Moran and Mack bring their lazy nonsense to the screen in a fairly good back-stage story, in which Evelyn Brent is gold-digging menace. Finely recorded, full of laughs.

"Big News"—Pathé. All dialogue. Story of reporter accused of murdering editor, but real criminal is exposed. Good until dictaphone is introduced. Robert Armstrong, Sam Hardy, Carol Lombard in fine characterizations.

"Marianne"—Metro-Goldwyn. All song and dialogue. Marion Davies excellent in her first talkie, in spite of slow action, and her acting is brilliant. Scene laid in France, after Armistice. Lawrence Gray sings engagingly. Cliff Edwards and Benny Rubin funny.

"Salute"—Fox. All dialogue. Best of the Annapolis pictures. George O'Brien excellent in first talkie, natural, pleasing voice. Runs into football climax. Frank Albertson, William Janney, Joyce Compton, Helen Chandler, Rex Bell.

"A Most Immoral Lady"—First National. Leatrice Joy in brief return to screen portrays woman who compromises men so her husband can blackmail them. Miss Joy skilled, charming. Walter Pidgeon, Sidney Blackmer, Montagu Love, Donald Reed, Josephine Dunn.

"Married in Hollywood"—Fox. Song, dialogue, and Technicolor. Entertaining Cinderella story of show girl and prince, set to Strauss tunes. Romance shattered, but put back together in Hollywood. Norma Terris and J. Harold Murray, stage stars, give creditable performances, the cast good, settings glamorous.

"Unholy Night, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. All dialogue. Screen début of Roland Young, in mystery story replete with horrors, about murder of surviving members of a regiment. Mr. Young intelligent, with whimsical wit. Dorothy Sebastian, Ernest Torrence, John Miljan, Philip Strange, Richard Tucker, Natalie Moorhead.

"Three Live Ghosts"—United Artists. All dialogue. Fine acting rather than romantic thrills, starring Beryl Mercer as a shrewd, human character, who wants to turn ex-soldier over to the police for reward. Charles McNaughton, Claude Allister, Robert Montgomery, Joan Bennett.

"Jealousy"—Paramount. All dialogue. Last appearance of the late Jeanne Eagels, in a picture whose story is weak for the gifted star. Miss Eagels is arresting, intelligent, individual. Story of fatal jealousy of her husband for her former lover. Fredric March is the husband, Halliwell Hobbes the lover.

"Flight"—Columbia. All dialogue. Thrilling airplane maneuvers, two marines, and a cute nurse in a picture that is good—if the roar and dip of planes satisfy. Jack Holt, a hard-chewing leatherneck, is too shy to make love and loses Lila Lee to Ralph Graves. The dialogue is adolescent.

"Our Modern Maidens"—Metro-Goldwyn. Silent. The young set in the throes of sex, amid luxurious backgrounds. A gay little kiss brings on grand displays of prudery. Lots of moping, petting and dancing, and finally a wedding or two. Joan Crawford, Anita Page, Rod La Rocque, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.

"Gold Diggers of Broadway"—Warner. Singing, dialogue. Musical comedy in Technicolor, with faint plot woven in about man who tries to save a kinsman from a chorine, and falls for one himself. Winnie Lightner's clowning saves the show. Lilyan Tashman also good. Conway Tearle, Nancy Welford, Ann Pennington, William Bakewell.

"Great Gabbo, The"—Sono-Art. All dialogue, Technicolor sequence. The fascinating, complex Gabbo is neglected, but the musical-show craze makes an average inning of Erich von Stroheim's reappearance as an actor. Odd story of ventriloquist who realizes his suppressed love too late. Betty Compson in backstage rôle.

"Street Girl"—RKO. Singing and dialogue. Story of a girl found starving on the streets, who turns out to be the salvation of four musicians who befriend her. Hard to believe, but probably entertaining to majority. Betty Compson in the sugary rôle, Jack Oakie good as lines permit; John Harron, Ned Sparks, Guy Buccola.

"Smiling Irish Eyes"—First National. All dialogue. Colleen Moore's first talkie, in which she is much better than the story deserves. An Irish lass lets her fiddling lad go to New York, and after a lot of transatlantic travel, they finally embrace over the wishing well, back on the ould sod. James Hall, Aggie Herring, Claude Gillingwater.

"The Time, the Place, and the Girl"—Warner. All dialogue. An amusing, lively story from the pompadour age. Grant Withers makes début in talkies, with honors, as victim of a stock fraud, but he blunders out. Every moment good for a laugh. Betty Compson, John Davidson, Gertrude Olmsted.

"Four Feathers, The"—Paramount. Silent. English soldier loses his nerve before Sudan war, but later goes to the jungles to redeem himself in the eyes of fiancée and friends. Authentic, thrilling sequences made in the wilds, around which picture is cleverly built. Fay Wray, Richard Arlen, Clive Brook, Wil-

liam Powell, Noah Beery, Philippe de Lacy.

"Black Watch, The"—Fox. All dialogue. Pictorially magnificent film about English soldier on the Afghan front, whose mission is to win love of girl leader of hill tribe. Stirring episodes, but falls short of its ambitions. Victor McLaglen, Myrna Loy, David Rollins, Mitchell Lewis, Roy d'Arcy.

"Broadway"—Universal. All dialogue. Big in point of sets, story reminiscent. Show girls, wise-cracking boys, bootleggers in evening clothes, with gun play and love-making, all finally meeting suitable rewards. Old stuff made tolerable by embellishments. Thomas E. Jackson and Paul Porcasi of stage cast, Evelyn Brent, Glenn Tryon, Robert Ellis, Leslie Fenton, Arthur Housman, Merna Kennedy.

"Fox Movietone Follies of 1929"—Fox. All dialogue and song. Pageantry of colorful revue, with wisp of story, and all the ingredients of a stage show, except a certain cleverness. Many well-known faces, including Sue Carol, David Rollins, Stepin Fetchit, Sharon Lynn.

"Show Boat"—Universal. Part dialogue. Life aboard a river theater traced on a wide canvas. Stirring musical accompaniment, but well-known story does not gain in film version. Laura La Plante, Joseph Schildkraut, Emily Fitzroy, Alma Rubens good.

"Christina"—Fox. Silent. Quaint, pretty, though sirupy, picture, with Janet Gaynor as Dutch girl, and Charles Morton her circus sweetheart. Troubled love, but certain to turn out right from the first. Rudolph Schildkraut, Lucy Dorraine.

"Lady of the Pavements"—United Artists. Old screen friends in new trappings, but familiar situations. A haughty countess, Jetta Goudal, spurned by her fiancé, counters by making him fall in love with a café girl, Lupe Velez, picked up and made a lady overnight. The affair gets out of hand, the girl flees, and the lover follows. William Boyd is the man. Lupe sings and sings.

"Noah's Ark"—Warner. A spectacle of more eye than ear interest, unsurpassed in its Deluge scene. Modern sequences culminating in a hopeless tangle in the World War, which fades to the biblical sequences, where the same characters appear. George O'Brien, Dolores Costello, Guinn Williams, Noah Beery.

"River, The"—Fox. Romantic, poetic, and slow picture of siren's untiring effort to win an innocent country boy, who doesn't know what it's all about. Magnificent backgrounds of forest and stream and best acting of Charles Farrell's career. Mary Duncan unusual as persevering siren finally sublimated by love.

RECOMMENDED—WITH RESERVATIONS

"To-night at Twelve"—Universal. All dialogue. A parlor comedy-mystery concerning a love note, much humorous argument, threats and making up. Madge Bellamy, George Lewis, Margaret Livingston and good supporting cast.

"Young Nowheres"—First National. All dialogue. Only in the land of "Nowheres" could there be such a

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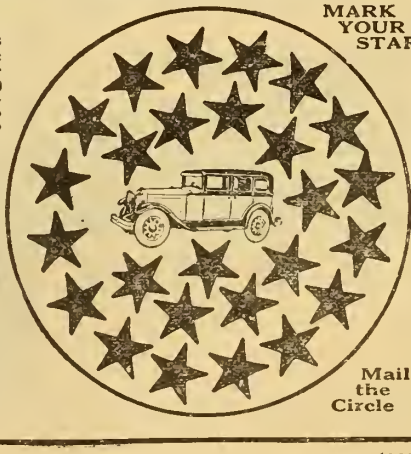
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downtrodden elevator boy as Richard Barthelmess, such a sweet scrub girl as Marian Nixon and such a pitiful search for some necking. It's a "Tom, the Bootblack," if you like your Horatio Alger.

"Speedway"—Metro-Goldwyn. Sound. Roaring automobiles, pretty girl, breezy chap, and whipped, old racer mixed up to make weak film. William Haines, Anita Page, Ernest Torrence share honors with authentic scenes on Indianapolis race tracks. A welcome glimpse of Polly Moran.

"His Glorious Night"—Metro-Goldwyn. All dialogue. John Gilbert talks himself out of first place as screen lover, and story is rather poor. Catherine Dale Owen is the icy princess of typical continental comedy. Love-making scenes don't click.

"Drake Case, The"—Universal. All dialogue. Last appearance of Gladys Brockwell in a restrained portrayal of mother impelled to remain silent though accused of murder. The mystery is well hidden. Madge Bellamy, Forest Stanley, Robert Frazer. Average courtroom drama.

"Why Leave Home?"—Fox. Dialogue and music. A new version of "Cradle Snatchers," with the rowdy humor of original replaced by foolish musical-comedy story. Amateur talent on a lark. Sue Carol, David Rollins, Nick Stuart, Dixie Lee.

"Fast Life"—First National. All dialogue. A hollow story, topheavy with theatrics and bombastic talking. Melodramatic situation in which the governor's son, Chester Morris, hesitates to confess a murder and save his friend's life. Other players John St. Polis, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Loretta Young.

"Twin Beds"—First National. All dialogue. A moth-eaten farce in which an inebriated stranger wanders into the bride's bedroom and things have to be explained before happiness sets in. Patsy Ruth Miller is charming as the bride. Jack Mulhall, Armand Kaliz, Gertrude Astor, Zasu Pitts.

"Father and Son"—Columbia. All dialogue. Artificial plot and dialogue, the sweet, sweet palship of father and son all but wrecked by fortune-hunting stepmother. A homemade phonograph record saves the day. Jack Holt, Micky McBan, Dorothy Revier, Wheeler Oakman.

Information, Please

Continued from page 102

to you at the opening of "The Cock-eyed World?" I'm glad he picked out a nice-looking fellow, because I myself was in the country and did not see the picture at all. No, I have never been to Newport. Must I go? The last I heard of Eugene O'Brien he was playing in vaudeville, that haven of all ex-stars. How do you like New York as your new home town?

X. Y. Z.—I'm glad to see you back after your long hiding. The young lover in "Hunchback of Notre Dame" was played by Norman Kerry, as *Phoebus*. In "Romola," Ronald Colman played *Carlo Bucellini*. As you say, there was no theme song in "Sins of the Fathers"; the melody you like was just a part of the general orchestration for the picture. There is a John Gilbert club in care of Joseph Varhalak, 223 Boston Avenue, Stratford, Connecticut. I know of no Lillian Gish club at present. As to whether Betty Compson and Sally O'Neil really sang the theme song in "On with the Show," I wouldn't dare guess. That's one thing film companies are unwilling to give out information about.

Alma Portegal.—So it took temerity to write to me, did it? All these years I thought it needed only paper and pen—or even pencil. Sorry, we had to stop exchanging photos through this column. It got to be too much of a good thing. Helene Chadwick was formerly Mrs. William Wellman. Constance Bennett, before her marriage to Phil Plant, eloped with Chester Moorehead. I don't think Dorothy Devore was married before she became Mrs. N. W. Mather. Harry Langdon was married in 1902 to Rose Francis. Ronald Colman's former wife is Thelma Ray. H. B. Warner has been married for many, many years to Rita Stanwood. Gladys Brockwell was divorced twice, Harry Edwards being her second husband.

M. J. B.—The theme song in "The Pagan" was "The Pagan Love Song." Yes, Clara Bow is supposed to be engaged to Harry Richman, but something tells me the marriage will never take place. Nazimova and Theda Bara have both tried screen comebacks, but with no luck.

M. K. of Detroit.—Out where the Ford begins! Nancy Drexel's real name is Dorothy Kitchen. Nick Stuart was christened Nicholas Prata. Sue Carol was once Evelyn Lederer. The others you ask about use their own names. William Bakewell is twenty-one, Alice White a year older. The theme song of "The Cocoanuts" was "When Our Dreams Come True." Al Jolson's new film is tentatively called "Mammy." Marian Nixon was his leading lady in "Say It With Songs." Belle Bennett works at the Tiffany studio. The picture you are thinking of, with Will Rogers and Lila Lee, was "One Glorious Day." Mary Pickford is thirty-six and Doug forty-six.

Jeanne.—Has Clara Bow ever been married? No, but she's been engaged over and over. Sue Carol is twenty-one and divorced from Allan H. Keefer. Anita Page has played in ten films. Norma Shearer is twenty-five years old, Dolores Costello a year younger. Jeanette Loff is twenty-three and Marion Davies thirty. Doris Hill won't tell.

Skippy.—See M. K. of Detroit. Richard Arlen—Richard van Mattimore—is thirty years old. Colleen Moore—Kathleen Morrison—is twenty-seven. William Haines is thirty. That's his real name. His latest film is "Navy Blues," with Anita Page. "The Cock-eyed World" seems to have been the biggest sensation of any talkie to date.

Frank W. Leach.—I am sorry Paramount would not let you form a Richard Arlen club. See Alma Portegal.

Frank W. Leach, 58 West Sixty-eighth Street, New York City, would be very grateful to any one who can send him very old copies of Picture Play, which this magazine is unable to supply.

Margaret Martin.—Yes, that's quite a lot of questions, but I'm in a very good humor. Almost none of the stars gives a home address. Anna Q. Nilsson has not

been active on the screen lately, but you can learn all about her in the story, "She Wears the Badge of Courage," in December PICTURE PLAY. To join her fan club, just write to Rowena Moling, 3120 Penn Street, Kansas City, Missouri. To join the Joan Crawford club nearest you write to Helen Cohn, 3628 East First Street, Long Beach, California. And, for Ramon Novarro's nearest club, write to Henry Daviero, Route 1, Box 62, Sebastopol, California. It would be impossible for stars to answer letters personally; they receive several hundred a day. Write to Warner Brothers studio for a photo of Davey Lee. Dorothy Janis and Dorothy Sebastian are both unmarried. Dorothy Revier is divorced from Harry Revier. She is 5 feet 4½, weighs 125, has blond hair and gray eyes. Anita Page is nineteen. Madge Bellamy is twenty-six, John Mack Brown a year younger.

POPPY VELDT.—You've been reading those South African books again! Leslie Fenton is now in Europe, to play in a German film, and perhaps later on the stage in London. He was born in Liverpool, March 12, 1903. One of his first films was "What Price Glory?" He is 5 feet 9, weighs 150, and has dark-brown hair and gray eyes.

NEIL BRYAN.—You like the girls, I can see that! None of those you mention has yet appeared in a talkie. Alyce Mills and Ivy Harris have both left the screen. Fay Wray is a Paramount actress.

SOOLIE GIRL.—I thought I knew lots about girls, but a "soolie" girl is new to me. Louise Fazenda is thirty-four years old, 5 feet 4½ inches tall. She weighs 135, has hazel eyes and light-brown hair. She is included among the stars honored by the Stars' Friendship Club, Harold Nash, President, 94 Ledyard Avenue, Groton, Connecticut.

DESDEMONA CARTER.—I don't need my other two guesses to tell who is your favorite! You couldn't very well start a fan club in Ramon Novarro's honor without asking his coöperation. He has four already. For the one nearest you—see MARGARET MARTIN. Ramon is thirty-one years old. Five feet ten, weighs 160. Black hair and eyes. He is now making a film tentatively titled "The House of Troy." His pictures for 1925-1927 were "Midshipman," "Ben-Hur," "Lovers," "Student Prince," "Road to Romance."

GLADYS HOM.—Yes, it is a thrill the first time one's name appears in print. Good for you, making "What the Fans Think." I get many complaints from those who can't. Most of your questions are answered just above. Ramon's other films were "A Lover's Oath," "Prisoner of Zenda," "Trifling Women," "Scaramouche," "The Arab," "Red Lily," "Certain Young Man," "Across to Singapore," "Forbidden Hours," "Flying Fleet," "The Pagan." I understand Anita Page now gets a thousand dollars a week. Magazine covers with men's pictures usually do not sell as well—that is why you see mostly girls' heads. But PICTURE PLAY's covers of Neil Hamilton and Gary Cooper sold very well. Back issues of PICTURE PLAY cannot usually be supplied when more than two years old; the office has nearly always run out of them.

A DAVE ROLLINS FAN.—Considering what a short time Dave has been on the screen, he has a great number of fans. He was born in Kansas City, Missouri, September 2, 1909. He was once a messenger boy for a bank. He entered pictures in 1926, as an extra. If it gives you pleasure to collect photographs of him, then it isn't silly, is it?

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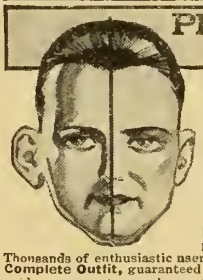
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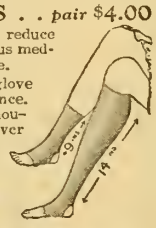
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MARCH 1930

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MONTHLY

Picture Play

Volume XXXII

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Monthly publication issued by Street & Smith Corporation, 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York City. Ormond G. Smith, President; George C. Smith, Vice President and Treasurer; George C. Smith, Jr., Vice President; Ormond V. Gould, Secretary. Copyright, 1930, by Street & Smith Corporation, New York. Copyright, 1930, by Street & Smith Corporation, Great Britain. Entered as Second-class Matter, March 6, 1916, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under act of Congress of March 3, 1879. Canadian subscription, $2.86. Foreign, $3.22

YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION, $2.50 SINGLE COPIES, 25 CENTS

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Paramount Pictures

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HANDS OFF MY PRIVATE LIFE



THAT might be called the slogan of the stars nowadays. Fans hear much of their plea for privacy, their demand that the inquisitive public let them alone in their hours away from the screen. One star will not be photographed with the child every one knows he has; another will not receive an interviewer in his home, because he believes in the sanctity of his hearth and will not permit photographs of it to be made. Still another dislikes the fact of his marriage being published, and one and all the stars deplore the fact that they are stared at, if not actually annoyed, when they appear publicly. Hollywood sends up a veritable chorus of protests against the natural interest of the fans in stars when off duty. Ah, but are they sincere in their wish to escape public gaze? Would they be content to be ignored? Would they enjoy the privileges of stardom if they were recognized only on the screen? These are questions which Edwin Schallert asks in PICTURE PLAY for April. In a splendid article he cites instances of seclusion demanded from prying eyes, and what happened when the public granted that demand; he describes precautions taken for the enjoyment of privacy and contradictory efforts made to attract attention. Yes, this is an interesting subject, all right, and you will find it admirably discussed next month, with amazing revelations of inconsistency among the gifted.



A MONTH OF REVELATIONS



THAT, as a matter of fact, describes the entire contents of next month's PICTURE PLAY, for does not Malcolm H. Oettinger grow reminiscent and resurrect some unexpected facts gleaned in his ten years of interviewing? Samuel Richard Mook also obliges with "Bread-and-butter Babies Looking for Cake," in which he discusses, in a revelatory manner, some of the newcomers from the stage lured to Hollywood by the talkies.. Elza Schallert also reveals the whole truth about children of the stars in respect to the way they are brought up. Helen Klumph asks "Can't *something* be done about movie voices?" and proceeds to tell what has been done by Jane Manner, notably in the case of Vilma Banky; and Margaret Reid throws the spotlight of her searching mind on William Boyd, with William H. McKegg and all the other favorite writers keeping up the good work of revealing the truth for PICTURE PLAY'S myriad readers.





John BARRYMORE

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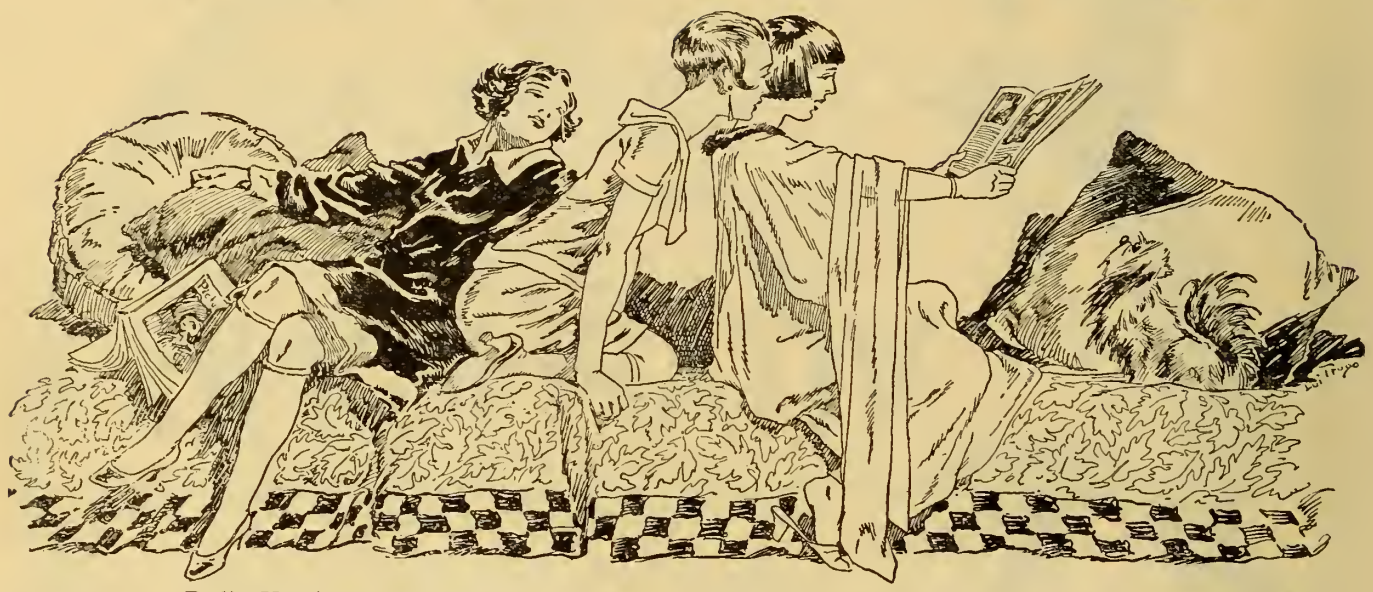
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"General Crack" is another example of the treats that await you every week at theatres that feature *Vitaphone* pictures, produced exclusively by WARNER BROS. and FIRST NATIONAL



What The Fans Think



Radie Harris on Rampage.

MAY I take the liberty of "crashing" my favorite department in PICTURE PLAY to answer Franklin W. Wilson's vitriolic outburst in the January number?

Mr. Wilson, it seems, took exception to my article "Are These Your Stars?" written several months ago, and contends that "only a New Yorker is qualified to write an article comparing stage and screen players." Since Mr. Wilson admits that he "does not know the author's habitat," I thought it might prove illuminating if I told him that not only do I live in New York now, but have lived here, with the exception of an annual visit to Hollywood, all my life.

Mr. Wilson also "doubts very much if Miss Harris sees much of the stage actors in New York," so it, too, might prove illuminating to learn that during the past ten years I have been steeped in the atmosphere of the theater. I *know* the theater from Euripides to O'Neill —from Molly Picon to Eva Le Gallienne. I know the personalities of our present-day theater, not only from the cold barriers of an orchestra seat, but from the intimacies of a back-stage dressing room.

I saw Jeanne Eagles in "Daddies," the first play in which she appeared in New York. I had lunch with her at the Paramount studio shortly before she died. To me she was, and always will be, a great artist, and if you will reread my article you will find that I hailed her performance in "The Letter" as superb. When I added that as a screen box-office attraction she did not have the draw of Buddy Rogers and Nancy Carroll, I was in no way belittling her art, I assure you, but merely stating a sad fact.

Because I have seen Claudette Colbert in "The Barker," "Fast Life," "Dynamo," "Tin Pan Alley," "See Naples and Die," and also enjoy the privilege of knowing her personally, I claimed that in her first film, "The Hole in the Wall," the screen did not do justice to her brunet loveliness or her histrionic talent. Since then, "The Lady Lies" has atoned for such negligence.

It is also Mr. Wilson's contention that it takes New Yorkers to appreciate stage stars. If this is the case, why did the New York exhibitors need to bill Sue Carol and Nick Stuart ahead of Walter Catlett, in "Why Girls Go Home," or John Mack Brown ahead of Paul Muni, in "The Valiant"? Both Catlett and Muni have been stars on Broadway, but they haven't clicked in the film firmament as yet.

In stating these facts, I am in no way trying to detract from the stage player in order to enhance the screen player. Nor am I, as Mr. Wilson suggests, "plugging the game" of the screen player. I leave that to their press agents. Like him, I follow the work of both with equal interest, and see the best that each has to offer. As Lorelei Lee would say, we, therefore, despite our differences of opinion, have "much that is common!"

New York City. RADIE HARRIS.

A Crushing Retort.

Sam J. Black asks where are the Lillian Gish fans. Here is the answer: *There are none.* He speaks of the indifference of the public and its lack of interest in Lillian Gish, and asks the reason for this indifference. The reason is—*Lillian Gish.* He asks, "Are our minds so moth eaten that we cannot enjoy good acting?" My answer is that the public still enjoys good acting, but when it wants to see good acting it doesn't go to see Lillian Gish.

Mr. Black says Lillian's followers are few, because she doesn't appeal to the light-minded. Well, she doesn't appeal to the serious-minded, either. He calls her an artist. Well, if she's an artist, Lindbergh can't fly. Mr. Black deplores "jazz, sex, and red-hot stuff." So do I. But to say that Lillian Gish has appeal of *any* kind is to make one wonder what kind of mind the writer has. An artist! She will have to make rapid strides if she is ever even considered seriously as an actress, and as for being an artist, she will never be one. She is about the most mediocre actress we have on the screen. She has no technique, no artistry, and does not even know the a, b, c of dramatic art.

He speaks of "The Wind," saying, "We pass it up for something with less sense and more hokum." Well, of all the hokum I ever saw crowded into one picture I saw it in "The Wind." And Lillian added volumes to the hokum. And Mr. Black's statement, "She cannot be compared to the present-day actresses—they are beneath her," et cetera, is laughable.

And her egotism is disgusting. Her inquiry, "Has some one been criticizing me?" shows her colossal egotism. Can you conceive a *real* actress saying that? A real actress knows that one can't be in the public eye

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(speak)

bouquet.....boo-kay
(a bunch of flowers)

beaucoup.....bow-koo
(much, many)

mais oui.....may we
(but, yes)

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What The Fans Think

Continued from page 8

and not be criticized, and expects it. Lillian, not being an actress, doesn't know this. By this burst of egotism, added to mediocre acting, she has increased the indifference that Mr. Black so deeply regrets. So here, then, Mr. Black, is your answer to why the public is indifferent to Lillian Gish. The answer is Lillian Gish.

I am a fifty-five-year-old fan and a teacher of dramatic art.

FLORENCE BOGARTE.

Murdock Hotel, Logansport, Indiana.

Bill Haines Grilled.

Will some one please call the warden of the nut house? I know a star who has been heading in that direction for quite a while, and now that he has reached the threshold I will shove him in. The patient in question is William Haines. He has arrived at the impossible stage, so it's time he finds himself before he's back in Virginia picking cotton.

I like wisecracks and I like fun, but I can't stand seeing any one in a convulsion. And that's exactly what I did when I saw "Speedway." I left before the picture was over. It is the worst that Bill has ever made, and that's saying a lot.

Bill's wisecracks in "Telling the World" and "A Man's Man" were O. K., but I guess since he has been called the "smart Alec of the screen" he thinks he can act like a madman. Get next to yourself, Bill. You know, there's a limit to everything. In "Speedway" Bill did things to Anita Page that no girl would tolerate. People around me whispered, "Disgusting—he's overdoing things."

I like Bill Haines and think he does typify the average young American, but if he ever acts in another picture as he did in "Speedway," his fans will have no mercy on him—and justly so. BOB ALLEN.

233 Huffman Street,
Waynesburg, Pennsylvania.

Eddie Nugent and Bernhardt.

Why pick on Eddie Nugent, Lola? He must be pretty good if he's given so many rôles. Mother Machree—imagine saying Alice White is a greater actress than Greta Garbo, and that she has a charming voice! Lola, don't you think she should try for opera? Help! before I die of hysterics. "Washed-out personalities like Bow, Garbo, Banky, et cetera." Just because Garbo and Banky don't don spike heels, high hats, and cackle some inane tune about "Broadway Babies," or bunk like that, doesn't make them less than fine actresses. I suppose if Sarah Bernhardt had come on the stage in an abbreviated costume and high heels, screeching some jazzy tune, you would have thought her red hot! You'll grow up yet. It's a good thing all Canadians haven't your opinion, or I'd never want to meet any.

BETTY.

Paterson General Hospital,
Paterson, New Jersey.

Most Cold-blooded Star?

Just a few words to tell you and the fans that Helen Mackenzie is correct in her letter about Richard Barthelmess. He is the most cold-blooded man on the screen. Just because he is married is no excuse for his being high-hat, and I never want to see him in a picture again.

I would like to know why actresses and actors divorce so quickly. Do they marry for love, or merely excitement? They vow, "Until death——" but some of them live together only a year. Why not for the rest of their lives?

MARY AND ANNA STASZEWSKI.

436 Steadman Place,
Perth Amboy, New Jersey.

Every Fan His Own Reviewer.

I want to suggest to those self-elected reviewers of pictures that the fans are not the type of people that perhaps some of us used to be. There are many of us just as capable of judging the merits and defects of pictures as the paid reviewers. One would conclude from the remarks of some of the reviewers that they imagine all of us sitting spellbound in the movie houses and drinking down at a gulp all that flashes before us.

I, for one, am very critical, and I am quite able to see the defects of the pictures. I do not need any person to tell me what to see or not to see. I make my own decisions. For instance, one could never drag me into a theater where Alice White was playing. Her mechanical acting alone drives me away.

I recently saw John Gilbert in "His Glorious Night." It really is one of the worst pictures that I have ever seen, despite Lionel Barrymore being its director. All the players indulge in theatrics. John Gilbert loses most of his charm when he speaks, and he plainly plays up to the women of the audience. He never forgets himself a moment.

There are many actors who have no reputations that are infinitely superior. He has captured popular fancy through clever publicity, and his appeal has been largely to young girls, who have thought him the perfect lover. His claim to fame is on a very poor basis, because, as these girls grow in years and intelligence, he will be lost. I consider him the tip top of all that a good actor should *not* be. He lacks naturalness, sincerity, and he *never* forgets himself. His rôles are not even convincing, and particularly is this true in his first talkie. Honors go to Catherine Dale Owen.

I am disappointed in Lionel Barrymore. Why in Heaven's name couldn't he make his characters lifelike? I have yet to see any picture so theatrical, if you get what I mean. CALDER B. VAUGHAN.

Birch Lynn,
5 Petticord Apartments,
Wheeling, West Virginia.

Pity Somebody's Favorite.

Letters slamming Alice White in PICTURE PLAY are plenty, and, although she deserves them, I feel sorry for her if she should read them. Personally, I think that as an actress she is blah, but just the same she is some one's favorite. If all fans liked the same stars and every one had the same favorites, where would "What the Fans Think" be?

Why all the commotion about Gary Cooper being high-hat? To me Gary has never appeared to be the gushing sort at any time, and I suppose he had a good reason even if he did high-hat his former friend. For all we know, said friend may have been one of those all-too-plentiful species who are eager to fasten themselves on successful people. What any of my favorites do in their private life does not matter to me in the least. Sincere admiration is not dampened by reading other folks' unkind remarks, often prompted by jealousy.

Such a lot of pictures released in Australia are either murder mysteries or courtroom dramas, and, although I thoroughly enjoyed them in the beginning, if they don't soon cease I'll be murdering some one myself. Of course, I can hear those who like these pictures tell me that I needn't go and see them, the same as Betty Harrison told others they needn't go to see Alice White if they didn't like her; but in most cases the other feature on the program is an A-1 picture.

So there it is, and I suppose there it stays. At least, it is one way of proving whether one is a true fan or not by sitting through a poor show just to see one's favorite star or stars.

BILLEE.

Sydney, Australia.

An Idol Crashes.

The talkies have meant the crashing of an idol in New Zealand. In the silent films, Mary Pickford was indeed "The World's Sweetheart," the child-woman every one loved. In "Coquette" she became just one of many emotional actresses —and not one of the best! The film "got the bird" here the first night it was shown. Many people walked out during its showing, and those who stayed laughed where they were expected to weep. So unanimous was the condemnation of the picture that the management withdrew it, and another film was substituted the following night.

There was one absurdity that made the audience laugh at a supposedly pathetic scene. Mary had broken down, during the trial, and her father calmly left the prisoner's box, walked over to her, took her in his arms, and indulged in a long speech. Surely such a thing would not be allowed in a courtroom. And, again, when Mary found her dead lover, she threw herself on him and almost shook him to pieces, like a terrier shaking a rat. The scene made the audience laugh almost hysterically. Mary's voice was disappointing, too, and altogether her first appearance in a talking film was a great disappointment to her admirers here.

Every one is talking of the new star that has arisen—new as far as New Zealand is concerned. I mean Ruth Chatterton, whose work in "Madame X" has thrilled every one. We are all wanting to see her again. Raymond Hackett's dramatic argument was a fine piece of work, too, and has made him many friends in New Zealand. TED G. AMOORE.

Times Office, Hamilton,
New Zealand.

Moronic Fans Scored.

I wish to register a hearty protest against the moronic epistles from certain of the movie public in "What the Fans Think." The majority of the letters are asinine, to say the least, and I don't think that the writers should be called fans.

The movie public is made up of many thousands of people who don't pore over the magazines devoted to gossip about the stars, who don't give a whoop whether or not Gary Cooper is chewed to shreds by his fiancée, as long as he is capable of giving a rousing good performance in "The Virginian," or whether Alice White is a fit candidate for an asylum for the feeble-minded, as long as she is amusing on the screen.

The discussions on such subjects as the conceit, or lack of it, of Richard Barthelmess, whether or not Betty Compson was mean to her mother—surely they don't accomplish anything, and are extremely unjust to the players involved. None of the people who feel an urge to sit down and write a harsh condemnation of the personal life of some long-suffering player knows a thing about his or her subject, except what he or she has been told by a friend of a friend or read in a magazine.

Personally, I do not care for the work of Alice White, but, unlike the people who make the sweeping statement that she is "too dumb to live," I have met her personally, and from several casual contacts I have learned enough to convince me that she is anything but unintelligent. I think

that Alice realizes that she is no Duse, but she is earnest, and her work is steadily improving.

On the other hand, one of our leading stars impressed me as being one of the most disagreeable and conceited young women I have ever had the misfortune to meet. However, I always see her pictures, and consider her a splendid actress. If the same thing had happened to one of the young ladies who write to "What the Fans Think," we would read that Miss Unpleasant Actress was in love with a Kaffir chieftain and lived upon a diet of absinthe and strawberry ice cream. It's all very funny. GLADYS STERN.

Alice Is Loved.

I have read all I can stand against Alice White. Can she act? Certainly! All acting is not chest heaving and emoting.

As for her copying Clara Bow, no two people are alike, and there's room for both Alice and Clara. This summer, Alice's and Clara's first all-talkies played here at the same time, and the theater in which Alice's picture was shown had record-breaking crowds! I know that all the youngsters loved her, and long may she hold her place in all school pupils' hearts! Keep it up, Alice! Clara can't sing, neither can she dance. Alice has her beat a mile. RAYMOND JOHNSON.

326 Wilburn Street,
Nashville, Tennessee.

Three Cheers For Dick.

Having read about the snub given by Richard Barthelmess to several schoolgirls in Mexico City, all I can say is, "Three cheers for Mr. Barthelmess!"

Why, oh, why, will girls make themselves so cheap? Besides, don't you suppose the stars like to live in peace? Must some one always be jumping after them, trying to get a few words and most likely thinking they will find some hidden charm in them? The stars certainly would have an unendurable life if they catered to the public all the time.

I admire Mr. Barthelmess very much, but as for trying to see him personally—no, indeed! GILDA.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Upholding Fellow Fans.

A letter in October PICTURE PLAY purports to be from a star's secretary. I never read such rubbish in my life! I know a great many fans, both personally and through correspondence, but I certainly do not know a single one who would dream of writing such a letter as the "typical" example given by this person. It looks to me as if he or she was just trying to start something! No doubt a few fools do write stupid letters, but there are precious few who would have the sublime assurance to send such a concoction as the sample given.

I would like to hand a large bouquet to Greta Garbo. She's a de luxe personality and an actress. Greta has such unique individuality and fascination that she might well be content merely to exploit them, but she doesn't. I believe she could be one of the very greatest actresses the world has known, if she were given stories worthy of her. Greta expresses more by one slow glance from beneath her extravagant lashes than other players convey by a dozen gestures. Unfortunately, she has become associated with what has been pithily termed "Gilbo-Garbage." John Gilbert is a great actor, but not a great lover. He is much too violent and exuberant. There are exceptions, of course, but the films in which he appeared opposite Garbo were not among them. He really seems about to bite his lady-love, which is somewhat disconcerting for the spectator, not to mention the lady!

MARGUERITE EDGELOW.

Westwood, Gerrard's Cross,
Bucks, England.

Alice White Is Darling.

In October PICTURE PLAY somebody referred to Alice White as "that goggle-eyed flapper." I think that expression is entirely unnecessary and without foundation. I think Alice White is darling. She has beautiful eyes, and I'd be *thankful* to be "goggle-eyed," if that's what she is. In "Show Girl," "Broadway Babies," and "Hot Stuff" she was perfect. I try never to miss her pictures.

However, this same brickbat thrower says one thing with which I must agree. Dolores Costello is perfect in looks, actions, and voice. "Glad Rag Doll" couldn't have had a better star. She most certainly has a cultured voice.

A NEW CORRESPONDENT.

Selma, California.

Praises to John Boles.

Never before have I seen and heard anybody equal to the leading man of "The Desert Song," John Boles! He is nothing short of superb, both in appearance and in his singing, two attributes which are seldom found in one person. His renditions of "The Riff Song" and "The Desert Song" were exquisite.

But the picture is irreparably marred by the presence of Carlotta King. If ever there was an instance of poor casting, it was in this picture. To hear Boles singing "One Alone" was an unforgettable experience, vital and thrilling; but to believe that he really meant it for Miss King was too great a strain on the imagination.

I can think of no one more suited to play opposite Boles than Julia Sanderson, who scored in "The Sunshine Girl," "Tangerine," and other musical shows, and whose charming voice and irresistible manner far exceed any redeeming features Miss King may possess.

JOHN LANDERS POOLE.

1620 I Street, N. W.,
Washington, D. C.

Three Fans Put Right.

I could not resist the temptation to comment on some of the letters.

First comes T. S. Steuart, of Surrey, England. I should like to remind the lady, or gentleman, that the characters in "The Broadway Melody" were supposed to use American slang. Hence the mispronunciation, slurring, and occasional misuse of words.

Then there is that amazing statement made by Lola, of British Columbia, "Washed out personalities like Bow, Baclanova, Garbo, and Vilma Banky, should be eliminated." Her language is, to say the least, rather strong, especially when one takes into consideration the beauty, ability, and personality of the ladies in question.

V. C., of Dayton, Ohio, contradicts himself when he says: "The producers are making talking pictures for commercial gain. Why should they be allowed to force them on us, when it is evident that the majority abhor them?" It seems to me that if people disliked the talkies, there would be no financial profit in making them. The producers, guided by box-office returns, continue to make talkies, because they bring in more money. After all, why shouldn't they? They are not in business for love, but to make money.

BLANCHE S.

New York City.

Those Virulent Villains.

Unconventional though it may seem to eulogize those vile wretches who persist, much to our disgust, in ever frustrating the various projects of our heroes, a personal appreciation of their satanic endeavors impels me to do so at this time.

With the possible exception of George Bancroft, whose friendly character overshadows such efforts at villainy as he may employ, and H. B. Warner, who could never make us believe he is a scoundrel after "The King of Kings," the life of a movie villain, as far as his public is concerned, must certainly be that of unrequited love.

We grant him his well-earned pay check, nor do we begrudge him the privilege of being a peace-loving hero when without his studio.

Let me begin with Fred Kohler, who is one of the most talented actors I have ever had the fortune to watch. Who will forget him as the rascally wild cat in "River of Romance"? Surely the very set must have quaked as he thundered out his commands, and doubtless Buddy Rogers retired with a stinging pain in his auditory organs as a result of that stirring scene at the inn.

Fred contributed another forceful performance as *Bad Al* in "Thunderbolt," while prior to that he did excellent work in silent pictures. Surely he deserves a tremendous share of acclaim, albeit he is a villain, for he has yet to register any but the most vivid and colorful acting.

Then there is Gustav von Seyffertitz. Perhaps you will remember him as the mesmerist in "The Bells," a rôle which first brought him into prominence. Since then he has performed in countless productions, rendering in every case a sincere and fervid interpretation of his rôle. Yet articles concerning Gustav are few and far between.

Montagu Love will always loom among the bigger and better brutes of cinemaland. More than once has he locked the boudoir door from the inside with such realism that we have hated him for the basest of cowards. He is an impressive actor, but where are his interviews?

Undoubtedly Von Stroheim's "Wedding March" was one of the finest films ever released, in my opinion the finest. Yet who could have played to better advantage the rôle awarded Mathew Betz, that of a repellant butcher with a jealous longing to possess the charming Fay Wray?

DONALD MACCAMPBELL.

1010 South Forty-fifth Street,
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Crop Their Wings?

My outburst is against the interviewers who tack wings and halos onto the stars. Who likes to read in constant repetition that the Arlens are such love birds, that Buddy Rogers is the model son and virtuous soul, that *la* Pickford has such excellent business sense, that Asther is misunderstood, and that Ramon Novarro is inclined to the church? Really, I'd like to hear some one doing something *outré*, such as thumbing his nose at a cop, or Mary Brian slapping her mother. Setting the stars on a pedestal above us is ridiculous. Their lives are as varied as that of any other group whose early surroundings were as different as the stars'.

Now that my venom is exhausted, I'd like to heave a bouquet to William McKegg and Lui Trugo. The former I like for his frankness and sincerity. Then Trugo's cartoons are the hit of the month—Neville Reay's "The Stroller" is often delicious.

JACK JENNISON.

1151 East Third Street,
Long Beach, California.

What The Fans Think

"Go Count Yourselves."

I want some of the fans to know what I think of *them*. What's the idea of razzing little Alice White? I have just opened PICTURE PLAY, and there, staring at me, is Crocella Mullen's tirade against Alice.

I'd like to know why they're always tossing razzberries at her. Gee! I think she's nice. I was just about to give up finding any nice comment about Alice when I spied Betty Harrison's note. I want Alice to know that I'm for her, and I'm glad to know I'm not the only one anxious to defend her.

Come on, Alice White fans, root for her! And as for those fans who are so good at heaving razzberries, "go home and count yourself; you're not so many," as some wise guy said.

EMILY SAYRES.
2537 West Oakdale Street,
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Forgiven, Then Chastised.

This is in defense of my favorite, Gary Cooper. Why do some so-called fans resort to personal, cruel criticism? I refer to Marie Price's letter in November PICTURE PLAY. In her ill-bred tirade she says, "I hope Lillian will forgive me if I indulge in an amused smile." Of course we all forgive the foolish.

So the neighbors considered Gary dumb? Is a man dumb because he attends to his own business and makes a success of his chosen profession? Evidently you are unused to the ways of a true gentleman, Miss Price, and then it is hardly flattering to have a boy like Gary totally indifferent to his—er—female neighbors.

The fact that he is engaged to Lupe Velez does not show he isn't shy and reserved. Miss Price should learn the theory of the attraction of opposite types. Brush up on your psychology, and you will not seem so narrow-minded.

You admit, sweetly, that you are not saying anything to detract from Mr. Cooper's glory. Oh, no, sweet child, your letter so clearly proves that! "Average, everyday young man"? Lucky you, if you meet men like him every day! You say that he appeals to "inhibited young women" who like a cave man. Oh, yeah? There, again, you are wrong, for Gary is the strong, silent type of man—and in none of his films have I seen any cave-man tactics that might appeal to inhibited young women.

He is not lacking in sex appeal—or a star like Lupe Velez, who can have just any one, wouldn't even look at him.

You can have Chester Conklin—he's safer, for you won't have any competition there.

If this letter is offensive and too personal, just calm yourself with the memory that your own letter about Gary was also offensive and too personal. And don't get the feline idea that I have a crush on Gary, as I haven't, but why not be fair? Lots of us don't like certain stars, but that's no reason to embarrass them publicly.

DOLLY CRUPE.
111 Maple Avenue,
Hamilton, Ontario, Canada.

Ask Us Another One.

Can any one tell me why Alice White is starred? She is classed with Clara Bow as a girl who has "It." I think it is an insult to Clara, a cute actress, with a vivid personality, while all Alice can do is make faces and take off her clothes to display a none-too-good figure.

Why are the fans so down on Gary Cooper? He is not upstage, but he is made to look absurd by the press always coupling his name with Lupe Velez and printing silly things she is supposed to shout to him in public. Is it supposed to be funny? Gary is one of my favorites and always will be, and the sooner these rumors are stopped the better.

My first favorite is Ramon Novarro. His photo has the place of honor in my room, and I don't think any one will replace it. Richard Barthelmess might have done so, if he had only done his own singing in "Weary River." Perhaps Richard Dix will one day, if we could only see him in a few more films like "Redskin."

Why are all the Broadway stars being brought to Hollywood to act in talkies? Most of our old-established favorites have talkie voices, and I, for one, would rather see them than people I have never heard of. Can't the producers pity the fans in England who have never heard of Ina Claire, Ruth Chatterton, or Charles King? They may be able to talk and act, but their films have no appeal for us.

Who on earth is picking up these youngsters and putting them into pictures? If they must be used, then give them suitable rôles. Fancy casting Loretta Young, who is only sixteen, in sophisticated rôles! Do give her a chance to get out of the schoolroom first.

MARGARET GAWLER-WRIGHT.
Keyser's, Broxbourne,
Hertford, England.

Double, Double——

When I read of the fans deserting Dick Barthelmess, it makes me laugh. Don't worry, Dick won't ever have to plead for the support of his former fans. No one could really admire him, if they desert him so easily. What if he didn't sing in "Weary River"? What was he supposed to do—stop in the middle of the picture and say, "This isn't me singing; it's some one else"?

As for Dick enjoying privacy, I don't blame him. There's no reason in the world why he should speak to every silly schoolgirl that comes along. He's naturally reserved and quiet. He would be dishonorable if he tried to appear in Haines' make-up, because he isn't that type.

L. L.
3 Everard Street,
Worcester, Massachusetts.

Old Stars Are There.

Since the advent of the talkies, the producers seem to have gone quite mad. They act as if they don't know their own minds.

For one thing, why such a grand rush for so many stage actors? Our own movie players have shown they can compete with the best of them. A few stage stars are welcome, but not this terrible deluge of so many strange, new names and faces. Raymond Hackett has impressed me as one of the few stage stars who has a real screen personality, and he promptly goes down on my list of favorites. But in "The Trial of Mary Dugan," Norma Shearer, Lewis Stone, and H. B. Warner each gave performances just as good as Mr. Hackett. And I have discovered this to be true in almost every picture when stage and screen stars were cast together. So here's hoping that the producers come to their senses before this invasion gets any worse. It is bad enough now.

Another thing, all these ugly rumors about the uncertainty of Greta Garbo's future are most disturbing to fans. Talkies or not, we still want her and Nils Asther. In a recent popularity contest held by a New York newspaper, Clara Bow was first and Greta Garbo second, which shows that she is still very popular. And she should be. She is the most alluring and fascinating woman on the screen. I look forward to seeing her in a picture just as a child looks forward to going to the circus. But why is she never given a rôle worthy of her dazzling personality and fine acting ability? I would love to see her in a picture that had a plot as strong as her personality. I am very eager for her to play in "Anna Christie," which I believe has a better plot than any of her previous pictures. I hope she talks so well in it that there need be no fear for her future.

Not long ago I wrote a letter to Myrna Loy, stating that my motive in writing was not because I wanted her to send me a picture—in fact, I made it quite clear that I didn't want one. Imagine my astonishment when not long afterward I received a picture from her! Maybe if some of these fans who wail how they lose quarters trying to get pictures would try my way, they might have some luck. Who knows?

EDITH WINSTED.
468 Forty-fifth Street,
Oakland, California.

Producers Berated.

Just a word about this business of commercializing fan mail. When the producers try to make money out of the stars' applause, then the fans should do something. What are fan letters anyway? A means of making money for producers who worship the almighty dollar, or tributes to a player's talent written by admiring fans? Until a year or so ago, fan letters meant something, and we wrote with something behind them besides the hoped-for reply. Of course we were pleased when we received a photo and we felt as though the player was acknowledging our words of praise. But what a different feeling when the mail man brings us cards, with a nice inscription to the effect that for money a photo will be sent So now when we write a letter we know even before we start that it will probably never come within a mile of the star, or the star's secretary, but will go to the "Fan Mail Department" of the studio, where letters with shekels in them gladden the heart of the producers, and the ones without money fill the waste basket.

Not a prophet or anything, but I'm willing to predict that in a year or two fan mail will be just a memory, as far as the fans are concerned. Fans aren't fools, by any means, and while the producers may wish to believe that there's one born every minute, it may be just their luck to find that they're that particular fool.

F. W. LEACH.
58 West 68th Street,
New York City.

Oldest Inhabitant Speaks.

The first motion picture I ever saw was a nameless comedy thrown on the side of a brick building. The operator stood in a delivery wagon on the opposite side and flashed the picture across the street. The stunt, which was an innovation in the little town where I then lived, was put on to advertise a new brand of shoes! The man who operated the picture machine was dressed in the garb of George Washington, and his wife was on display all day in the store, wearing a gown which, 'twas said, cost the fabulous sum of one hundred dollars!

One of my earliest recollections is that of Francis Ford and Grace Cunnard playing in a serial of many installments, "Lucille Love." A movie ticket in those days cost a "jitney," and the town's worst

Continued on page 94

She Saved His Life And Then—

And then she found that all sorts of complications followed when the man whose life you have saved turns out to be a most attractive artist.

Strong in many things, but weak where he loved, Fane Torrence, whom Gwytha had snatched from death in his little studio in Greenwich Village, had more than his share of the artist's pride and temperament. But Gwytha herself, a wise, modern, up-to-the-minute girl, knew very well what she wanted, and her method of getting it, makes a story which holds you to the very end. Ask your dealer today for your copy of



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They dared Officer Kane to play



.. and his music held them spellbound

ETHEL'S house party was at its height. Shrieks of laughter mingled with phonograph music could be heard outside.

Suddenly there came an ominous knocking at the door. Ethel ran to open it, and —lo and behold—there stood Police Officer Kane.

"G-G-G Good Evening," gasped Ethel.

"I want to see the man of the house," thundered Kane.

"I'm sorry," stammered Ethel nervously, "but my father is not at home."

"Well what's goin' on in here anyway?" continued the officer sternly. "Sure and every one on the block is complainin' of the noise. I've a good mind to arrest the lot of you."

Ethel was mortified—what a disgrace!

"Oh please," pleaded Ethel, "please don't do anything like that, I promise—"

But Kane could restrain himself no longer.

"Don't worry lassie—you were all havin' such a fine time I couldn't help droppin' in. Go on—have all the fun you can," laughed the big good-natured policeman.

"Oh," sighed Ethel, greatly relieved, "how you frightened me. Won't you join us?"

Kane Joins the Party

"Ha," laughed Kane as the Victrola started again, "what's the matter with you all—playin' that canned music—can't any of you play this beautiful piano? Sure I'd like to give you a tune myself."

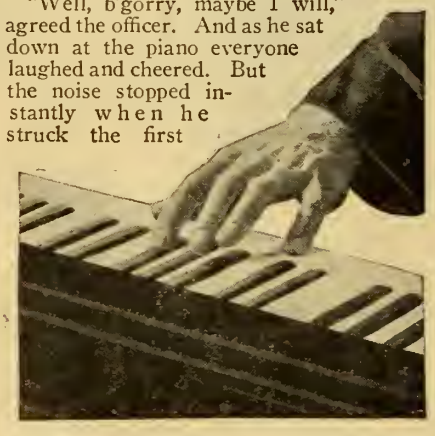
"I dare you to play for us," shouted Ted Strong quickly sensing a chance to have some fun at the policeman's expense.

Others chimed in, "Yes, do play for us, Officer." "Just one tune." "Yes, just one—that will be plenty!"

"I'm afraid I'll have to be goin'," stammered Kane, embarrassed as could be.

"Mr. Kane, I think you might play for me after the fright you gave me," smiled Ethel.

"Well, b'gorry, maybe I will," agreed the officer. And as he sat down at the piano everyone laughed and cheered. But the noise stopped instantly when he struck the first



rollicking notes of Rudolph Friml's famous "Song of the Vagabonds." They were amazed at the way his large hands flew lightly over the keys.

"More—more." "Encore." "That's great—play another." They all shouted and applauded as the last notes of that snappy march song died away. Kane then started that stirring old soldier song, "On the Road to Mandalay." One by one the guests all joined in and sang.

Then Kane wound up with that popular dance number, "You're the Cream in My Coffee," and the whole crowd danced.

"Well," he laughed happily as they applauded long and loudly. "I'll have to be on my way now."

"Thank you for your lovely music," said Ethel. "You must be playing a good many years?"

"Sure and I haven't been playin' long at all." Then the questions came thick and fast. "How did you ever learn so quickly?" "When do you find time to practice?" "Who was your teacher?"

Kane Tells His Story

"Well, to tell you the truth I had no teacher. I've always loved music but I couldn't take regular lessons on account of my duties as a policeman. Then one evenin' I saw a U. S. School of Music advertisement in a magazine, tellin' of a new way of learnin' to play with no teacher at all. I didn't believe it myself but they offered a free sample lesson so I sent for it. One look at the Free Demonstration Lesson showed me how easy it was so I wrote for the whole course. My friends all told me I was crazy until I started playin' little tunes for them from real notes.

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Photo by Manatt

Vilma Banky's début in an all-talking picture is a major event, its importance enhanced by the fact that she is one of the last of the great favorites to take the plunge. PICTURE PLAY, in wishing her the best of good fortune in realizing all the gracious qualities of her art in speech as she has in silence, offers to her fans this photographic study of her in "Sunkissed," with Robert Ames. Performed on the stage as "They Knew What They Wanted," the play also served Pola Negri as "The Secret Hour" in the silent days.

Is Novarro

Ramon's doubts are moodily expressed on ment is the price exacted by Fortune

By Samuel



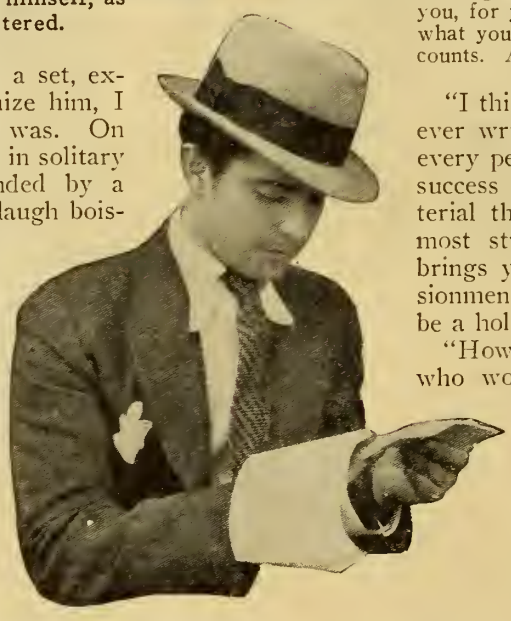
"What's the use?" Ramon Novarro asks himself, as his illusions about things are shattered.

THE first time I saw Novarro on a set, except that I happened to recognize him, I shouldn't have known who he was. On any of the other sets the star sits apart in solitary grandeur, or he—or she—is surrounded by a group of admirers or sycophants who laugh boisterously at each sally made by fortune's favorite. Novarro sits quietly. When he is wanted for a scene he goes on the set. When the scene is finished, he returns to his chair. The supporting cast, the director, the camera man, the head electrician—all may go in for pyrotechnic displays to their heart's content. At the finish, Novarro is still sitting calm and unmoved on his chair. Enough in itself to set him apart from all other stars.

I approached him for a "story," and asked for something different.

"Something different? What is there different about any of us? We live, laugh, cry, and love the same as any one of a million. Everything possible has been written about us. What is there left to tell you that is different? We work and struggle, fight and slave to force our way to the top—a place in the sun—and then? Heartache and disillusionment.

"Edna St. Vincent Millay has written a poem called 'The Merry Maid.' It goes thus:



Ramon says that he is still cast as an adolescent, because his career started that way ten years ago.

"Oh, I am grown so free from care
Since my heart broke.
I set my throat against the air
And laugh at simple folk.

"There's little kind and little fair
Is worth its weight in smoke;
To me that's grown so free from care,
Since my heart broke.

"And, reading it, Elsie Robinson wrote this about it:

"Only those who have suffered to the last limit of their individual endurance, then feebly but triumphantly built a new alliance with life, can understand the meaning of those verses. For only they know the laughter of which she speaks. When fate has done its worst with you, when sickness, death, deceit, and injustice have eaten through to the sinews of your spirit, you no longer cry out, or talk about it. Words and tears mean nothing at all. You are still.

"Then, if you have the seeds of courage in you, you learn to live again. But life no longer hurts. You are free. You no longer measure all experience by its reaction on you, or all people by their service to you. And so you escape both fear and disappointment. When you have come to that point, pain has no power over you. You learn to laugh. People do not hurt you, for you no longer lean on them, or make impossible demands of them. Sickness does not frighten you, for even death can bring you nothing worse than sleep. Love does not fail you, for you have learned at last that it is only what you give, not what you get in love, that counts. And so you learn to laugh.

"I think that is one of the truest things ever written. It's what, sooner or later, every person who achieves any degree of success realizes. Aside from the material things, do you know what is the most stupendous thing that ascendancy brings you?' I'll tell you. It is disillusionment. All at once you find success to be a hollow bubble and shekels tin.

"How many people can you think of who wouldn't envy me? More money than I need, friends, fame, my family. Yet, only the last matters."

"Don't your friends matter? Haven't you many friends?"

"Has any one many friends—ever? I wonder. *I* don't know. Because one of the things I have learned is not to put them to a test. Robert W. Service wrote a poem called 'The Dreamer.' There is a line in it, 'Give your gold no acid test—try not how your silver rings.' If there are a few people whose company you enjoy, believe them to be your friends, and let it go at that. Don't torture yourself and them trying to find out if they are real.

"Look. Suppose you and I are friends. You come to call one morning. I greet you effusively. 'Well,

A Failure?

work, life, and love, and he concludes that disillusion- for a glimpse into the artistic heights.

Richard Mook

Dick, I *am* glad to see you. How are you? I don't want anything ever to cause any difference between us. Whatever I have is yours.'

"You say, 'Thanks, Ramon. I am glad to hear you say that, because I stopped to ask a small favor of you.'

"Immediately there is a tightening around my heart and in my throat. I strive to keep my features from betraying my feelings. I think, 'He wants money,' but I manage to control my voice, and I say 'Certainly, Dick. Anything I have.'

"And you say, 'I have a cold. I have forgotten my handkerchief. Will you lend me one?'

"Ah, what a relief! 'Why, Dick,' I cry, 'certainly! You know I will. Haven't I just told you that whatever is mine is yours?' And you take the handkerchief and go, and we are still friends. But I cannot forget the fright you gave me. I was afraid. And, you, perhaps, cleverer than I supposed, noticed the flicker of alarm that crossed my face.

Ramon would now fly from love as from a plague, for he once thought he was in the clutches of romance.

"And whether it is you or I, whether the cases are reversed, or whether it is everybody else in the universe, it is always the same. We make protestations, hoping we will never be called upon to fulfill them. Is that friendship? I wonder.

"Take love. No matter what we talk about, we always come back to that at the end. It is the ignis fatuus that beckons us on, isn't it? Most people, when they think they are falling in love, either consciously or unconsciously welcome it. At best they put up a passive resistance. I would fly from it as I would from a plague. Two people never love each other in exactly the same degree. One always cares a bit more, and the one who cares most is at a great disadvantage. The other imposes so. There is the constant striving to make each other over, according to what we think the ideal partner should be. Probably our ideal cannot be fitted into the personality of the one we love, but does that stop us? *You* know it doesn't."

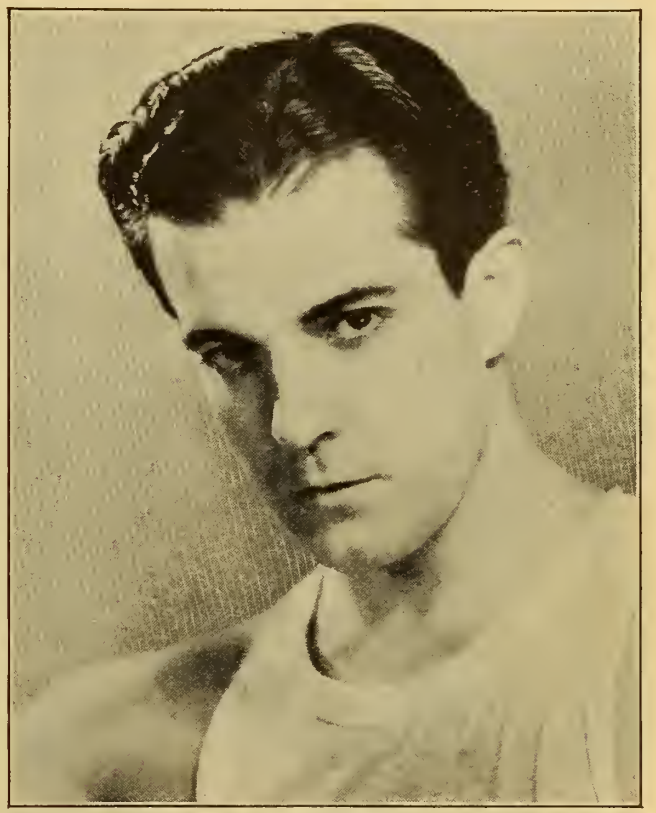
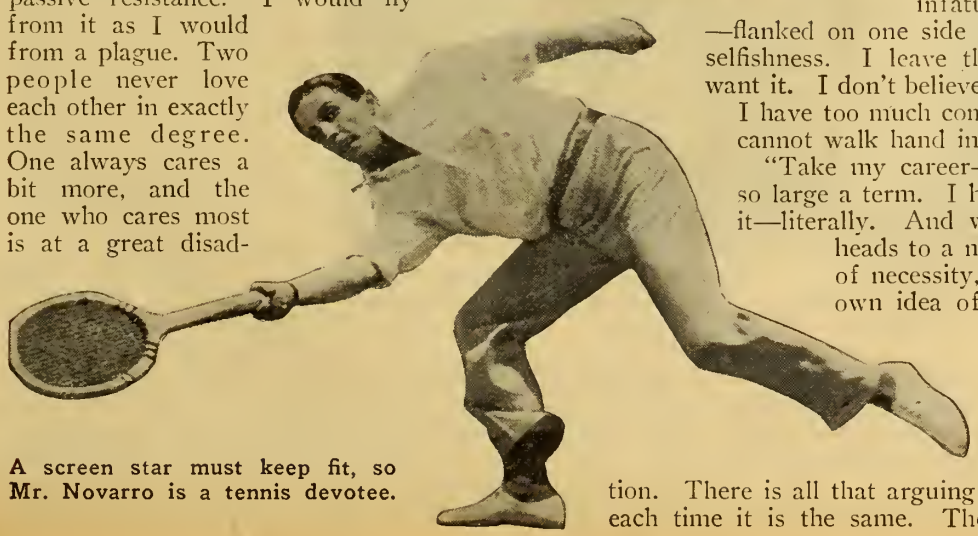


Photo by Bull

Surprising as it may be, Ramon does not particularly care for opera, but, likes music for his own pleasure.





A screen star must keep fit, so Mr. Novarro is a tennis devotee.

"Have you ever been in love?" I asked.

"How can I say? At one time I thought I was. Now that I know definitely it is over, how can I be sure that it really was love? People have such different ideas of love. It is true that it is not what you get, but only what you give in love that counts. But how many of us ever encounter that kind of love? What we find is infatuation—either physical or mental—flanked on one side by jealousy and on the other by selfishness. I leave that kind of love for those who want it. I don't believe I shall ever fall in love. Maybe I have too much common sense. And sense and love cannot walk hand in hand.

"Take my career—if you choose to dignify it by so large a term. I have slaved for it and starved for it—literally. And what happens? There are many heads to a motion-picture company. Perhaps of necessity, I don't know. But each has his own idea of how things should be done. I make a suggestion in one picture. By continual arguing I persuade them to let me have my way. It turns out well.

"We start on another picture. I make another suggestion. There is all that arguing to be gone through again. And each time it is the same. The fact

[Continued on page 92]



Clara thought her search would end when she would announce: "I'll take this one."

Clara Shops

The longing to shower unstinted affection upon head siren of the screen to orphanages

By Dorothy

LATE one afternoon not long ago, Clara Bow's limousine rolled into the driveway at her home, with the actress looking pensive and tired beside her secretary. They had been out most of the day, as evidenced by a light coat of dust on the hood of the machine. The little red-head went into the house, where she sat for a long, long time lost in thought. The sun was burnishing the hilltop homes with a final splash of flame, when at last she rose.

"No, it mustn't be!" she decided.

In half a dozen orphanages the matrons, nurses, and physicians still were discussing the unexpected appearance of the screen girl.

She had come to adopt a baby!

Down the aisles of little, white cribs, into the nurseries and the playrooms she had gone seeking a dream child—one which the night before she had visioned. It was a boy with pansy-blue eyes, rosebud mouth, tilted nose, sturdy body, black hair—an Irish type, about two years old, and all boy. She knew exactly how he looked.

"I don't know just why I felt such an overwhelming urge to go searching for that little fellow," Clara said to me later. "You know my whims. He just seemed to be calling to me from somewhere. His face and body were so clear, his features so well defined, it seemed I must go to him immediately. Wasn't it strange?"

"My dear," I replied, "I believe your subconscious mind has been making suggestions. Haven't you been wishing for a baby to play with, just as you once played with dolls?"

Clara's face brightened.

"Well, isn't that funny!" she exclaimed. "For the past few weeks, time and again I have been daydreaming about that very thing. I imagined myself holding a little boy in my lap, tweaking his nose, 'riding a horse to Banbury Cross,' making funny, little faces and crooning a lullaby. Then I thought of him later asking questions I couldn't answer, and of my getting down on the floor to play marbles with him. It all seemed so wonderful! I guess that's where my dream child originated. Anyway, it sent me and my secretary out on an all-day hunt for him."

She was utterly sincere when she started out that morning, she said, to adopt some little waif from an orphanage. Restless, impetuous, sometimes very lonely, the mother instinct that is in the hearts of most women was asserting itself. She wanted a little pink-and-white bundle of animation to replace the little pink-and-white make-believe child that had originated in a doll factory. Clara has owned possibly one hundred and fifty dogs, two Australian honey bears, two parrots and countless cats and kittens. None stayed long. A little white-haired terrier and a great Dane which was given her by Harry Richman now constitute her entire menagerie. All her other pets are just memories. But a baby—well——



Photo by Richee

Daisy DeVoe, Clara's secretary, and the great Dane given her by Harry Richman will remain Miss Bow's family for the present.

"I guess I just wanted something to love," Clara summarized. "On serious reflection I saw that it would not do. But, oh, I should love one so, if I were given the opportunity!"

She made it plain that the thought had been dismissed from her mind. She had looked enviously at Joe, the muscular, little boy Gloria Swanson adopted and is developing into a manly lad; at Donald La Marr, who was adopted by Barbara La Marr when he was four, and who became the legal son of Zasu Pitts and Tom Gallery when Barbara died. Donald is now nine. She recalled that Jackie Coogan has an adopted brother, Robert Emmett Coogan, now four, and that Bryan Foy and his

for a Baby

some one—the mothering instinct—sends the red-in search of her dream child.

Wooldridge

wife, Vivian, recently adopted little Mary Ellen, aged eighteen months.

She knew, too, that Mr. and Mrs. Cecil DeMille are rearing three children whom they adopted, and that Mary Pickford has been made the guardian of Gwynne Pickford Rupp, the fourteen-year-old daughter of Lottie Pickford. Gwynne had been legally adopted by Mary's mother, the late Mrs. Charlotte Pickford Smith. The yearning for the warmth of a baby's arms is as pronounced in some actresses as among those who know nothing of the stage or screen.

"I confess I was amazed when I found out the legal steps which must be taken before an orphanage will give you possession of a child," Clara went on. "I thought I would go to several places, look over all the waifs, select the nicest and say, 'I'll take this one!' But bless your heart, they go into everything concerning you away back—financial standing, occupation, and a whole world of red tape, which, of course, is all right, but I had not thought of it. Did I want a child of unknown parents, they asked, a child which voluntarily had been given up by its mother? A child born out of wedlock—or what?

"Now, to fire all these questions at once sort of floored me. I didn't know. What I wanted was only a baby and did they have one, please, which they could possibly spare? That is as far as I had figured. I didn't want just any baby; I wanted a pretty one and a boy. Surely, I thought, they would let me, with my considerable resources, take almost any baby I fancied, because I could give it a good home, educate it, and give it a place in the world. But as I went from orphanage to orphanage and began pondering over my mission, I wavered. Was I ready to take the responsibility? I wondered.

"By the time the afternoon shadows were lengthening, I decided it was best to go home and study the situation. That's exactly what I did, and the conclusion I reached was, 'No, it mustn't be!'"



The "It" girl at the coquettish age of a year and eleven months.

The excursion to the orphanages had resulted, I found, in supplying the level-headed Miss Bow with material for thought. She had gone out to get an animated doll, something she could love and was willing to give of her time and money to develop it into her dream child. She had returned with the opinion that adopting a baby is a step fraught with manifold responsibilities.

"It appears to me," she said, "that in an adoption there is a great deal of selfishness. An adoption usually



Photo by Woodbury

This picture of Clara Bow, taken early in her career, offers a striking contrast to the star of to-day.

results from intense loneliness. A woman is yearning for something to love. She wants something for her very own. She seeks a baby. A man gets a dog. A dog always has been man's greatest ego, because it looks up to him as a god. A dog recognizes no age of its master, nor condition of servitude. Neither does a child in its mother. 'Mother' to it implies everything. If an adopted baby grows up beautiful, talented, attractive, its foster mother is proud of *her* accomplishment. If it doesn't, she confides, 'Oh, well, you know it was an adopted child!' Both she and the adopted one are just out of luck. That's all there is to it.

"The more I think about it, the less I know what kind of baby I would care to adopt. The child of an unmarried couple? It would be terrible for any one to go through life not knowing who his or her parents were.

"The child of a married couple? It would be disconcerting to you to feel that *you* are not the real parent, that there are blood ties which might be revived, if the child and its own father and mother met. There would be a perpetual uneasiness. It appears that when a child finds it is not your own it has a different attitude toward you. And I don't believe that you could have the same love for an adopted child that you would give to one of

Continued on page 106

The Movie

Beginning a realistic novelette of life in Hollywood
Mayo and as trusting, with a true-to-life de

By
Inez
Sabastian

Illustrated by
Modest Stein

PART I.

AN INNOCENT DECEPTION.

MONICA MAYO was going to Hollywood to be a new face on the screen, a new voice in the microphone.

People had always told her that she was so pretty the movie people would grab her the instant they saw her.



Yet now, as the train slowed down at Pasadena, she began to feel frightened. For the hundredth time she took out a limp, soiled telegram and read it, although she knew it by heart.

Delighted you are coming. You must be my house guest. Can't bring a band on such short notice, but will leave the studio flat and meet you, no matter how much they need me. Don't notify any one else you are coming. I want to monopolize my dear, little friend. Well, as the theme song in my new picture, 'Broadway Bouquets,' says, let's be getting along. Lots of love and kisses.
JOY LAUREL.

Monica was impressed anew by the length of that telegram. Sent at regular rates, it must have cost a lot. But then she'd heard that movie stars didn't consider expense, ever. She wished her own wire to Joy had been a straight message, instead of a day letter.

"Coming to Hollywood for New York *Gazette*," she had wired. "Staying ten days. Won't be happy unless I see my old school chum just once." And she had given

Racket

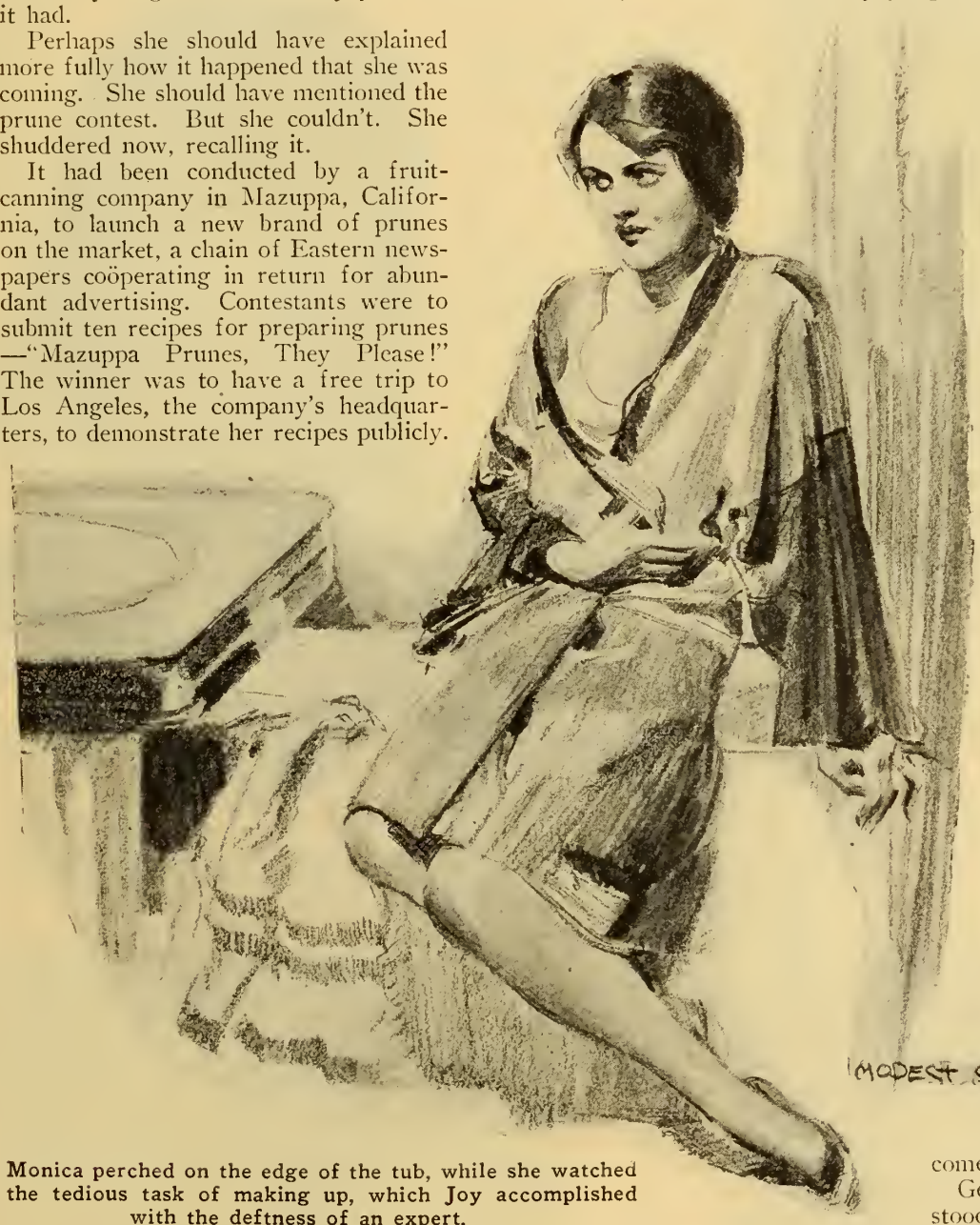
as it might be lived by any girl as lovely as Monica

scription of the colony and its amazing people.

the time of her arrival, not daring to hope that it would mean anything to the famous Joy Laurel. But evidently it had.

Perhaps she should have explained more fully how it happened that she was coming. She should have mentioned the prune contest. But she couldn't. She shuddered now, recalling it.

It had been conducted by a fruit-canning company in Mazuppa, California, to launch a new brand of prunes on the market, a chain of Eastern newspapers coöperating in return for abundant advertising. Contestants were to submit ten recipes for preparing prunes —"Mazuppa Prunes, They Please!" The winner was to have a free trip to Los Angeles, the company's headquarters, to demonstrate her recipes publicly.



Monica perched on the edge of the tub, while she watched the tedious task of making up, which Joy accomplished with the deftness of an expert.

Monica was no cook, but from the day she learned of that contest she became one. Between shifts at the switchboard of the Babylon department store, the fashion center of her home town, she did things to prunes that had never been done to them before. She combined them with everything she could think of.

In the end, she achieved ten recipes which were distinctive and practical. She typed them six times on the machine in the office of her father's hardware store, mailed the final, perfect copy, and waited in anguish for the result.

Now, three months later, she was almost in Hollywood.

She couldn't help wondering if Joy would recognize her. They really didn't know each other so very well. Joy, four years older than Monica, had been four grades ahead of her at first, but settling back comfortably year after year, had emerged with her at graduation time. Then Joy had gone to California with an aunt, and Monica had tried high school for two years, had left, disgusted, and gone to work, despite her family's protests. But she meant all along to get to Hollywood, too, and she'd have to get the money somehow.

She had seen Joy again, six months ago, when the star tried to regain her hold on popular favor by making a personal-appearance tour. Monica had made the eight-hour journey to New York and joined the mobs at the theater. Then, inspired by a distant view of Joy, she had called at the star's hotel, and was miraculously admitted to her suite.

They had been photographed together for the newspapers. "Famous star not high-hat; delighted to see old school chum," read the press agent's captions. Monica, looking delightfully young, even for eighteen, had been Joy's retort to various critics who had been calling attention to the star's aging profile.

Monica couldn't help wondering at Joy's telegraphed insistence that she become a guest at "Joyland." She could not know that Joy, avid for publicity, had taken that innocent day letter as an announcement that a New York paper was sending Monica West to write movie stuff. She could see columns and columns about herself, appearing day after day, quite as clearly as Monica could see herself being welcomed at the studio.

Getting off the train, Monica stood for a moment, bewildered, waiting for a vision in ermine and orchids to greet her. Instead, a thin, blond young woman in a smart, tan suit pushed through the crowd and clutched her.

"Monica, darling!" she exclaimed, and Monica belatedly recognized her hostess.

"I just didn't go to the studio!" Joy exclaimed, dragging her through the crowd to her car. "But I'll have to go now. You don't mind, do you?"

"Mind!" gasped Monica, stumbling into the limousine.

"Well, I thought you wouldn't; we may do one of my big scenes to-day, though with a leading man who's straight from the stage, and doesn't understand movie technique—and a director who humors him—my dear,

Continued on page 93

Just A

A twist, a flare, a fold—and the perennial close-fitting felt a helpful hint from what



Julia Faye, above, wears a close-fitting hat of black soleil with satin facings, a flare on each side relieving its severity.

Ethelind Terry, right, displays a hat of green soleil, the striking pattern at the side speaking for itself.



Saucy Sally Starr, below, shows what can be done with an upturned brim as saucy as herself and points the way to other peppy girls anxious for something different.



Leila Hyams, below, is lovely enough to carry the off-the-forehead line, as shown by her close-fitting crown, with a brim showing a molded line and a novel, curled arrangement at the side.

Bessie Love's hat, below, is extreme, but it can be copied by youthful types able to frame their faces in severe lines.





Little Touch

hat becomes something new and utterly chic. Why not take these stars are wearing?



Gwen Lee, left, original ever, illustrates the effect of different side brims on a hat of soft felt.



Kay Johnson, below, is conservative in her tastes, her hat being of black soleil, with a white feather on one side and a flaring brim on the other.



Joan Crawford, above, wears the simplest hat of all, but it is extremely smart, relieved by a band of velvet which extends across the top and ends in loops at the sides.

Dorothy Jordan, below, enhances her piquant profile by the drape of the brim set off by a tailored bow.

Anita Page, below, points the way for youthful smartness to follow, her hat of pigeon-gray soleil being individualized by skillful draping.





Over the

By The Bystander



If Mary Duncan finds a suitable play she will return to the stage this season.

WHAT New York needs," Fanny the Fan confided to me, after a cursory glance at the menu, "is a permanent invasion from Hollywood. It makes life much more exciting. We go on here just taking the city for granted, with all its theaters, restaurants, and shops, and then a few bright-eyed girls from Hollywood romp into town and discover a lot of places we have never even heard of."

She ordered nothing but tea and toast; she must have been around a lot.



A special baggage car was required to take Lilyan Tashman's purchases home.

Photo by Chidnoff

"Lilyan Tashman has discovered the most marvelous place to lunch. It's the Caviar Club. Apparently they have never heard of serving caviar on dwarfed pieces of toast; they bring it on in platters, bowls—barrels, if you like. The only drawback to the place is that it makes Lilyan homesick for Eddie. Her husband, it seems, holds the caviar-eating championship, or something like that.

"Then there is Marion Davies and hats. I dare say every girl in town was pretty tired of wearing those tight, little skull caps, off the forehead and brutally plain. But no one seemed to do anything about it. Then Marion burst into the Ritz the other day at lunch time, wearing a lovely wine-red dress and a hat with a small brim crushed down at the side, with an ornament.

"I rushed right out and into the hat shop next door, loudly demanding Miss Mary. If you don't know Mary, you don't know the best friend of the fashion-leading beauties of stage and screen. She creates hats on your head, and seems to know what you want, even when you don't. I told her my sad story, that Marion had beaten me to a brimmed hat, and within a few minutes she sent me out, my head held proudly aloft in a hat that was *not* an obvious copy of Marion's.

"It will take a lot of detective work to find out where Mary Duncan gets the loveliest costume jewelry you have ever seen, but I won't give up until I find the place. Then prepare to see me with all the perfect accessories to every costume. One glimpse of her made me green with envy."

"Has Hollywood moved to New York?" I asked, amazed at the names she was rattling off.

"Practically." Fanny took a long breath. It's a habit since all of her friends went in seriously for voice culture.

"Marion just rushed East for a brief vacation between pictures. She has just finished 'Not So Dumb,' and *that*, in case you don't know, is dear, old 'Dulcy' that Constance Talmadge did in silent films. The silent version made me laugh until I was limp, so what the picture with a lot of clever dialogue will do to me, I can't tell. Marion will be lucky if she finds another story as good as that in the next decade.

"Marion brought Eileen Percy with her and they have been having a marvelous time going to shows and shopping and seeing old friends.

"Mary Duncan's screen career seemed to have hit the doldrums, so she came East and is looking around for a play. If she can find a suitable vehicle, she will return to the stage this season."

"Why wasn't she better in pictures?" I appealed to Fanny, who almost always has a theory about everything.

"I don't know," Fanny admitted, in a tone of defeat. "Can you imagine that? Every time she started a picture, I thought now this one will be good. But it wasn't. Just how a girl as stunning

Teacups

Fanny the Fan tells what visiting Hollywoodians are doing in New York, and elects her favorite talkie star for all time.



Photo by Richee

Helen Kane, the newest Paramount star, will liven the Long Island studio in making "Dangerous Nan McGrew."

and clever and with such a hypnotic voice as Mary Duncan's could appear exaggerated and uninteresting on the screen, I will never understand.

"June Collyer's contract with Fox expired at about the same time, and she came East just to revel in being in her favorite city. She hadn't been here long, though, when she signed a contract to make pictures for the Weiss Brothers. Irvin Willat, Billie Dove's husband, is directing her. Beauty is that man's specialty, at home or at work."

"I'll award him some sort of prize," I offered generously, "if he will forget that Miss Collyer has been publicized as the spirit of refinement and gentility, and make her appear human."

"It's too bad," Fanny granted blandly, "that some girl who wants to be taken for an actress is always being mistaken for a monument to wholesomeness and refinement. Lois Wilson suffered for years from being held up as a good example; so did Mary Astor and Mary Brian. I guess June Collyer will just have to serve her turn.

"And, incidentally, with all their prestige and conservatism, I hope it amused you to notice that it was Ruth Elder, who never had pretensions to either, who broke into the social register. She got in by marriage to Walter Camp, Jr., but nevertheless she got in.

"Ruth probably won't make any more pictures, which is too bad, in a way. She should have made one in which she had a chance to wear stunning clothes. That girl loves luxurious clothes.

"And speaking of clothes, you should have seen the telegram a friend of the family sent to Eddie Lowe after she had been out shopping with Lilyan. 'Have just seen Lil's bills,' it read, 'suggest suicide.'

"One of Lilyan's first purchases was a chinchilla coat. Of course, chinchilla coats don't cost what they once did, owing to the fact that during the Wall Street crash one shop had dozens of cancellations of orders, and they have a lot on hand that have to be disposed of. But a chinchilla coat still costs more than the life savings of an average business man. Lilyan thought Eddie might just as well know the worst, so she phoned him that she had bought the coat. 'That's lovely,' Eddie commented, unimpressed. He probably confused chinchilla with caracul!



Photo (C) by G. Maillard-Kesslere

Jeanette MacDonald came East to see how she was received in "The Love Parade."

"As if that weren't enough for one trip—Lilyan's coming back in two or three months—she tripped down Fifth Avenue saying, 'I'll take two of those, and you can make that up for me in beige, white, and navy blue.' Then she ran into Emmett Joice, the famous designer, and after one look at Lilyan, he became inspired. No less than eighteen outfits, designed by Joice, will go back West with Lilyan to help her become the most splendidly dressed and envied woman out there.

"I didn't dare telephone Lilyan before ten thirty in the morning, because I knew that she would be out late night-clubbing, like the rest of the visitors. Imagine my dismay when I learned that she was up and off shopping every morning by ten! I finally caught her one morning before she went out by staying up the night before.

"She has an utterly charming suite on the eighteenth floor of the Sherry-Netherland, with a broad roof-garden outside, but the city noise bothers her even at that height. Beverly Hills, where she lives, *is* bucolic, you know. Imagine Lilyan being just a country girl!

"Some one said that if anybody would follow Lilyan and pick up the things she forgot, they could set up in business. Maybe they were right. All that was missing when we set out for the hairdresser's was a pair of galoshes—Lilyan loves to walk in snowstorms—a lip-



Photo by Chidnoff
Laura La Plante passed through New York on a holiday trip to Europe.

stick, a few handkerchiefs, and a change purse or two.

"Lilyan is awfully enthusiastic over the last picture she made for Paramount, 'The Marriage Playground.' She says that Mary Brian is wonderful in it."

And Fanny didn't have to tell me that she objected, on the score that she would have to see that with her own eyes to be convinced.

"Laura La Plante has gone off for a long vacation in Europe. She has been working awfully hard, and as for her husband, Bill Seiter, he seems to have directed about half the First National program, since assorted noises came into vogue.

"Every one who comes to town rushes to see 'Strictly Dishonorable' the first night. It will be months before it can be seen on the screen, as Chevalier is going to make another picture before he does that. Oh, well, the rest of the country can wait; New Yorkers are being kept impatiently waiting for something they want to see."

"Tin Pan Alley" and "Lummox" came to my mind.

"Oh, haven't you heard?" Fanny was openly scornful.

"The whole town is waiting to meet Jobyna Ralston. The girl will find herself a sensation. And now the picture her husband is expecting to make here has been postponed until late spring, and I'll go on and on being a great social success, just because I know her.

"But why Joby?" I asked. "She doesn't paint her finger nails blue, as Lotti Lodi, the Warner Brothers' Viennese importation does, nor does she represent the spirit of oo, la-la, as Lily Damita does.

"It's all because of the story of her arrest," Fanny explained obligingly. "You know, she appeared in a play in Los Angeles that somebody or other thought immoral. The whole cast was arrested and when they were piled into the patrol wagon, Joby insisted on riding up front with the driver and tooting the siren. She had the time of her life going through town with the siren screaming. In fact, she tried to get the driver to detour so she could prolong the fun."

Of course, talking about Jobyna reminded her of another Ralston, and before I could ask her if she had seen the beautiful Esther at the Palace Theater—I knew, of course, that she wouldn't miss that—Fanny was telling me all about her act.

"There's one thing to be said for Esther Ralston," Fanny said, with self-conscious generosity. "She learned her lesson well with Paramount, that the player isn't everything. Her act is beautifully staged. Her dancing will never cause Marilyn Miller to lie awake nights, and her singing won't cause any anguish to Jeanette MacDonald. She does look radiant, though. And yet you can't dismiss hers as just a clothes-horse act, because she doesn't wear enough to justify that.

"I bet you don't know about some of the old-timers who are in town," she went on with enthusiasm. "Agnes Ayres is playing in vaudeville, with Armand Kaliz. They're at a theater in the uptown 'sticks.' They have a real play to work in, and Agnes is quite good.

"But if you want the thrill of your life, you should have been with me the other night when I went up to Greenwich, Connecticut. The stock company up there is used as a try-out place for Broadway productions, and every one goes there when there isn't an opening on Broadway. Last week Betty Blythe, one of the grandest girls who ever lived, was in the cast, and so was Mrs. Charles Ray. Between the acts I saw every one turning around and buzzing importantly, so I followed their glances and discovered Charlie Ray.



Photo by Richee
In vaudeville, as in pictures, Esther Ralston is beautiful but calm.

"He had come up to see his wife before going to Chicago with his vaudeville act. Clara Ray has been getting excellent experience with various stock companies in the East, and gives promise of being a skilled, sophisticated comédienne. Betty played a part that was apparently more than slightly suggested by the personality of Texas Guinan, and in spite of that got sympathy, as well as laughs.

"After the performance I went backstage with Charles, and we had a grand reunion. I think it is marvelous the way girls nourished on the ease and luxury of old silent-

picture days in California have developed the stamina to endure the hardships of making a place for themselves in the theater."

"Hardships?" I'll never get over the illusion that theatrical life is made up of a working day that begins after dinner, and spendthrift Johns at the stage door.

"Well, it isn't exactly easy," Fanny spoke with some vehemence, "to traipse around in strange hotels that are none too comfortable, walk through blizzards to the theater when you are used to cars and California weather, and make the weary round of casting offices almost begging for jobs. So many theaters have been commandeered for talkies that there are at least twenty players angling for every job, however small."

I never thought of that, but given the slightest encouragement, Fanny will burst into tears over other people's troubles. I wager she even feels sorry for Al Jolson, because he has such a big bank balance to worry over. I sought to direct her attention to something pleasant, and eventually she was chatting on merrily.

"Marilyn Miller expects to make pictures for First National for the next four years," she told me jubilantly, "with time out for stage productions, of course. I'm delighted, but I hope some kind friend warns Marilyn to count her calories. Since she came back to New York she has been getting a little bulky."

Fanny must have heard about the scornful Miller attitude toward criticism, or she would have braved telling her herself.

"What do you think about Jeanette MacDonald?" Fanny asked, changing the subject abruptly. Then before I could reply, she rambled on. "Her voice is lovely, and at some angles she is fairly pretty, but she just isn't the type we fans have been brought up on. If we could just have a composite motion-picture star with her voice and the luscious beauty of Vilma Banky, *there* would be a sensation!

"Miss MacDonald came East for the première of 'The Love Parade.' She was curious to see how film audiences took to her.

"She is a lovely, gracious creature, younger looking in real life than before the camera. On the screen, though, it appears to me that she just misses, except when she is singing. Maybe she will be better when she gets more used to camera angles."

"But maybe we will stop going to her pictures by that time," I offered helpfully.

Fanny glared at me balefully. Obviously, there is something about Miss MacDonald that she admires, and when Fanny feels that way about a player after seeing her in one picture, she usually turns out to be great.



Photo by Bull

Marion Davies made a hurried trip to New York between pictures.



June Collyer will make a series of pictures in New York.

"The stage is about to strike back at the movies," Fanny told me, when her displeasure had died down. "Picture producers have been capitalizing long enough on backstage atmosphere, so now Broadway is to have a play built around the comedy and drama of a talkie studio. Irving Berlin will write it, and it is to be called 'Talkie Talkie.'

"I might just as well tell you the bad news. Evelyn Laye has postponed her picture début until next summer. Ziegfeld and Sam Goldwyn are planning to concentrate their efforts on a picture with Eddie Cantor first. That's no sort of recompense to me for the long wait. Mr. Goldwyn is in town looking around for a beautiful blonde to play opposite Ronald Colman. Not more than a hundred have applied for the job so far, but the hairdressers are busy bleaching all the brunettes on the stage who haven't yet landed film contracts."

A little incredulously I would have asked if there were any left, but Fanny's attention had leaped on to something else.

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Turn Backward!

Five Hollywood beauties heed the order, with such glorious results that we implored them for these photographs to show you.



What more provocative, to display a lovely shoulder, than a suggestion of black lace, as used by Dorothy Jordan, above?





Ethelind Terry, below, with the sweep of a true prima donna, bares her satiny back to the hilt.



Catherine Dale Owen, above, is an alabaster princess, coronet and all—to say nothing of a back to rave about.

Gwen Lee, upper right, slips on a creation of black georgette—and the rest is history!

Kay Johnson, right, has what might be called an inconspicuous back, for it never calls attention to itself when you are listening to her voice.



Old Age Preferred

Give Paul Muni some grease paint and a hank of whiskers and he'll transform himself into any kind of old man the play requires.

By Evelyn Gerstein



On the stage since childhood, Paul Muni's experience includes a long period in Yiddish repertory and Broadway.

IN Hollywood Paul Muni is an anomaly, a young romantic actor who not only plays old men with walrus mustaches, but prefers them. In Hollywood where every one spends his life in trying to project his own personality over the screen and microphone, Muni refuses to capitalize his youth and romantic bearing.

His first film, "The Valiant," presented him as a young gangster en route to the electric chair, with twenty minutes to go, concealing to the last his name so that his family would not suffer.

"It was the heroics of the thing that people liked. Yet if it had been consistent, a real part, I'd much rather have played a coward," he says. And so that is why, in a world where actors live only to create a fictional sympathy among their audiences, Muni is something of a freak. And because there is no one else who is doing what he is, they can only compare him to that human side show, Lon Chaney, with his bag of maimed legs and fingerless hands.

But Muni, whose real name is Muni Weisenfreund, is much closer to Emil Jannings than to Chaney. With Chaney, it is the make-up box first, and the suggestion of physical horror. Muni is an actor, who prefers to give the illusion of reality to a character other than himself. He refuses to be considered a type actor, and that is why he plunged so swiftly from the heroics and suggested glamour of the gangster in "The Valiant," to an orgy of doubling in "Seven Faces."

Mr. Muni, as *Papa Chibou* in "Seven Faces."



From the age of eleven, Muni has been playing shriveled old men, at first because he was too young to play anything else, and then later from choice. They were more difficult and, besides, by the time he was eighteen he had already become that distinct and separate thing, a character actor, who is never to be confused with a leading man. It usually implies that one is stout and bow-legged, with a defective ear or a protuberant belly. In other words, sans sex appeal.

Although no one flung him across the boards, according to the time-worn tradition, in swaddling clothes, from his birth onward he knew little else but the stage. Not the stage of "Hamlet" and "Richard III," but the little stages in the beer gardens where his father and mother did their stunts and turns as traveling vaudevillians all over Austria and Germany, from Poland to Holland and Belgium, and then, when Muni was about three, they crossed the Atlantic to tour the smaller Yiddish stages in the Middle West.

Everything was decided for him when he was eleven. He had already been playing the violin for six years. Two of his brothers are musicians now. But when confronted with being locked in his room day after day to practice, or take his turn on the stage, he decided that the easier of the two was the stage. So at the age of eleven, he became an actor, willy nilly. That was in Cleveland, and because he was still too gawky for the juvenile, he was armed with whiskers that reached almost to the floor and a long coat to conceal his youth.

After years of playing these old, bewhiskered men, he found them more interesting than the plain heroics of one who stalks about waiting for sunsets and the kiss. And so in his "Seven Faces," his old caretaker of the museum is as subtle and real as anything Jannings has done. There is age and frustration and loneliness in every gesture of his hand, in the thin, high notes of his voice, in the bend of the back, and the slow, shuffling walk. But one never for a moment thinks of him as a young man doing a stunt. *Papa Chibou* is *Papa Chibou,* never Paul Muni.

From the stage of the Yiddish Art Theater, for which he had had to learn Yiddish, he went to the English stage and Broadway in "We Americans," and then "Four Walls." Broadway marveled at the warmth and resonance of his voice, and the swiftness with which he had discarded his accent. They did not know that his English preceded his Yiddish, that he had had to learn his "sides" for the Jewish theater by spelling them out word by word.

Muni's versatility is the result of his training in the Yiddish theater, where week after week he jumped from Russian revolutionaries to Japanese, from Russian class-

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Is Mar Like Now?

Hollywood is taking new crop of brides and fashioned steadiness single players, for most at least contemplat

When Patsy Ruth Miller married Tay Garnett, the director, many Hollywood eligibles went back into circulation.

ONCE upon a time, in the b. t.—before talkies—age some mad wag uttered the sentiment that marriages are made in heaven. A beautiful but geographically awry notion! For, according to statistics and the last census, it is Hollywood, a suburb of Los Angeles, that deserves this signal designation. Hollywood, with its taking ways, is now taking the veil, and marriage isn't an institution any more. It's an epidemic!

Take June, for instance. 'Twas in that month of roses that Ina Claire and John Gilbert staged an elopement that outromanced Laura Jean Libby and threw Hollywood into a state of speechlessness that continued for months afterward.

It was during that same month that May McAvoy took the fatal step with Maurice Cleary; Carmel Myers ankled down the aisle with Ralph Blum; Constance Talmadge annexed Townsend Netcher; Joan Crawford became Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Ruth Roland had a sell-out audience of one thousand when she whispered "I do" to Ben Bard.

And here it is six months later, and have you heard of a single divorce? (Loud cries from the gallery, "Hear! Hear!") Why it's a known fact that Carmel Myers won't even make a luncheon date at the Brown Derby or the Montmartre, unless Hubby Ralph is there to pay the check, and Joan and her "Dodo" still give daily matinée performances in the M.-G.-M. commissary—no admission charges—of their love duet. As for the public demonstrations of Constance Talmadge and Townsend Netcher, well, as George K. Arthur would say—if it were physically possible for him to mean it—"Words fail me!"

On the day she played a love scene with Charles Farrell, Janet Gaynor announced her engagement to Lydell Peck.



Of course, June is the month of brides, just as Monday is the day for washing, and Tuesday the night for the Coconut Grove—who started this, anyway?—but some intrepid rebels pooh-poohed convention and selected the month of August instead.

Little Marian Nixon was one of them. Marian had to travel all the way to Chicago to marry Edward Hillman, so she decided to do it in the summer when all the gunmen would be in the country.

"Skeets" Gallagher also chose August for his wedding to Pauline Mason. Skeets didn't want any one to know of his marriage. It was to be a surprise elopement to Tiajuana, so he told only a few friends, and some newspaper people. Of course you can imagine what a shock it was to every one in Hollywood when the news broke officially the next day!

Anita Stewart and George Converse were married on the lawn at the Château

riage- That

By Radie Harris

the veil and over the grooms hovers an old- which applies even to of them are engaged, or ing the bridal path.



William Seeman, the big tea-and-tomato man, jokes about the career Phyllis Haver sacrificed to marry him.

P. & A. photo

Elysée during the same month, and after a short honeymoon, took up housekeeping in a small apartment in the best Florence Trumbull-John Coolidge manner.

When Patsy Ruth Miller married Tay Garnett early in September, some of Hollywood's best-known eligibles went back into circulation again. Pat has a strong mother-complex, and admits freely her desire for a family, so if, after a few more pictures, she makes a temporary retirement, it will be because of what the Equity contract calls an act of God.

Just a week before Pat and Tay's take-off, Mary Eaton and Millard Webb, who had been "that way" about each other all during the filming of "Glorifying the American Girl," decided to tell it to a minister. The date was Labor Day, and both Mary and Millard proclaimed that it was a "Labor of Love."

On the day that Janet Gaynor played her biggest love scene with Charles Farrell, she announced her engagement to Lydell Peck. If that doesn't explode the theory that leading ladies always fall in love with their leading men, I'll go on the eighteen-day diet to-morrow. And by the time you read this over your breakfast rolls —am I being too optimistic? —Janet will have returned from her honeymoon and will be playing opposite Charlie again. A description of Mr. Peck reveals the amazing fact that his eyes are a deep brown, and not the expected green.

Phyllis Haver retired on the crest of the wave to marry William Seeman, the big tea-and-tomato man, and is proving to doubting skeptics that a happy marriage is more desirable than a successful career. Incidentally, there is an amusing story going the rounds anent Phyllis' sacrifice, which I think will bear repetition here.

When Phyllis first signified her intention of retiring from the screen, all her friends thought that she was slightly cuckoo. Among them was Margaret Livingston, one of Phyl's closest pals, who told Mr. Seeman quite frankly what a sacrifice Phyl was making in giving up her career.

Imagine her surprise when he came back with, "I'll admit Phyl may be sacrificing a lot in marrying me, but don't tell me it's her career. Why, I saw her for the first time last night in 'Sal of Singapore,' and if she's an actress, I'm another Lon Chaney."

Now, aside from all these marriages, there is the annual list of engagements which this year is comparable only to a Warner Brothers advertisement— "It's colossal."

To become officially engaged in Hollywood, one must go through a routine of three essentials. First and foremost you must

Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., still duet in public.





Photo by Bulloch

The Talmadge sisters set a good example in the march to the altar as Natalie, left, is Mrs. Buster Keaton, Constance, Mrs. Townsend Netcher, and Norma, right, is Mrs. Joseph M. Schenck.

have a ring—a diamond ring—and under no circumstances can it be less than four carats. Secondly, you must grant Louella O. Parsons the exclusive right to announce the engagement in her syndicated column, for otherwise, the ring notwithstanding, you are not really engaged. And last, but not least, you must be the guest of honor at a shower at which you receive gifts whose value would easily defray the cost of the wedding. *If* all this happens to you, then, to misquote Kipling, "you are engaged, my dear!"



Photo by Ball

'Twas in the month of roses that May McAvoy took the fatal step with Maurice Cleary.

In this category come Sally Eilers and Hoot Gibson, Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon, Alice White and Sidney Bartlett, Clara Bow and Harry Richman, Virginia Cherrill and Buster West, Gary Cooper and Lupe Velez, Mary Philbin and Paul Kohner.

With Clara, Lupe, and Alice out of the running, there should be a clear field for some others of the fair sex. But, alas, circumstances are such that there is not much field left from which to choose, because all the little girls and boys who are not engaged are, as the rocking-chair gossips delight to say, keeping company.

For instance, what sweet, young thing would think of asking James Hall to escort her to a dance when Merna Kennedy is around? And what would be the sense of harboring a yen for Charles Rogers when his car is parked at June Collyer's home these cool evenings! Or was until June came East. Of course, there is George O'Brien, but he's no gentleman—he prefers that brunette, Olive Borden. Well, what about Charlie Farrell? He is monopolized by Virginia Valli.

You would get absolutely no coöperation from Grant Withers, that is, unless your name happens to be Loretta Young. Charlie Chaplin is playing a solo these days with Georgia Hale, and his one-time eligible bachelor friend, Harry Crocker, is eligible no more; Diane Ellis is her name. Buster Collier is going places and seeing things with Marie Prevost, and Barry Norton beaus Myrna Loy around town. Lila Lee is the cream in John Farrow's coffee, and Alberta Vaughn is the salt in Matty Kemp's stew. If tall, blond Englishmen are your weakness, make a detour when approaching Walter Byron. Isabelle Sheridan, Mary Pickford's niece, is the only girl in the world for him.

Ronald Colman, the reason why girls leave home, is not yet divorced from his wife, and therefore is in no position to court any girl, be she Lily Damita of Hollywood, or Mary Jones of Squeedunk. The same applies to his friend, William Powell. Pretty hard on susceptible females, isn't it?

Even the Broadway invasion hasn't proved the boon anticipated. Fredric March may make love divinely to Ann Harding and Clara Bow on the screen, but it is Florence Eldridge, his lovely wife, who deserves all the credit. She is his real inspiration. The female population at large may fall for Maurice Chevalier, but he has eyes for no one but that delectable bit of French pastry, Yvonne Vallée, his wife. Regis Toomey and Chester Morris are two other attractive noneligibles. They are both happy though married. And what chances have the girls with Sidney Blackmer, when Lenore Ulric is his wife?

Anthony Bushell, with his blond English good looks, appears most accessible, until he raves about his American bride, Zelma O'Neil. And Raymond Hackett remains perfectly oblivious to the charms of his leading ladies while a picture of Myra Hampton and Junior is snuggled close to his heart. Ralph Forbes plays opposite the exquisite Corinne Griffith and remains immune. Ruth Chatterton is the reason. John Boles and Walter Woolf, two of the handsomest men I ever did see, and I don't suffer from astigmatism, succumbed to the marital habit long ago, and no other girls stand a chance when Marcelite and

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Carmel Myers goes nowhere without her husband, Ralph Blum.

P. & A. photo



The Rustle Of Spring

Frank Albertson and Inez Courtney sense the twitter of birds not far off and give way to youthful high jinks to welcome the first daffodil.



Inez Courtney and Frank Albertson, above, play at being collegiate.

"This is the way they do it down by the winegar woiks," growls Mr. Albertson, right, to Miss Courtney.



After a swig of buttermilk, below, they illustrate what the well-dressed peasant is *not* wearing this season.



Our young friends, below, portray a domestic scene which contains more than a grain of advice to modern husbands.



"Now what could *Ben-Hur* have done, with an *Iras* like this?" Frank Albertson asks under the strain of Inez Courtney's vamping, left.



One Vote For Hollywood

Winnie Lightner, revue diva, admits that she has gone movie for good, and delivers herself of a boost for Califilmia.

By Malcolm H. Oettinger

IF Helen Kane with her staccato boop-a-doops represents the Klaxon school of song, it is not straining the metaphor to say that Winnie Lightner symbolizes the siren—piercing, arresting, and shrill.

On the Main Stem, familiarly called Broadway, Winnie is sure-fire. In the smoke-laden lofts of Tin Pan Alley, Winnie ranks with Sophie Tucker and Raè Samuels as a hot singer. Her sales manner is hot, her delivery is hot, her lyrics are hot. That is why, possibly, she is known as a hot singer.

For years you could drop into almost any revue to find Winnie galloping about. At regular intervals she would sing of her daddy, her boy friend, her sweet so-and-so, in what has come to be known as Winter Garden style. It was rough and ready, and what it lacked in finesse, it made up for in vigor. Shubert scouts spotted her in the primary grades of vaudeville and made a full-fledged soubrette of her. "The Scandals" claimed her after "The Passing Show," and then there was something called "Gay Paree" that had nothing to do with Paris and wasn't particularly gay.

Because Winnie is effervescent and aggressive in her vivacity, she is a revue favorite. In pictures it seems altogether likely that this popularity will carry over. "The Gold Diggers of Broadway" gave it a running start.

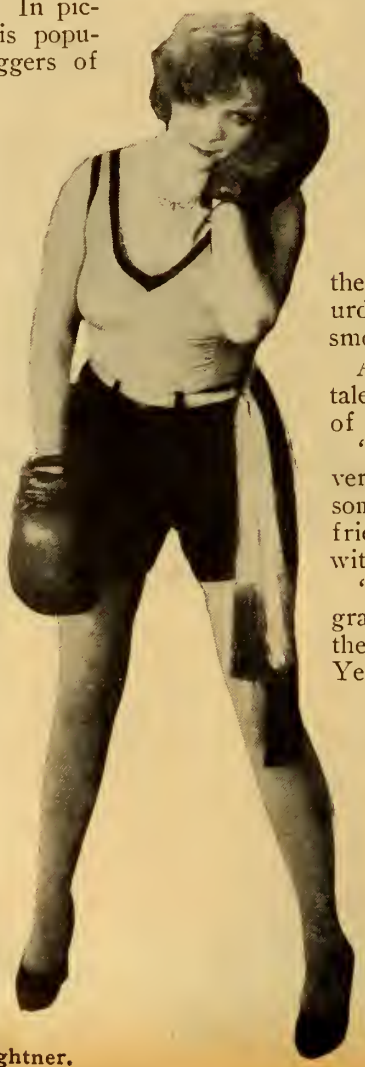
I was shunted to the early Seventies, west, to find Winnie. Her apartment proved to be a comfortable, homelike affair overlooking Riverside Drive. Some one came away from cooking to admit me, and called "Yoo-hoo, Winnie, the man's here."

A dog hovered about, a dog two sizes larger than a Shetland pony. "Don't worry about Horatio, he's friendly," shouted a reassuring voice, and our heroine breezed into the room.

Winnie has bright-red hair cropped in boyish bob, laughing eyes, and an utterly frank expression that is borne out by her frank manner. Winnie is a whole-souled, unspoiled woman with nary an inhibition to her name. There's a husband and a three-year-old son and Horatio, but not an inhibition.

It was one o'clock and Winnie had just had breakfast. She was swathed in Lido pajamas, vivid red and purple.

"I'm in New York only long enough to pack up and go back to Hollywood," she said. "The Warners have given me one of those beautiful three-year contracts, and I'm the happiest woman in the world, no foolin'! I always thought I was in love with New York, but Hollywood has me from now on. It's marvelous. The air, the scenery, the peace and quiet-like——"



"What a kick I get out of meeting stars!"—Winnie Lightner.

She noticed my eyebrows arch in mild interrogation.

"Yes, I know. It isn't so peaceful and quiet, unless you want it to be. There are parties—plenty—but if you make up your mind you're not partying, that's all there is to that. When I arrived out there and my picture clicked, every one rushed me here and there. I was popular. Quite the social success. There was nothing for me but a big house in Beverly Hills, with a swimming pool and all the trimmings. And then the crowd started Sunday-dropping-in on me. Sometimes the week-end went on for days. I wasn't getting any rest. The place was like a hotel. So I called the parties off and really began to enjoy Hollywood."

When Winnie first started making pictures she was amazed at her reception on the Coast. People recognized her on the street, followed her into shops, greeted her with happy salutations. Despite her apprenticeship in Broadway bacchanalia she was unaccustomed to such attention. It was not unpleasant.

"And what a kick I get out of meeting the stars!" she admitted. "One day when I was having a wave the hairdresser told me Joan Crawford was in the place, too. Would I like to meet her? But, yes! So she yelled 'Jo-an!' and Miss Crawford came in and I thought she was a lovely girl. Beautiful—and so in love with young Doug.

"They are examples of people escaping the dizzy end of Hollywood. Joan told me that one week-end, just to get away from snoopers who wanted to see how the marriage was panning out, they went to the Roosevelt Hotel incognito, and stayed Saturday and Sunday. Joan sewed and Doug smoked a pipe. Imagine!"

A bubbling fan was not telling me these tales. It was Winnie, toast of Broadway, pet of the Warner Brothers.

"You ask for the low-down on Hollywood versus Broadway?" she repeated. "Well, some of us get by in Hollywood and make friends. Some don't, because they don't mix with the movie people. It's no one's fault, really.

"Take Frank Fay, for example. He's a grand comedian, a hit on Broadway. Out there he has been criticized for his flip manner. Yet that's only Frank. Broadway understands him. But in Hollywood when he announces, 'I will now sing a little song, and whether you like it or not, I'm going to sing it just the same,' they say 'Oh, yeah?' and freeze up on him."

Marilyn Miller made herself unpopular by upstaging the natives, never a good idea in any country. On the other hand, the imported Beatrice Lillie endeared herself to all by being regular. Another point in the controversy, Winnie pointed out, was the stage players' resentment at seeing Ina Claire billed as Mrs. John Gil-

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WINNIE LIGHTNER'S astonishing energy and rollicking fun made fans take notice immediately she appeared in "Gold Diggers of Broadway," and now Malcolm H. Oettinger tells opposite what the comedienne really is like.



Photo by Fred R. Archer

THERE'S such a thing as youthful dignity left in this mad world and Loretta Young embodies it beautifully. In trailing velvet and powdered hair she might be the daughter of a proud, old marquis instead of an offspring of the parvenu movies.



Photo by Pach Brothers

ALICE JOYCE makes dreams come true by looking like a society queen, or as we romantically believe royalty should look, but seldom does. And, like a true artist, she will be equally at home in the thatched cottages of John McCormack's film.



Photo by Otto Dyar

IT is rather trite to identify Paul Lukas as just another suave villain, for he is much more than that. Indeed, his sense of humor makes him a man one would like to know more than the young lovers whose happiness he menaces.



Photo by Apeda

DO you remember Tennyson's Clara Vere de Vere? Well, here she is in the person of Catherine Dale Owen, whose ermine and pearls become her aristocratic mien and whose delicate aloofness characterizes the princesses she plays.



Photo by Lansing Brown

IF patience is a virtue, Hugh Allan has earned an Iron Cross, for while every Tom, Dick, and Harry had a fling in talkies he remained silent. But it won't be long, now, before he is heard in his first, "Aloha," filmed in Hawaii



Photo by Ruth Harriet Louise

IF you saw "Dynamite," you won't need any further introduction to Kay Johnson. If you haven't seen the picture, then listen for a voice that makes speech a joy and reflects the speaker's play of thought like sunlight on rippling water.



Photo by Eugene Robert Richee

THOUGH much has been written of Gary Cooper, without ever disclosing the secret of his amazing appeal, PICTURE PLAY believes that Margaret Reid's calm résumé opposite is the most revealing article ever submitted to the discerning

Gary—As He Is

An oasis of refreshing silence in the babel of Hollywood is the theme of this sympathetic analysis of Gary Cooper, whose many layers of reserve are explained, though not penetrated.

By Margaret Reid

A FEW years ago, at a Montmartre dinner party which I attended, one of the guests was an unduly tall and lean young man. Because he was shy to the blushing point, nervous to the perspiring point, and a very poor dancer to boot, it pleased the young ladies of the group to snub him. No one knew who he was, or particularly cared, and he spent a thoroughly miserable evening, due to the efforts of the bad-mannered *femmes*.

Imagine, then, our embarrassment to recognize him some time later as the gallant, young *Cadet White,* of "Wings." Life is, I often say, like that.

Our only consolation is that to this day Gary Cooper is not a social light. When he is to be found on one of his rare outings, he gives no more indication of potential fascination than he did before fame marked him. Fascination, that is, in the pyrotechnic manner to which Hollywood is accustomed. There is a preponderance of "personality boys" who dominate gatherings by sheer force. They are terribly gay, and the charm they throw out is less charming than noisy, but gets over, because of the indomitable will behind it. In such a battle of the fittest to survive, Judge Cooper's nice son is licked from the start. What is even nicer, he doesn't give a whoop.

His job is making pictures to rejoice the hearts of fans. But his life is lived within himself, and his quizzical, blue eyes are focused on the vast plains of Montana—more real to him than the macadamized Boulevard on which he drives.

His heart will always be on the prairies of his boyhood. He makes no sentimental allusions to this, but it is manifested in his every thought. Gary's is a patriotism in its best esoteric sense—not unthinking excitement at the sight of a flag, or the sound of a military air, but a quiet, steady love for his own country, his Montana.

Born in Montana of English parents casting their lot in the new country, Gary's official home was Helena, where his father was a superior-court judge. His real home was his father's cattle ranch sixty-five miles from the city, on the headwaters of the Missouri River.

The process of learning to walk was alternated with the mastery of riding and swimming. When he was nine, the small, serious cowboy was separated from his beloved horse and prairie trails. Taking Gary and his brother, Arthur, Mrs. Cooper went to England to visit relatives. For three and a half years the two unwilling little Montana boys were coerced into Eton jackets and starched collars at a Bedfordshire school. Their one satisfaction, albeit a gloomy one, was the movie theater where they saw every Western picture shown, and carefully pointed out to their envious classmates the dangerous and Indian-ridden country which was actually their home.

Back in Montana, an automobile in which he was driving to school with friends was overturned, and Gary went to the hospital with a broken hip. His convalescence over and crutches discarded, he begged permission to leave school for a while.

His father sent him to the ranch where, for two years, under the guardian eye of an Indian squaw, he ranged the broad miles in complete freedom. His companion was the squaw's son, a boy of his own age. Together they rode, swam, trapped, chopped wood, rounded up cattle, in contented amity, a dozen words said between them making a day of garrulous conversation.

Back in high school at fifteen, bronzed, lithe, and sturdy, he completed the four-year course in two and a half, and entered Grinnell College. There, studying art with the intention of becoming a cartoonist, he grew restless at the end of two years and left for California.

Thanksgiving Day, 1924, was the beginning of the attack upon Los Angeles newspapers by a lanky, serious youth who wanted a job as staff cartoonist. The only result was a job selling advertising space on theater curtains. After three months Gary was well fixed for theater passes.

Feeling, however, a low desire for a bit of cash, he tendered his resignation and set out to investigate Hollywood. Getting extra work was easy in any picture at all horsy. "The Eagle" is only one of the films in which Gary galloped for seven fifty a day.

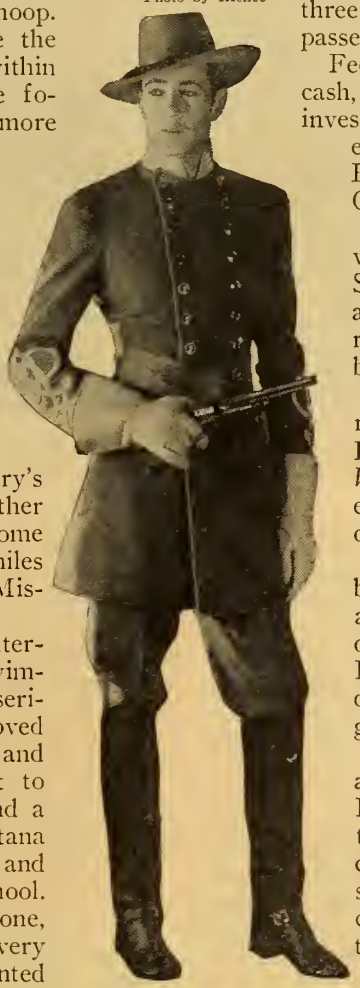
After a year of atmosphere and bits, he was elevated to leading man opposite Eileen Sedgwick, in a two-reel Western. A manager who saw this opus tested him for the rôle of *Abe Lee,* in "The Winning of Barbara Worth." As you know, he got the job.

Signed by Paramount as soon as this was released, he started immediately on "Wings." In the small but effective part of *Cadet White,* he began a rapid ascent to his present status of one of the most valuable box-office names in the business.

That he enjoys his success is inevitable, but he does so without excitement. If he is actively thrilled by it, this feeling rests quietly within his many layers of reserve. He gives the impression of a congenital indifference that is not at all unpleasant in this gesticulating community.

He is, here and there, dubbed high-hat and dumb, which bothers Gary not at all. He goes his unobtrusive way, too aware of the unimportance of popular opinion to change his demeanor. Likewise fully conscious of the worth of social intrigue in the colony, it is seldom that he can be forced to attend local functions. On the rare

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Gary is a cowboy at heart, scorning alike the glitter of the Boulevard and the whims of public approval.
Photo by Richee

Hollywood High Lights

By Edwin and Elza Schallert

Capturing the whirlwind of news and gossip of the studio colony and its bright personalities.

NOBILITY is easier to approach in Europe than in Africa. We get this word anent the tour of Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks round the world. And the trouble is that calling on potentates in the dark continent too often involves camel travel.

We hear that Mary rebelled completely at this means of locomotion, and who can blame her? She and Doug took an all-day trip aboard a deep, desert-going dromedary in the course of visiting some famous sheik, or shereef of the Sahara, and Mary said never again to such sea-sickening transportation.

Mary and Doug are back in Hollywood with every intention to make their films separately hereafter. Mary was most unhappy, we hear, about the outcome of "The Taming of the Shrew." And again, who can blame her? The rôle she played was certainly not suitable to her.

Hail Another Canary.

Lois Moran is the newest singing star of Hollywood. Her big début will be sponsored by Arthur Hammerstein, comic-opera producer. Her teacher, Otto Morando, gives most favorable reports of her progress. So everything looks lovely for this little girl, who has been such a long time in really arriving, though scarcely through any fault of her own.



Lillian Gish gazes reproachfully at Paul Stein, director of her picture, "The Swan," for thinking she could eat so large a mouthful of anything.

The prima donnas of the movies were led off by Bebe Daniels, and Hollywood is still cheering her success in "Rio Rita." The way she triumphed gave confidence to all the stars who were living in fear that the stage divas might steal first honors.

There doesn't seem to be any great chance of this, for several of them have already returned to Broadway, largely because they were not satisfactory as camera subjects.

Greta Drives 'Em Wild.

Now we know that Greta Garbo is truly gifted. The audience went wild over the preview showing of "Anna Christie." Enthusiasm took hold of them at the first moment that the title was flashed on the screen, and didn't abate one bit, for there was a big ovation at the finish.

The production, fourteen reels of it, was shown at the town of San Bernardino, sixty miles from Los Angeles. It was a hide-out test, and very few of the regular clan that attend such events were present. Naturally, fourteen reels is not the length that will be seen by the public. At a test preview, however, many pictures are run in such extended footage.

Miss Garbo's voice is deep, and has a huskiness suitable to the character of the unhappy *Anna*. In portions of the film the hit she makes is almost rivaled by Marie Dressler.

A Well-liked Crook.

Chester Morris will have his chance again. The boy that clicked so sensationally in "Alibi" as the crook, will likely be the featured lead in a new film called "Love in Chicago." No need to guess what this title signifies. There will doubtless be plenty of shots fired.

The interesting thing is that the new picture will be directed by Morris' "discoverer," Roland West, who made "Alibi." West is so well-to-do that he never bothers about working very often, but whenever he does, the result is pretty successful.

Wave of Economy.

Believe it or not, this happened on a music-show set.

The scene was big, and the director wanted plenty of dancers to fill space and assure glitter. The supervisor was watching the building of the big cabaret background.

"We ought to have at least sixty girls on this set," opined the director.

"Seexty girls!" exclaimed the supervisor. "Seexty girls! Vot kind of girls? Leetle girls?"

"Yes, naturally," responded the director, "young dancing girls. Not too big."

"Aw," said the supervisor. "Don't get seexty leedle girls; get thirty beeg girls—they take up choost as much room in the picture."

Glacial Greetings.

We wondered how they would act when they met. And now we know. For we saw Jetta Goudal and Lupe Velez exchange greetings at a theater recently. "Ex-

change greetings" is expressing it very rosily, of course. They bowed to each other with a sort of glacial frigidity, but at any rate they *do speak*.

The feud between *La* Goudal and *La* Velez is supposed to date back to the time they both worked with D. W. Griffith, in "Lady of the Pavements." And Heaven forbid that we should not use a double *La La* in speaking of them, lest we should become parties to any conflict that might exist between them, for we surmise it might be tempestuous.

Jetta, by the way, has reëntered the lists as a talking actress, playing in a short film called "China Lady," for Warner Brothers. Jetta, with her knowledge of languages, should some day fare most happily, if the studios are actually serious about doing pictures in foreign tongues.

Cause for Jealousy.

Pique over traditional rights to certain rôles—here is a new malady that is manifesting itself in pictureland, with a variety of victims. "Traditional rights," an imposing phrase, is invoked when a player has done a rôle rather famously on the stage or screen, and the matter of remaking the play or film arises. It *hurts* when some one else is selected as the star.

This happened, we understand, most recently when Greta Garbo filmed "Anna Christie," and Blanche Sweet was at work on the Metro-Goldwyn lot right at the time. Blanche was very effective in the silent version, and while she would never admit it, we learn that she was very much aggrieved when she didn't get the chance to appear in the talkie.

There is a rumor that Pauline Frederick felt the same way about "Madame X," and that Lenore Ulric wanted to do "Tiger Rose" very much, though Lupe Velez was the player selected, mainly, perhaps, because contract arrangements necessitated this.



Just an old-fashioned courtship between Mary Ann Jackson and Jackie Cooper, of "Our Gang."

The deepest grief of all was suffered by the late Jeanne Eagels, when Gloria Swanson was starred in the picture "Sadie Thompson." Because Miss Eagels had played "Rain" so long on the stage, she felt that the famous character of *Sadie Thompson* really belonged to her.

Not So Glamorous.

What's happened to Cecil DeMille as a discoverer of talent?

One scarcely ever sees any of his more recent finds on the screen.

Charles Bickford and Kay Johnson, whom we saw in "Dynamite," are at present being cast rather frequently, and Bickford has notable prominence in "Anna Christie." But others like George Duryea, Lina Basquette, Jacqueline Logan, whom DeMille reintroduced in "The King of Kings," Vera Reynolds and several others are not enjoying the good fortune of the earlier DeMille godchildren.

On the brighter side, to be sure, is William Boyd, who is going steadily along. He came to the fore in "The Volga Boatman." Eddie Quillan benefited from "The Godless Girl," but Marie Prevost has had a rather slow time of it. And, as it happens, she is a splendid little actress.

The latest player to receive the official DeMille seal on his career is Roland Young, from the stage. He makes his appearance in "Madame Satan," but not as the title character.

Say It with Song.

Surpass this, if you can. The director wanted a large band, at regular union rates, to play Chopin's "Funeral March" for a war feature, and the producer said to him, "If you *please*, sir, won't you do it with a soloist and a chorus?"

Nancy Inherits Rôle.

In regard to traditional rights to rôles, there is another thought that occurs to us, that Leatrice Joy will probably be disappointed when she learns that Claudette Colbert is to appear in "Manslaughter," Leatrice's best early feature. Claudette will star in the talking version of the story of the girl who was sent to prison for killing a motor-cycle officer, while driving recklessly. Who can forget how splendid Miss Joy was in this picture!

Leatrice was on a vaudeville tour when the announcement of the revival with Miss Colbert was made.

The Spooky Sector.

Hollywood which from time to time has had its haunted houses and hoodoo homes, now possesses nothing less than a whole superstition block, and real-estate agents in the vicinity are going rather frantic about it.

What has happened there to cause the bogy-man complex is the following:

The death of Wallace Reid.
The suicide of Lynn Reynolds, a director.
The divorce of John Gilbert and Leatrice Joy.
Ditto Milton Sills and his first wife.
Ditto the William S. Harts.

And most recent domestic troubles between Carey Wilson, scenarist, and his wife, with the summoning of Carmelita Geraghty and Lila Lee as witnesses.

Some of the more sensitive souls are suggesting moving out of the neighborhood, but the majority laugh at the idea.

This may be regarded as evidence in favor of the supernatural, or the whims of chance, as the reader likes.



A bookworm at sea: what happens when Laura La Plante forgets the tide.

Garbo Double Announced.

All the world will have a chance to see Greta Garbo's double. Her name is Geraldine Dvorak, and she has won a rôle in the Paul Whiteman revue, "The King of Jazz."

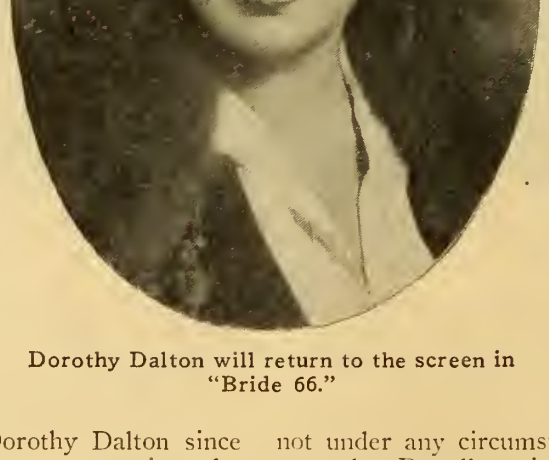
Photographically, the resemblance between the two women is oftentimes startling. Miss Dvorak lacks the Garbo seductiveness, but who knows, she may possess a charm of her own?

Whiteman's production is now well toward completion, and the band leader, contrary to reports circulated, is not averse to acting. He is working in many of the short sketches in the revue, and feels that he may succeed as a comedian. "I photograph that way," he said, as he proffered us some photographs taken in comedy poses. And they really looked unusually promising.

Another Lyric Star.

Jeanette Loff is a singing star in Whiteman's picture, and has a surprisingly good voice. We listened to some of the recordings, and didn't have to make any allowances for the quality of her tones, even though the film was in a rough state.

Miss Loff shows the benefits of a musical background. She was at one time, as is known, an organist in an Oregon theater.



Dorothy Dalton will return to the screen in "Bride 66."

Dorothy Dalton In Person.

Our one and only glimpse of Dorothy Dalton since her arrival in Hollywood, was at a party given by Blanche Sweet, and we must admit that she looks more matronly than of yore. Her manner was characteristically reserved. She sat at the honor table during the dinner with her husband, Arthur Hammerstein.

Blanche celebrated the approaching wedding of her chum, Bessie Love, at the dinner which was given at the Château Elysée, and Hawaiian musicians played Mendelssohn's "Wedding March" upon the slightest provocation, either as originally written, jazzed, or with wailing guitaral embellishments.

Blanche, almost ready for the hospital because of a severe cold, nevertheless proved to be a charming hostess. Bessie, her honor guest, had also left a sick bed to be present.

In spite of these setbacks, it was a very lovely party.

We should mention that Catherine Dale Owen was among the guests, and is even more attractive off the screen than on. She wore a black gown which distinctly brought out her blond loveliness. She seems an exceedingly quiet and serious girl.

Where the Trail Divides.

The crossroads! They've reached them! Thus Hollywood expressed itself regarding the news that John Gilbert and Ina Claire had decided to occupy separate dwellings, and then also exclaimed, "It was inevitable!"

Miss Claire moved out of Jack's house a few weeks ago, to the accompaniment of assurances by herself and husband that it was only a temporary separation, that the Gilbert manse was being remodeled, and that Ina had too many trunks about the place following their European journey.

She took another residence in Beverly Hills, not far from her husband's mansion. Will she return? Hollywood doesn't think so, and Hollywood is often right about such matters.

Powell a Pater.

Divorce suits often result in interesting discoveries. Indeed, all affairs brought up in the courts do sooner or later.

It seems that William Powell, among others, has been holding out on us. At least, it has not been generally known that he was the father of a four-year-old son. Indeed, he has shown a very strong prejudice in most interviews against talking about his domestic affairs, though on occasion he has admitted to being married.

Powell and his wife have been divorced now, and Mrs. Powell is to have the custody of the youngster until he is six. After that they are to share him, each for six months in the year.

The child's name is William David Powell. Provision was made in the divorce that it should not under any circumstances be changed. Which indicates that Powell, senior, is very proud of his offspring.

Mrs. Powell, who was a stage actress at the time of her marriage, obtained the divorce. She and her husband have not been living together for several years.

With Childhood Glee.

Harold Lloyd, Mildred, and little Gloria are in their new home, with its canoe course, its landscape gardens, its mill wheel, Gloria's playhouse and yard, and everything. There is nothing more beautiful in Beverly, nothing more elaborate. It represents to the full Harold's amazing achievement of success in the movies, his

tremendous popularity, and his remarkable monetary returns. Yet how do you suppose Harold and Mildred spent their first evening in their renaissance castle, with modern appurtenances?

Just like children.

They rode up and down in the elevator for several hours. "It was the cosiest place in the house," so Mildred told us. "We have so many rooms we don't know what to do with them, and they positively frightened us."

No one deserves the success and happiness he has had more than Harold.

Complex Nomenclature.

Sue Carol and Nick Stuart fooled everybody. And why wouldn't they, when they got married under such camouflaging names as Eva Jenny Kiefer and Niculae Pratza, while Sue told the marriage clerk that her occupation was student, and Nick said his was photography.

Sure, and it's all right, because Pratza is Nick's real name, and Miss Carol was formerly married to Kiefer, but then they might have let their friends in on it.

They were already married when they announced that their engagement was off a few months ago, which may be an example of film subtlety.

Richman Rated High.

That the services of Harry Richman are in demand as an entertainer is shown by the recent report that he was offered $7,500 for a series of personal appearances in movie theaters. We are inclined to think that the report is a trifle flattering, but then these tours of a star, "himself—not a picture," do often pay very high.

Richman, so we heard, had a much different arrangement with United Artists for making "Puttin' on the Ritz.". This was done on a profit-sharing basis, with the star receiving a personal expense account. If the picture shouldn't happen to hit, it would not be so remunerative to Richman.

Interest is still kept at a high temperature in the Richman-Bow romance. Clara, of course, is just recovering from her operation for adhesions resulting from appendicitis.

It would appear that the couple are intent on getting married in the near future, and they may be, even before this is published.

The Wintry Exodus.

The stage players are departing. The winter season in New York is drawing many of them away from the studios. They want to be sure, in most instances, that they have a chance in pictures before taking up their permanent residence in California, and they can tell this only after they are approved by the fans.

Norma Terris seems to have retired from the field for the time being. She is the girl who sang in "Married in Hollywood," and she also plays the lead in "Cameo Kirby."

J. Harold Murray, who played opposite her, is staying for more pictures. Dennis King, with Paramount, is to return for another. George Jessel has left Fox to go into a stage play. Lenore Ulric, Irene Bordoni, and others are now absent, though Miss Ulric is to return this spring or summer.

A large number of actors who are so little known to filmgoers that the mention of their names would mean little or nothing have, of course, departed. Strangely enough, vaudeville people seem to be hanging on for dear life on the outskirts. They are having a perplexing time, because so many of the vaudeville circuits are no longer operating.



Just look at Gwen Lee's sports gloves, buttoned in front instead of behind the wrist.

Bulldog Number Two.

There will be another *Bulldog Drummond*. The rôle, no matter how much of a hit he made in it, doesn't belong exclusively to Ronald Colman.

Kenneth MacKenna is to appear in the second "Bulldog Drummond" story, which will be made by Fox. It is from the book "Temple Tower," which has been attracting attention of readers.

A similar case occurred with *Philo Vance* not long ago, William Powell and Basil Rathbone impersonating the detective at rival studios.

Life Is Sad, Mates!

Poor Stepin Fetchit! He always likes to entertain his friends, and now and then puts on a vaudeville act for their delight right on the sidewalk.

Now, it seems, the cops won't let him give his street show. He was stopped from staging a performance one night on Central Avenue, and was even booked on a charge of disturbing the peace, or blocking traffic, or something.

Life sho' is hard on the po' actor. And the world is full of sin and wickedness, which causes the cheerful doings of friendly people to be misunderstood.

Nimble Veterans.

Do actors ever grow old?

One would have a perfect right to raise this inquiry on visiting the sets of "Hollywood Revue of 1930," and seeing De Wolf Hopper, Lew Fields, Joe Weber, Fay Templeton, and other veterans working their eight hours a day doing their scenes. Not one under sixty in the entire group, which also included William Collier and Louis Mann.

[Continued on page 94]

Hollandaise

It isn't the sauce you like on asparagus, but the sauciness of these little maids in Dutch costume.



Janet Gaynor, left, as *Christina,* is the most wistful of all the lace-capped sisterhood.

And Marion Davies, right, is the most sun-tanned as well as the funniest, because she just can't help it.







Colleen Moore, left, would have you sympathize with her because she toils as a street sweeper, but there are few streets to sweep in Holland.

Rosetta Duncan, above, asks not for your tears, but for your laughter in "This Is the Life."

Bernice Claire, right, interprets the national costume *à la* musical comedy.



It's Just A Gift With Claudette

This far from sad story of vivid Miss Colbert suggests that talent may come naturally to some people, and that even Broadway can be gracious.

By Helen Klumph



Claudette Colbert had no thought of the stage until some one suggested that she try it, and now she is considered a finer actress than any of the dressing-room babies.

SO much has been said here and there—too much, if you ask me—about the shrewd tactics required to build up a personality that will arrest the attention of producers, that I am ready to break down and cry out that I think most Hollywood stars are synthetic.

I have heard, *ad nauseam,* about the earnestness with which performers plod from vocal teacher to dancing master and to masseuse, in lashing their native endowments into fitness for their chosen work. I have heard about the complete transformations of personality by a striking mode of hairdressing, the substitution of Greer or Wachner clothes for models by the home dressmaker, or the adoption of a sophisticated manner, until I picture rising stars grabbing at tricks of their trade quite as the indiscriminate housewives of Hester Street clutch at the imitation finery displayed on push-carts.

I have heard a saga of woes attendant on the struggle up the ladder to fame. And while my heart has sympathized, my mind has asked, "Is it necessary?"

Must all actresses be like *Liza,* in Shaw's "Pygmalion," tried by suffering, groomed and schooled in artifice? Or are there people instinctively expressive, naturally arresting, whose place is so obviously in the theater that producers fling wide the doors for them? Even to the extent of sprinkling nonskid cinders, if not the royal carpet, on the slippery surface leading to the stage door?

Correct me if I am full of childish illusions. That is, try to correct me. I am well set for an argument, because I have been surveying the career of Claudette Colbert and, furthermore, I have met the lady.

Now that I have gone and called her a lady, I had better stop and explain what I mean. To me, a lady is one who doesn't need to stop and think before she speaks; a woman whom heritage, environment, and innate taste have freed from watching her step.

Perhaps you saw her opposite Ben Lyon, in a silent picture, but if you did, don't hold it against her. You may have seen her in "The Hole in the Wall," her first talking picture, but she hopes that you didn't. It was pretty bad. It would have been much worse, if she had spoken all the lines she was given to speak, instead of taking short cuts through them. About the only old melodramatic favorite that was left out of the original script was "You are a fiend from hell, and I hate your very guts." But Miss Colbert discarded lines mercilessly, until her character sounded almost human.

"But, Miss Colbert," the studio officials protested, "think of the footage you are losing!"

She could bear that, she retorted, rather than risk losing her audience, or having them burst into unseemly laughter.

If you saw her in "The Lady Lies," you do not need to be told that she is gracious and intelligent and gifted. That she is the sort of player to whom a difficult rôle can be intrusted, with the assurance that she will make it endearing and real.

But if you know her only through her work, you have only a faint idea of her youth and gayety and charm. You will see more of her in "The Big Pond," in which she will play opposite Maurice Chevalier. And in "Young Man of Manhattan," you will see her as a movie critic on a New York daily. Casting the alluring Miss

Colbert for that rôle was a subtle bit of flattery that should make the New York reviewers forever proud.

But come with me to Miss Colbert's home and let us find out more about her. On the way I shall have to explain to you that I am committing the unpardonable sin; I am quite late. Actresses are very busy people, and furthermore when they are about to be interviewed by a stranger they frequently have the stage all set. They arrange for boxes of orchids to be delivered, and for important-sounding telephone conversations to interrupt now and then. Or they have an appointment with a portrait painter, or costumer, just half an hour later than that with the interviewer.

Furthermore, even though you and I know that she made her biggest success on the stage as the slangy *Lou*, in "The Barker," she is really French, and she may get roguish on our hands. And I just want to warn you that at the first "Oo, la la," I shall dive for the door.

We arrive at an address on West Seventy-third Street, an apartment building of staid dignity unbroken by a single gilded elevator. "You do not need to be announced," the attendant assures me. An equally polite servant makes me welcome when I reach the specified apartment on the ninth floor.

"Miss Colbert will be with you in a moment."

It was hardly more than that when she strolled in, looking like what the well-dressed débutante will wear, and acting as though a favored friend had dropped in to call. No gushing, and on the other hand, no hauteur. And from then on, if there were phone calls, they were muffled in the distance as they would be in a well-ordered household.

She curled up in a corner of a couch, resting her head on a pillow, explaining that she had dislocated a bone in her neck, and had just had it pulled back into place.

"It feels rotten," she added. "Maybe I was right in changing it in the first place."

In a few moments I had learned that she admires Greta Garbo and Gloria Swanson, and that she is an ardent supporter of New York's first news-reel theater. That, although she has a car, she gets impatient with traffic and takes the subway or elevated. And not a word about the embarrassment of being recognized, or the pushing tactics of fans, thank you.

"But I thought you were French," I protested, as her random remarks took on a strictly American vernacular that is hardly convertible to these pages.

"I was—or am, however you like to look at it—but we moved to New York in 1913. Father's business collapsed in France, and he had an offer from a New York bank."

She did not add that she was just a child at the time; one glance at her and you know it.

"I would never have gone on the stage, if we had stayed in France. Over there girls haven't the freedom we have here."



Though Miss Colbert has scored in the movies, she doesn't complain of being annoyed by fans, or deplore the sacrifice of privacy.

Photo by Chidnoff

"But didn't you always want to go on the stage?" I prodded.

"I never thought anything about it. Never went to dramatic school, or studied diction, or anything like that. One afternoon I went to a tea at a friend's house, and was thrilled to meet an actress. It was Anne Morrison. She was elated, too, because she wasn't just an actress any more—she was a playwright. Her comedy, 'The Wild Westcotts', was just going into rehearsal. Some one said, 'Don't you think Claudette would be good on the stage?' And she gave me the shock of my life by saying 'Yes,' and by following it up with a suggestion that I apply for a small part in her play.

"I got a part in it. Had only three lines to speak, and any one could have spoken them. But from then on I belonged to the theater as completely as though my whole life had been dedicated to going on the stage.

"Brock Pemberton saw me and gave me a part in 'The Marionette Man,' with Ulrich Haupt. It closed out of town, but I learned a lot from it. Mr. Haupt was very good to me. He explained that my voice was placed too high, and showed me how to speak more from the heart. Before that I didn't know that you could do anything with your voice. I thought you just took it as it came.

"I went to Chicago with a play that failed, but was just in time to fall into the leading rôle in 'High Stakes,' supporting Lowell Sherman. I went on with almost no rehearsal, and he was marvelous in coaching me. Don't you think he is delightful?"

I do think he is that and more, and said so, but it was hard enough to keep her talking about herself, without getting off in a discussion of the endless drolleries of the diverting Mr. Sherman.

About that time, Al Woods put Miss Colbert under a five-year contract. During the four years that have elapsed, she has done several plays that she didn't like, but in which the public have applauded her mightily, and "The Barker" which was a triumph for her.

"I think the producers of the picture played a dirty trick on Dorothy Mackaill," Miss Colbert remarked, with gusto, her dark eyes flashing as indignantly as though it had been a personal wrong. "In the play there was a reason for everything *Lou* did, and the audience felt sympathy for her."

Miss Colbert went to London with "The Barker," where James Kirkwood played the title rôle. And, just incidentally, sometimes stage romances are true romances, for in real life she married the young man who played *The Barker's* son, whom she married in the play. He is Norman Foster, who is now playing in the hilarious "June Moon," which she rarely sees more than six nights and two matinées a week.

"Jim Kirkwood said that I looked a bit like Lila Lee. Wasn't that charming of him? Do I?" she asked

Continued on page 108

In A Pinch

What the stars will do for each other in time of need is just another proof of their self-sacrifice.





Jack Mulhall, above, who is as popular with fellow players as he is with fans, helps out Lila Lee when she has to sign a photo for a delegation of visiting prune pickers.



Joan Crawford, left, finds Robert Montgomery cheerfully rounding his back to fit the photo she is inscribing.

Richard Arlen submits his muscular shoulder, above, to Mary Brian when she wants to autograph a photo in haste.

Inez Courtney, below, who is adaptable if nothing else, provides Frank Albertson with an improvised writing table for that wise-cracking telegram he just has to send off.

Noah Beery's broad back, below, enables Clarence Badger, the director, to write a peace treaty, if Hedda Hopper will let him work undisturbed.





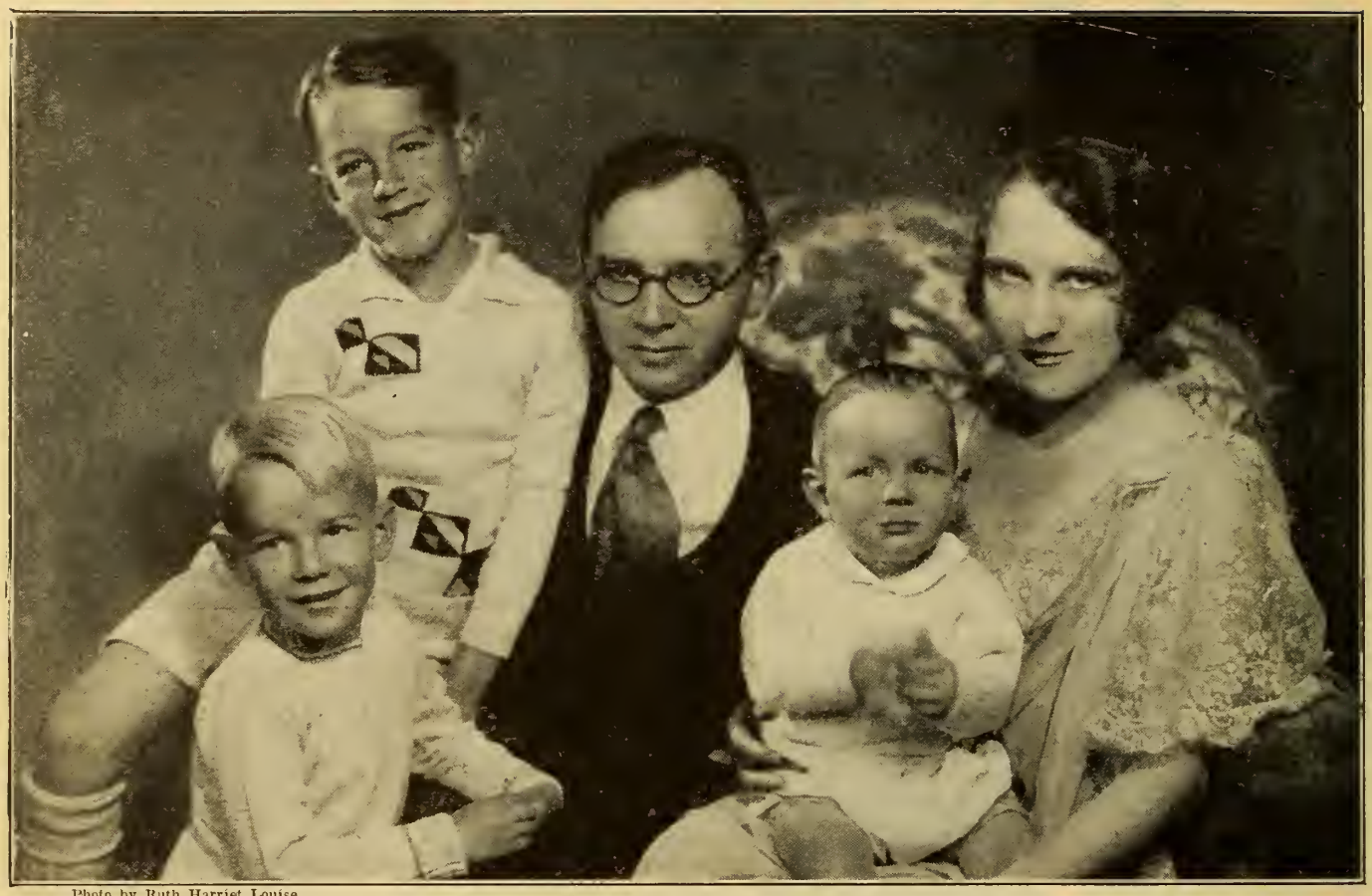


Photo by Ruth Harriet Louise

Edwin and Elza Schallert's sons, William Joseph, John Walter, and the baby, Roy Edwin, are the pride of their parents and the joy of all who know them.

Introducing An All-star Cast

Another group of *Picture Play's* writers emerge from their seclusion to take a series of well-deserved bows.

By Samuel Richard Mook

HOLLYWOOD HIGH LIGHTS.

THIS title might be amended, in the case of Edwin and Elza Schallert, to read Hollywood Bright Lights, or Night Lights, or something of the sort, as they seldom go to bed before four or five in the morning. Not that I mean to get personal. Where they go, or what they do until this alluring hour, remains an unanswerable riddle. Ah, sweet mystery of life!

Mr. Schallert is that *rara avis,* a native of Los Angeles. So far as I know, Mrs. Schallert came out of the Never-never Land.

When she entered the room the air began to sparkle and crackle, and I became so engrossed in her flow of wisecracks that I forgot about interviewing her.

The Schallerts are chiefly distinguished for being the parents of three of the swellest kids I've ever seen, particularly the baby, who is wise and witty far beyond his years, or months, I should say. Mrs. Schallert carefully explained that she has only boys, because she's the bossy type of woman. What with three brothers, a husband, and three sons, it's no wonder. I have my application in, but it hasn't been acted on at a business meeting yet.



Willard Chamberlin is too artistic to get along with any one.

Mr. Schallert has been in newspaper work ever since he left college. He received an A. B. degree at the age of eighteen, fiddled around for a year and started in as financial editor of the Los Angeles *Times.* The route from there to the dramatic editorship of the same publication was slow and devious, but he landed it, and has been there ever since.

He presides over the entire amusement section, including music, films, and stage. In addition, he lectures on the cinema at Stanford University, occasionally writes articles on astronomy and finds time to get out an annual "Preview," an elaborate sup-

plement of the *Times*. This last has been made a part of the permanent records of Stanford.

The celebrated Herbert Howe initiated him into a life of sin—otherwise known as fan writing—by persuading him to interview Maurice Maeterlinck when the Belgian celebrity was in Hollywood some years ago. Once started, it is a habit that grows on you, and is harder than drink to throw off.

Mrs. Schallert started out to be an opera singer, lost her voice through a succession of bad teachers, and eventually found herself in charge of the musical attractions of various theaters in and about Hollywood and Los Angeles. Sid Grauman prevailed upon her to write some editorials on the symphony concerts he was preparing to give in his theaters on Sunday mornings. From that to reviewing concerts and operas was a natural step.

The charm and wit of the Schallerts may be gauged by the fact that in two hours of chatter we did not touch upon their meeting and courtship, which is something of a nonstop record in interviewing.

Their living room is filled mostly with etchings and books such as "Tristram Shandy," "Goethe, the History of a Man," "Abelard and Heloise," Balzac's "Droll Stories," "Life of Benvenuto Cellini," and Dante's poems.

Edwin considers Elza the finest living specimen of the modern American wife, and she believes him to be one of the ablest critics in the country. I agree with both of them.

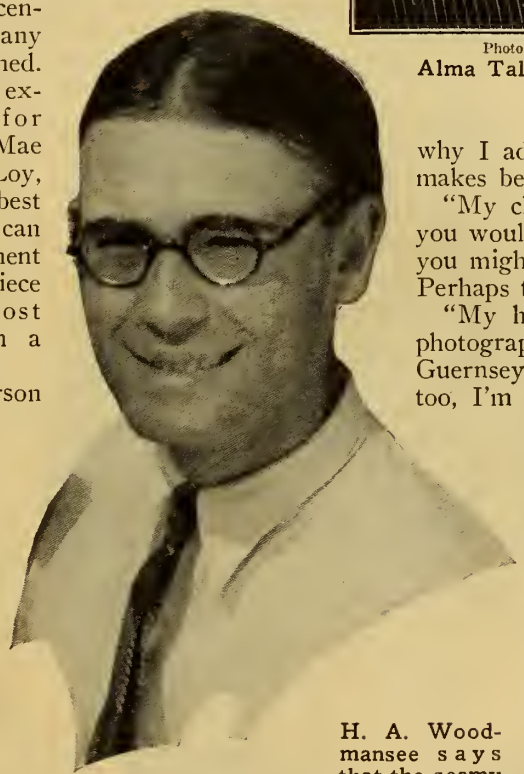
WILLARD CHAMBERLIN.

He is, as he says, one of those unfortunates who are too hopelessly artistic to get along with any one. He has very violent whims and tempers, and these barely get by as eccentricities, as far as any one else is concerned. He dotes on lavish exaggerations, and for that reason likes Mae Murray, Myrna Loy, and Carmel Myers best of all the stars, and can derive more enjoyment from a striking piece of cloth than most people would from a three-ring circus.



Photo by Louise

Alma Talley knows as much about the movies as The Oracle himself.



H. A. Woodmansee says that the seamy side of Hollywood is the most interesting.

"The average person seems not at all interested in the bizarre and extreme side of life," he says. "Most people of this type live always in a world bounded by four ugly walls. It is very, very difficult to subject oneself to the ordinary; and likewise difficult to impress ordinary beings with the fascination of Javanese temple dancing, or Gothic glass windows! Beauty is literally crowded out. That is why I admire Mae Murray. She is an extremist, but she makes beauty the dominant note in all her pictures.

"My childhood was neither interesting nor unusual, and you wouldn't be impressed in the least. On the other hand you might be disillusioned. Like others, I live on illusions. Perhaps that's why I'm a fan.

"My hobbies? Always the films, of course. Amateur photography—I don't mean babies and prize-winning Guernsey cows, but really unusual camera studies. Then, too, I'm a musician. I collect musical compositions of all kinds, and once a week I play for films. It is fascinating to interpret films musically. I like colorful personalities—actresses, dancers, such women as Ruth St. Denis, Natascha Rambova, Raquel Meller, L'Argentina, Tilly Losch, Mistinguette.

"They present the strange colors I like to write about. I'm also much interested in period furniture, and in designing modernistic groupings. Modern lamps, colored glass, tapestries, and fabric designs can be decidedly fascinating. I am enthusiastic about Oriental dancing and Spanish rhythm and the bizarre costumes that accompany both. I like to sketch original gowns and jewels, and if all that is not enough, I like golf, steamed fig pudding, Hallowe'en parties, autumn foliage, medieval costume-plays, Poe, Christopher Morley, modernistic lettering, and automobile driving."

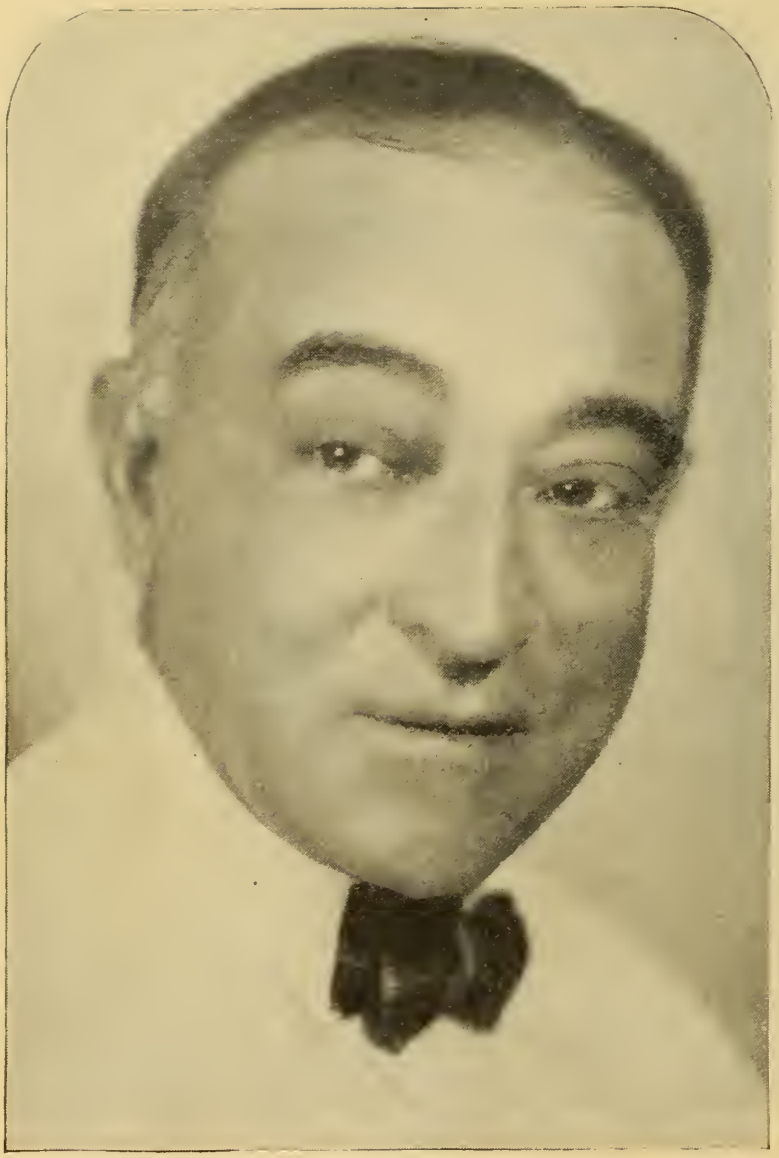


Photo by Louise

A. L. Wooldridge has a filing system crammed with information about the stars.

ALMA TALLEY.

Alma Talley is the richest of fan-magazine writers! She doesn't say so, but seeing is believing. When one is ushered into her Park Avenue home—a coöperative apartment that she *owns,* my dears—one knows that she is a success. But her manner is not that of the Park Avenue we see in the movies. Mercy, no!

Alma is slim and dark and sympathetic, so simple and regular that only her bright, deep eyes tell you that she knows as much about the movies as The Oracle himself. Like most people who are better informed than the rest of us, she is loath to talk about herself.

As she puts it, "Born St. Louis—do I have to say when? Started writing at the age of eight, with the idea that a bit of genius was lurking somewhere about. Sent out stories when I was eleven, which of course came back, usually with a footnote written on the rejection slip, 'We do not consider manuscripts unless typewritten.' For years I felt that all that stood between me and fame was the lack of a typewriter. Time lapsed, ye gods, how it has lapsed!—and I went to Lindenwood College, St. Charles, Missouri, for two years. Why? Because I received a scholarship, and because it was near enough to go home to parties on week-ends."

To hear her talk you would never think that she has earned success by dint of determination and hard work. She's reviewed pictures, interviewed almost every star with anything at all to say, written feature articles, poems, and short stories, and altogether has had things published in twenty magazines. Yes, Alma's public has made her what she is to-day.

Editors adore her, because she's absolutely to be depended on for a first-rate story ready at the moment promised, with nary a comma out of place, let alone a fact. If she's rich, there's a reason.

She goes to the theater as constantly as a professional critic, loves antique jewelry, simplicity in people and food, and is as nicely balanced as a scale on which diamonds are weighed.

H. A. WOODMANSEE.

Horace A. Woodmansee is long and lean and thirty. On his first visit to a nickelodeon, in 1907, he was badly bitten by the movie bug and has never recovered. When scarcely out of short pants he was so absorbed in pictures that he spent most of his spare time in studying films and writing scenarios. The only results, at the time, were low marks in Latin and algebra.

On leaving college he went into newspaper work, and wrote jokes and skits for comic magazines. This led to work as a gag man in comedies. In one studio he was regarded as a curiosity, because he actually made up his own gags. While there he earned the nickname, "The Professor," probably because of his wearing cheaters and a melancholy expression. So would anybody who had to think up funny ideas while staring out of a window at the tombstones of the cemetery across the street.

He is outwardly reserved; inwardly, who knows? He is taken by some gullible Hollywoodites to be fearfully learned, while he is considered something of an ignoramus by his friends in Boston. This amuses him a great deal.



Photo by Witzel

Madeline Glass is a graduate of "What the Fans Think."

His hobby is exploring new activities, new scenes. He likes to wander through odd sections of a big city, or paths in the wilderness. He gets more of a kick out of dropping into some foreign theater in the slums than in attending a Sid Grauman première, with all its lights and stars.

He seldom goes to show places and does litt'e hobnobbing with stars, although he has been employed by several as a gag man, and has necessarily been in close contact with them. He has seen them shorn of their screen glamour, but still sees their good points.

His idea of a perfect night at the movies is a program consisting of Emil Jannings, in "The Way of All Flesh," and a Laurel-Hardy comedy—both silent—shown in a small, comfortable neighborhood theater with a capable organist and no stage units.

He believes that the seamy side of Hollywood is the realest and most interesting aspect of the town, and that nobody has so far succeeded in getting a convincing picture of it onto paper.

A. L. WOOLDRIDGE.

"Jack" was born in the little town of Harrisonville Missouri. He went to school and grew up there, spending his summers writing personals for the local newspaper. The things he wrote about his fellow citizens were nobody's business. In fact, the phrase, "Don't get personal," was the direct outgrowth of these early literary efforts of his. He received $2.50 a week for his masterpieces, augmented by an additional dollar from his father to keep him on the job.

Kansas City, only forty-five miles distant, beckoned alluringly and his spare time was spent in front of the doors of the *Star* watching them run the papers off the press. School finished, he naturally went to work there, eventually getting the job of reporter at the Union Station.

There must have been a strain of the dramatic in his composition even then, because, after five years on the *Star,* he was fired for attending a matinée when he should have been at the station.

President Taft, casting about for likely youngsters to fill openings in the department of state, made him a consul and stationed him in a little town in the northern part of the Province of Quebec. He and his bride, Dorothy, went up there on their honeymoon, and sojourned for thirteen months. At the end of this time he gave up all idea of a diplomatic career and went to St. Paul.

From St. Paul he drifted around the country from one newspaper to another and eventually landed in California. Reprise, "They all do." He and Dorothy invested their savings, the whole five dollars, in a fruit ranch of forty acres in the San Joaquin Valley. Two years of low prices, followed by two years when a killing frost took charge of their crops, and they were all washed up. The ranch went wherever ranches go when you don't keep up the payments, and they came down to Hollywood and broke into the writing racket.

He goes about his work in a more systematic manner than any of the other writers I have encountered, including myself. He has a file, with an envelope for every prominent player in Hollywood. Every item he reads that is of a personal nature about these players is clipped and put into these envelopes. If he hears any news of them on the street or around the studio, he jots it down and that, too, is filed.

Continued on page 104



Photo by Richee

Margaret Reid looks like a flapper, but talks like Dorothy Parker and Lady Astor combined.



Photo by Louise

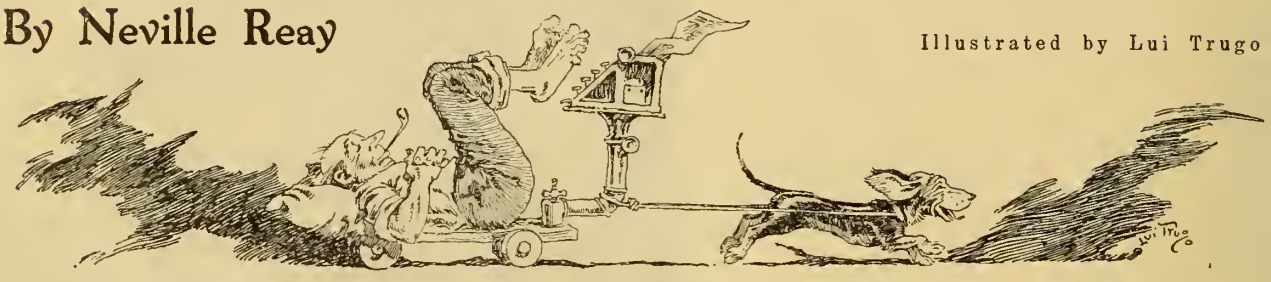
Samuel Richard Mook is given to solitary midnight prowling.

The Stroller

The rambling satirist of Hollywood indulges in a few confidences.

By Neville Reay

Illustrated by Lui Trugo



THE physical aspects of Hollywood change little. Hollywood at six in the morning is the meeting place of those going home and those going for the morning canter along the Sunset Boulevard bridle path.

Who suffers the worst by these unconventional encounters I do not know. From the angle of the equestrian it is a distressing, disillusioning sight to see blousy-faced drivers motoring rigidly and relentlessly homeward, with the same animation and intelligence on their faces as on that of a three-toed sloth.

I have seen steeds rear and snort, not at the whizzing vehicles, but at the pop-eyed, deep-sea expression on these flying faces. The sight is one to inspire a feeling of superiority in the amateur cavalryman.

To the gayer member of the bibulous tank corps the sight is equally distressing and inexplicable. What can there be about the early-morning air to encourage such a ridiculous form of exercise? The sight is faintly reminiscent of Sir Galahad riding through the fog on his quest for the Holy Grail. Here are men and women trying to get tired before the day starts.

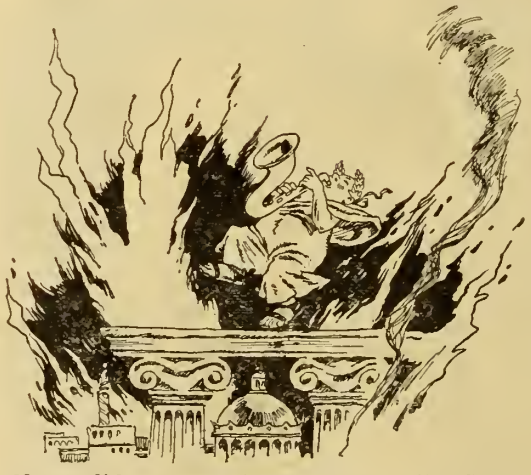
One morning I met a man who hadn't been to bed. There was a ghastly fear in his eyes as he rushed into my apartment.

"The hall—the hall is full of them," he cried.

"It is, every morning," I replied.

"I don't mean that. Look, look! There's one in your closet. I saw Hobart Bosworth with three heads, sitting astride four horses, jump over the Beverly Hills Hotel. He had a coat of purple mail, a trench helmet and was barefooted. His orange-spotted horse was wearing boots. Then all the king's horses started chasing me. They're in the hall, I tell you. They're in the hall!"

I, therefore, implore all bridle-path addicts to refrain from appearing in public, unless wearing the accepted garb for such riding, and to please promote peace in Hollywood by remaining abed until all late wanderers have returned home. If necessary, I will be personally responsible for ringing a curfew at six a. m., at which time the horsemen may charge out of their stables, and let the laggard motorist beware.



Nero did a saxophone solo while Rome burned, says a Hollywood collector of antiques.

The problem of Movietone kisses must now be taken up, before the fans go too far in emulation of audible osculation and bring about a few unseasonable claps of thunder.

If—and this is a favorite indoor recreation—all the screen kisses were packed into a box and released at one time, the resultant explosion would shatter the whiskers of a movie director on the planet Jupiter.

My head is hanging coyly as I write this next paragraph.

I have observed heavy petters in the back row of a theater—I have seen them in Hindustan, in Buenos Aires, in Cairo, in Stamboul, in Paris, in London, and on top a Fifth Avenue bus. The kisses were silent, but effective. The only noisy kisses I ever heard were between two old ladies of ninety whose hearing was gone—and in talking pictures. It seems to be part of the complex to have some sound wave bumping against the eardrum continually.

Kidding the kissers got so bad back East recently, that most of the audience started smacking and applauding so-called red-hot scenes of noisy passion. One John Gilbert flapper fan openly assaulted a stranger, and was carried from the theater shrieking hysterically. The new younger generation, I foresee, will be known in social history as the noisy kissers.

Here is a straight news item of tremendous importance. The fact was chronicled somewhere in the public prints recently that Fay Wray had become the local ping-pong champion.

Hollywood has many unofficial champions. Probably the most significant of our intellectual superiority is the tiddle-de-winks championship, recently won by Carroll Graham from Jay Strauss, in an exciting, three-match play held in the local stadium and relayed to the outer world by radio, Glenn Tryon announcing. It was more exciting than a football game.

My heart beats with compassion for the callow youth embarking on a career of press agentry. And I am led to believe that people actually want to be press agents.

The producers' association has succeeded pretty well in staving off aspirants for screen honors by a vigorous

campaign throughout the country, but they forgot to mention the more intellectual side of the picture business.

I read with horror that several universities were giving courses in publicity writing as a side light to journalistic classes. Most of them have their eyes on movie publicity, and every June from now on an influx of young snobs will walk scornfully past the casting office and camp on the press-department doorstep, waving aloft sheaves of copy and shouting Utopian creeds into amused ears.

There's a girl in Hollywood who is trying to crash in as a singer. She calls a casting director and starts singing into the phone the moment he answers, then she stops and launches into a sales talk. My own opinion is that she should be given a chance. It isn't everybody who has such a good idea.

One young author, who writes dramatic sketches for radio stations, has been trying to sell the screen rights for short subjects. His method of working is this.

He telegraphs the producers, "Bob Shuler to attack you over radio at eight, Station ZING. A Friend."

The producers listen and hear a dramatic sketch. They may or may not get the connection, but twice they have bought screen rights.

In fact, this radio thing is recognized as having great advertising value.

A press agent offered to let his star speak over a station.

The program manager replied, "I don't want any stars—unless maybe you have one with a good flute specialty."

Talkies for home, pulpit, and school have been projected, and an alarm clock is on the market which speaks the time when you push a button.

This would have a real value if it could be fixed so the average husband could wear one in his hat to remind him to bring home thread, cheese, and hops—although at times it might prove embarrassing by recording a little office dialogue with the secretary, in case the wife should hear the play-back.

Every time I look at a motion-picture set, I feel as if I were reading the advertising section of a magazine.

On a modern-home set practically every item has been donated to the company by the manufacturers thereof. This started some time back when DeMille caused a rush for a certain perfume by showing it being used in a picture. Since that day the idea has grown.

At first we saw cakes of soap, boxes of breakfast food, radios, and ice boxes. This meant advertising for the company which reciprocated by advertising the pictures. Now the gag has broken out in speech, and we hear the dialogue reproduced in ads paid for by the manufacturers.

One author sneaked a copy of his novel onto a set. It was used in a close-up, and the producer bought it to keep some other company from getting the value of the publicity. The book will never be made into a picture.



If all the talkie kisses were released at the same moment the echoes would disturb Jupiter.

While Hoot Gibson is keeping tab on his hours in the air, and other new pilots are trying to beat him to the 1,000-hour mark, Glenn Tryon has passed 15,000 hours in his automobile.

Every day Glenn checks up a couple of hours or more. He changes his headgear every hundred miles, and adds a new stripe to his suit at every thousand. Those who know his tabulating system can total his experience at the wheel, even while he's in the bathtub.

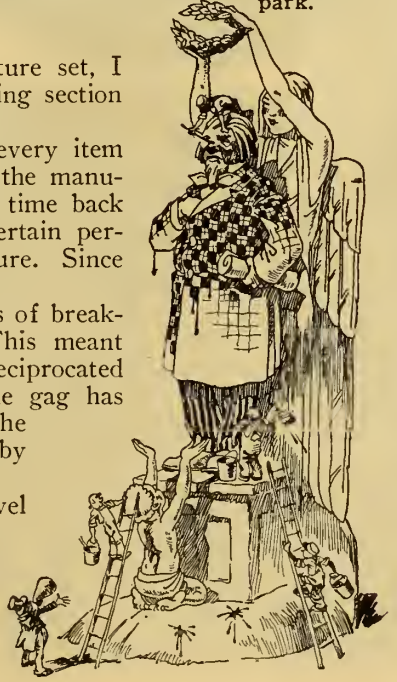
Assailing fan clubs in a fan magazine should be somewhat similar to attacking religion in the *Christian Science Monitor*.

Never have I attended a spiritual séance, nor a fan-club meeting, although I have hopes of doing the former some time. But I have read with dismay some of the fan-club publications, and have wondered if this is really an age of sanity.

I saw a pamphlet. It had a picture. Over the picture was the caption, "Our Darling Buddy." Underneath, it said, "Girls, our screen sweetheart has written me in his own dear handwriting that he will send you his picture, with a really truly autograph for only twenty-five cents, and that's just to cover the cost, et cetera."

Even to quote this much of the article hurts. So it is with a form of vengeful delight that I note the recent warning of Will H. Hays that many of the fan clubs are mere promotion schemes, that you get ten cents' worth for a dollar in dues, and the promoter with five or ten thousand members gets rich, and the members' names go on a sucker list to buy every sort of fan doodad.

Statues should be ashamed of themselves without rouge and eyebrow pencils, especially if a technicolor film is being made in the park.



The local city hall is in turmoil. Works of art in one of the public parks have been desecrated by a motion-picture company making a technicolor picture.

The sculptor who made several statue groups in the park visited Los Angeles, and brought some friends to see his work. He took one look at his statues and promptly became incoherent.

All the classical cheeks were heavily rouged and the lips made up with vivid raspberry-flavor lipstick. On the hands, the nails were tinted and polished.

Continued on page 107

Ladies on

Now that song-and-dance pictures are all the vogue, more and more, and one of the approved



Who would have thought that Lois Moran, below, formerly so sedate, would fall in with the spirit of the times and stretch with the others?





Bessie Love, above, after her hit in "The Broadway Melody," overlooks no chance to keep in tiptop condition as a dancer.

Muriel Gardner, outer right, will go far in dance films if her ability to take a difficult position and hold it cheerfully is any sign—and we think it is.



The Albertina Rasch ballet, right, indefatigable precision dancers, maintain their supremacy in films by spending their spare moments in this way instead of lolling on the sands.

the Loose

the girls of Hollywood must keep loosening up methods is with these leg-stretching exercises.

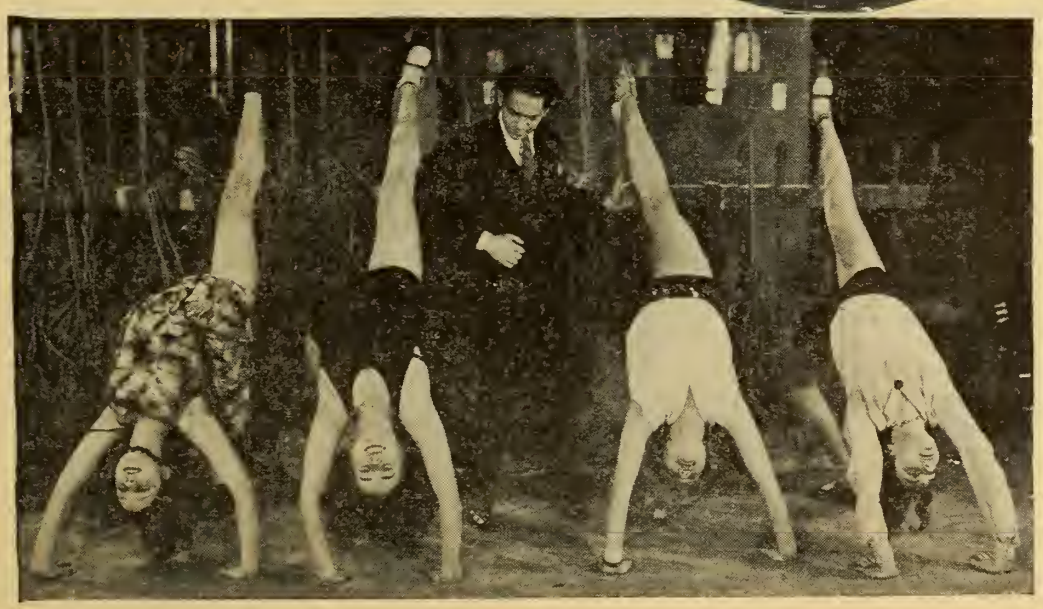


Nor is little Dorothy Jordan, right, content with remaining just an appealing ingénue, for she, too, is preparing herself for more strenuous rôles.



Lillian Roth, above, practices this knee-head exercise every morning with the radio. There's a reason, if you saw "The Love Parade."

The exercises performed by the girls, below, are a mere bagatelle in the systematic training supervised by Sammy Lee, famous dance director, whose coryphees enliven the screen.



Now that Nancy Carroll, center, is a star, does she let down on her stretching, loosening and limbering? Mercy, no! She's more than ever eager to keep faith with the fans who have placed her where she is.

Olive Borden Re

Elevated by publicity and stardom into a two thousand dollars salary for decorating this outburst she began to think for the first girl in

By Myrtle



Photo by Hesser

Bored languor in orchids and ermine—this was Olive Borden as she used to be.

HOLLYWOOD, chameleon townlet, is built upon the sands of publicity that swirl back to mingle, in the minds of her egoistic children, the true and the make-believe.

They tried to train a nice, lilting, little tennis-and-parlor personality into a prima-donna beauty. Olive Borden erred in believing the sonnets sung by the publicity typewriters.

But the Irish can't kid themselves very long. You can fool anything but a sense of humor; swamp anything but Irish spirit.

Two years ago, when her split with Fox occurred over a disputed salary raise and other differences, she had half paid for a sixty-five-thousand-dollar Beverly Hills home. It was expensively furnished—on the installment plan. Affluence marked everything with the grand gesture. The upkeep of her magnificent home totaled seventeen hundred dollars a month. Four servants saved her the least exertion. The garages housed a fleet of motors. Her modistes' bills were enormous. Had the firefly Olive been shown a fur coat costing less than thirty-five hundred she would have been insulted.

When the weekly emolument stopped, Olive sat in the midst of her grandeur and laughed shakily, her humor a bit uncertain, having been smothered for three years. Besides, it quavered against a background of tears.

There was hurt in her laugh, and irony, perhaps hysteria. Fight, too.

With a snappy gesture, she sold the furniture that was paid for, returned the rest with her apologies, fired the servants, moved to the beach and later to a small apartment. Her equity in the house was traded for business property returning rentals. Bills were catalogued, with the determination to clear them. Though the facing of such obligations is a moral duty, many shrug them aside and attempt to maintain prestige with an assumed front. They sweep the dust under the carpet. There is not much in Hollywood's attitude to encourage one to scrub the floor.

For eight months she was idle. With the eight pictures made since her return, she has paid her debts.

"Not a penny in the bank," she announced gayly, one day recently. "Oh, don't look worried. We eat. Maybe we go to the football game!" The laughter left her face, and for a moment brown eyes stared soberly ahead. Her hand squeezed mine, and the whole of her rippled with a vibrant sense of freedom. "But I'm square with creditors, the world, and my own conscience. And what a highly satisfactory feeling it is, too."

Alert and buoyant, she made the very air seem to step smartly along.

"We're expecting a new arrival in the family." Eh? Aware that her seriousness often mocks a tease, I wouldn't bite, and merely hoped *it* would be a blonde. "Caucasian, if I have anything to say about it—very bright—though mother prefers a dark cloud," she chortled.

It developed that the anticipated addition went by the name of Ford. A new car, these days, is an



And this is the new Olive, in "Dance Hall."

pents Her Folly

state of artificial grandeur, she demanded the screen. In the long wait that followed time, and now there's not a more sensible Hollywood.

Gebhart

event. Economy characterizes their comparatively simple apartment, tended by two servants. A tempting fur coat was shrugged aside, though not without struggle, and a serviceable cloth wrap, priced at three hundred dollars, bought in its stead. Her clothes indicate instantly the change in Olive. When she used to lend an opalescent glow to the screen, she was swamped in ensembles typical of her film self —laces and picture hats and glittering sequins. With renovation of both mind and manner, she has clipped the flounces and shaken off the silken impediments. Favoring well-tailored sport things, she wears them with dash.

Circumstance plays so large a part in initial achievement that it is far less a work of one's own will and effort. Second success, following a failure, is a tribute to one's ability and character. It takes stamina to obliterate those uncomplimentary remarks inscribed after one's name by one's own foolishness. Mistakes beget knowledge—but the school is rough. In reaction to adversity and willingness to see and profit by errors, you see grit, or lack of it.

"The jolt brought me to my senses. My scale of living, my entire viewpoint, was twisted out of all proportion. A glamorous portrait of me was painted on the screen's canvas. Except for the physical likeness, it was a stranger. I was told to study and copy it, ordered to live up to the impression being broadcast. A player's personal life used to be important in reflecting her screen self; now it is only 'What can she *do*?'"

The studio designed a bouffant personality. It was not cut to Olive's measurements. Instead, into its fluted folds she must slip. Her rôle was one of luscious languor; all the humor was pressed out of her limpid, dark beauty, with emphasis on her physical allurements. Gracile and willowy, she decorated film tableaux.

Maintaining this strained dignity, she posed through Hollywood in splendid raiment, accoutered with all the trappings of stellar splendor. She was haughty, bored, and beautiful. Occasionally she flashed a dentifrice smile, between studied gestures.

"I put on a grand campaign." Backward glances curl amusedly over the stilted figure as it poised arrogantly against a veloured life. "Who says I'm not a good actress? My technique then should silence my critics."



It was a wrench for Olive to sacrifice her curls, but it was a step necessary to modernize her.



Strained artificiality marked Miss Borden's every photograph before she repented.

A premature sunset shadowed that brief parade of glory. She began to believe in her own sham. Life grew too plushy.

"Prosperity brought a false set of values. Assumed artificiality gets such a hold on one that in time it shoves away realities, and it is easy to think the theatrical is real."

No one knew of her financial tangle until her books were clear. Her creditors were courteous; they believed in her. There was no whining of a hard-luck story. A small coterie of friends, studio employees, the gang in the publicity department, stuck.

"They were bricks. I had held aloof from the picture crowd, not entirely from pride. I really had been too busy to chase around, though hauteur was a part of my rôle. So I did not blame the professionals for ignoring me when misfortune walloped me into exile at Santa Monica.

"For a while I wallowed in despondency and bitter regrets, thinking I was finished. I saw only the dismal side, following that first hysterical spell of laughter at the ridiculousness of the whole thing. I waited in a nervous tension for the phone to ring. It didn't. [Continued on page 114]

And So To Play

The gifted girls put on their gayest pajamas to snatch a wee bit of exercise.





Mere printers' ink is almost an insult direct to Irene Bordoni, left, in her orchid pajamas.



When Natalie Moorhead, right, asks for walking pajamas she means pajamas that reach from ears to toes, not to mention the robe.



All the caddies must have swooned, or gone on strike, when Bernice Claire, right, turned out in these fancy slumber togs.



Pajamas for baseball is the gift of Inez Courtney, left, to the new freedom-for-women idea.

Alice White, right, attired in beach pajamas, takes a brisk turn on the tennis court, but how she manages to play on high heels would be a revelation even to Helen Wills.



A Confidential Guide To Current Releases

WHAT EVERY FAN SHOULD SEE.

"Paris"—First National. All dialogue. Technicolor. Irene Bordoni in tuneful spectacle, at times happily funny, with songs interspersed in story of prim New England clashing with gay Paree. Miss Bordoni brings new type to screen. Jack Buchanan, engaging comedian, and Louise Closser Hale add to comedy. Zasu Pitts, Jason Robards.

"So This Is College"—Metro-Goldwyn. All dialogue. Much better than one would expect of campus epic of love, wisecracks and the big football classic, as it has charm and human quality, due to work of Elliott Nugent, Robert Montgomery, and Sally Starr, the coed who loves them and leaves them.

"Shanghai Lady"—Universal. All dialogue. Real hit for Mary Nolan and James Murray, in melodrama with original situation, well developed. Girl falls in with criminal, and they save each other. Fine acting makes emotion believable. Anders Randolf, Wheeler Oakman, Lydia Yeamans Titus, Yola d'Avril, Mona Rico.

"Love Doctor, The"—Paramount. All dialogue. One of the most amusing of Mr. Dix's films engagingly, intelligently played. Story of young doctor, a chap dying for love, and pretty nurse. Morgan Farley, June Collyer, Mariam Seeger revolve around the first "case" and complications develop.

"Show of Shows, The"—Warner. Musical, all Technicolor. The most gorgeous of all screen revues, with imposing list of seventy-seven stars, such as John Barrymore, Beatrice Lillie, Nick Lucas, Chester Morris, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Jacqueline Logan, and one wishes for more from most of them. Kaleidoscope of color, beauty, and entertainment.

"Sweetie"—Paramount. All dialogue, singing and dancing. Gay and amusing frolic, with moments of inspired burlesque. Jack Oakie as song-and-dance man, Helen Kane with baby-talk songs, Nancy Carroll as chorus girl who inherits a college, and Stanley Smith, her football hero. Wallace MacDonald's fine début in speech.

"Trespasser, The"—United Artists. All dialogue. A brilliant comeback by Gloria Swanson, who works against odds in strained story. Her speech is natural, effective, and promises even more. Trials of stenographer-bride of millionaire. Robert Ames, Purnell Pratt also pleasing.

"Disraeli"—Warner. All dialogue. One of the great stage plays intact, with George Arliss in title rôle. Plotting to acquire Suez Canal interwoven with love story, excellently acted, make it outstanding picture. "Dizzy" brilliantly portrayed. Joan Bennett, Anthony Bushell, and Doris Lloyd good.

"Rio Rita"—RKO. All song and dialogue. Technicolor. Bebe Daniels triumphs in singing rôle, with glamorous settings that surpass stage spectacle. Good story, nicely unfolded. Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey supply real comedy. John Boles sings his best songs so far. Also Dorothy Lee, a newcomer.

"Welcome Danger"—Paramount. Part dialogue. Harold Lloyd makes you laugh all through, with time out only for breathing—and some speech by Mr. Lloyd. His voice suitable. *Harold* runs down a Chinese villain in his own way. Barbara Kent naïvely charming. Noah Young funny as policeman.

"Applause"—Paramount. All dialogue. Exceptionally good film featuring Helen Morgan, and her moaning songs. Girl from convent stands by mother, faded burlesque queen at sacrifice of love. Moving performance by Miss Morgan. Joan Peers a revelation as the daughter. Fuller Mellish, Jr., and Henry Wadsworth excellent.

"Fast Company"—Paramount. All dialogue. Baseball comedy that provides capital entertainment, even if you are not a fan. Jack Oakie registers as superior actor, funnier than ever. Evelyn Brent is chorus girl, also at her best. Richard Gallagher, Sam Hardy, Gwen Lee.

"They Had to See Paris"—Fox. All dialogue. Will Rogers in one of the most entertaining films ever made. Humorous study of newly rich family on holiday. Irene Rich beautifully portrays the wife, Marguerite Churchill the daughter. Ivan Lebedeff is the nobleman, but not the villain. Fifi Dorsay.

"Sunny Side Up"—Fox. Song, dialogue and Technicolor. Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell surrounded by spectacular musical comedy. Whether the stars are good or not matters little, because of speedy action and original staging. Leads concerned with childish romance. El Brendel, Frank Richardson, Marjorie White.

"Lady Lies, The"—Paramount. All dialogue. Intelligent, smart, modern picture, free of elocutionary taints. A kept girl refuses to give up rich widower, even if she has come between him and his children. Walter Huston and Claudette Colbert excellent. Fine touches by Charles Ruggles and Betty Garde.

"Dynamite" — Metro-Goldwyn. All dialogue. Cecil DeMille's first experiment in talkies brilliantly effective. Moviesque plot, embellished with fine acting and photography and intelligent dialogue, becomes convincing, even if about coal miner and society woman. Kay Johnson's début perfect. Charles Bickford, Julia Faye, Conrad Nagel, Muriel McCormac, Leslie Fenton.

"Hollywood Revue"—Metro-Goldwyn. All singing and talking, some Technicolor. Highly entertaining kaleidoscope of songs, dances, and skits, with an impressive list of stars. Like a glittering stage revue, with no story, yet not a dull moment. Marion Davies, Marie Dressler, and Albertina Rasch ballet take honors.

"Hallelujah"—Metro-Goldwyn. All dialogue. An epic in its true meaning in the portrayal of the ups and downs of a cotton-belt Negro family, as the film reveals the inner life in striking interpretations. There has never been a film like it in the dramatic sweep of a simple plot. All Negro cast directed by King Vidor.

"Cock-eyed World, The"—Fox. All dialogue. An explosive, profane, and rather vulgar, but highly diverting, continuation of the amorous adventures of *Top Sergeant Flagg* and *Sergeant Quirt* of "What Price Glory?" The war over, new affairs are found to blossom in the tropics. Victor McLaglen, Edmund Lowe, Lily Damita, El Brendel.

"Last of Mrs. Cheyney, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. All dialogue. Drawing-room drama, whose heroine edges into society to rob her hostess, with tricky and artificial aspects to whole story. Norma Shearer does well. Basil Rathbone, Hedda Hopper, George K. Arthur, Maude Turner Gordon, and several stage recruits.

"Evangeline"—United Artists. The familiar poem done with great pictorial beauty and moments of poignant emotion. Dolores del Rio's finest performance since "Resurrection," sincere and infinitely pathetic. Roland Drew and Donald Reed good support.

"Madame X"—Metro-Goldwyn. All dialogue. Old-time melodrama of mother love superbly vivified by fresh dialogue, modern direction, and superb acting, with Ruth Chatterton and Raymond Hackett as mother and son reaching heights of tear-wringing emotion in famous courtroom scene, where wretched woman charged with murder is defended by son taught to believe her dead. Lewis Stone, Eugenie Besserer, Mitchell Lewis, Holmes Herbert, and Ulrich Haupt.

"Letter, The"—Paramount. Entertaining eloquence and dramatic situations make this a milestone in all-dialogue films, and bring to the screen the gifted Jeanne Eagels. A civilized picture showing the wrecked lives of an English couple in Singapore. Stage cast devoid of cuties includes O. P. Heggie, Reginald Owen, and Herbert Marshall.

"Iron Mask, The"—United Artists. A picturesque tapestry, sequel to "The Three Musketeers," superbly exploiting Douglas Fairbanks. Story from Dumas revolves around the throne of seventeenth-century France. Marguerite de la Motte, Dorothy Revier, William Bakewell, and Ulrich Haupt.

"Alibi"—United Artists. All dialogue. Crook picture, played and directed with distinction. A cop's daughter sympathizes with underworld, marries a crook, but is soon disillusioned in a thrilling climax. Chester Morris, Eleanor Griffith, Pat O'Malley, Regis Toomey supply high lights in action and talk.

[Continued on page 105



Armida, the little Mexican actress, is a vital and arresting newcomer in John Barrymore's "General Crack."

The Screen
By Norbert Lusk

JOHN BARRYMORE'S first talking picture, "General Crack," is reward for those who have remained faithful to the flame of that talent which has burned but fitfully in too many films. And it will, I think, reclaim those who abandoned him because of artistic sins which need not be recounted here. For Mr. Barrymore's incursion into speech is altogether a success. His voice is resonant, distinct and, even more important, every word bespeaks the high intelligence behind it. This is no big news to those who have seen him on the stage, but it is to those who know him only as the silent actor he has so long elected to be.

His voice and presence unite in projecting quite the most romantic figure on the screen to-day—a figure comparatively free of the artificiality and posturing characteristic of Mr. Barrymore's silent rôles. However, fault may legitimately be found with what this highly romantic figure is given to do. For it is all but wasted on the material at hand, a slow-moving, episodic story that leaves one coldly interested, but never actually concerned with the fate of Mr. Barrymore as *Prince Christian.*

And the mind and voice so well attuned to what is noblest in the English language, is heard in speeches too trivial to record. Many of them he delivers sonorously, with eyes that roll or glare, and often he gives way to gusty roars in the manner of old-time mummers, but this only makes more apparent the hollowness of the speeches he utters. It is perhaps not Mr. Barrymore's fault, but is due to the belief that the box-office cannot comprehend anything that isn't colloquial. But in passing I venture to say that if Mr. Barrymore chooses to play *Hamlet* on the screen it will be his greatest success, even if it is scorned by every one of Rudy Vallée's fans.

The plot, which I found tedious, concerns a devil-may-care soldier of the eighteenth century who bargains to lead the armies of Austria to victory, his price the hand of the emperor's sister whom he has never seen. On the way to the palace he encounters a gypsy girl and takes her to court as his bride, partly because he loves her and partly because he wishes to flout the idea of marriage into the royal family.

While absent at the front, he is informed that his wife has betrayed him to the emperor and he vows to avenge the wrong. Circumstances place the king in his power, but aside from having a good scare, the royal philanderer goes unscathed, and the gypsy having been got rid of, the soldier of fortune decides that the emperor's sister is his true love after all.

She is played by Marian Nixon, who is a daintily lovely figure in powdered hair and crinoline, but is entirely too much the soft-voiced ingénue fluttering on the verge of cuteness to suggest the dramatic authority required by the rôle. Far more vital and irresistible is the little Mexican girl known as Armida, who plays the gypsy. She dances, sings, speaks and acts the part to perfection. If I'm not mistaken, she is due to give Lupe Velez a race for this year's soubrette honors.

London Bombarded.

The terrors of a Zeppelin raid are excitingly pictured in "The Sky Hawk," with all the incidental sounds of warning sirens, barking machine guns, and crashing bombs, while a lone plane torments the huge dirigible until it catches fire and plunges to earth. Thus London is saved by a gallant hero.

This is the high light of the picture and well worth waiting for it is, too. The episode is amazingly well done. Even though some of the shots of the Zeppelin betray their studio origin, they quickly give way to others that are entirely realistic. Throughout the sequence, one is held in the grip of a frightening spectacle which stirs the imagination to conjecture the fate of one's own city under aërial bombardment.

Unfortunately, there isn't much else that justifies the picture: a story through which one can comfortably snooze, if, however, one's companion can be relied upon to administer an awakening nudge at the first sign of the raid. What goes before is a perfectly ordinary boy-and-girl romance menaced by an elderly major. The young man is accused of cowardice when his plane crashes just before he starts for France in the late war and, shattered, he takes to a wheel chair, obviously to make his subsequent heroism the more superhuman. For at the first sound and sight of the Zeppelin, he tears off to his plane to redeem himself in the eyes of his detractors and to save London as well. Why no one else in all the city has the same enterprise and courage, is just one of those things. But you don't think of it, honestly, while watching the firefly maneuvers of the puny plane in its attack upon the stolid monster.

A newcomer named John Garrick plays the hero, *Jack Bardell,* pleasingly enough. His face has animation, but is singularly lacking in expression. However, it is a novelty to find a British actor whose speech is crisp and barking instead of drawling. Helen Chandler, prominent among stage ingénues, is a heroine apparently eager for a nervous breakdown and hysteria. She doesn't leave a nerve neglected when her chance comes, nor a sob or a scream in her diaphragm.

Gilbert Emery, Billy Bevan, Daphne Pollard, and Joyce Compton also contribute largely to the picture.

in Review

The passing show of films is inspected for your information and, it is hoped, your guidance.

Gary the Great.

Gary Cooper reaches the heights in "The Virginian," his performance being the finest a player without stage training has yet given in the talkies. And that is not a qualifying phrase, either, but is acknowledgment of his splendid achievement in a style of acting as closely related to the screen as films themselves and dependent on nothing from elsewhere, yet with all the eloquence expected of a player trained in the use of his voice.

It is such a performance as no actor from the stage could give, for its beauty and honesty convey no least hint of calculated effect, no slightest intonation of Mr. Cooper's voice leading one to believe that he is aware of the response his words evoke. Technically it is the triumph of underemphasis, for Mr. Cooper steadfastly refuses to drive home his points by playing to the gallery—and such self-restraint is practiced by none of his competitors.

Accidental it is not, for the ability to learn lines and speak them with conviction is far from a chance accomplishment, but is the very substance of good acting. Therefore, in commending Mr. Cooper for his remarkable ability in this respect, one must also pay tribute to his imagination in believing the character he plays and in possessing the gift of communicating his faith to others.

It is true that in *The Virginian* he has a highly congenial rôle suited to his histrionic equipment as well as his own experience; and it is admitted, too, that many of the situations in the story are virtually sure-fire. Granting this, I still contend that Mr. Cooper's interpretation is the truest and most delicate I have seen, and he enriches with his low voice lines that have passed unnoticed heretofore. Just to hear him say of *Molly*, "She was raised different," is in itself sufficient to reveal his evocative magic, and in the sequence where his friend, *Steve*, is hanged, Mr. Cooper's grim silence is as charged with feeling as the flight of a silver-tongued orator.

It would be sad indeed if his was the only meritorious performance in the picture, for I am one to contend that those acting with him must necessarily gain by association. Therefore it goes without saying that Richard Arlen is also perfect as *Steve*, that Walter Huston's *Trampas* is noteworthy, that Helen Ware shines in an emotional outburst, and that Mary Brian is certainly pleasing as *Molly*. But it is Gary Cooper's picture first, last, and always—and you must see it.

A Beacon From Pickfair.

"The Taming of the Shrew" is a laudable pioneering effort to bring Shakespeare to the talking screen, and is important because it points the way to finer achievements in this direction. For their courage and enterprise Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford deserve commendation without stint, for they have shown that the bard can be made palatable to average audiences; and if the well-known imitativeness of producers is stimulated by the success of Mr. Fairbanks and Miss Pickford, the stars will have performed a service to the public for which they cannot be thanked sufficiently.



Helen Chandler, from the stage, appears with John Garrick, an English player, in "The Sky Hawk."

In view of the significance of their offering, it is perhaps ungenerous to contemplate "The Taming of the Shrew" with too censorious an eye. Though certainly the production can take its place with the best the stage has ever provided for the farce. The settings are exquisitely simple and atmospheric. The scenario and direction, both credited to Sam Taylor, shrewdly adhere to the spirit of the play—all the more a tribute to the intelligence at hand, because certain scenes have been omitted, others condensed, some added, and the story shortened and pointed off, without the sacrifice of a jot of the intent of Shakespeare in writing a rowdy farce and nothing more. Reverence would have been out of place, but something approximating it is in the treatment given the picture.

It is scarcely necessary to detail the story, or even sketch it, because it is too familiar to those who have followed slapstick on the screen beginning with the old Keystone days. Nor is it necessary to reproach Miss Pickford for her lapse of judgment in permitting herself to be cast as a Keystone heroine. Her admirers will make known more forcibly than I their reaction to seeing her in the muck and mire beside a sow with a litter of pigs, this being one of the interpolated scenes. Though rough, who shall say that Shakespeare would not have included it, if the Elizabethan stage had afforded scope for his imagination equal to the screen of to-day?

Needless to say Miss Pickford is not believable as a muscular termagant, whose wreckage of furniture equals that havoc of Bull Montana in a china shop; nor do Shakespearean phrases fall lightly from her tongue, but she, like Mr. Fairbanks—who is naturally more at ease as the blustering, bullying *Petruchio*—have made a valiant experiment which John Barrymore at least should be the first to emulate.

Troupers Truly.

Like me, you are distrait at the thought of another picture glorifying the heartbreaks of vaudeville troupers. But at least you can keep away from them. I can't. And I'm glad I didn't pass up "Nix On Dames." With Mae Clarke, who proved interesting in "Big Time," Robert Ames, William Harrigan, and Maude Fulton, it has a



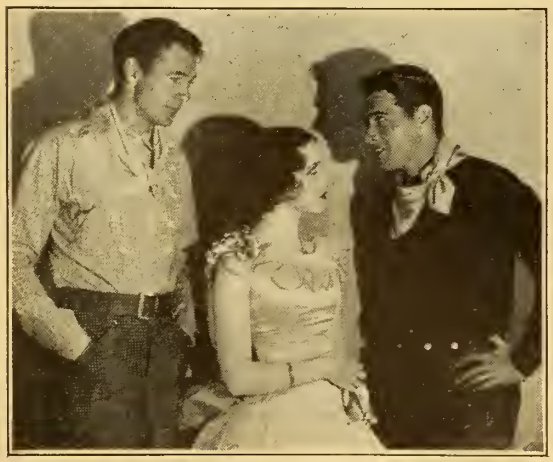
"South Sea Rose."



"Nix On Dames."



"Half Way to Heaven."



"The Virginian."

cast that could do no wrong. In addition, there is knowing and imaginative direction of a simple, human story rich in characterization and quite devoid of backstage hokum. Most of it transpires in a theatrical boarding house, where *Bert Wills* and *Johnny Brown,* acrobats, come for *Johnny's* recuperation from an accident and where they are at home in the midst of as rich an assortment of performers in negligee, so to speak, that I have ever seen. Believe me, they were placed there by those who know troupers and their psychology. Among them is a girl, *Jackie Lee,* who wheedles *Bert* into teaching her his acrobatic routine to the accompaniment of his partner's mumbling objections. You see, the boys have vowed that no girl shall come between them and *Johnny* has a premonition. It materializes, with all the circumstances that bear out the adage that the course of true love is anything but smooth, ending with a quarrel between the men and the victor's desertion of his partner for a new one, *Jackie,* the girl. Eventually a partner is found for the other man and friendship is restored.

What places this picture in the group of little gems is the subtle acting of Miss Clarke, Mr. Ames, and Mr. Harrigan and the steady flashes of character development that illumines the course of the simple story.

In all the welter of performances purporting to show the ups and downs of troupers there has been none to surpass those of Miss Clarke's in "Big Time" and the new picture, and with the exception of Nancy Carroll's in "The Dance of Life," none to equal them. Her naturalness is disarming, but it is really technique of the highest order, and she speaks the vernacular of vaudeville to perfection, but with the distinctness and modulation of the trained actress. O, ye amateurs of Hollywood, stop, look, and listen to this professional!

Mr. Rogers on a Trapeze.

Direction replete with human touches, but at no sacrifice of the dramatic; admirable acting in a few cases, and shrewdly natural speech, bring "Half Way to Heaven" higher than the average program picture, and make it a film more substantial than those which usually star Buddy Rogers.

It may be heresy to his admirers, but Mr. Rogers is the weakest element in the offering. Let me point out the reason why. He doesn't characterize his rôle. With everything in his favor, including expert direction, adroit photography, a scenario that exploits him above all the other players, Mr. Rogers is content to remain just boyish. And it's becoming tedious in a man twenty-five years old. Even in the matter of costuming he sticks to the apparel of the *jeune premier.* Though supposed to be the son of plain countryfolk, he wears a suit that probably cost $165 and a pair of those white shoes with black trimming. However, Mr. Rogers is Mr. Rogers and I suppose will remain the undisturbed juvenile—that is, until his successor comes along. Meanwhile he cannot be recognized as an actor of more than the most casual attainments.

There is every inducement for him to be more in his latest picture, for he is ambitious to become an acrobat and trains secretly for it until he makes the grade in a big circus, where he discovers the girl with whom he is in love is also a trapeze performer. He discovers, too, that his partner in the air is his rival on earth. The big thrill comes when Mr. Rogers foils the plan of his enemy to send him to his death during a stunt in mid-air. This is capitally staged, even if one's sympathies naturally go to the enemy because, played by Paul Lukas, he is so much better an actor. Jean Arthur, as the girl, uses her voice expressively, but her tones unfortunately are nasal. Nestor Aber, a boy actor, evokes laughter with his wise cracks, and Helen Ware, trouper that she is, makes much of the circus fortune-teller.

That Elusive Something.

Several attempts have been made to picturize the novels of Edith Wharton, but without success. Now the talkies have got hold of "The Children," rechristened it "The Marriage Playground" and still the characters of the celebrated novelist elude the screen. This is not difficult to explain. They are too mental and their conversation—what there is of it—does not begin to touch the reactions of the persons Mrs. Wharton analyzes. The result on the screen,

while not uninteresting, is only a shadowy reminder of the book; and judged only as a picture, it is confused and undistinguished, with too many characters for one of them to receive justice from their Hollywood essayists.

The central situation is unusual enough—the unhappy lot of the seven children of a rich man and his various wives. With all that money can buy, they are homeless and wander about Europe mothered by the eldest of their number, a girl of seventeen, who is fiercely determined that they shall stick together and not be separated by the whim of any of the several parents. Without knowing it, *Judith,* the protector of the children, falls in love with a man older than herself. And he, even less aware than she of what is happening, loves her.

This is fascinating psychology in the hands of the novelist, but the screen boils it down to just another romance, with a background of wise-cracking kids. The casting is not wholly successful, either. Mary Brian, as *Judith,* is all right, if judged by the conventions of the screen, but she is not the girl in the novel. For one thing, her English is not that of a person whose pronunciation has been acquired in Europe. Miss Brian says "inny" for any, "minny" for many, "merrage" for marriage and "Mart'n" for Martin. Given a good start in talkies, aren't these ingénues ever going to perfect their speech? Fredric March plays the friend of the family whom *Judith* loves. Though supposed to be staid and twice her age, he chooses to be younger than when he played opposite Clara Bow, and to look more like a patterned juvenile. Don't ask me why. Lilyan Tashman and Kay Francis, as the current and the ex-wife of the millionaire, respectively, are satisfying as reminders of characters barely touched in the screen version.

The Flame of Talent.

Admirers of Pauline Frederick should rally to "The Sacred Flame," in which their favorite gives a magnificent performance. It is a joy to contemplate such an actress as Miss Frederick. All her powers of expression are so smoothly coördinated, that it is as fascinating to watch her handkerchief as it is to listen to her voice and see the play of thought on her features. So great is the improvement in recording her voice since "On Trial," her first talkie, that now perfection is reached. One has only to close his eyes—if he is given to self-denial—to imagine that she is actually present.

In view of the splendid gifts she brings to the screen, it is too bad that "The Sacred Flame" is not more appealing. At best it is a somber story of the sort that many will find depressing. To many, however, accomplished acting is never less than exhilarating, no matter what the story.

Miss Frederick is the mother of two sons, played by Conrad Nagel and Walter Byron. Mr. Nagel, an aviator, marries Lila Lee and meets with an accident that cripples him for life. Tenderly sympathetic, the young wife's devotion wins the love of her mother-in-law and all the friends of the family. But when the other brother returns from Africa and sees much of his new relative, he falls in love with her and she with him. They are about to elope, when Mr. Nagel suddenly dies from an overdose of sleeping tablets. In the investigation what follows it develops that he died at the hand of his mother, who chose that way to prevent the elopement and spare him the agony of disillusionment.

Serious, you see, and unrelieved by a ray of obvious comedy, but immensely interesting to the thoughtful spectator whose enjoyment of Somerset Maughan's skillful dialogue is certain, and whose admiration for Miss Frederick and her company is assured from the start.

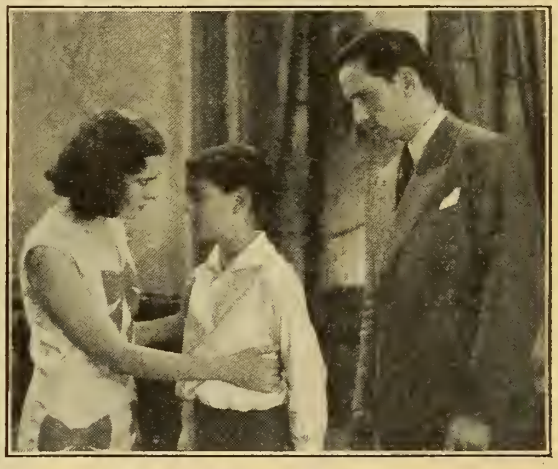
Hula Hula.

Lenore Ulric in her second picture, "South Sea Rose," is as excessively trivial as she was in "Frozen Justice," though she is somewhat more credible as a hula dancer than as an Eskimo soubrette. But the same exaggerated acting is given full sway to an extent that causes the sad reviewer to gasp at the indiscretion of star and director, to say nothing of the costumer, though it is more than likely that she was but putty in the hands of the flamboyant Lenore, who knows what she wants when she wants it.

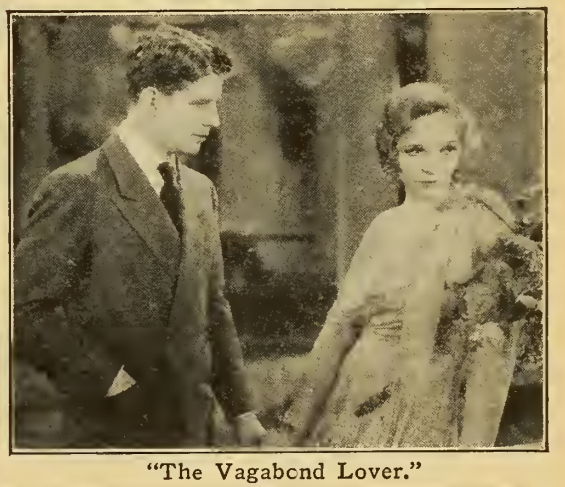
Continued on page 100



"The Taming of the Shrew."



"The Marriage Playground."



"The Vagabond Lover."



"The Sacred Flame."

Talkie Voices

Vocal personalities, pleasant, rasping, flutelike, nowadays. But viewed one by one, as in this accolades or kicks,

By Caroline



Lilyan Tashman's voice has "furred richness," whatever that is.



Alice White has rah-rah tones.



IF it is true, as a blind man said on hearing his first talkie, that there are no vocal duplicates, that each voice has a distinctive coloration for acute ears, shall we in time select our favorites by their voice personalities? A sharpened auricular sense already is picking flaws and beginning a clumsy comparison. When this instinctive aural criticism becomes more refined, voice quality will be an influential factor in determining popularity.

Whose tones are natural? And how does an actor "make up" his voice?

The talkies brought a new entertainment to the fifty thousand blind people of this country. The deaf have lost a familiar pleasure, unless a new device, which can be attached to theater chairs and enables the partially deaf to hear, proves practical. This boon to the blind, however, can be realized only when their reactions are caught.

Hearing his first dialogue film, Earl Houk, sightless from infancy, was able to follow the trend of the story almost perfectly.

"Through the dialogue and accompanying sounds, I knew practically everything that was going on," he commented enthusiastically, as he left the Paramount projection room. The incidental noises, secondary to us with our eyes focused on the screen, help to tell people's movements and their feelings. Houk described accurately the rooms in which action occurred, even whether heavily draped and carpeted, or bare of decoration, the difference in the sound pitch giving his ear these details. After the initial appearance of each player, he recognized the speaker in later scenes. He immediately knew Mary Brian and Richard Arlen, two of the cast, when, as a test, they were introduced to him later incognito.

"The blind will be voice fans, cataloguing the stars by their vocal impressions," he declared. "Though many have physical doubles, no two voices are exactly alike."

This experiment and his remarks suggested questions and possibilities. Reproduction is being improved; errors in rendition can be corrected; but there remains that individual coloration, to please or annoy. A high soprano is not expected of the Billie Dove plumelike beauty; a resonant boom from Buster Collier's slight physique would be disconcerting.

Yet doesn't Bebe Daniels' warm, luxuriant voice, threading her speech and song with a firefly iridescence, enhance her appeal? A vocal glowworm, Bebe, long shrouded in the shadows. Al Jolson's voice, holding you in its hollow, carrying you on the volume of its feeling to share its peaks, is ninety per cent of his charm. However mawkish the sentiment portrayed, the most critical cannot resist its spell. How awkward would this middle-aged man seem in the grooved heroics of the old mum movie! Buddy Rogers' boyish oral pep adds a contagious enthusiasm to his trap drums. And who is there failing in appreciation of that vocal caricaturist, Louise Fazenda?

With all its present confused babel, through which rings, suddenly, a note of rare sweetness, fluent Hollywood might be called a symphony orchestra in re-



Gary Cooper's voice is perfection.



Helen Kane has a baby-stare voice.

Rudy Vallée croons of misted moonlight.

On Dress Parade

and rumbling, are all mixed in a confused babel article, they whet your aural faculties and inspire as you wish.

Bell

hearsal, with the jangle of tuning up, the scraping noises of settling down to evoke harmonies. Certain voices soar with a larklike poignancy, or sustain a vibrant depth, marking them immediately as soloists.

Shall we let Hollywood pass before our ears in an imagined vocal parade, and bestow the accolade, or the bouquet of onions?

Voices staccato and brittle, or slow, measured. Blown-glass voices. Trills of a nimble glee. Indomitable, stentorian tones. Plushy voices, demonstrative, that infold you. Some recite their vocal calisthenics with metronome regularity. Some rasp, deeply laborious, as though being hoisted up from the cellar.

Valentine voices, lacy, fragile. Prim and fussy voices, that suggest fichus and cameo brooches. Woodland, Ariel threads of silver, to the ear unhampered by the eye's revealing discernment.

Voices, alas, that would rip the hide off an alligator!

Whose voices soar above the chorus, or twinkle like chimes through its blended vocal power?

How individual some are, echoing pleasantly in retrospect, after we have left the theater. Like the blind, I believe that had I not seen Norma Shearer, her voice, at once crisply definite and delicately feminine, would picture in my mind the modern girl who, whatever her place in the social structure, faces life briskly, with chiseled beliefs, and an engaging frankness and determination. A carved voice, with the luster of buoyant youth.



Norma Shearer's is the voice of the modern girl at her best.



Nancy Carroll's full tones pirouette.

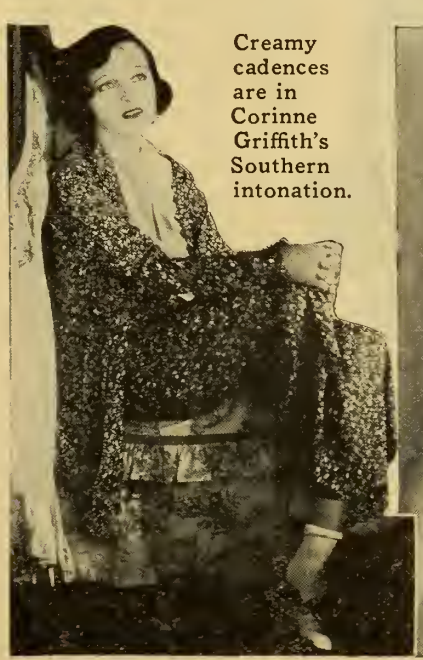


Clive Brook has a well-dressed voice.

There is in Kay Johnson's voice a subtle refinement, bespeaking an inherent aristocracy. You feel that she would do or say the right and the gentle thing, well-bred always, by instinct, with no personal indecision. It teases gayly, is superbly assured; its charm is gracile.

On the other hand, Julia Faye's reminds me of a Fourth of July celebration, with a lavish color stopping just short of boldness, with a stimulating sizzle and an inner mocking turned upon its pleasantries. Julia had ornamented the silent screen in rôles optically effective, but had won scant notice. Her social posing was exaggerated and stilted. Absurd characters and the DeMille system of decorative dressing all bespoke that atrocity—the shopgirl's vision of the grand lady. Curiously, though, in the vocafilm she shines as the sophisticate, with a fillip of taunting humor. There is a high, gay surety, flicked with irony, in her quick, smart repartee. The clever dialogue is supplied her, but the skill with which it is spoken unwraps Julia from layers of tinsel, presenting a sprightly talent, delightful in its satire. Julia vocal is a new personality, under the coloration of a sparkling voice that suggests Paquin gowns and the Longchamps races and *The New Yorker*.

It is the voice of the modern society woman, who assimilates impressions in a flash, making them her own, and disseminates them with such consummate art that they seem instinctive. A hard vitality that will brook little opposition, skillful itself in nuance, undertones its surface silkiness. A brightly veiled voice, stun-



Creamy cadences are in Corinne Griffith's Southern intonation.



Glib vibrancy is Neil Hamilton's characteristic.



Bebe Daniels' voice has firefly iridescence.

Vilma Banky's speech has undergone long training.



ning. Not the quicksilver of Kay Johnson's jaunty, yet kind audacity, not the confident, *thinking* adaptability of the modern-girl voice, Norma Shearer's, but one belonging to social battles waged at garden fête and *bal masqué* and tea.

Who but Bessie Love could qualify as the tempered saxophone? Her chorus-girl voice stamps a character keen, blatant, ambition coating a sentiment which cannot be crushed. It stops just a tone short of crudity. It stimulates and amuses, with the spirit and rhythm and clatter of syncopated jazz. A gallant voice, despite its crystalline sharpness.

Gary Cooper's is the trombone, don't you think? It rumbles a drawl along. Even though you could not see his long leanness, his level eyes and quizzical, unhurried humor, that voice could not be imagined among silly do-nothings. It is too full of quiet action—cool deliberation, thoroughness.

In the creamy cadences of Corinne Griffith's low, expressive Southern intonation, there glides languorous appeal. Bijou voices, Janet Gaynor's and Alice White's, the one naïve and wistful, the other a roller-coaster and yellow-sweater rah-rah, an arch of chatter, with the tinkle of cymbals along the way. When Janet speaks, it is as though a frail violin note quivered a bit uncertainly, in the sudden hush, upon jazz-accustomed air. Contrast Chevalier's bubbling accent with Will Rogers' lazy drawl that curls up with a kind-o'-hurt bewilderment. And Evelyn Brent's low, level sharpness, with Nancy Carroll's snappy verbal pirouetting. Can you imagine them vocally exchanging rôles?

The smiting voice of George Bancroft and his hearty slam of a laugh, and Chester Morris' deep but clipped boom, belong to vital characters who will smash through to victory, you know. You aren't so certain, though, about William Powell, with that interrogative vein that hints at a humorous attitude toward the whole proceedings. His delivery is that of the technician trained in the value of each inflection. Ruth Chatterton, also, exacts every intense bit of her low, vibrant tones that practically mirror her strong dramatic feeling. A mosaic of mixed emotions, her voice. How she can cry a throb into it!

The power of Ann Harding's is not expected of such a honey-gauzed personality. You anticipate Constance Bennett's sophisticated culture, and the leaping rapidity of Ina Claire who, though one of those husky contraltos, makes her tremolos almost twinkle. Gloria Swanson's dramatic soprano, bell-like, rounded, is no great surprise, nor Richard Barthelmess' low, yet emphatic intonation, and Clara Bow's animated voice, excitedly following her mood, illustrates her screen personality. Going vocal, however, has developed in the formerly lackluster Mary Brian an astonishing power. That coloratura Circe, Lily Damita, is doubly fascinating with her lacquered chatter. In the furred richness of Lilyan Tashman's voice, even her syllables shine, matching the sleekness of her peacock-and-velvet personality.

Betty Compson is a permanent wave, whose career dips and swells periodically. This season's triumph is due to her resplendent, husky voice. She carries it in a muff until, in a dramatic climax, it rips its sheath, a verbal scroll of dynamic, sharp feeling. Mesdames' voices, of which Mary Forbes' is an example—as though a Gainsborough lady spoke a crystal command. Mary Pickford's peals little bells, softly, gently melodic. Fairbanks announces himself with the force of a trumpeter. Conrad Nagel's ponderous boom pounds a vocal surf.

Richard Barthelmess is matter-of-fact on the screen.



I, for one, find Vilma Banky's powdery personality enhanced by her accent-traced trill. Rudy Vallée croons of misted moonlight, while Lewis Stone lashes with a whipcord voice. Contrasting Charles King's fast patter is Charles Bickford's bass rumble. Despite its low resonance, Ronald Colman has a blitheness sometimes vocally miscast in dramatic scenes.

The voice of Joseph Schildkraut, pluperfect of manner, graceful with compliments, through its suavity an arrant courage. Kay Francis' shadowed voice, with its limpid allure, should be lined with asbestos. Orally, John Barrymore acquires a droll humor, and a new touch of youth.

Continued on page 96



Kay Johnson's is the voice you love to hear.



Julia Faye has gained by audibility.

Fifi's Magic Touch

Miss Dorsay's wordless language makes you want to throw away your French dictionary, for the whole world is akin when she sings and rolls her eyes.

By William H. McKegg

WITH the introduction of speech on the screen, all the foreigners threw up the sponge. They could not make themselves understood in broken English, so they fled back to Europe. It was rather silly in a way, when you come to think of it. Is it not said that one touch of nature makes the whole world kin?

To get to the theme of my story—Fifi Dorsay—let us say that one touch of the wordless universal language makes any foreigner at home in Hollywood and the talkies.

What is this wordless universal language, you inquire. Read on and discover it.

I take it for granted that you saw Will Rogers, in "They Had To See Paris." Need I ask if you saw that devastating French brunette, Fifi Dorsay? Why, every one saw her! Well, if you didn't, your brother did. And brother spent many restless nights recollecting Fifi's vamping ways.

She flashed onto the screen with a mop of black hair, rolling eyes, and shapely legs. From that moment every member of the audience—at least every male member—declared the Dorsay to be the real thing.

Though Fifi spoke her lines with a pronounced French accent, she managed to make every one fully understand what she was doing, or about to do. Her use of the universal language did the trick. I doubt if Fifi need ever perfect her English. A gesture from her is equal to a full phrase spoken by any one else. Hence her instantaneous success.

When she sang "I Could Do It For You," in the cabaret scene, she won her audience. The high point occurred when she came to vamp the embarrassed Mr. Rogers and rattled off,

"Oh, mon chéri! Mon chou-chou, mon lou-lou, viens donc près de moi! Serre-moi donc, embrasse-moi donc, comme ça!"

And then Fifi made a noise like kisses.

Only a few understood the words, but Fifi was using the universal language and so cleared away all difficulties. In fact, the Dorsay has a way with her that will always make mere words seem superfluous.

Is it therefore surprising that I went to see her?



Miss Dorsay's career has been one of laughing and crying, with laughing uppermost now.



Fifi's success in "They Had To See Paris" proves that there is a place for a becomingly-accented player.

A new apartment, the Château Marmont, was her temporary *logis* in Hollywood.

Fifi was not in at four thirty, the time set for our interview. A few minutes later the phone rang. It was the Dorsay herself. She begged Ida, her elderly maid, to beseech my pardon. She would be there right away. She had been kept at a theater, where she was making personal appearances, and had to spend more time than she had expected trying on new dresses.

Twenty minutes later Fifi rushed in, all panicky. She was full of commiseration and explanations galore. Indeed, she seemed genuinely distressed by her tardiness.

Recollecting how her compatriot, Monsieur Chevalier, had kept me waiting for two hours, without a word of excuse, I felt like apologizing for being on time on this occasion.

Right away we became friends. Fifi is the type that makes every one her pal.

"We shall have some tea," she suggested, pulling off her hat and coat, and running her hand through her hair.

Ida, the indispensable, presented tea and a plate of sandwiches, rounds of toast with caviar, and some jam tartlets of her own making.

"I don't like caviar, Miss Dorsay," I said with firm decision.

Fifi was stunned.

"You don't like caviar! Why, I love it! I gave some to Greta Garbo when she was here and she said 'I love caviar,' in that wonderful, deep voice of hers." And half a circle of toast-and-caviar disappeared between Fifi's white teeth. Before I knew it, I also ate mine. That's the effect Fifi has on you!

Many of her screen gestures are similar to ones she makes in real life. She rolls her eyes heavenward over any

amusing comment. She raises her shoulders and touches her chin with the tip of one finger when declaiming on some new scheme in mind. Occasionally humor is too much for her, and she rocks backward in merry abandon, her knees almost touching her chin. And vice versa.

Though you might miss some of her words when she speaks English, you never fail to understand her meaning. Her constant use of the universal language gets the idea over every time.

Six years ago she came to the United States with her father, mother, brother, and sister. She comes from Asnières, almost outside the fortifications of Paris.

"Here they call me 'The Pet of Paris,'" Fifi confessed, holding upturned palms on a level with the table at such *réclame*. "But I have never acted in Paris, ever. When I came to America, I took a course in stenography. Then I wanted to go on the stage. Always I have wished to dance and sing."

Fifi bounced up and down in her chair, her legs moving in imaginary terpsichorean steps and her arms waving, to let me see how strong this urge was in her.

"That's why I went to New York. You see, we were not wealthy people. In fact, it was necessary that I help." And real seriousness now flashed from Fifi's eyes as she leaned forward across her teacup, causing me to swallow all my hateful caviar.

"My father and mother disapproved of actresses. No nice girl, my father told me, ever went on the stage. When I said I intended to try my luck, my mother at last relented, but my father was still to be pacified."

Fifi wanted to see herself acting on Broadway. At the very mention of it, the Dorsay enthusiasm swept over my vis-à-vis. Clenched little fists were pressed against her chest and flung out as if she were doing Swedish exercises, or singing a mammy song.

Fifi's eyes rolled the universal language when speaking of her desires. Although she called herself "a poor, little Frenchy alone in New York," I knew before her tale ended that she got her chance.

Nikolas Muray, the well-known photographer, assisted Fifi to get a look-in when the casting was going on for a certain edition of the "Greenwich Village Follies."

Even that did not gain her immediate employment. She was put off from time to time. Finally she obtained a place in the chorus. Soon they gave her bits; then small parts. She sang in English and French.

Whether the audience understood what she sang seems beside the point. As I have said, one gesture from Fifi makes the whole world understand what she means.

Much to her chagrin, Fifi never reached Broadway.

"I was put in a road company of 'Mr. Gallagher and Mr. Shean,'" she said, a bit distressed.

In California she met Chaplin.

Charlie said, "I'm surprised an attractive girl like you doesn't try the movies. Wouldn't you like to?"

Just to appear indifferent, though she longed for the opportunity, Fifi said, "No, I wouldn't."

Chaplin surprised her by saying, "You're a wise girl. Never try the movies unless you have a contract."

Fifi's next job was in vaudeville. Her masculine partner made up an act with her. Berrens and Fifi was the name of this team, and "Ten Dollars a Lesson" the title of the act.

"My name is really Yvonne," the Dorsay explained. "Only every one called me Fifi from the first."

Just as her stage work seemed to be prospering, her sorrows began. First her father died. A year later her mother passed away. Fifi, the eldest, was left alone to support her younger brother and sister. Of thirteen children, they are the only three living.

Freddy Berrens, her partner's brother, is Fifi's sweetheart. According to her, Freddy is a wonderful chap. He is a splendid musician and is master of ceremonies at a picture house in Detroit.

After finishing an engagement in Pittsburgh, Fifi decided to join her sweetheart and get married. But her manager was against such a move. He desired her to return with him to New York and take a test for a certain Fox picture requiring a French girl. The outcome of a test is uncertain, so Fifi went to Detroit.

But it seemed that hymeneal bliss was not for her just then. Who should get to Detroit first but Fifi's manager. He had explained to Freddy how advantageous this test might prove. Freddy saw the chance and urged Fifi to take it. Take it she did. And that's how she was sent out to Hollywood.

There is something indescribably attractive about Fifi Dorsay. She is not beautiful, but her personality is sparkling. She realizes this, too. Like most Europeans, she has a great love for family life. Pictures of her parents, of her brother and sister, and of Freddy with his violin, are on view in her apartment.

Her brother is now doing translations for a New York department store in which Fifi once worked as a model. She believes that he should learn the value of earning a living for himself. Her sister is an invalid, and is soon to join her in California.

The whole of Fifi's career is one of laughing and crying. But I think the crying Fifi has been dispensed with.

"Troubles are good for one," she said philosophically. "How can we value the good if we have not known the bad?"

When I first arrived she called me "Monsieur." I called her "Miss Dorsay." After exchanging our intimate opinions we became friendlier. Fifi called me *"Chéri"* and I called her *"Chérie."*

For Freddy's benefit I must declare that everything was quite *comme il faut*.

There is no sickly theatrical atmosphere in Fifi's apartment. Each room is neatly arranged. Of course she has what she calls "little feminine touches" here and there, such as a

Continued on page 109



Fifi Dorsay started out to be a stenographer — and now look at her.

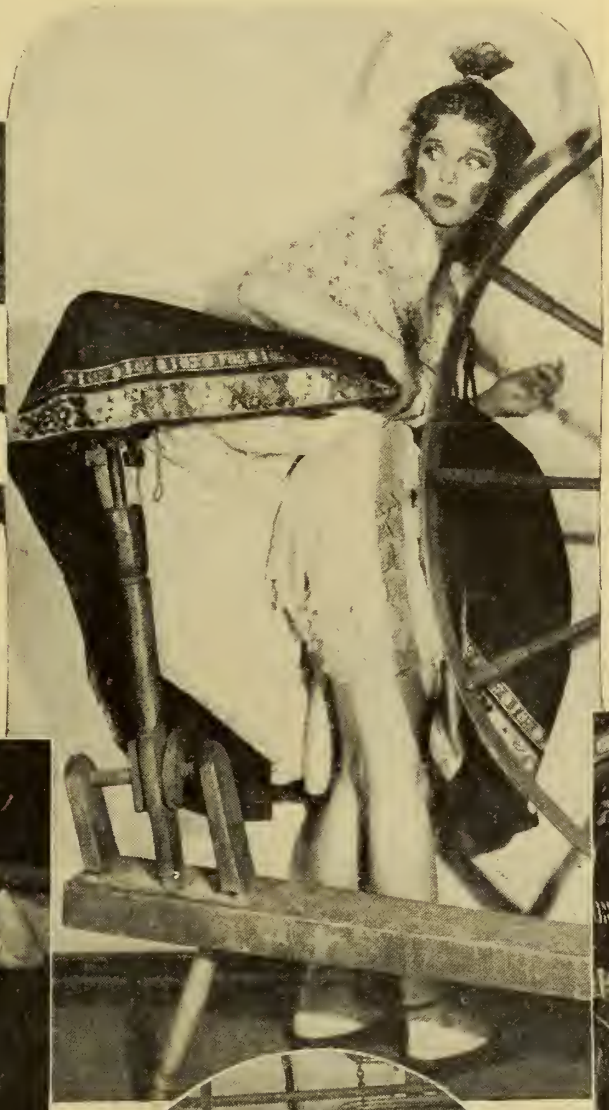
Whoops, My Dear!

Accidents just will happen, so it behooves a good trouper to get a laugh out of this sort of contretemps.

Loretta Young, below, absorbed in her spinning wheel, gets all tangled up, but nary a thread is broken.



Is Lillian Roth, above, all hot and bothered because her skirt gets caught in a make-up drawer? Don't be silly!





"Help a little girl in distress," says Merna Kennedy, above, as she resolves never again to climb into a strange garden.



Mitzi Green, above, hopping out of her machine to collect her Paramount pay check—said to be $750 weekly—is slightly detained, but she'll get her money all right. Who wouldn't?





Inez Courtney, above, a stranger in pictures from musical comedy, strikes a snag the first thing.

Billy Dooley, left, is willing to rescue June Laurel in his own way.

The Courage Of Normalcy

It is more important to Norma Shearer than her patrician air, as you will discover when you read this revealing interview.

By Romney Scott

THIS racket of writing about movie personalities is a funny one at best. It's full of upsets, if you know what I mean. The latest is Norma Shearer.

Miss Shearer had never been one of my favorites. I used to enjoy seeing her pictures occasionally because she knew how to wear clothes as though they belonged to her, but I could never rave over her as I could over—well, Florence Eldridge and Jean Arthur, for instance. I had an idea that she was pretty well pleased with herself over being a star, and if that in itself wasn't enough to make her feel that everybody else on earth was here just on sufferance, the fact that she is also Mrs. Irving Thalberg would be.

But the czar who regulates my pay checks sent me to get a story about her. I went with lagging feet and a heavy heart, to say nothing of prayers for a flat tire, feeling that, at best, I was in for a bad hour.

The first inkling I had that my theories were not infallible came when I climbed a flight of stairs to her dressing room. While Marion Davies, John Gilbert, Corinne Griffith, Colleen Moore, and others of like ilk, loll in sumptuous grandeur in isolated bungalows surrounded by high walls, Miss Shearer has two small rooms in the building that houses almost every player on the M.-G.-M. lot.

The furnishings further dispelled my illusion. Tasteful, but verra, verra simple. A green-enameled day bed, with a few serviceable cushions, a dressing table of the same hue, a couple of comfortable chairs and a table with a few books comprised the fittings. Nothing that Mamie Glutz or Sophie Fiddlesticks couldn't have by practicing a little economy. Certainly not the accoutrements with which a first-class star ordinarily surrounds herself.



While Norma Shearer never loses her dignity, it is not thrust forward in an "Ain't-I-elegant?" manner. Photo by Louise

Miss Shearer herself fairly bowled me over by her naturalness and simplicity. When I was introduced, she extended her hand, smiled, and said, "We've met before, haven't we?" We had. But our two meetings had been so casual and at such long intervals, that it never occurred to me that a person who meets as many people could possibly remember.

"This business of being a star," said Miss Shearer, in answer to a remark of mine, "isn't all it's cracked up to be. Oh, I don't mean the disappointments and disillusionments that you hear so much about. If you're successful in any business, you come up against those things, and in the case of a movie career the rewards you get more than offset them. I'm speaking of the struggle to keep at the top.

"When you reach the point where you have some say as to the stories given you, it is a temptation for every actress to insist upon playing the parts she likes to play. Now suppose she has just sense enough to realize that it isn't what she likes that is going to put her over, but what the public likes. How is she to know just what that is?

"Take my own case, for instance. I happened to score a success in a picture that called for lovely clothes and a regal manner. And people have associated me with that kind of rôle ever since. It's true that I haven't always kept the regal manner, as in 'The Trial of Mary Dugan,' but always, or nearly always, I've worn good-looking clothes.

"My pictures have been fairly successful, but how am I to know whether I'm playing the kind of rôle the public would like best to see me in? Apparently they like me in the parts I play, but would they like me better as some other type?

"The worst of it is, that after you're once established as a star you can hardly afford to experiment. Suppose I should make a picture like 'The Saturday Night Kid' and, in my case, it should turn out to be a flop. It would react against me terrifically.

"I should think, 'Well, it's evident that they don't like me in *that* kind of part. I'll try something else.' So I make a picture like 'Marianne,' and that, too, does not go so well for me. It would take a whole succession of pictures like those I'm accustomed to making—and they would have to be good ones, too!—to put me back on my feet, for two poor pictures in a row can come very near to wrecking any of us.

"The worst of it would be that I still wouldn't know whether I was giving them what they want. I would only know that I had given them two kinds they *didn't* want.

"If Marion Davies had had the technique when she made her early elaborate pictures that she has today, would the public prefer her in that kind of part, or in the homely, little parts she plays now?

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Photo by Ruth Harriet Louise

When Norma Shearer is to be interviewed, says Romney Scott, opposite, she prepares for it in a thoroughly businesslike way by marshaling facts that she considers interesting instead of trusting to luck, and this is characteristic of everything she does.





The Garbo Voice

What will it sound like? The whole world waits to hear the Swedish enchantress for the first time in "Anna Christie."

George Marion, as *Chris*, at top of page, is reunited with Greta Garbo, as *Anna*, for the first time in many years, but each keeps from the other the secret of what has happened in the long interval.

Anna, left, falls in love with Charles Bickford, as *Matt*, a stoker, who fondly believes that her life has been spent in the companionship of the sea.

Marie Dressler, below, as *Marthy*, a water-front derelict, hears *Chris* read the letter announcing *Anna's* arrival and laughs at the old man's trust in his daughter's innocence.



Night Hostess

The perils of such a career are dramatically illustrated in these scenes from "The Woman Racket."

Blanche Sweet, right, as *Julia,* marries a policeman, only to return to night-club life when she finds that domestic happiness doesn't satisfy her. Here she is seen with Richard Travers, as *Wardell,* who is to be victimized by the proprietor of the night club.



Tom Moore, below, as *Tom,* the policeman, returns to find that Blanche Sweet, as *Julia,* has come home in the early morning hours after a secret visit to the night club she had promised never to see again.







John Miljan, above, as *Chris,* proprietor of the night club which lures Miss Sweet away from husband and home, plans to silence her forever.

Robert Agnew and Sally Starr, in the circle, left, are *Rags* and *Buddy,* a youthful team of dancers who are involved with the merciless criminals that infest the night club.





The Heart

It belongs to a vaudeville trouper whose success causes until retribution overtakes him and he

At top of page Lilyan Tashman, James Gleason, Harry Richman, and Joan Bennett go through the capers of their vaudeville act.

Richard Tucker, left, listens to the surprising confession of Aileen Pringle that she looks upon the actor who is dazzled by her interest as merely a clown.

In the lean days, before fame and money came to him, Harry Richman, below, as *Harry Raymond*, vaudevillian, reads gleefully, to James Gleason, Joan Bennett, left, and Lilyan Tashman, a telegram.







Bowed Down

him to high-hat his old friends and neglect his wife, bitterly repents "Puttin' on the Ritz."

Joan Bennett, at top of page, as *Alice* in a delightful visualization of "Alice in Wonderland" in the revue which brings her fame.

Miss Bennett, right, as the wife of Mr. Richman, as *Harry Raymond*, listens coldly to her husband's explanation of his reasons for neglecting her now that success has come to him.

In the scene, below, Mr. Richman, as host at a party, sings some of the songs that have made him a popular figure in night-club life.







A Russian

She is the heroine of "The voice sweeps Russia into revolu of a



Bernice Claire, at top of page, as *Aniuta*, a peasant maid whose "Song of the Flame" incites the mob to throw off the yoke of despotism, is accused by a soldier of the czar.

Alice Gentle, above, as *Natasha*, the sweetheart of Noah Beery, as *Konstantin*, leader of the Bolsheviks, realizes that he is weary of her.

Miss Claire, right, as *Aniuta*, leaves the stress of the city to return to the farm of her childhood, and there *Prince Vòlodya* finds her, little dreaming that she is the mysterious singer he has set out to capture.



Joan Of Arc

Song of the Flame," whose
tion and wins for her the love
prince.





Bernice Claire, at top of page, sings the famous "Song of the Flame" and the peasants begin at once to respond to her witchery.

Inez Courtney, above, as *Grusha*, a peasant hoyden, is playfully tormented by Miss Claire, as *Aniuta*.

Even an ox is stirred by the song of *Aniuta*, left, so you can just imagine that Russia is no quiet place when this Joan of Arc gets going.

Our Blindfold Test

Shut your eyes and think of what a pleasant place this world would be if every girl had Milgrim gowns and wore them with the chic of Mary Doran.



Miss Doran's gown, left, is of blue-flowered taffeta, the bodice form-fitting and the skirt circular, with wide velvet streamers.



She wears, right, an afternoon gown of white chiffon flowered in pastel shades, its high waistline formed by a huge bow of moiré ribbon.

The conventional ermine, dear to the hearts of stars, below, is given added sumptuousness by prodigal use of the costly fur.



The secret of the blue-satin gown, below, lies in the sophisticated cut.



The charm of a bygone day is reflected in the tea gown of pink tulle, below, its demure simplicity relieved by lavish use of crushed velvet flowers.



All photos by Apeda



Topsy-turvy Town

You've heard this said of Hollywood, but here you will learn why from one who knows his Boulevard well.

By H. A. Woodmansee

Illustrated by Lui Trugo

IF you have been to Coney Island, or any of its numerous carbon copies, you remember a strange resort known, perhaps, as "The House That Jack Built," or "The Madhouse." The unwary who are enticed inside find themselves at the mercy of floors that shake, mirrors that distort and delude, and a score of fiendish contrivances. The barker calls the deadfall "The temple of il-loo-shun, the funny, funny, *fun-nee* house!" Folks, that's Hollywood!

Where else will you find such a place of mirages, of surprising upsets, of fantastic oddities? According to the Hollywood slogan, it's the spot where dreams come true. Including nightmares! It is a veritable town that Jack built.

Step right up, folks, and watch the stars go through the funny, funny, *fun-nee* house! Watch them walk into the mirrors! Watch them hit the bumps! Look out for that collapsing stairway, sir! Look out for that blast of hot air, lady! Remember, Hollywood must have its little joke. And, lest you forget, a return-trip ticket to anybody who can stay on his feet and keep his head.

No beach resort "fun house" ever witnessed more surprises than occur regularly in Movietown. The obscure script clerk becomes a reigning star. The office boy becomes a director, and former Russian noblemen beg for a chance to work for him. A European philosopher submits himself as the butt of slapstick comedies, while a two-reel comedian mounts to the heights and is universally acknowledged as the oracle of screen art.

One scans the roster of present and former stars, and sees society girls, waitresses, burglars, shipping clerks, professors, ladies of the evening, preachers, schoolma'ams, coal heavers, salesmen, "Follies" girls, seamen, reporters. Plenty of variety in the town that Jack built! And an upset a moment, to keep things from getting dull.

Take a look at Hollywood, smiling in its puddle of sunshine. It looks guileless enough. But beware! You'll come walking around a corner some morning and bump into a man in pajamas who is firing a six-shooter. Don't have heart failure. They're making a slapstick comedy. You'll wander into the shady recesses of Griffith Park. Behold, you have stumbled on a lovers' tryst in medieval England, or in wartime France, or on a desert ranch.

There's a peculiar magic about the Southern California sun, which blends the real with the make-believe so cleverly that one can hardly tell where the one leaves off and the other begins. Set up an artificial palm on the beach, put a camel and an extra in costume under it, and you'd swear you were in Arabia! Everything about the town is as deceptive as its appearance. One can't tell the truth from the rumor, the bogus from the real. One often can't be sure whether people are acting or are being natural. Indeed, they probably don't know themselves. Nothing is certain in Movietown but surprise.

You'll see things that will make you rub your eyes. You'll find all the architectural styles of the world running riot in the homes of the stars. You'll find Spanish, Indian, Japanese, Gothic, Italian, Egyptian and half a dozen others, sometimes outlandishly combined. Houses that Jack built! You'll see trees, bushes, and flowers from all parts of the world, in bewildering profusion. A greenhouse without a roof, a crazy-quilt profusion that will make you wonder at times whether you are in Indo-China or rustic England.

There's illusion in the very look of things, as real as that in the den of distorting mirrors and shaking floors. You'll see motorists, with foolish smiles, amusing themselves on "Magnetic Hill," between Hollywood and Beverly, by apparently coasting uphill. Things are seldom what they seem to be in this town. People are even talking of disguising Hollywood's big commercial landmark, the gas reservoir, as a Chinese pagoda.

Wherever one goes, the real and the make-believe are incongruously mingled. One sees, for instance, a performance of "Julius Cæsar" at the Hollywood Bowl. Two armies realistically battle in semidarkness. Above

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Make Way

That is the cry which, though unvoiced, inspires the openings to glimpse the stars as they alight from their



Irving Thalberg, above, Metro-Goldwyn executive, often called a genius in movie circles, clasps the hand of Norma Shearer, either to tell her to be brave in the face of cheering crowds, or to remind himself that the object of adulation is really his wife.



Robert Z. Leonard, the director, below, faces the mob unruffled by what newspapers call milling crowds, while Gertrude Olmsted, his wife, is equally calm in a public appearance.



Just two of the girls on a lark, above. Of course, even a fan with failing eyesight would recognize Mary Astor, left, and Bessie Love, and when they are seen by fans with both eyes working, you can just imagine the thrill.



Marion Davies, above, to whom fame is now an old story, knows how to be gracious without effort and dignified without being indifferent to the cheers that greet her appearance.

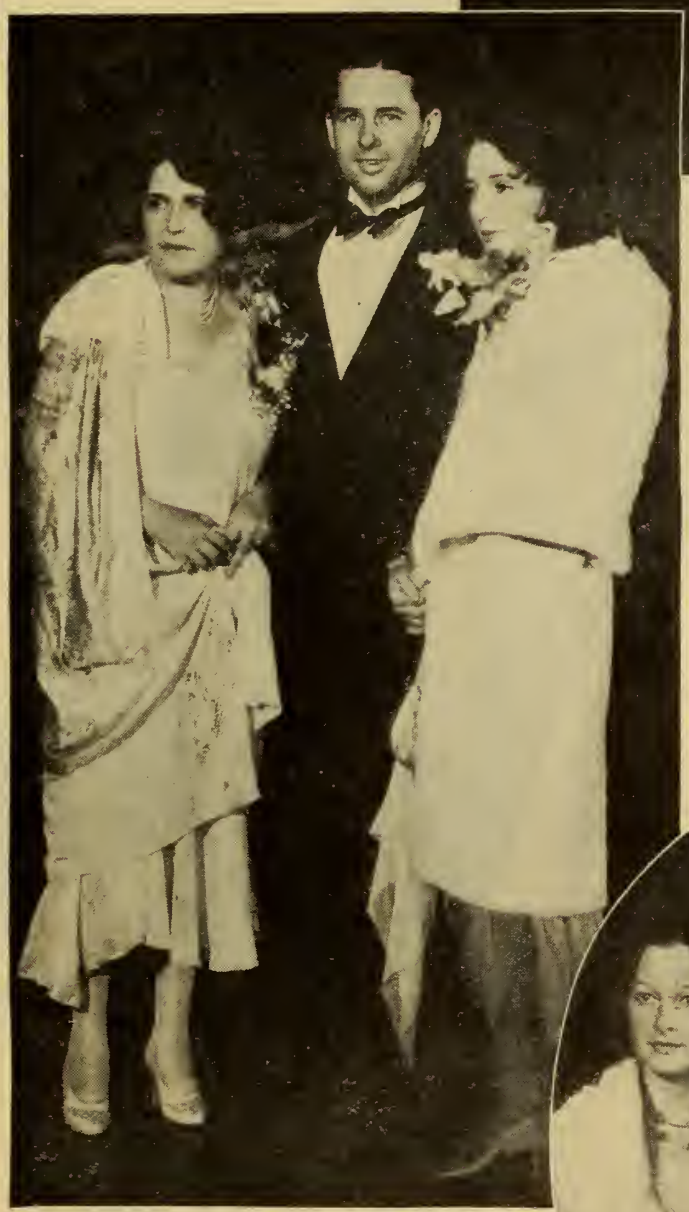
For Royalty!

crowds who press forward at Hollywood movie cars and tread the crimson carpet into the theater.





Good-humored Gwen, otherwise Miss Lee, above, doesn't get an awful kick out of movie openings, strange to say, but she gives the fans a thrill by looking just like an actress is supposed to look.



Louella O. Parsons, famous movie columnist, above, is absorbed in counting the stars visible to the naked eye, because it's her business to know who is present, but Ben Lyon smiles at the fans, even though Bebe Daniels is a bit absent-minded.

John McCormick, above, husband of Colleen Moore and producer of her pictures, has attended so many openings that he knows exactly how much of the enthusiasm is based on box-office value and how much on idle curiosity. But Colleen still enjoys the excitement.

Eleanor Boardman, below, comes out of the seclusion she prefers and is rather bewildered by the enormous crowds she sees, but King Vidor, her director-husband, regards them with sympathetic understanding.



Let's Be

An interviewer of many stars indulges in some intimate glimpses not

By William



Photo by Louise

When Jetta Goudal prepared spiced fruits for Mr. McKegg he imagined himself feasting in an Arabian Night.

ONE tires of being constantly businesslike. Right now I intend to be quite informal and offer some side lights on those very intriguing people known as picture players. For instance:

Madge Bellamy's invitations and instructions are as elusive as herself. If I am asked to her beach home she is most likely to be found in town. And the other way about.

Once she asked me to her bungalow at Venice. By following her instructions, I found myself at a place called Ocean Park. The number given me turned out to be that of a forbidding, broken-down warehouse. I decided at once that no such building housed the exquisite Bellamy. Luckily, I knew her phone number. From a pay station I yelled, "I'm here! I'm lost! I don't know where I am! Where're you?"

More instructions followed, with what sounded like sincere regret for my plight. But when, hours later, I finally found the proper place, I was sharply reprimanded.

"How could you lose your way? It's so easy to find!"

After lunch we go to the beach to take some snapshots.

"Go and fetch the bread box," Madge orders. This is a method we use to induce the seagulls to fly close over our heads, so that a snapshot can be taken of them. One throws pieces of bread in the air and the gulls grab them before they fall to earth

Balancing on the veranda rail, I fling bread to the air and call to the seagulls to form a cluster and not be annoying, for I am always blamed if they disperse.

"Oh, why didn't you get them while they were all together!" Madge wails, as the birds fly out of the camera's range. "I snapped nothing but sky then!"

I stand on the top rail now, flinging bread to the wretched little gulls, but they are as difficult to photograph as Ronald Colman, or Lon Chaney. Madge snaps and snaps away like mad.

By the time the bread is all gone there is only one exposure left. More likely than not I have to use that to snap Madge hunting for crabs!

Of course, children, when we return to Hollywood and the world we become dignified.

I had to use dignity with Neil and Elsa Hamilton when they took me to see "Strange Interlude." The timing of the play reminds me of attending a performance of "Parsifal." It seemed to last forever. But at nine o'clock, at dinner, Elsa explained what it was all about. Yet even then I'd rather have "The Shannons of Broadway."

Now Neil is one of those elusive beings, like my friend Madge. Most of the time he and Elsa live at Malibu Beach in their chalet. In winter they come back to Hollywood



Photo by Kahle

David Rollins seems always about to say something important, but is disappointingly casual.

Though talkative and humorous, Neil Hamilton is not easily fathomed.



Informal

afterthoughts of his visits with them and gives possible at a first meeting.

H. McKegg

to live, for nights near the sea are icy cold. But believe me, boys and girls, I never know their whereabouts.

"You must come out to Maliby," Neil invites ardently. Yet I've never been to Malibu, or seen the Hamilton summer palace. "You must come to dinner," he says, when residing in Hollywood. But never do I know where to go for that dinner. But as I have dined out with the two travelers, why complain?

Of all the picture people whose acquaintance I enjoy, Neil is the only one I don't fully understand. I am all the more confused, because he seems so frank and humorous. The fault is mine.

Janet Gaynor never gushes or rushes. When she does a thing, she does it with definite decision. Her secretary and companion, Mrs. Thompson, is a charming English lady. One day I was moaning about some of the food I missed through living in California. Among the legumes lacking was vegetable marrow. That's something you can get only in Europe.

"Tommy" said, "I have some. I had the seeds sent to me."

Nothing more was said.

A couple of days later, Janet turned up at my bungalow with a large package under her arm. It was a huge vegetable marrow from Tommy's garden.

But Janet is married now to Lydell Peck, so how can I expect to get any more vegetables of European origin?



Janet Gaynor never gushes or rushes, but acts with quiet decision.



Barry Norton is swell company, if you take him as he is and don't interfere.



Madge Bellamy likes to take snapshots of seagulls in flight.

Gilbert Roland is an interesting chap. Occasionally I join him at lunch in his room at the Athletic Club to discuss this, that, and the other thing. The phonograph plays records Gilbert found in Paris. To an aria from "Manon" I eat my salad.

On the wall, over his desk, hangs a colored print of Napoleon. Underneath are crossed foils. On the bookshelf is Ludwig's biography of the Corsican. Why Napoleon fascinates Gilbert I have never been able to find out, but many actors share this enthusiasm.

I do understand, however, how he feels about being jovially greeted by people he doesn't know. While at Agua Caliente, he was hailed by a fellow he had no recollection of having met.

"Say, Gilbert," the chap went on, "you act as if you didn't know me."

"You're right," Gilbert replied, "I don't."

After lengthy explanations, it turned out that he had been one of the salesmen in the place where Gilbert bought his first car. Yet this vague claim was sufficient for the stranger to hail Mr. Roland as Gilbert.

I should like to see what would happen were any one to call Jetta Goudal in so intimate a manner!

In a corner apartment of a secluded court in Hollywood, without any windows on the ground floor, resides this ever enigmatic lady.

La Goudal is one of the very few genuinely interested in my existence. At times she treats me like a refractory infant. On one occasion she was horrified to learn that for some time I had not been eating any breakfast or lunch—except a glass of milk and a piece of cake. At midnight, or the early



Gilbert Roland dislikes being familiarly hailed by people he doesn't even know by sight.

hours of the morning, I prefer to eat. Then food seems truly delightful.

With the return of speech came Jetta's anathema.

It was her cook's day off. What would I wish? Should she take me to the Boulevard for something hot, or would I prefer eating something cold with her? You can guess the temperature I chose.

While preparing the meal, Jetta said that I should read "The Unknown Warrior." But the "Warrior" happened to be upstairs in the library. I was granted permission to mount and get him. Jetta gave me explicit directions in which room he would be found.

I discovered the library and the "Warrior." But now I ask you —how could I pass Goudal's bedroom without looking in?

It is a dazzling place. The walls recalled the sunrise music from Mascagni's "Iris." The bed looked like an Oriental throne. The silver and crystal on the dressing table glittered, and must surely make the room bright, even at night—but only my imagination suggests that!

When I returned below, La Goudal was in the dining room, holding a silver bowl of spiced fruits before her, like a priestess about to offer a sacrifice to the gods.

"I lost my way," I told her, and explained how it happened.

Jetta smiled. Of course she didn't believe me. But she said, when I mentioned the beauty of her bedroom, "Yes, when I open my eyes in the morning and see the sun shining on the golden walls I am happy."

While giving finishing touches to the table, Jetta told me to glance at "The Unknown Warrior." Soon my eyes wandered to some French books—plays by Racine and Corneille. Picking up Baudelaire's "Les Fleurs du Mal," I skimmed through some of the poems. Just when my eyes reached *"Par ici, vous qui voulez manger!"* Jetta called me.

Of course, Baudelaire alluded to eating lotus blossoms, or something. Yet even such a poetic repast as that could never equal the delicious one La Goudal prepared for me.

That salad, my dears! Was ever salad so prepared since Sappho feasted on her fair island with celebrated guests from the City of the Violet Crown?

Many extraordinary things occur in Hollywood, but who can boast of having eaten an Arabian Night meal prepared by Jetta Goudal herself?

Interference Barry Norton cannot tolerate. I don't blame him. Who enjoys it, anyway?

"I mind nobody's business! Everybody minds mine!" he roars out, eyes flashing dangerously, fists clenching, sinews taut, ready to spring on the unknown interferer should he materialize at that moment.

But does Barry care what other people do, what they say? A snap of two strong Argentine fingers!

In all truth, Barry is one of the best companions, if you desire distraction from routine. Entirely irresponsible, doing things as no one else does them, he is unique. If you can put up with such a personality and accept him as he is, you will remain one of Barry's friends. As we have been good friends, more or less, for many years, it is to be assumed that I have been able to accept Mr. Norton as he is.

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Photo by Louise



Eddie Nugent is well informed on antique furniture of all periods.



For putting up a good, square fight against great odds, honor is due Mary Nolan, says Myrtle Gebhart.

Photo by Freulich

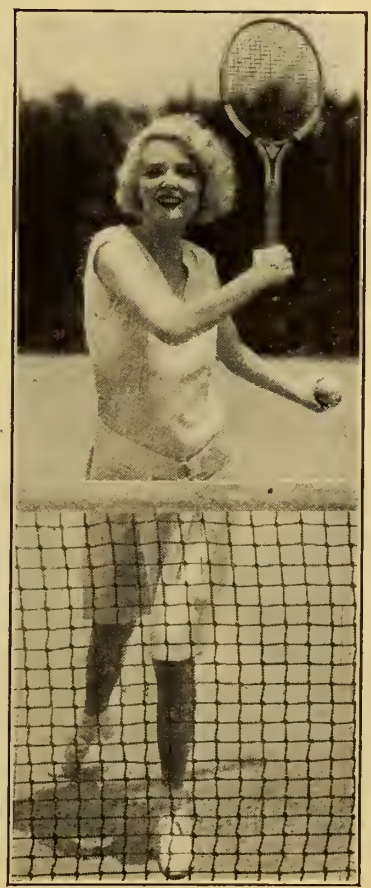
The "Glory Girl"

She is Mary Nolan, but you must read this story for the meaning of the phrase.

By Myrtle Gebhart

THE moment I saw Mary Nolan I knew she was a "glory girl." Not for her coloratura prettiness—gentian eyes, blond marcel, full lips artfully pinked, svelte grace in pale-pink pajamas, a touch of jade. Not for her frilly, orchid room with its dumb zoo—teddy bears, a ga-ga bird, a green frog-footstool. Not so much for the worldly sheen about her, nor for the expert and instant poise.

Rather for the carefree spirit's radiance which leaped at me. Until recently I've known glory girls only casually. They are birds with the wind in their wings. The clipping of those wings is not accomplished without pain. Usually it is a swift process, an aftermath to realization of their precarious passage along this world. For the glory girl's brilliantly hectic "past" trails her relentlessly; its ribbons are tatters of gaudy color that she can never quite shake off.



Mary Nolan's coloratura prettiness is always evident.

Joan Crawford, once the hey-hey, almost danced her reputation to shreds before the wise, friendly ones reined her in. It wasn't easy to discard those incandescent evenings when she was the highest stepper among the dappled ponies. Joan symbolized superlative jazz; her domestication to pianissimo has been a plucky fight.

For a brief span Jane Winton thought to make life a holiday, running away from her guardian and flirting her sunlit personality through exciting adventures until it got her in the "Follies." Matrimony's sedate routine capped her little fling.

There have been flocks of these gay birds of passage, awing to the rhythm of the wind. Lilyan Tashman's path was mercurial, until marriage steadied her. Kaleidoscopic was the progress of Louise Brooks, who shook the dust of the Kansas prairies from impatient heels in her eagerness to invade the land of glamour behind the footlights. Wisecracking, pert Dorothy Sebastian, who slung verbal brickbats to conceal the hurt in her heart. Dorothy Mackaill's high-spirited ego talked her into an American career. Margaret Livingston smeared on a semi-sophistication and set out to match her wits against the

world, thinking it one of those pastries she had neglected to gobble up in the pie-eating contest.

Show girls, most of them, flighty *femmes,* in a headlong, happily blind plunge toward that day of reckoning when gladly they would blot out the whoopee hangover; to find that only a term of application could convince observers of their new earnestness.

Glory girls are associated, in some mental recess of mine, with hotels. Revolving doors have always spewed forth a stream of glamorous women. Their representative effect goes back to a childhood impression of a world apart. Their smartness and poise intrigued me; a mysterious luxury surrounded them. Silk for serge, epicurean delights for pounded round-steak, opalescent uncertainties for grooved and drab steadiness.

Dross? I couldn't imagine it there amid all that incandescent glow. Hunger? Those gossamer ladies, so brightly brocaded, with pink cheeks against furs—impossible! Gilt edges tarnished? Wings tired, but daring not to droop, having no safe cage? It never occurred to me that their luminosity might be but a frail curtain of tinsel over a life at times harsh.

How illusion does blow its powder breath to tantalize earthbound eyes!

Glorious ladies I called them as a child, but knowledge has scuffed their gleams a bit. I see them differently—crimson butterflies, caught in the topmost branches of the trees whither they once flew so buoyantly. At times I have doubted that they really know their own vagrant impulses.

Glory girls, merry and unfettered, imbibing some exhilaration above my muted desire. Yet, strangely, in transient moods envying me my homespun surety. They, the russet leaves; my kind, the roots.

I call them glory girls because, with all their uncertainties, they hear the birds sing, and I the crickets' chirp.

Joan Crawford first drew the curtain, and later Mary Nolan, and I saw the gay courage of the glory girl, and its dissatisfied undercurrent masked by light mockery of life's sterner lessons.

Curiously, however difficult her situation, she seldom worries—as long as she *is* a glory girl. It is a peculiar blessing in her psychological make-up, to render her insecurity endurable, even thrilling. She is shut out, mostly, from my safe, four-walled life; for recompense, she vibrates to a higher key of enjoyment.

Mary Nolan bummed a hobo ride, ran away with gypsies, lived at an expensive London hotel, nonchalantly running up a large bill while possessing no funds. Mingled with the peculiar fascination of her type for phlegmatic me, I harbored at first a vague disapproval. Memory conjured an unpleasant newspaper story. She had tried to palm herself off on American producers as a foreigner. Her impudence added to my prejudice. Imogene Wilson—Imogene Robertson—Mary Nolan. At our first meeting she proved to be a girl at once blithely proud of, and attempting to discipline, her own turbulence. A glory girl not defended, but explained.

Though she was the antithesis of all that I value and cherish dearly, her candor and spunk awakened my respect. That has slipped into an affection not lacking in admiration. Facing criticism and a galling Nemesis, knowing her present motives to be right and herself a square shooter, she has fumbled her way without the guidance and influences of home-molded character.

At first she had acquaintances, but no close friends in Hollywood. Some players are merely uninterested or busy, others fearful of their own reputations. The cold shoulder for Mary, who had committed the unpardonable faux pas of getting the *wrong* newspaper headlines; kisses for those who, fully aware and coldly selfish in ambition, coat intrigues with sweet hypocrisy.

Of her personal problems we spoke little at that time, the glory girl's psychology interesting me more.

"We habituated ones envy you gypsies your migratory ways. Your nerve." I voiced my abstract thoughts. 'To us time clocks, transiency has appeal."

"By nature we are gay of heart, and afraid of the bonds that some elemental instinct wants. I have been through tough times. But this is no sympathy act." She hummed a tune. The desire for a saner existence, then slightly stirring, was to become definite; unsuspected was the unhappiness around the corner. "I despise cowardice. My mistakes have been my education—and parents. Girls reared in sheltered homes can never understand the dare girls. We sometimes would like their permanency, though we would tire of it."

She was sitting cross-legged on the bed, I across the little table.

I commented upon that quality, nerve, through lack of which I so admire. I am the sort who counts the pennies first, then waits for the dollars—and probably I shall still be waiting after the glory girls have strung the bright beads of their lives, linked with so much fun and fight and bravado.

"It is make a grand-stand play and win, or we're no worse off," she mused. "We have everything to gain, nothing to lose."

Her life has been anecdotal. Its tabloid scenes flash an apron-clad child on a Kentucky farm, romping over haystacks. An orphaned kid, miserably snubbed by the correct children in the convent where she was a "charity," working for her board. At nine.

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Though Mary Nolan was born on a Kentucky farm, hers is not the temperament to till the soil—except when the camera is looking.



If rainbows were black and white

Suppose that, since the world began, rainbows had been black and white! And flowers; and trees; Alpine sunsets; the Grand Canyon and the Bay of Naples; the eyes and lips and hair of pretty girls!

Then suppose that, one day, a new kind of rainbow arched the sky with all the colors of the spectrum—that a hitherto undreamt-of sunset spread a mantle of rich gold over the hills.



DOLORES COSTELLO, lovely Warner Brothers star, is even more charming than ever, in Technicolor.



In "Song of the West," Warner Brothers present all the magnificent beauty of nature, in Technicolor.

Literally, that is what happened to the motion picture screen. Technicolor has painted for the millions of motion picture "fans" a new world — the world as it really is, in all its natural color.

Yesterday is an old story in the annals of the "movies." For yesterday motion pictures were silent. And...yesterday motion pictures were black-and-white.

Today you hear voices, singing, the playing of great orchestras. Today you see the stars, the costumes, the settings—in natural color — in Technicolor.

Technicolor *is* natural color

SOME OF THE TECHNICOLOR PRODUCTIONS

DIXIANA, with Bebe Daniels (Radio); GLORIFYING the AMERICAN GIRL, with Mary Eaton. Eddie Cantar, Helen Morgan, Rudy Vallee in revue (Paramount); GOLDEN DAWN, with Walter Woolf, Vivienne Segal (Warner Bros.); HOLD EVERYTHING, with Winnie Lightner, Georges Carpentier, Joe E. Brown (Warner Bros.); PARAMOUNT on PARADE, all-star revue (Paramount); The ROGUE'S SONG, with Lawrence Tibbett, Catherine Dale Owen (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer); SON of the GODS, starring Richard Barthelmess (First National); SONG of the FLAME, with Bernice Claire, Alexander Gray (First National); SONG of the WEST, with John Boles, Vivienne Segal (Warner Bros.); The VAGABOND KING, starring Dennis King (Paramount); BRIDE of the REGIMENT, with Vivienne Segal (First National); UNDER A TEXAS MOON, with Frank Fay, Noah Beery, Myrna Loy, Armida (Warner Bros.).



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AGAIN Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer proves its leadership by being the first to present an operatic genius of such outstanding reputation as Lawrence Tibbett in a full length motion picture production. Now you can hear in your favorite theatre the same glorious baritone that has thrilled thousands at the Metropolitan Opera House—that has carried his fame around the world!

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See also Laurel & Hardy, the funniest team on the screen today, as a couple of singing bandits! And what a help to the Chief *they* turn out to be!

ENTIRE PRODUCTION IN TECHNICOLOR



METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

"More Stars Than There Are in Heaven"

When Hats Were Hats

Men used to be picturesque creatures, with every outfit topped by a tall headpiece.







Charles Rogers, upper left, wears a huge hat in "River of Romance."

Joseph Schildkraut, upper right, in "The Mississippi Gambler," wears the garb of the period with ease.

Lucien Littlefield, left, in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and Joe E. Brown, right, in "Song of the West," got different effects from their silk hats.







James Murray, upper left, tries out the fuzzy high hat which was once the last word in chapeaux.

Fred Kohler, upper right, in "River of Romance," scowls beneath a stovepipe hat, and in the same film Anderson Lawler, left, is a gay cavalier of the old South.

Philip Strange, right, in "Loves of an Actress," wears what was once the Continental mode.

Is Novarro A Failure?

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that I have been right before counts for nothing. And do you know what that does? It takes away my feeling of self-reliance. It shows me they feel they cannot trust in my judgment. I think one of the worst crimes a human can commit is to take away the self-confidence of another.

"Consider the characters I impersonate. I'm not complaining exactly. I am well paid for what I do, and the company makes money on my pictures, but yet—— 'The Pagan,' for instance. I played a young boy scarcely past adolescence. I am not a young boy any more. When I came to pictures I *was* a young boy.

"But ten years have passed since then and, willy nilly, life catches you up and knocks you this way and that. Willingly or unwillingly, that first fine bloom, that trust in all humanity —in everything pertaining to you—is dissipated, and you learn things that were, perhaps, better left unlearned. But you can't help that. It's there, and it leaves its imprint on your character. I am not the naïve, unsophisticated boy I was ten years ago. But the producers cannot understand that. They think of me still as nineteen or twenty and, because I happened to be well received in the rôle of a naïve, unsophisticated boy, I must go on playing him to the end of the chapter.

"I think of all the rôles I've ever played, I most enjoyed *Rupert,* in 'The Prisoner of Zenda,' because he was different." He smiled wistfully. "But I guess there are no more *Ruperts* for me.

"I have my little theater in my home. I think, 'Well, here I can do things as I feel they should be done.' So I plan an evening's entertainment. I plan sketches and have friends and children of the neighbors for my actors—all amateurs. And I work with them, coaching, directing, advising for weeks, sometimes a couple of months. I plan my own songs, the scenery and the lights, so that the audience is in the mood before I ever come on the stage.

"Then I invite my guests. The seats are numbered and reserved. There are ushers. Everything is exactly as in a regular playhouse. The theater holds sixty-five. Small enough, certainly, for every one to see from any position in the house. Presently the guests arrive and by and by the performance is over.

"They come up and congratulate me and tell me it is splendid, but I detect a forced note in this man's voice. Finally, by dint of a great deal of coaxing and questioning, I find he feels slighted because he was seated in the last row, instead of the first. And so on."

Presently he continued. "Then, I think, my music is left to me. All my life I have studied piano and voice. My teacher, possibly because I am successful, possibly because he wants to encourage me, makes me believe my voice is better than it really is. Nothing will satisfy him, but that I must make a grand-opera début. I do not care particularly for opera, but if my voice is of operatic caliber, naturally I want to do it. I make all arrangements.

"Then my brother died. But I go on to Berlin, anyhow. And I am taken ill. But I keep working. My picture, 'The Pagan,' comes out. The critics say I have a 'nice' voice—above the average—but that it is not for grand opera. And once again my self-confidence is undermined. I say, 'What's the use?' and come home.

"And I think, 'Well, I will study, and my music will be for my own entertainment. But my friends—well-meaning, perhaps—insist that if not grand opera, I must, at least, try the concert stage, and I correspond with many managers of theaters in Mexico to arrange a tour.

"And then a concert manager in this country approaches me. But now I do not know whether it is my voice or my name he wants. And I have no way of finding out. I only know how hard I've worked with music. I cannot know whether my voice is really as good as I hope it is. How terrible if I let him arrange a tour, and people pay to hear me sing and are disappointed.

"So once more I think 'What's the use? I have all I need, and I have my picture work. I am successful in that, and there are people who like me. I'll let well enough alone.' Not every one likes me, but the world would be rather a ghastly place to live in, if every one liked the same things and same people, wouldn't it?"

He sighed a little and smiled.

"Now, you see, when a person achieves success it is pretty much at the expense of all illusions. We sacrifice everything for these grand passions, and then find they do not last. So we try to fill our hearts and lives with little, empty, material things that, in the end, do not matter greatly. With the realization of the futility of struggle, at first comes bitterness and hurt. But, after a time, you learn to philosophize. And in philosophizing you come to the conclusion that the price of heart's desire and peace is heart's blood and pain. And for what you gain, you pay the cost."

And Ramon smiled a little wistfully again and nodded.

One Vote For Hollywood

Continued from page 34

bert. On Broadway Ina Claire was a star in her own right. Hollywood perspective was something else to consider, said Winnie. "Imagine my finding little Mae Clarke and Barbara Stanwyck doing leads—girls who were in the choruses of revues I was in. And Dot Sebastian, a 'Scandals' girl! I remember them as chorus ponies. Now they're stars!

"I suppose the whole thing is the difference between Broadway and Hollywood. Broadway is hard-boiled and cynical and indifferent, unless you're a hit. Hollywood takes itself seriously. Art is art in Hollywood. And you can't kid them out of it. Broadway can't be kidded into thinking acting is anything but show business. But I love Hollywood.

"I just finished a picture of 'Hold Everything,' the musical comedy. Joe E. Brown is in it. We had a swell time making it. But I'd rather not do any of those odd jobs like the bathtub gag in 'Show of Shows.' That was one of those things they started making on the spur of the moment. When they shove you onto the set in an idle half-hour and request you to be comical.

"That's one of the curses of being a comédienne. When you're invited to a dinner party the host doesn't ask you to bring your violin, but he certainly counts on your being funny. 'Ask that funny Winnie Lightner—she'll be amusing!' That's how they figure me. And I'm not so funny, am I?"

The talking films have taken to their collective bosom Fannie Brice, Al Jolson, Belle Baker, Sophie Tucker, Helen Morgan—singers all —and it is only logical that Winnie join the family. Her personality snaps onto the screen, and her comedy is as infectious as it is broad.

And Winnie thinks it is all copasetty, too, this rambling house in Hollywood with a beach and a garden and lots of fresh air, instead of subways, overnight jumps to Schenectady, and stuffy dressing rooms. When Winnie was a little girl she was doing the tank towns in a three-act—her sister, her sister's husband, and herself. Times were quite different, then, she remembers. Things have changed. For the better!

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the things I have to put up with!" She gave Monica her famous, rueful smile. "But I mustn't talk about little me all the time. I'm so glad to see you, dear. Now tell me all about yourself."

Obediently Monica began, intending to lead up to her desire to get into pictures and ask for some advice. But she had barely started when, somehow, Joy was talking again.

"I've arranged for you to be in the scene we'll shoot this afternoon," she said. Monica bit her tongue in excitement. "I hate to rush you, of course, but this is our last big scene, and I thought it would give you a background for your other experiences—you'll see what it's like to face the camera, though, of course, you'll just be an extra——"

"Oh, I'd *love* it!" Monica cried. She hardly heard Joy's laments, eulogies, and remarks about her leading man after that. Her first day in Hollywood, and she was to act in a picture!

As they drove through the studio gate Monica was no mere guest; she was a star, driving through in her own limousine. In her mind's eye she saw herself nodding to the gateman and gazing loftily at the hangar-like buildings that Joy said were the sound stages. There the car was stopped for a few moments.

"See that red light? That means they're working in there—sound pictures make everything so complicated," fretted Joy. Monica fretted, too.

They reached the dressing room at last, on the ground floor of one of a row of two-story houses that looked like a factory's model settlement for its workmen. Joy explained that the stars had the lower floors, the mere players the upper ones. Monica glanced contemptuously at the upper ones. She'd never have to bother with them!

She was delighted with the dressing room—really three rooms; a reception room where Monica stumbled over huge, heavily carved furniture, her eyes fixed on the photographs of Joy that covered the walls, tables, bookshelf, where three lonely volumes reposed, all novelizations of Joy's pictures, and piano. A dressing room opened from it, notable for the cloud of orchid tulle at the windows, the vast heap of orchid pillows cascading over the bed, which stood on a dais, and the dolls, enormous dolls with gangling legs, representing Joy in costumes she had worn in various films.

There was, also, an amazingly plain oak table crowded with small, wooden heads, each bearing a wig. Black hair, red hair, yellow hair of various tints, plain, curly, short, long—eerily reminiscent to Monica of "Bluebeard."

Last of all the bathroom, with its orchid tiles, bath towels, hand towels and wash cloths. There was a long dressing table, its mirror surrounded by unshaded bulbs, its surface loaded with open jars of cold cream, glass bowls of face powder of every conceivable shade, bottles, and sticks of grease paint. A steam cabinet occupied one corner; a massage table was crowded into another. Obviously, this was a workshop, in contrast to the tidy, show-windowlike appearance of the other rooms.

Monica perched on the edge of the tub while she watched the tedious job of making up, which Joy accomplished with the patience and deftness of an expert. Afterward she herself sat at the dressing table, and saw her own face transformed into a new one in which every claim to beauty was subtly emphasized.

Monica, taking the gown and wrap she was to wear, retired modestly to the dressing room to put them on, but Joy slid out of her clothes and wandered about, gathering up bits of wearing apparel, while her maid frantically followed her, fastening buttons and tying sashes.

The phone rang insistently; the maid answered it in a harassed voice, "Yes, sir; she's starting right now." At last Joy was ready, and shepherded Monica out to the car to drive the few hundred yards to the sound stage where she was to work.

Monica wanted to stop and stare, but a man's voice caught her ear. He was a young man, and he stood in front of a dangling microphone, saying earnestly, "Oop-boop-a-doop; Monday, Tuesday, Mississippi; you knew your duty, one, two, three, four, five, six, seven; Xantippe accosted Alphonso, physicians and surgeons speaking."

"What's he doing?" demanded Monica.

"Testing the sound apparatus," replied Joy crisply. "They used to read paragraphs from the newspapers, but quite often they'd run onto things people in the studio didn't want mentioned. Now they just use words with hard sounds."

Monica was given a seat at a table, with another girl and two men, who paid no attention to her until the scene was finally taken, and then suddenly they turned to her, beaming, and began to talk. But for hours before that moment arrived she sat and waited. Every one seemed to be busy and important except the actors. The director held a long powwow with the camera men; the latter insisted that the long shot didn't mean a thing, and would have to be thrown out, anyway.

"That song number of Laurel's is all that'll count, anyway," insisted one of them.

"I know what I'm doing; we've got to have production value," retorted the director. "We won't get to Laurel's stuff to-day; got to get rid of these extras first."

But at last, somehow, came the order, "All right, you people at the tables, talk, but keep it low—we don't want any words understood. Look as if you were enjoying this; remember you're getting paid for it."

A low, meaningless babel began; an orchestra played the last few bars of a song Monica had never heard; a man strode into the spotlight in the center of the floor, and as he began to speak, there was a call, "Cut!" and the cameras were moved forward.

"Everybody keep your places!" shouted a little man, who was rushing about distributing slips of paper. Monica took hers, wondering what it was. Joy sauntered over as she stood staring at it.

"You see, I thought of everything," she told Monica sweetly. "I knew you'd want that as a souvenir. It's the regular extras' pay slip."

"Ten dollars for just sitting there?" exclaimed Monica.

"Miss Laurel, ready!" the director called just then. Joy sauntered away again, and one of the girls who had been sitting at the table with Monica, having noticed Joy's interest, turned to her.

"Sure, you get ten dollars for a day's work," she remarked. "And it's no souvenir to the rest of us, I'll say."

"It isn't to me, either," Monica told her breathlessly.

"Don't you know the ropes, baby? Well, the company had to register you at the Central Casting Bureau, or you couldn't have worked to-day, even if you are a friend of the star. You get down to their office to-morrow and tell 'em you want to keep on. Don't be too truthful. Tell 'em you can sing like Helen Morgan and dance Marilyn Miller bow-legged."

Monica retreated to what seemed a quiet place and discovered that she was directly in front of a camera. Moving on to another corner, she waited an hour while a heated discussion went on. At last Joy joined her.

"Just as I thought. That man is the most incompetent, conceited—but what does it matter? We'll go home now."

They went. Monica was thrilled over driving through Beverly Hills.

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The most amazing chap of all was Barney Fagan, who at eighty does his dancing as nimbly as a modern tap-stepper.

Mention might be made of the fact that Mr. Hopper, who has been much married, is working on the same lot with his former wife—No. 3—Hedda Hopper. They met, too, and exchanged pleasant greetings.

Morans a Sextet.

Six Morans and one Mack—that's the ratio in the famous team of the "Two Black Crows."

In other words, Charley Mack, who is the mainspring of the popular duo, changes his Morans as the need arises. He has a different one in the new Black Crows production. The latest Moran's real name is Bert Swor; the one that appeared in "Why Bring That Up?" was George Circe.

In the "Vanities," on the stage, Mack is reputed to have used four or five different actors as partners. He keeps a staff of six, and calls upon them as the mood hits. They are glad to alternate, too, it would appear, depending on the nature of the act.

Before the Two Black Crows came to Hollywood, a Moran waxed high-hat with Mack, it is told. "I ought to be getting just as much money as you," he said, "and instead, you're only paying me a salary. I should have a share of the profits, too."

"Well, don't you get the first place in the billing of the act—Moran and Mack?" Charley asked. "Well, be happy with that."

Mack, of course, is responsible for writing and directing all the comedy which the team puts on, and he needs the varying inspiration.

Hollywood High Lights

Pastoral Pleasures.

Hollywood seems to be suddenly going back to the good, old-fashioned forms of amusement, like apple bobbing, taffy pulling, corn popping, and other similar rural pleasures.

The climax recently occurred when Ruth Roland resurrected the time-honored hay ride, and caused no end of a sensation in the film colony and its environs, when she took her friends to meet Ben Bard on his arrival from New York.

Ben got off the train at Pasadena, and immediately was surrounded by a hay-covered mob, attired in the garb of the gay '90s. He looked at them dizzily for a few moments, and then realized it was his wife who had arranged the fantastic welcome. He could hardly recognize her, attired as she was in patched trousers, a sweater, and a checked cap.

The trip from Ruth's house to Pasadena and back was about thirty miles, and it was a wildly cheering crowd most of the way.

Dolores Would Be Gay.

Dolores del Rio is forsaking sad heroines. Her newest motto is "Let us be gay."

"Sad ladies depress me," Dolores told us on the set of "The Bad One." "*Evangeline* was a most saddening experience for me, and I don't believe people want to see me play that sort of rôle."

Dolores is likely to undertake an entirely different sort of impersonation in her next picture after "The Bad One." She may play a very sartorial and Gloria Swanson-like part, such as she has not done since some of her very earliest efforts on the screen.

An Artist Returning.

Yes—the screen is growing up! It must be when the studios decide to bring back an actor like George Arliss for another engagement!

Arliss is scheduled to produce a talkie version of his stage play, "Old English"—one of the most successful of his long career.

The reason is that "Disraeli," his first feature, has succeeded beyond expectations.

Arliss is a mature and polished actor. He represents some of the finest footlight traditions.

Another Stellar King.

Equally as interesting is the news that Otis Skinner is to appear in talking pictures. There is some talk about "The Honor of the Family," which he has revived several times during his theatrical career.

Skinner made only one silent film, "Kismet," about ten or eleven years ago. He may star in three audible features.

"I Don't Marry Yet."

The tempting Fifi Dorsay will continue for the present to gladden the hearts of her masculine fans as a single woman. She was almost married once, and she is still engaged, but the actual wedding has been postponed. Fred Berrens, a jazz-band leader, is the bridegroom-to-be.

Meanwhile, Fifi, with her teasing songs, is one of Hollywood's supremest delights, and she is doing well in pictures, too. The first thing any mere man visitor asks when he comes on the Fox lot is to meet Fifi, and each and every one goes away more or less dazed by her eyes that flash almost as much off the screen as on.

What The Fans Think

Continued from page 12

tenor rose in the middle of the program and sang an illustrated song about a soldier boy marching off to war! This was in the days when all moving pictures had to move, and almost the entire picture was taken up by the fast and furious action of a tramp chasing two mischievous boys, and a flat-foot constable chasing the tramp! The whole town was stirred when announcement was made that a three-reel feature film would be shown Saturday night! Times have changed since then, eh?

Frank Kenneth Young.
903 West Seventh Street,
Traverse City, Michigan.

She Knows Mary Brian!

Loving sweet little Mary Brian as I have since we were both in grade school, with pleasure I would like to tell you some of the things I know of her.

It's hardly credible that one so young could make the progress she has in such a short time, for it seems only yesterday that we were exchanging notes in class. She is a favorite with all ages, but with the younger crowd especially, and I was pleasantly surprised upon visiting in her home in Hollywood less than a year ago, to find Mary unchanged.

She has a voice that is low and musical and one that is good to hear, as all will vouch who saw and *heard* "River of Romance." The talkies are in her favor, thanks to her mother's careful training during early childhood.

Mary is far more beautiful off the screen than on and has a charming manner and lovely disposition, being especially friendly at all times with people who are less fortunate than herself.

I could write on forever and would love to, but will leave room for other fans, who I wish could know and love their favorite and mine.

Grace Erwin.
704 Glendale Street,
Dallas, Texas.

In Defense of Clubs.

Lorraine Mason, in a recent Picture Play, says that she distrusts all fan clubs because she sent a quarter to the Joan Crawford club, and never heard a word from it.

I have seen a few complaints like this, and would like to ask fans who send money to clubs and do not get a reply, to please give the club the benefit of the doubt and find out positively if you have used the correct address. If so, write again and wait a little while for them to have time to answer your letter.

Many workers, in trying to help clubs and get publicity for them, will often ask the magazines to list their club and will give their own name and address, thereby creating the impression that they are the president of the club. This is a mistake.

Please do not condemn a club until you have given them time to answer. Remember we receive dozens of letters a day and unless we devote our entire time to it we cannot possibly help getting behind in our mail.

Personally, I would rather lose a few quarters than to lose my faith in people, or feel that I might be condemning innocent persons.

Continued on page 109

With Charm Surpassing

These pictures show how becoming the costumes of long ago are on girls of to-day, no matter if you do prefer modern modes for yourself.



Laura La Plante, right, as *Magnolia*, in "Show Boat," is feminine and alluring, with only her hands uncovered.

And June Collyer, left, far from being hampered by ruffles and furbelows in "River of Romance," came forth with a real characterization.

Bessie Love, center, a belle of the late '90s in the "Hollywood Revue."







Mary Brian, left, in "The Virginian," is a school-teacher of the days when the West was young, but her simple, staid attire is found to enhance her beauty, not diminish it.

Barbara Kent, right, is scarcely a dashing figure as a schoolgirl of the early '90s, but her high collar throws into relief her fresh, young face.

Joan Bennett, outer right, is a Victorian belle of 1872 in "Disraeli," and as lovely as they are to-day, too.



Talkie Voices On Dress Parade

Continued from page 70

Raymond Hackett's speech is scoured, so clearly incisive does it strike the ear; and H. B. Warner's chiseled tone is like a polished steel lance, as keen as his quick, critical eyes. A full-of-forty voice, Louise Dresser's, the cello of the Hollywood orchestra, amply expresses a great heart tapestried by time's pressing experiences. Fay Wray's negligee voice rests one; its meditative evenness conjures reveries.

Still others recite with individuality. A subtle humor is enveloped in Zasu Pitts' melancholy remarks. A baby-stare voice accompanies Helen Kane's provocative pl-pleasegim-me personality. Hedda Hopper's tone is crystalline. Because of its purplish, resonant volume, Joan Crawford's must be restrained that the tones of others in the scene may be caught. A sinuous allure ripples through Mary Duncan's. William Boyd's is lazy with humor.

Dolores Costello and Jack Gilbert? Ah, let's remember Jack Mulhall's mockery, Joan Bennett's, all dappled sunlight, Edward Everett Horton's quizzical jerk, Richard Arlen's soft tone, adding so much lovableness, Jack Oakie's smart-Aleck drawl, with its quiet fun, Neil Hamilton's glib vibrancy. William Haines and John Mack Brown propel, deeply and slowly, Southern drawls. John Boles rings his remarks. Suggestive of hunters and hounds and tailored tweeds is Reginald Denny's jaunty voice.

There are those well-dressed voices, sleekly groomed, even, suave, which accompany Fredric March and Clive Brook through many polite rôles. And others are distinctly individual. That tired voice of Charlie Mack, the other "Black Crow," actual melancholy would be too definite an exertion; it is merely weary. El Brendel's horse laugh, with its plaintive whinnying, that breathed, apologetic ha-ha.

Voice make-up is part of preparatory work in characterization—lining, slanting, shadowing the voice, learning dialogue. Coaching is sometimes necessary in a foreign tongue, or instruction in accent. Usually a language's peculiarities must be translated into English words. National traits, social position and the character's experiences in life all influence dialogue.

"Voice disguise is a natural procedure, instinctive to the actor," according to Edmund Lowe, who has contrasted in films East Side dialect with polished suavity. "It is not changed with each picture; the actor must use his natural tones, or appear ludicrous in the movie's close-up. The change is in words and inflections. Dialogue provides lines; from crime to culture is merely a matter of accent. I used the same tonal effects in the rôle of a 'gentleman' and as a tough army sergeant, in the first instance properly inflected, the latter's slang emphasized characteristically."

Vocal make-up, spread on too thickly, Ed added, is more deleterious than the application of too much grease paint or black eye shadow.

The brogue which James Gleason learned as a youngster on the East Side of New York is earning his living now. He taught Robert Armstrong his fistic jargon. The chili con carne is Warner Baxter's forte. Dago dialect reëstablished him. Mary Duncan laboriously acquired a Spanish accent, while Nils Asther is leveling his Swedish ruggedness. One adds, another erases. William Powell, Louise Dresser, and others have had to learn bits of mellifluous Italian. Paul Muni was trilingual in "Seven Faces."

The ability to capture and translate into English the weird fascinations of Oriental tongues flashed Myrna Loy from the decorative ensemble into the spot. Her Burmese dancing girls and princesses are strangely compelling creatures, symbolic silhouettes, sinister forces picturesquely vocalized. Her method is to hear the language spoken, and note certain peculiarities; these characteristics she translates into the English dialogue, trimming her speeches with that piercing scream she has evolved. The result is a voice of mobile timbre, impressing a malignant opalescence, weaving a fibrous, verbal spell. Analyzed, it follows a pattern, screeching a scheduled acceleration.

In "Marianne," Marion Davies not only spoke French as though born to that staccato and yet musically flexible language, but she accomplished a more difficult feat in sustaining the genuine accent of a French peasant speaking English, even its guttural strength. She had expert coaching.

Forty years of acting give Marie Dressler an authentic knowledge of most idioms and modes of speech. From the drunken hag of "Anna Christie," hoarse and grating, to the regal queen of "The Swan" was but a verbal step. Each foreign language has its own definite idiosyncracies of sound and certain mispronunciations of English vowels or consonants, which the assimilative actor can convey, though not fluent in the alien tongue.

"When I get into the wardrobe, I roll right into the character," Harry Gribbon remarked. "I was brought up in an environment that was the melting pot of every nationality. We kids, mimicking Tony the organ grinder, or the German butcher, had our copy right before us. Americans are the best mimes, because we are a blend and have no outstanding characteristics."

George Fawcett, dean of character actors, finds that the actor, being impressionable, carries stored in his subconscious mind the mannerisms of races and types.

Though Chinese is the most difficult language to learn, a single word being given dozens of different meanings by inflection, emphasis merely for drama being negligible, it is the easiest to simulate for the talki One merely chants pidgin jargon singsong monotony.

Practically all have had British rôles. Dorothy Mackaill found herself at home in "Green Stockings," but had to practice her "Thoitythoid" Street of calisthenics for "Bright Lights." The player who lacks a natural voice of pleasing individuality, or who has not developed skill in vocal characterization, is rare, and has slight chance of making himself heard over the roar of the Hollywood orchestra.

ANTE UP!

If I don't like some movie guys,
I'm never one to slur 'em,
But I sure talk in meeting when
I'm not agin', I'm fer 'em.
There's lots of folks just natural born
To see the bad, confound 'em!
When all the while the world's plumb full
Of good things all around 'em.

Our movie folks catch lots of blame;
Some may be wicked, sorter,
But you nor I don't always do
Exactly as we oughter.
So Hip! Hurray! Whoopee! Dawgone!
Says I, there's this about 'em—
I'll bet my socks, for all your knocks
You couldn't do without 'em!

EDITH JONES PEIRCE.

Bigger And Better

Thus minstrel shows used to be labeled, but then came the talkies and the need of a stronger slogan.



Dressed as an old-time minstrel, Al Jolson, above, sings as only he can sing in "Mammy."

Lawrence Gray, right, in the familiar togs of a minstrel man, brings more of his newly discovered singing voice to "It's a Great Life."





Charles Evans, above, famous as a veteran minstrel man, deserts the boards for the screen in "The New Orleans Frolic."

Charles King, below, will be remembered a long time for his rôle in "The Broadway Melody."



Appearing as stranded troupers in "The Girl in the Show," Eddie Nugent, Mary Doran, and Raymond Hackett, left, do some plain and fancy stepping between scenes.



Continued from page 93

She was sure that stars' homes surrounded her on all sides. She managed to interrupt Joy's monologue long enough to ask about a brilliantly lighted edifice.

"That's Tom Mix's house," Joe replied. "Most of the places lighted up like that are gas stations, but even though the rest of us think it more refined to live in simple, homy places, Tom goes right on."

Monica was disappointed to be going to a "simple, homy place," but when they reached it, by circular roads winding through giant boxwood, she was sure they must have stopped at the public library.

There seemed to be fifteen windows across the front. Within she got a glimpse of a living room so crowded with glass cabinets that it looked like a museum. The velvet stair carpet swallowed her feet like quicksand. And at last she was in her own "little suite," as Joy called it; a pale-blue wilderness, with a huge, white bearskin rug beside the cushion-heaped bed.

"Now we'll have to hurry," Joy told her. "I'm giving a little dinner for you to-night, and afterward we're going to the opening of Muriel Stewart's new picture. Poor Muriel! And I have a terrible confession to make, sweet. I forgot to tell Lulu, my personal maid, you know, to unpack and press your dresses. So won't you wear one of mine?"

Monica did. It was long and fluffy and furbelowed. It trailed on all sides, so that Monica felt as if she were walking through a sea of entangling spaghetti. She stumbled around Joy's dressing room—a large, spacious apartment, a duplicate of the one at the studio—trying to get used to it.

The dinner was a bitter disappointment. The table looked marvelous, with its pale-yellow roses and black glass; the food was delicious, even though one of the dishes did remind Monica of a certain prune *soufflé* which she had invented and discarded.

But the guests—they were the disappointment. A fat man who spoke with a strange accent was introduced as a prominent exhibitor, and was always talking about "the nut"; his fatter wife who did nothing but eat; the director about whom Joy had been so disparaging earlier in the day; a younger man and his wife who didn't look important, but to whom Joy deferred constantly.

"Mr. and Mrs. Bowers are newspaper people, too," she told Monica impressively.

"You're on the *Gazette,* aren't you?" asked Mrs. Bowers. Monica explained painstakingly just what her connection was. An unholy gleam appeared in Mrs. Bowers' eye, as she glanced after the departing Joy.

"I'd say very little about that for a while," she advised gently.

There was one other guest—a young man, handsome, dashing. And he made up for the others by devoting himself to Monica. He explained that "the nut" included the entire cost of a picture, from renting the film to paying the ushers. He said other things, charming things. And he invited her to lunch with him the next day at Montmartre. His name was Booth Carlisle and Monica, recalling having seen him on the screen, trembled with delight.

They rushed away to the world première of Muriel Stewart's latest battle with the talkies. Monica had read of so many openings that the lights, the crowds, the radio were an old story to her. She hadn't been prepared for quite so many ermine coats, or so lavish a display of diamonds, and the waves of perfume all but stupefied her. Carlisle obligingly pointed out celebrities—Joan Crawford and young Fairbanks publicly beaming at each other; Sue Carol clinging to Nick Stuart's arm; Ruth Roland, much in evidence, waiting patiently for her turn at the microphone; Norma Shearer, looking very regal, slipping in quietly, ignoring the announcer's request that she say a few words.

Monica liked the picture, but didn't dare say so, as Joy criticized it almost viciously. For that reason Monica was somewhat startled when Joy, encountering Muriel afterward, threw her arms around her rival, exclaiming, "Darling, you've given the world a glimpse of real beauty!"

"Oh, do you think so?" Muriel beamed. "You're coming to my little party to-night, aren't you? Just a few friends, you know."

The few friends proved to be several hundred. Monica, intoxicated by close association with people of whom she had dreamed for years, hardly knew what she ate at the buffet supper, hardly realized that various stars were rushing around, pausing to sing, dance, or give imitations of each other.

Joy introduced her to every one as "My little friend, Monica Mayo, who's on the New York *Gazette.*" Monica conscientiously tried to correct her each time, but found it useless. Well, after all, it didn't matter; she could tell Joy later.

Fired by the general hilarity, Monica even did her bit. She rose and recited a poem she had often done at home, in which the names of various stars and their pictures were used with telling effect.

So "This Is Heaven," "The Trespasser" sighs,
But "The Mississippi Gambler" said "The Lady Lies."
"Welcome, Danger," shouted "Marianne,"
"I'll tell 'The Cock-eyed World'" I'm for "The Rainbow Man."

That was one verse. There were many, many others. There were accompanying imitations of the stars whose pictures were mentioned. But Monica was hardly prepared for the shouts of laughter that greeted her performance; if there was a derisive note, it escaped her.

Almost immediately Joy interrupted her, saying that they must go. Monica hated to leave. Every one had been so kind to her, urging her to visit them at their homes and their studios, and even to accompany them on week-end trips. She was deluged with private telephone numbers. She wondered, uncomfortably, if Joy was jealous of her.

"You must get home and get some sleep, because you'll have a lot to write to-morrow," Joy told her. "And I do hope you won't find yourself forgetting me completely when you come to write about all these other people."

Monica gulped, and began resolutely, "But I don't write, you know. I came out——"

But her words were drowned by Joy's ecstatic exclamations of delight, at sight of a pompous, elderly gentleman who was just arriving.

She presented Monica to him, eventually.

"Mr. Cleghorn is one of our very biggest business men," she cooed, "and what do you think he made his money in? Prunes!"

Monica didn't have to be told that. She was staring in anguish at a face already familiar to her, a face that she had first seen when Mr. Cleghorn appeared at his New York office to congratulatae her on winning the recipe contest.

Joy was babbling on, telling him that this was little Monica Mayo, who had come West for the New York *Gazette* to write about pictures. Resolutely Monica began once more.

But once again nobody heard her. Mr. Cleghorn was talking now. As in a nightmare, Monica heard him explaining kindly, painstakingly, that there must be some mistake. Hadn't Miss Laurel heard of the great prune recipe contest that his company had been conducting, which had been won by this little lady?

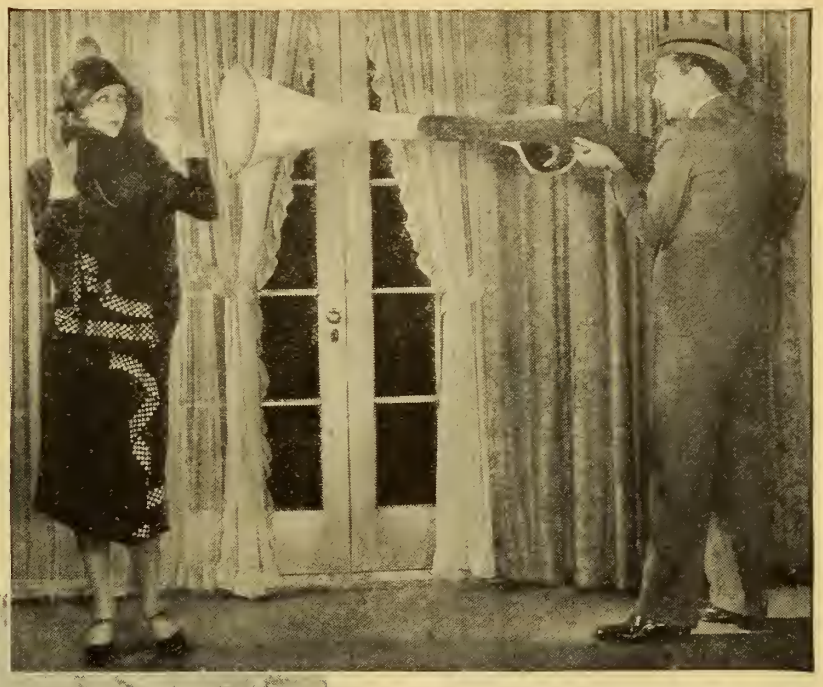
"I thought you were to arrive tomorrow," he added, turning to Monica. "You're to be at my office at two, aren't you?"

Monica admitted that she expected to be, and slunk out in Joy's wake.

Continued on page 121

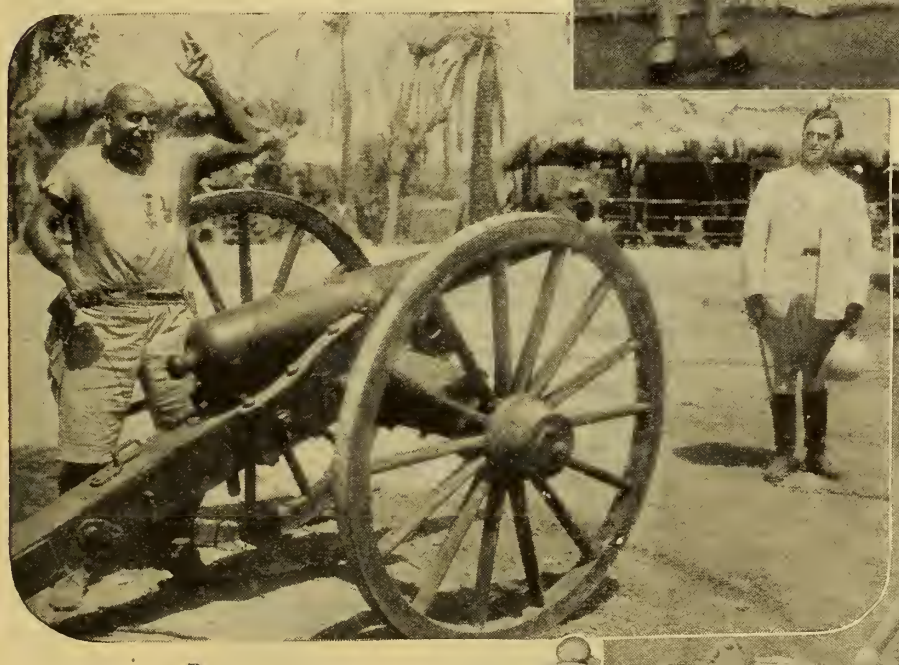
The Last Stand

"X marks the spot where the tragedy occurred" would have been written under these pictures, if they hadn't been only fooling.



"Shoot if you must this old, ripe tomato, but spare your fellow player," is the plea of Hedda Hopper, above, to Jack Mulhall.

He died with his boots on—that is, if Noah Beery, below, had touched off the cannon pointed at Walter Woolf, and if the cannon had been loaded.





"This guy William Tell was good, too, considering the weapons he used," Benny Rubin, left, tells Hap O'Connor.



It's an old Swiss custom, explains Jenina Smalinska, right, but Eddie Nugent doesn't care for details now.



Reginald Denny, right, learned a lot about archery in "One Hysterical Night," with Slim Summerville looking on.

Continued from page 67

And that something is usually to show more of her flesh than the character would. All this is regrettable, because Miss Ulric is arresting, individual and experienced. But the screen exaggerates too, and the result is Miss Ulric's undoing, so far as any serious consideration of her contribution to the talkie is concerned.

The harlequinade in question was inspired by "La Gringa," a rather fine little play which was seriously performed on the stage. It concerned the clash of a Mexican girl with her New England surroundings. In the picture it is a South Sea half-caste who brings her grass skirt to Massachusetts and shakes it to the horror of the natives. Their indignation is that of vaudeville rubes, however, and Miss Ulric's provocation is of a kind. The tragedy of a lonely alien left by her husband with his suspicious relatives is rejected in favor of the song-and-dance pattern of mediocre musical comedy.

Some of the tropical settings and native choruses are hauntingly beautiful, but when Miss Ulric seats herself in the star's position and sways with the dusky extras you know it is musical comedy and she is the prima donna. There is the stuttering comic, the funny instrumentalist, the dumb maidservant, the town gossip—all familiar types. It is difficult, then, to take seriously Charles Bickford, as the sea captain responsible for transplanting this Samoan *Kiki,* and Kenneth MacKenna is quite wasted as his rival.

Different.

Rudy Vallée disarms criticism of himself as actor by acting not at all, but his singing will enchant anew those who have heard him over the radio and on the stage, and I dare say will enlist new devotees when they hear his voice beautifully recorded in "The Vagabond Lover." They will get nothing else from him and little from the film, an absurd concoction designed only as a vehicle for his songs. For Mr. Vallée appears almost oblivious to what is going on around him. He just stands still and sings, for the most part with his eyes modestly cast down. At least he appears to be shrinking from something, perhaps the realization that the camera scarcely finds anything to gloat over in his features. However, he croons like no one else and I suppose that's all that matters.

Marie Dressler deserves a diadem of diamond stars for her valiant and successful efforts to lift the picture from dull saccharinity. The vigor of her comedy would be out of place in a better picture, but it is first aid, with a vengeance, in this one. She is a haughty society queen who sponsors Mr. Vallée and his musicians in the belief that they are a famous band, whereas the story tells us that Mr. Vallée is just a small-town saxophonist who has taken a mail-order course. Exposed as an impostor, disgraced in the eyes of his sweetheart, he nobly resolves to brave public opinion by not disappointing his public. He and his band appear at a society carnival, and the spell of his music does the rest. Sally Blane, another pretty girl in need of voice polishing, is the heroine.

Drawing-room Wrangling.

Cackle, cackle, who's got a cackle? Why, every last one of the players in "This Thing Called Love." Close your eyes and you will hear a concatenation of New Year rattlers. It isn't that the voices are individually unpleasant; it's just that every one talks for what seems hours at a stretch, and when the screen is crowded with them explaining motives and mental processes, what they're gabbing about doesn't matter at all.

A man and a girl enter into a marriage without benefit of love, the husband paying the wife for just being herself about the house. Endless complications develop, including ladylike pique and jealousy, until both admit they loved each other from the first.

This is one of those so-called sophisticated pieces, in which the players are well-dressed, with no visible means of support except their ability to keep up the conversation. A point in its favor is that there is no tea-table scene, nor do the men and women go about snapping off cigarette lighters while taking a shot at an epigram in an English accent. But it is teacup comedy all right.

The picture marks the return of Constance Bennett to the screen and her first try at speech. Miss Bennett's silhouette is sympathetic, but her voice isn't. Nor is Edmund Lowe entirely effective as the light-comedy husband, after his vital and resourceful gunmen and soldiers. Zasu Pitts, Carmelita Geraghty, and Ruth Taylor are clever, of course, but they have served a better cause than this.

Batik.

In "Untamed" a jungle girl is brought to civilization. This is a tempting situation in the movies. Some day I suppose it will be well done. But it isn't in Joan Crawford's new picture, an example of glittering claptrap, with enough of the jazz atmosphere of "Our Dancing Daughters" and "Our Modern Maidens" to destroy one's belief in the primitive character of the heroine. Reared somewhere in the tropics, she is supposed to be a child of nature given to singing theme songs with a strip of batik wrapped around her. And not singing them as well as a native should. On the steamer which brings her with her guardians to New York, she falls in love with a youth, and in her wild way beats up the lady he is squiring. The first breath of city life transforms her into all that a "dancing daughter" should be, which means that she is the life of those big, spectacular parties the movies put on and entirely at ease in spangles and orchids. He money prevents the poor, noble young man from marrying her, but a revolver in the hands of the girl brings him to his senses. There is also a boxing match between youths in evening clothes, in which the heroine does a lot of emoting over "her man."

All this is a far cry from the Joan Crawford of old, but if you like her as the prima donna she is to-day, you may not suffer the qualms and regrets I do. Robert Montgomery is the hero, but you can't see a good actor in a silly rôle and enjoy him.

ROCKING-CHAIR LOGIC

When I view on the screen some fair fillum-queen
  Depicting a life unlike mine,
With adventures galore, thrills by the score,
  And jewels and gowns superfine;
With lovers who woo, and for her hand sue
  'Neath moonlight in some fairy bower—
I no longer sigh and question fate why
  She handed me my meager dower.

Though my love I know is no Romeo,
  For William is staid, bald, and fat,
But never will vamp with him decamp—
  Nor robbers loot my three-room flat;
Nor kidnapers bold will hold me for gold,
  Nor sinister villain pursue me—
And that is why I turn away sans a sigh
  From the glittering girl of the movie!

Alice Thorn Frost.

On The Wing

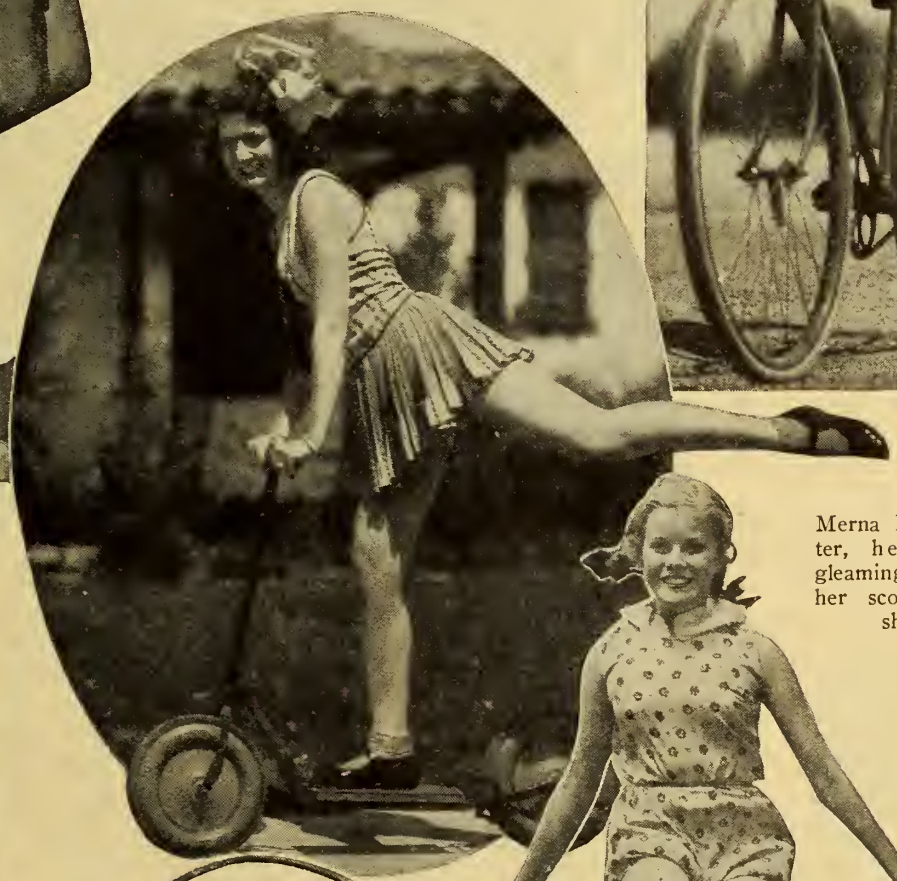
A camera that works as quick as a wink caught these starlets at work on the sports which keep that boyish figure in tiptop condition.



As long as Kathryn Crawford, left, jumps rope at a fast clip she'll never have the ills that flesh is heir to.

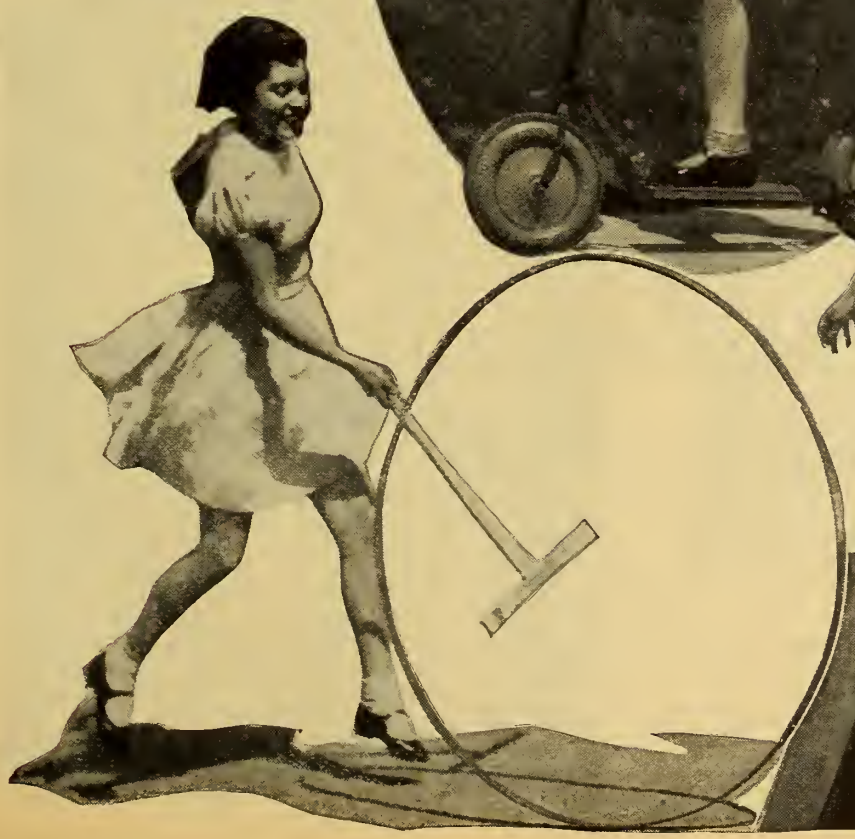


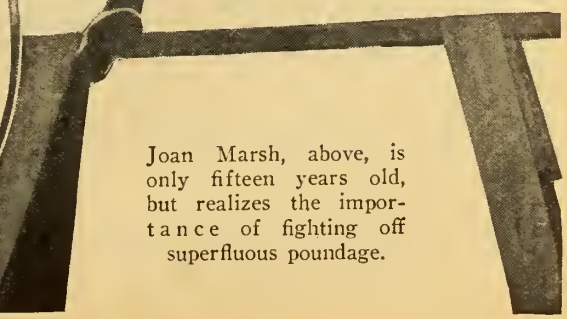
Barbara Kent, right, grew up on a bicycle, so to speak, and she hasn't lost her zest for biking, now.



Dorothy Gulliver, below, rolls a hoop for fun and exercise.

Merna Kennedy, center, her red hair gleaming, hauls out her scooter on sunshiny days.



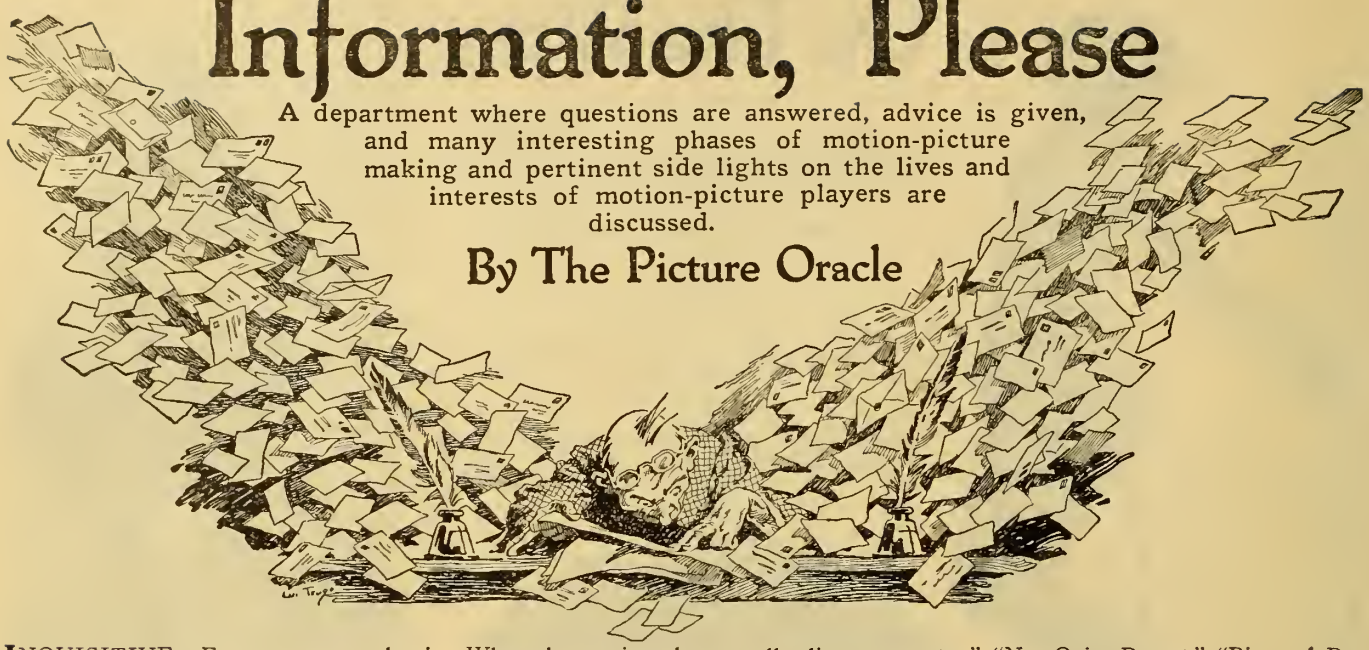


Joan Marsh, above, is only fifteen years old, but realizes the importance of fighting off superfluous poundage.

Information, Please

A department where questions are answered, advice is given, and many interesting phases of motion-picture making and pertinent side lights on the lives and interests of motion-picture players are discussed.

By The Picture Oracle



INQUISITIVE.—For some one who is inquisitive, you do take a long time to find things out! Digging up pictures that are all but forgotten. The leads in "Heritage of the Desert" were played by Bebe Daniels and Lloyd Hughes. In "Codes of the West," by Owen Moore and Constance Bennett. The heroine in "The Mark of Zorro" was Marguerite de la Motte. In "The Prairie Pirate," Trilby Clark. Tom Santschi was the leading man in "The Storm Daughter." In "Within the Law," Lew Cody played *Joe Garson,* and Jack Mulhall played *Dick Gilder,* the department store owner's son. I can't tell by the synopsis which one Norma married in the end.

BUDDY M.—What a question! Do any of the stars wear false teeth! I don't doubt it—but, I ask you, is that a question I can ask them? Yes, "The River of Romance" was the final title of "Magnolia," and all those other names were used during the making. Titles are very important to producers, and executives are always going into many huddles before they make up their mind as to the final title. I doubt if "An American Tragedy" will ever be filmed. Yes, the newspaper stories about Alma Rubens are, unfortunately, true. Elliott Nugent is the son of J. C., but Eddie is not related. You're right, RKO. does mean Radio-Keith-Orpheum. Just another merger. Ulrich Haupt is a German actor, formerly on the stage. Did you also see him in "Tempest" and "Captain Swagger"? Duncan Renaldo was born in Spain, April 23, 1904. He is six feet tall and weighs one hundred and seventy-five. I don't know whether he is married. Before "The Bridge of San Luis Rey," he played in "The Naughty Duchess" and "Romany Love." Sorry, I don't remember the respective sizes of stars' photographs for ten cents and a quarter.

ME.—A girl who writes in information instead of asking for it is God's gift to an answer man! Thanks. Yes, I have since learned that Mahlon Hamilton played opposite Mary Pickford in "Daddy Long Legs." And I regret the mistake of including John Mack Brown among the bachelors. It ain't true, I know!

JANINA.—Yours are the kind of questions that could make an answer man take to drink. Asking for addresses of players who have long since left the movies! When they retire, they usually disappear. If they're still in Hollywood, that address would reach them. That's all I can suggest. Ben Bard is a Fox player; Helen Foster free-lances. Leatrice Joy until recently was with First National. Helen Ferguson, at last accounts, was playing opposite Ken Maynard for Universal. The others you ask about are no longer on the screen.

LO ST. HILAIRE.—'Lo, yourself! If I got "mad" because fans asked me questions, my teeth would be all gnashed and my fists clenched by this time. The cast of "Strange Cargo" does not list any character called *Bruce.* Rod La Rocque and Lew Cody both are American, of French descent. Marie Prevost is Canadian. Charles Farrell was born in Walpole, Massachusetts, in 1902. He lives at Toluca Lake, outside Hollywood. Yes, he recently hired a secretary.

BARBARA ROWE, 5639 Goodfellow Avenue, St. Louis, Missouri, would like to hear from William Bakewell admirers. William was born on May 2, 1908. His films since "On With the Show" are "Hot Stuff" and "Gold Diggers of Broadway."

LORRAINE.—So you want a list of unmarried male stars? You wouldn't be planning to go to Hollywood and become a siren, would you? Well, then, try Richard Dix, Buddy Rogers, Gary Cooper, Ramon Novarro, William Haines, Charles Farrell, Barry Norton, Lane Chandler, Ronald Colman, William Powell, Nils Asther, David Rollins, Nick Stuart, and Ben Lyon.

INQUISITIVE MARGE.—And you don't exaggerate, with that signature, either! Of course my address is the same as PICTURE PLAY'S; this department is part of the magazine. A list of all Norma Shearer's and June Collyer's and Lois Moran's pictures would take more room than I can spare for one answer. Norma's 1928-1929 films are "The Latest From Paris," "The Actress," "Lady of Chance," "Trial of Mary Dugan," "Last of Mrs. Cheyney," "Hollywood Revue." Lois Moran's in that time were "Sharp Shooters," "Love Hungry," "Don't Marry," "River Pirate," "Blindfold," "Making the Grade," "Behind That Curtain," and "Words and Music." All June Collyer's films are "East Side, West Side," "Womanwise," "Four Sons," "Hangman's House," "Me, Gangster," "Not Quite Decent," "River of Romance," "Illusion," and "The Love Doctor." Stars not under contract to any company can always be reached at just Hollywood, California. In "Noah's Ark," *Noah* was played by Paul McAllister, and *Al* by Guinn Williams. Ivy Harris was the heroine in "Fascinating Youth." Maurice Chevalier's second film is "The Love Parade." I don't know of any stars with birthdays on July 19th.

A RUDY FAN.—I don't see how any one could double for Rudy—if by that you mean to take his place. The best any one could do would be to become equally popular in another way. And there isn't much chance for Ricardo Cortez to do that, or he would have done so long since.

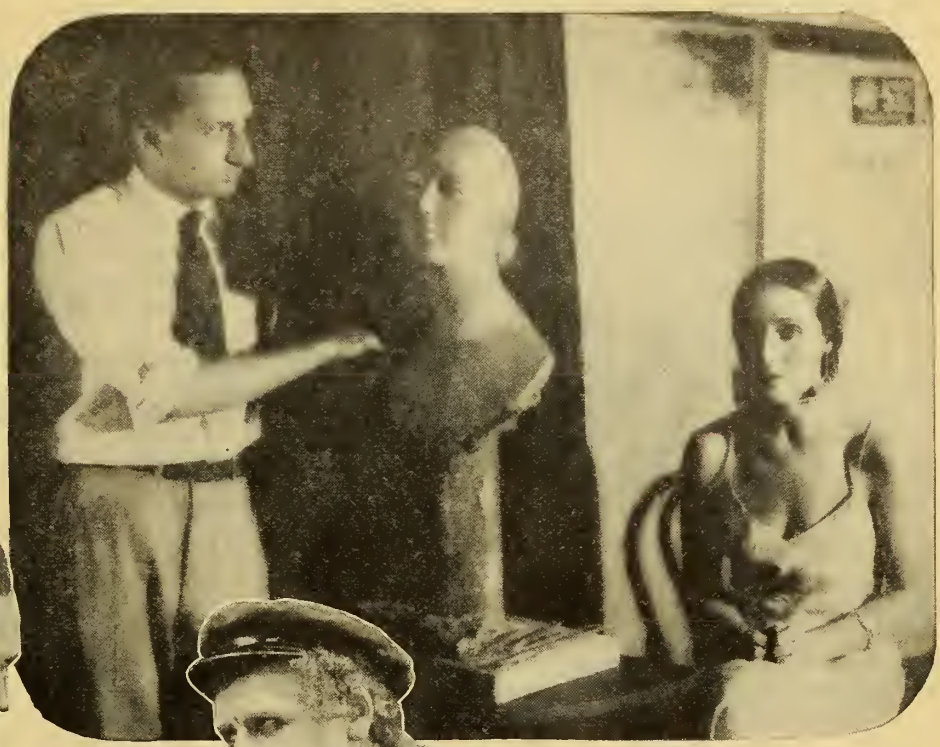
EDITH BARRETT.—What a lot I know about you, just from your questions! You are five feet seven and your birthday is February 22nd. Am I right? Alma Rubens and Alice Joyce both are your height; Betty Blythe, a half inch taller. Claire Windsor is five feet six and a half. Alice Joyce weighs one hundred and twenty; Alma weighed one hundred and thirty before her illness. As to the size shoe Greta Garbo wears, all I know is that it's a large one. George O'Hara is the only player I know with a birthday on February 22nd, and now he writes scenarios instead of acting. Joan Bennett is eighteen; she was married at sixteen to John Martin Fox and has a baby daughter. She and John are now divorced. Stanley Smith doesn't give his age. Write him at Pathé studio. The theme song in "Our Modern Maidens" was "I've Waited a Lifetime For You." James Murray was married in September, 1928, to Lucille McNamee. He is now under contract to Universal. No, Josephine Dunn is not engaged to Eddie Nugent. There is already a Mrs. Nugent. As to when "The Virginian" will be shown in Cleveland, ask your theater manager where Paramount pictures are shown. He knows better than I do.

WANTANO.—And that's no exaggeration, is it? You want to know lots. The casts you ask for are too long to publish in full. The leads in "Lilac Time" were Colleen Moore, Gary Cooper, Burr McIntosh, George Cooper, Cleve Moore, Arthur Lake, Jack Stone, Kathryn McGuire. In "Legion of the Condemned," Fay Wray,

Continued on page 119

The Hall Of Fame

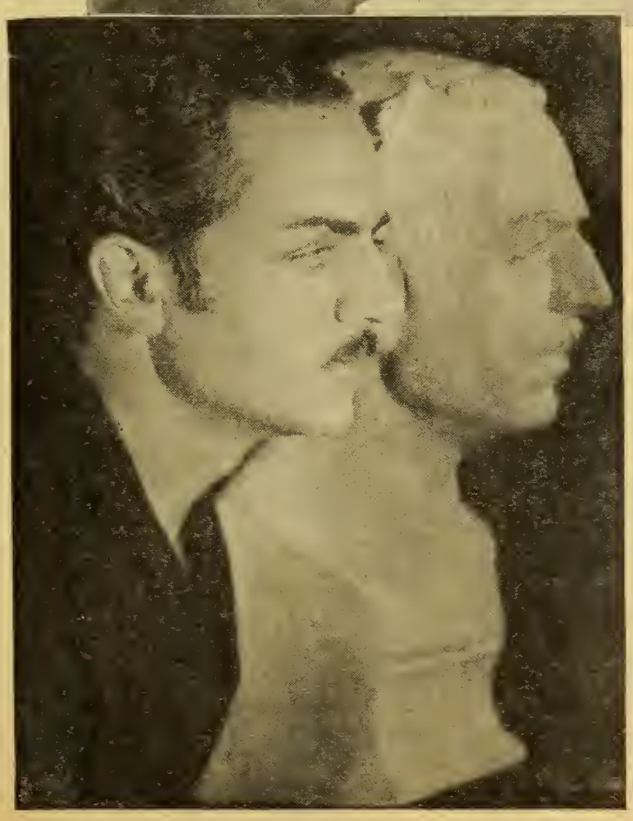
Unlike other celebrities, the stars are favored with busts while still making names for themselves.





Under the hands of Wayland Gregory, above, plaster vividly catches the features of Dolores del Rio.

Jack Dawn, left, makes a miniature model of Paul Muni as *Papa Chibou*, in "Seven Faces."





The living image of himself, agrees Wallace Beery, above, when he sees the work of E. A. Yerbysmith.

William Powell, left, lets you compare the bust made for use in "Behind the Make-up" with his own profile.

Continued from page 55

Mrs. Wooldridge helps Jack gather his material, and when a story has been written they work together in polishing it up. Due to their painstaking care and complete records, their work is unusually accurate.

They are apparently as devoted now as when they were married. "And that," says Jack, "is saying something when you've lived together fifteen years, isn't it?"

MADELINE GLASS.

Once upon a time Athena, Juno, and Aphrodite—the three head goddesses of Greek mythology, foolishly got into an argument over which was the best looking. Athena was the intellectual type, Juno the tall and stately show-girl type and Aphrodite the cuddly, clinging-vine type—of those days, of course. Paris, a shepherd lad with more dare-deviltry than sense in his composition, consented to act as judge, and misfortune pursued him from that day on. Hell hath no fury like a woman scorned—to say nothing of two women.

At the risk of getting myself into a similar mess, I'll venture to express the opinion that Madeline Glass is the most personable eyeful among PICTURE PLAY'S feminine contribs. She has dark-red hair, gray eyes, and one of those skin-you'd-love-to-cheek complexions.

She was born in a log cabin in Oklahoma. Her people were starting to move to another location about the time she showed up in this vale of tears. On being informed of the bad news, her father swore roundly and postponed the move.

Always self-reliant and headstrong, it did not take her parents long to realize that she would make her own way in the world—which way, of course, they didn't know.

Speaking of her education, Miss Glass says, "I went to school and achieved the doubtful distinction of being able to outrun any boy of my acquaintance, although you'd never suspect it now." The qualification is occasioned by the fact that Miss Glass, since her childhood days, has developed into a Junoesque beauty, and what with one thing and another, she just hasn't got around to the eighteen-day diet.

"Moreover, I studied so hard I became an expert rope skipper. Stop laughing! That's serious!"

It undoubtedly is, but the thought of the dignified Miss Glass skipping lightly over a rope and being "peppered" was too much. At that, I should have known from her article, "Skipping with Barry," that there was a skeleton in the closet somewhere.

About the time she was twelve, they moved to Arkansas, and she succeeded in catching most of the malaria germs at large on the Red River. After nearly dying of the fever there, she went to San Francisco and nearly died of the fogs.

Intertwined through all these moves was a threat and a desire to write, an ambition that caused her family no little amusement, and the editors of various magazines no little uneasiness.

She, too, landed in Los Angeles. Looking about her, she came to rest in the office of the telephone company, alongside of Olive Borden. Olive reformed and went into pictures, but Madeline continued her life of iniquity.

The urge to write becoming overpowering, she wrote—and her efforts graced "What the Fans Think." When they became so voluminous that that department could no longer carry them, she says the editor agreed that if she would confine herself to one or two articles a month, he would print them in the body of the magazine. This was a measure of self-defense on his part, to begin with, but he was building better than he knew, as her contributions now are among the magazine's best features.

MARGARET REID.

"Mike," as she is called by her friends—because her parents had been expecting a boy and had decided to name him Michael—is PICTURE PLAY'S contribution to the cause of art, careers for women, Greenwich Village, and Heaven knows what else.

She looks like a flapper with her windblown bob, berets matching her coats, bare legs and sports clothes, and she talks trenchantly like Dorothy Parker, Susan Glaspell, Lady Astor, and—and—— And she has a maternity complex, although small children roller skating under her window at eight o'clock in the morning, when she should be writing, but is trying to sleep, have almost ruined it.

She likes to go places and see things—no, dearie, not *do* things—and she seldom goes to bed before two or three a. m. If you take her home before then, it's an insult, and you're permanently scratched off her list.

You can't spend a lot of money on her, because she won't let you. She may be PICTURE PLAY'S gift to a lot of things, but she's the gift of Providence to struggling masculinity in Hollywood.

She steers the conversation into deep, philosophical and theoretical waters. Usually when you've expounded your theories of life, love, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness to her, to all of which she listens gravely and attentively, you find yourself in turn asking, "And what do *you* think of life?"

"Oh," says Mike flippantly, "I prefer *Judge*."

She and her mother migrated to California from Toronto, Canada, where she was born. Finding it necessary to do something, she began working as an extra, which she says she detested. She broke into writing for PICTURE PLAY with her series of articles, "Looking On With An Extra," and has been writing ever since, to the consternation of some of the people she has written about.

Like John V. A. Weaver, she fights shy of marshmallow sundaes and Buddy Rogers. At that, she has promised, when I introduce Buddy to her, to meet him with an open mind, whatever that is.

MALCOLM H. OETTINGER.

Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde was an amateur compared to Malcolm H. Oettinger, one of PICTURE PLAY'S oldest inhabitants, although only thirty and still single.

Mr. Oettinger spends weeks at a time playing store in the quiet precincts of Scranton, Pennsylvania. Mark-up and inventory and overhead and advertising all go far toward amusing him. But not far enough. So periodically, or as much oftener as is possible, he packs his duffel bag, slings a knapsack over his shoulder, and strikes off over the mountains. Almost invariably he winds up in New York.

He laughingly lays claim to having attended every major college save Cornell, and Cornell does not dispute him. Investigation would show, however, what a joker he is; only Pennsylvania and Harvard have his Bertillon measurements.

A summer spent in Hollywood started our Scranton correspondent on his PICTURE PLAY career, Dagmar Godowsky having been his first enthusiasm. It might also be mentioned that she was his first subject for an interview. Helen Morgan is his latest enthusiasm.

Mr. Oettinger's enthusiasm has been handsomely restrained upon occasion, as Olive Borden, Clara Bow, Pola Negri, Lupe Velez, and others will testify.

He thinks artichokes ostentatious; he refuses to ride in subways; he likes Aileen Pringle, ravioli, Barthelmess, torch songs, and Garbo.

Those who know Malcolm H. either like him or dislike him. He is definite in his traits, positive in his opinions, honest in his interviews.

Continued on page 108

A Confidential Guide To Current Releases

Continued from page 63

FOR SECOND CHOICE.

"Kiss, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Silent. Commonplace story made glamorous by Greta Garbo, beautifully produced and directed. It is about *Irene*, married to a business man, but in love with another, Conrad Nagel. Lew Ayres is the youth who thinks he is the other man, Anders Randolf the husband.

"Romance of Rio Grande"—Fox. All dialogue. Warner Baxter in glamorous but not gripping story, yet capably acted. Has earmarks of old-time Western, in railroad-building yarn. And there's Mona Maris, besides Mary Duncan and Antonio Moreno.

"Love Parade, The"—Paramount. Dialogue, singing. Maurice Chevalier's second film, story of long-drawn-out duel of the sexes, a romance in song. Music not quite haunting, but bright touches in narrative, in spite of much repetition of main note in love scale. Jeanette MacDonald, Lupino Lane, Lillian Roth.

"Condemned"—United Artists. All dialogue. A convict's lark on Devil's Island, with Ronald Colman as prisoner loved by Ann Harding, as the warden's wife. Meant to be melodrama, and has tense moments, if taken seriously. Principals excellent. Louis Wolheim, Noah Beery.

"Seven Faces"—Fox. All dialogue. Paul Muni's versatility as character actor exploited by playing septet of characters. Grease paint smothers inspiration found in "The Valiant." Aged caretaker of museum dreams his wax figures come to life. Marguerite Churchill warmly natural. Russell Gleason.

"Footlights and Fools"—First National. All dialogue. Colleen Moore surprises with musical-comedy film with unhappy ending, in rôle of French singer whose love affairs and marriage become so difficult she heartbrokenly steps aside from the whole business. Fredric March, Raymond Hackett fine support.

"Saturday Night Kid, The"—Paramount. All dialogue. Clara Bow gives expressive, at times moving, study of ups and downs of shopgirl who is buffeted around from boss to unstable beau and to a sneaking sister. James Hall her "fella," Jean Arthur the sister.

"Paris Bound"—Pathé. All dialogue. Wife who fears she is losing husband's love finely played by Ann Harding, in screen début. Praiseworthy picture. Leslie Fenton is Miss Harding's disappointed suitor, Fredric March the husband. Pretty turns and twists, good acting.

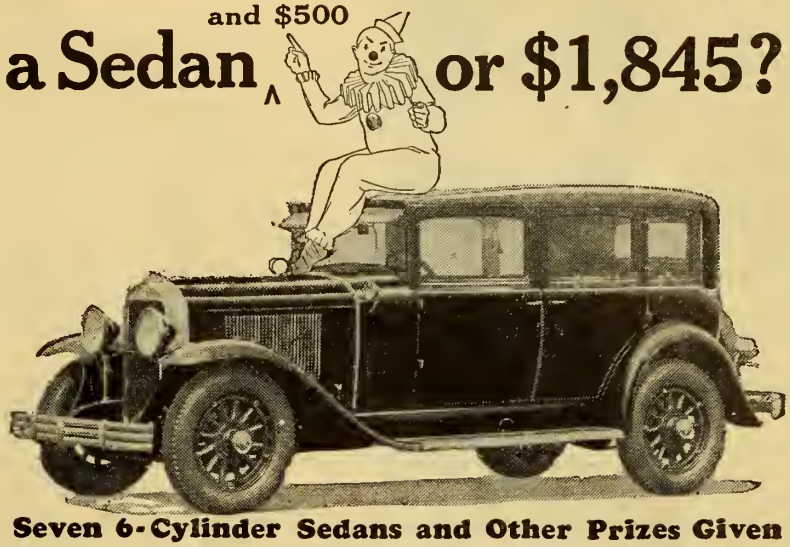
"Why Bring That Up?"—Paramount. All dialogue. Moran and Mack bring their lazy nonsense to the screen in a fairly good back-stage story, in which Evelyn Brent is gold-digging menace. Finely recorded, full of laughs.

"Big News"—Pathé. All dialogue. Story of reporter accused of murdering editor, but real criminal is exposed. Good until dictaphone is introduced. Robert Armstrong, Sam Hardy, Carol Lombard in fine characterizations.

"Marianne" — Metro-Goldwyn. All song and dialogue. Marion Davies ex-

Continued on page 118

Who Else Wants to Win a Sedan and $500 or $1,845?



Seven 6-Cylinder Sedans and Other Prizes Given



To advertise, we are giving a Nash Sedan, an Oldsmobile Sedan, a DeSoto Sedan, a Pontiac Sedan, an Essex Sedan, a Whippet Sedan, and a Chevrolet Sedan, all delivered through nearest dealers, not to cost you a cent. We even pay delivery charges—many other prizes, including radios and so forth. Mrs. D. H. Ziler, Lewis J. Link, Margaret Needham, Mrs. M. E. Meadow, Alvin Smith, Charles Francis, Viola Javins and numerous others won sedans through our last offers. Over 800 prizes awarded in one year through our unique advertising campaigns. Over $11,000.00 in prizes paid by us in one month. In next few months will award between 300 and 400 prizes through our offers. Here's the new one for you:

First Find the Twin Clowns!

The clowns in the border of this advertisement probably will all look exactly alike to you at first glance. But they are not all alike. Two—only two—are exactly alike. Can you find them? The difference may be in the color or markings in the hat, collar, nose, or top of the head. Find the twins. Look carefully. Be sure you have them—then answer at once. You may be the one who will solve this puzzle correctly and qualify for opportunity to

Win Nash Sedan or $1,845 Cash

Just think. There are seven sedans and many other prizes to be awarded in this offer, including valuable radios, and so forth, totaling over $7,300.00.* Duplicate prizes paid in case of ties. Surely you can win one of these wonderful prizes.

NO MORE PUZZLES TO SOLVE. No word lists to write or make up—no number puzzles to trace. We do this to advertise and expand our business. No cost or obligation. Nothing to buy now, later or ever.

Anyone who takes an active part in this offer and answers correctly will share in prizes or cash compensations.

$500.00 For Promptness

Be prompt. Immediately, without delay, if your answer is correct, I will send you a certificate which will be good for $500.00 if you are prompt and win first prize, and tell you why and how we make this unique advertising offer of free prizes. Just send the numbers of the twin clowns in a letter or on a post card. That's all. Send no money. All cars and other prizes are delivered at our expense, but be prompt.

*This offer guaranteed by a million-dollar concern.

FREE PRIZE JUDGE, 510 N. Dearborn St., Dept. 334, CHICAGO, ILL.

Gorgeous blonde hair wins beauty prize



Chrystal's mother tells secret

"I AM SO PROUD of my little ten year old daughter's beautiful golden hair!" says Mrs. J. M. Geiter, 156 Delaware Avenue, Carneys Point, N. J.

"It is 33 inches long, the color of spun gold, and has won her any number of beauty prizes—including the title of 'Most Perfect Blonde Child' in our town.

"When folks ask me what I use to keep her hair so lovely I just answer, 'Blondex—that's all.' "

Millions of blondes, children and grown-ups alike, keep their hair beautifully golden with Blondex—because it's *safe*. Prevents darkening. Puts new life and sparkle in dull, faded, blonde hair. No dyes or harsh chemicals. Give Blondex a trial TODAY. At all leading drug and department stores.

How to have **LOVELY LUSTROUS** *Hair* ..... *always!*


LEILA HYAMS — M-G-M STAR

Does your hair ever seem dull to you—drab, lifeless? Have you not wished for something that would keep it looking prettier—richer in tone?

The secret lies in proper shampooing! Not just soap-and-water "washings", but regular use of a shampoo that really *beautifies*—one that was created especially to improve dull hair and add that little something extra so often lacking.

If you really wish to make your hair bewitchingly lovely—just one Golden Glint Shampoo will show you the way! No other shampoo, anywhere, like it! Does more than merely *cleanse*. It gives your hair a "tiny-tint"—*a wee little bit*—not much—hardly perceptible. But what a difference it makes in one's appearance. Millions use regularly! There's a youth-imparting touch—a beauty specialist's secret in its formula. 25c at your dealers', or send for free sample.

FREE

J. W. KOBI CO., 616 Rainier Ave., Dept. C
Seattle, Wash., * * * * *Please send a free sample.*

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Color of my hair:

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We supply all entertainment needs for dramatic clubs, schools, lodges, etc., and for every occasion.
T. S. Denison & Co., 623 S. Wabash, Dept. 52 Chicago

Songs
Minstrels
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Catalogue Free

DEAFNESS IS MISERY



Multitudes of persons with defective hearing and Head Noises enjoy conversation, go to Theatre and Church because they Use Leonard Invisible Ear Drums which resemble Tiny Megaphones fitting in the Ear entirely out of sight. No wires, batteries or head piece. They are inexpensive. Write for booklet and sworn statement of the inventor who was himself deaf.



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ARE YOU POPULAR?
THE SECRET OF CHARM



A healthy, vivacious girl with a clear skin and bright eyes is sure to win admiration and be popular.

If your complexion is bad, if you have ugly blotches and pimples, if you have a fetid breath, people will avoid you.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will help to clear your skin, brighten your eyes, sweeten your breath, and make you more "peppy."

Send ten cents for an acquaintance package of the tablets to Dr. Pierce's Invalids Hotel, Buffalo, N. Y. There is no charge for confidential medical advice by mail.

Clara Shops for a Baby

Continued from page 19

your own. But I do admit that an adopted child is better than none, and no woman ever really has lived until she has felt a baby's arms about her neck, and knows that she has it to mother.

"You may think that I am too young to be thinking these things. Go ahead. But you can't stop me from thinking, as all real girls dream over the most beautiful theme in the world.

"One of my greatest agonies with an adopted child would come when it discovered that I was an actress. Can you understand what I mean? I would want it to know me as 'mother,' its guardian, protector, playmate. From that time on, as it grew up, I should wonder if it loved me for myself, or for what others said about me. Perhaps I am sensitive, but that thought would linger.

"In my daydreams I have thought of my adopted baby as something to give pink rabbits and woolly sheep to. I have pictured how I should dress the youngster in most exquisitely rich garments, and buy everything the child's heart could desire. But I wonder—wouldn't that be a false start in life?

"I ask myself, 'Should I tell that there is no Santa Claus, and teach, instead, the story of Christ and explain why Christmas means so much to the world?'

"No, my idea of adopting a baby is out. I shan't do it, now."

We were chatting in her bedroom. On the dressing table stood a miniature of her mother at seventeen, a fair-haired, beautiful woman who, ill for years, died just as Clara began making the name of Bow known throughout the world. Because of that long illness she had not been able to take *her* little girl in her arms and cuddle her and sing her to sleep as the sandman came. Clara missed all those things, and she has gone through life hungry for love. Her parents were poor, and she had no pretty clothes when, as a child, she played on the sidewalks of Brooklyn. It is not surprising, especially to her friends, that she thought of adopting a waif as a plaything, something upon which she might lavish affection.

In her bedroom, is a large doll, beautifully dressed, which she holds in her arms as she goes to sleep.

When one knows the way Clara lives, it is not difficult to understand why she thought of adopting a baby.

She attends few parties; she seldom goes to a public restaurant; she dislikes personal appearances in theaters; she has no girl chum in whom she confides; she rarely is a guest at a dance in a private home; and she dislikes crowds, noise, garish clothes, or public display of any sort.

She would rather be at home with her dogs and her parrot, with her secretary and housekeeper and a book to read, than go out to the wildest wild-youth party ever thrown.

She is one of the most intense and sincere actresses in the whole realm of films. She gets as many as thirty thousand letters a month from all over the world. She works as hard, if not harder, to put realism into her rôles than any girl in pictures. She has done more to glorify the American flapper than any actress living. Yet Clara Bow herself is quiet and retiring.

"Why," her admirers say, "she's the sauciest, ritziest, most devil-may-care kid on the Pacific Coast. Didn't you see her in 'It,' 'Hula,' 'Red Hair,' 'The Fleet's In,' 'Three Week-ends,' 'Dangerous Curves' and films like that? That *must* be Clara as she is."

That's correct. But it is the other side of a two-sided girl. I have heard her talk gravely about life, and a moment later swing into a hilarious dance on the studio stage, her eyes flashing, her smile radiant, the life of the party. When it was over she went home to Daisy, her secretary, to her housekeeper, her books and pets.

How much more she would have liked to go home to a baby, to romp and play!

The little Bow girl has never played much since she was a child. Somehow there hasn't been time for frivolities. She is twenty-three years old now. On July 29th last year she had the first birthday party she'd ever had in all her life. And every little card, every gift which came was put away and kept, with all the interest usually evinced by a girl of six.

"For once," her secretary said, "she relaxed. She went to bed that night tired but happy."

Presents had come from almost every one at the studio. The camera men, electricians, carpenters, painters, all of whom are devoted slaves to the little actress, had sent things. Some of her fans had remembered the date and forwarded small gifts. A college boy sent her a little water-color sketch of herself with the inscription, "Oh, Clara, please be easy on me!" She hung it, framed, in her bedroom and wrote him a letter. Another admirer sent her a box of apples. He, too, got a note of appreciation.

The Stroller

Continued from page 57

The civic art commission called the director on the carpet. He explained, "You see, we were photographing in color, and the statues didn't look just right, being a plain white when we were making a color picture, so we fixed them up to be really beautiful."

The star had been attracted by one of the supporting players, a pretty, young girl, who had an inviting look about her.

The star, being that sort of a star, promptly introduced himself and launched into an intimate conversation leading to a date.

The girl saw this coming and quickly asked, "Don't you think a girl gets the best results on the screen if she actually lives her part, even off the set, during production of a picture?"

The star also considered himself quite artistic, so spoke in the affirmative for fifteen minutes, and then got down to facts. He asked the girl for a date.

"But you just said I couldn't go out with you," said the girl.

"I did not."

"You just said I should live my part, even off the set. And I'm the good girl in this picture."

One of our most famous composers goes on a concert tour every year. He is a real artist, and real artists, according to theory, are irresponsible and incapable of grasping such a subject as finance.

This musician had his tour lined up and pulled his usual stunt at the first town. One of the women's clubs was paying him $1,000 for his concert. The morning of the performance he was invited to be a guest at a luncheon that noon, and would he please bring his fiddle along? He did, and he played, and nobody came to the pay performance in the evening.

Now he has a guardian who carries his music and checks the violin to the box office. It is only given to him after the house is big enough to pay expenses.

In addition to scenario writers, many players are antique collectors.

One boasts that he has the ice box in which Cleopatra cooled the limeade she proffered to Anthony. Another has the cup from which Socrates drank the hemlock. It is being used for the same purpose today. Another has the saxophone on which Nero played while Rome burned. He has irrefutable proof to convince any one that Nero did not play a fiddle, and that saxophones really caused the decline of the Roman Empire.

One has a copy of the stock Equity contract employed by Tacitus in signing players for his costume plays, while the last has a copy of the first triangular love drama, inscribed on its front page, "Copyright, 4008 B. C. Screen rights reserved by author."

Is Marriage Like That Now?

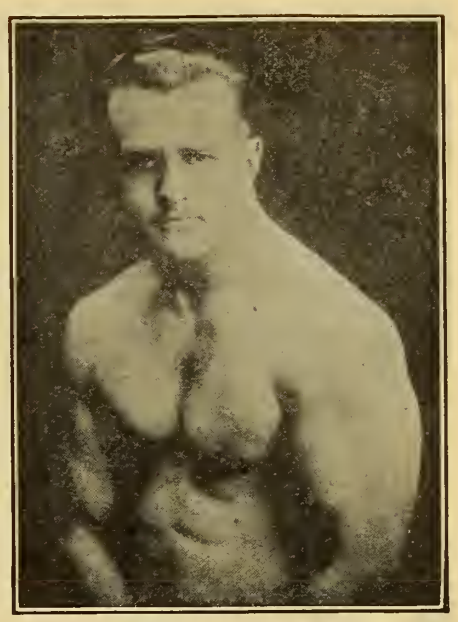
Continued from page 32

Ernestine are around. James Gleason not only boasts of the fact that he and Lucille Webster have been married almost a quarter of a century, but produces Russell, their twenty-one-year-old offspring, as actual proof. Now I ask you, in the words of Milt Gross, "Is diss a seestem?"

The stag line, too, is almost as hard hit. Of what good to Hollywood gentlemen to show a preference for blondes when Kay Johnson and Ann Harding are madly in love with their own husbands, John Cromwell and Harry Bannister? Or what price Claudette Colbert's and Barbara Stanwyck's beauty when it is all tied up in marriage knots with Norman Foster and Frank Fay?

If all the eligible girls like Lois Moran, Josephine Dunn, Marceline and Alice Day, Mary Brian, Dorothy Sebastian, Anita Page, Renée Adorée, Joan and Constance Bennett, and Jean Arthur were to join forces—or is it hands?—with all the eligible boys like Richard Dix, Lawrence Gray, Ramon Novarro, Nils Asther, William Haines, Frank Albertson, Jack Oakie, Russell Gleason, William Bakewell, and Joel McCrea, their predicament might prove less problematical.

If they don't, they are apt to find the second generation, including Lina Basquette Warner, Charles Spencer Chaplin II., Adrienne Bennett Fox, Mary Hay Barthelmess, Gloria Mildred Lloyd, Antonia Boardman Vidor, Sydney Chaplin, Patricia Carroll Kirtland, Joseph Swanson, and Sheila Kane Fitzmaurice growing up and beating them to it!



EARLE LIEDERMAN—*The Muscle Builder*
Author of "Muscle Building," "Science of Wrestling," "Secrets of Strength." "Here's Health," "Endurance," etc.

A New Body Awaits You

Have you ever watched a magician pull wriggling rabbits out of a high hat? A wonderful trick, you say. Well, Earle Liederman is a magician, but of a different sort. **He builds health and strength into your body in a miraculously short time**—and it's no trick. It took him over 20 years of planning and experimenting to do it—not with hit or miss method—for Earle Liederman is a college trained man who works with a deliberate, analytical mind. People call him the Muscle Builder because he takes weak, run down bodies and transforms them into strong, virile, handsome bodies in double-quick time—GUARANTEES to do it and actually DOES do it.

In the Privacy of Your Own Room

To obtain the new body awaiting you, does not mean that you must exercise 24 hours continuously. Earle Liederman's short-cut to healthy, handsome, broad-shouldered bodies must be taken in 15 minute doses. If you exercised more than this in his high-pressure, quick development way, you would tear down more than he could build up. You can do his easy scientific exercises in the privacy of your own room.

And What Results

What a thrilling satisfaction you will get out of watching your shoulders broaden and your arms thicken and strengthen. How glorious it will be to feel your vest becoming tighter around your chest and to watch your legs become muscular. There'll be no more leg fatigue when you climb stairs and **you'll** be the one who sets the pace when walking.

A New Body—Inside As Well As Out

Your heart, your liver, your kidneys, your lungs—all your internal organs get the jolt of their young lives when this sculptor of human bodies starts to work on them. Almost immediately they settle down to an orderly well-mannered functioning that means a new kind of happiness for you—**a new body**—the joy of living that only a healthy, virile body can give you. And the headaches, constipation troubles, aches and pains that are caused by a weakened, flabby body **somehow miraculously disappear.**

You'll See It In Her Eyes

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Introducing An All-star Cast

Continued from page 104

SAMUEL RICHARD MOOK

Being invited to write his autobiography is quite a strain on an author, because there is the temptation to fictionize and peddle all the goo you would like the public—or that small part of it that reads your truck—to believe about you. As a reporter, however, you dislike having yourself try to make a fool out of you by expecting you to believe the rot you tell yourself about you.

The reporter finally wins the mental conflict, and I shake an admonitory finger at myself and say, "Here! Can that stuff and give me facts, or I'm going to throw the interview into the wastebasket, and print all the things I've heard about you." In a panic, I throw discretion to the winds and tell the truth and the whole truth so help me Munchausen.

I have been accused of being moody and temperamental by friends, but my family explain that I have merely a screw loose, and point to the fact that I quit a lucrative position to come to Hollywood and write for PICTURE PLAY, and that I joined the air service during the War at the age of sixteen. My own contention is that those facts cannot be used against me, and merely prove that the editor of PICTURE PLAY and the government have the loose screws.

I am inherently lazy and notoriously unreliable. I don't like to work and wouldn't do a lick if I didn't have to. This is borne out by the fact that I used to change jobs, in the hope of finding an easy one, so often that it took a calculating machine to keep track of them.

Norbert Lusk has described James Murray as wrestling with life, instead of conforming to it. It is that trait in his character that makes me look upon him and, to a lesser degree, Larry Kent, as kindred spirits. I prefer dives to palaces, as I feel that in dives you see life, and in palaces you look on an artificial glitter. Larry has too much money ever to be more than a dilettante dive hunter, and merely dabbles in it for pleasure, while the rest of us take our dives seriously.

I have no hobbies—the reporter interposes that that is merely another proof of my loose screw—except that I like to take solitary walks at midnight and in the early hours of the morning. These walks have led me into strange byways and adventures which would make Scheherezade's tales of "The Thousand and One Nights" pale into insignificance by comparison. But there's no good relating them, because no one would believe me.

The well-modulated tones stopped. The reporter glances over what he has written and favors me with a disgusted look. "What a lot of drivel this is!" he exclaims scathingly.

"Oh, yeah?" says the subject.

"Yeah!" answers the reporter with finality, and the interview ends with the two definitely and permanently on the outs.

Thus endeth our little journey into the privacy of those whose names you know as well as those of the stars. At least they hope you do now!

It's Just A Gift With Claudette

Continued from page 50

eagerly, and when assured that across the eyes there was a certain resemblance, she said, "But she hasn't these awful full cheeks. What can I do about them? Do you suppose I shall ever photograph well?"

As an answer to that, I suggest that you glance at the photographs accompanying this article. Could anybody want to photograph more beautifully than that?

Life in the theater is a grand adventure, to hear her tell it. She had to lie now and then about having had experience in stock when she was getting started, but she got away with it. She has terrible rows occasionally with Al Woods when ink bottles are thrown, but what of it? He is a grand character, even if he is as excitable and stubborn as she is. And he let her play in "See Naples and Die," the first play she had ever read that she couldn't bear to think of any one else playing. It wasn't even a mild success, and he hasn't twitted her about her lack of judgment. Well, not much. Some one is always trying to get her to go to Hollywood to make pictures, but Paramount has promised to make her films in the East and let her intersperse them with stage work.

People are awfully nice about giving you what you want. That's life from the Claudette Colbert point of view. And it never seems to occur to her that it is because she has given the theater and films what they wanted—and needed.

Fifi's Magic Touch

Continued from page 72

couple of fans hanging on the tapestry over her bed. You know the sort of fans I mean.

Well, children, I've always been crazy about the French, and so I must say I like Fifi Dorsay. Yet even were she of any other nationality, I should have to pay homage. As I've remarked, Fifi makes use of the wordless language. And who can resist such devastating congeniality?

On my way out Fifi stood outside her door. We called farewells to each other until the elevator arrived. So confused was I that I almost went up, instead of down. So you can guess for yourself how I felt.

What's that? You still don't know what the wordless universal language is? Well, really you are——

Listen, I can't be bothered to go into long explanations now. Go and see "Hot For Paris," in which Fifi plays with Victor McLaglen and El Brendel. Just see it. One gesture from Fifi, and you don't need to understand any language!

What The Fans Think

Continued from page 94

I do not know anything about the Joan Crawford club, but even so, I do not believe that Joan Crawford would back her official club unless she knew the club president was trustworthy. If any club president does abuse this confidence—please, fans, do not condemn the star.

E. S. Cottingham.
2228 North Emerson Avenue,
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Much in Little.

My tribute is to the most beautiful, wonderful, likable, important, and popular girl on the screen. Who is she? Of course you all know her. She is none other than Clara Bow.

She has the sweetness of Mary Brian, the dancing ability of Joan Crawford, the athletic ability of Bebe Daniels, the cheerfulness of Colleen Moore, and the personality, pep, and acting ability of herself. But, best of all, she has the support and admiration of the public. Although Clara possesses all the qualities which are so important to a star, she has never, never been stuck up or high-hat, as many stars are who are not half as important as Clara.

And to those who do not believe that stars send photos or answer their mail. Well, here is an example of what the most popular girl on the screen does. She has sent me six different photos of herself, together with one large photo autographed especially to me, and she thanks me very much for the kind letter I sent her. That isn't all, either. Clara also sent me a letter for sending her a Christmas gift, and in this letter she wished me a merry Christmas and a happy New Year. Though she receives more mail than any other person in Hollywood, she certainly does pay attention to it.

J. M. L.



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Gary—As He Is

Continued from page 43

occasions when he does go, he sits solitary, shy, and ill at ease. He has no small talk and is disconcerted by people who talk when they have nothing to say.

When interviewed he is acutely distressed. Trying earnestly to answer ridiculous questions in more than his natural monosyllables, he paces up and down, a hunted look in his candid eyes. When he is conscious of speaking for publication, panic overcomes him. He seldom smiles. When he does, its rarity adds to the charm of it. In repose his face is introspective and sober beyond his years. Smiling, he is very young, delightful.

He loathes dressing up, and is generally to be seen in sweaters, his hair rumpled. On an occasion when he was slated for pictures in evening clothes, the sitting ran over a period of three days, Gary arriving at the studio in good faith, but having forgotten first his waistcoat, then his studs, then his dress tie. The situation was finally saved by his mother, who assembled his attire herself.

He lives with his parents in a plain, sprawling house set in old-fashioned gardens on a conservative street. Architecturally not important, its homelike comfort is something of an achievement in Hollywood. Judge Cooper is retired and aids in the management of his son's business affairs. Mrs. Cooper jealously supervises Gary's health and welfare. An energetic, intelligent woman, she also finds time for civic and charity work and is president of the local Montana Society. To both his parents, however, Gary is the primary interest in life.

With his father, Gary is opening a dude ranch in Montana. Preparations have been going on for a year and this spring will see it ready for occupation. Already the waiting list of Hollywood people is long. Gary is absorbed in the venture, finding, obviously, an outlet for his nostalgia.

The walls of his dressing room are decorated with stuffed eagles—the taxidermy having been performed by Gary himself—antlers and pelts. On his dressing table is a curling iron, forgotten by a hairdresser during the making of "The Wolf Song," in which Gary submitted to the ignominy of having his hair curled. He refuses to part with the iron, finding it convenient as a cigarette lighter. A phonograph in one corner is stocked with cowboy and mountaineer records, every one of which he knows by heart and plays constantly.

In the matter of romance he has achieved attention anomalous to his personality. It is the consensus of opinion that Gary is more pursued than pursuer. Clara Bow and Lupe Velez, with both of whom his name has been linked, are famously sirenical in type. Gary's interest in them seems incongruous, indicating, perhaps, the flair for the sensational which balances his otherwise conservative nature. The volcanic Lupe may have embarrassed him by her demonstrativeness, regardless of time or place, but the chivalry which is a definite part of Gary would keep his embarrassment concealed.

The demands made upon his personal life are a source of discomfort to him. He is terrified at the prospect of an enforced public appearance, such as his introduction to the audience at a première. On these occasions his face is hotly scarlet, his brow dewed with perspiration. After agonized, incoherent attempts at a speech, he retreats in haste, his collar wilted and his eyes glazed.

His own idea of pleasure is riding, swimming, or driving his car, for which he scorns to hire a chauffeur. His riding is an æsthetic delight to observe, Gary and the horse beneath him functioning in perfect rhythm.

He is a capable actor. Witness, in particular, "The Virginian." While the charm of his personality is still the preëminent reason for his popularity, his work in itself is intelligent and admirably restrained. He seldom offers suggestions for a scene, presuming, sensibly, that the director knows his business. He is taking singing lessons, showing promise of a pleasant voice. Sitting for still pictures and portraits is one of his prime aversions. When finally corralled and posed, he grimaces self-consciously, and with distaste, up to the moment of the camera's click.

His closest friend is Richard Arlen, and between them exists a deep affection. Gary is essentially, one concludes, a man's man—most at ease in the understanding freedom of masculine society. When, however, romance does seek him out, he is absorbed by it with no hint of frivolity.

For frivolity of any kind he has little talent. In the midst of Hollywood babel he is an area of refreshing silence. The charge that he says little because he has nothing to say, rebounds, under his quizzical indifference, back to the bringers of it, who say a great deal that means nothing.

The Courage Of Normalcy

Continued from page 74

"Would they prefer Clara Bow in some other type of part, or the kind she's been making? I understand that Paramount is looking for emotional stories for her, something not quite so 'Itty,' if you know what I mean. It will be an interesting experiment to watch, for it may give the rest of us a hint.

"I have often wondered, too, whether the public likes best the kind of actress who plays a character that any one of them might be, or an actress who plays a part that the majority of them would *like* to be. That is, do they prefer pictures like 'Saturday's Children,' for example? The rôle that Corinne Griffith played in that picture would fit almost any girl in real life. She could be a nursemaid, a cook, a stenographer—almost anything. But is that what they want, or do they prefer an actress like Constance Bennett, or Ann Harding, in very elegant and sophisticated parts?

"Personally, I've always admired Elsie Ferguson extravagantly, and I'd give anything to be like her. The kind of pictures she used to act in are the kind that appeal to me.

"Then, too, I've often speculated on whether the public likes to think of us as being the same off the screen as we are on. If they think of me at all after they leave the theater, do they think of me as being the same in private life as I have been in the picture, or would they rather believe that the grand air is simply acting? That after leaving the studio, I am just an average girl such as any of them are, with the average girl's likes and pleasures and aspirations? What do you think?"

Never having been a first-rate star, I hadn't given the matter much thought, and I very much doubt that my advice would count for anything. But I do know this: Norma Shearer is handling her career in a more intelligent manner than the majority of stars. When the publicity department tells her a writer is coming to interview her, Norma goes into conference with herself and thinks up several ideas for a story. When the writer appears, if he has a definite idea along which he wants to write, Miss Shearer talks along that line. If he starts to ramble aimlessly, Miss Shearer adroitly brings the conversation round to the ideas she has in mind. It's a wise and grateful interviewer who knows when a lead is being thrown him, and if he knows his onions, he leaps at it. When he shows interest in one of her ideas, Miss Shearer talks along that line. I think that is one reason I have never read an inane article about her.

She has a native intelligence, and handles her career in the same manner that any successful person handles his business. It is no hit-and-miss matter with her. Her stories are carefully selected, and regardless of how much a part appealed to her, I don't believe she would tackle it unless she herself was confident she could play it capably.

Each member of the prospective cast is tested with her, before the picture starts, so that there will be no incongruities in the scenes when they are actually filmed.

Nor have I ever heard any charges of temperament laid against her. Robert Montgomery, who plays opposite her in "Their Own Desire," was warm in his praise of her. Says Bob, "When we started work on the picture, Miss Shearer said 'There's no reason why we can't share the close-ups.' And if they had the camera trained on her in one of them, when it came time for the next she'd say, 'Focus on Mr. Montgomery this time, and give *him* a break, too."

I've seen her at openings surrounded by throngs of fans, all with books, hats, handkerchiefs—anything that would take a signature—eager for her autograph. And I've seen Norma smiling and autographing while mobs jostled her as she tried to write, and leaky fountain pens seeped ink over a new gown.

While she never loses her patrician air, it is never thrust at you in an "Ain't-I-elegant?" manner. In talking to her, she unconsciously becomes a regular scout whom you'd like your best girl to imitate.

As for myself, I'm off on a hunt to find some of those pictures of hers I've missed, and I'd strongly advise the rest of you to do likewise. We've been overlooking something genuine.

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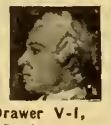
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Old Age Preferred

Continued from page 29

ical to German and English classical plays. It was first of all an actor's theater, and the actor was called on to play in a constantly changing repertory.

"I believe that the actor is the most important factor in the realistic theater. It is he who must convince the audience and persuade. The director is more important in the movies, where the scenic angles, photography and engineering are so necessary. When I think of acting, I don't mean being myself. That is so much easier. Not for me, though. I wish that I could be a leading-man type, but I'm not, and it doesn't interest me. Acting, to be creative, must be something apart from oneself, something in which one is submerged, and from which one is quite separate. After you are through playing a part, it has nothing to do with you. You were it, and it stands away from you as something distinct and created."

He continued slowly, with the quiet, unaffected manner that is his. "There is something hypnotic about creative acting. You hypnotize yourself into believing that you are the person you want to play. You think as he does, you are that man, and then you begin to walk as he should, to look as he does. And you really become that man. Only that way can you dissociate yourself from the person you are acting. When I say that I build my characterizations by the expression of the eyes, it is really because the soul of a man is in the expression of his eyes. You convince people by your eyes. It isn't a matter of putting on make-up so that your face looks old. You have to *think* old, and then your eyes look old. Take Jannings. He has a very immobile face, the only thing that changes is the look in his eyes. He does all his acting with his eyes.

"In the movies everything is episodic, rather than continuous and working toward a climax. You have to sustain the mood sometimes over a period of months, as I did with 'The Valiant.' There were six months between the first and last scenes of the film, or rather between the last and first. It is a succession of separate moods, but the acting is the same, the eyes first, and then the voice."

Other actors may talk about technique, a different technique for screen and stage, but that is because Muni first learned to think of acting in terms of pantomime, the most important thing for the screen. That is why his silent sequences are as eloquent as his speech, despite the fact that he is one of the few movie actors whose voice has come over richly, rather than as a radio voice, metallic and harsh.

In each of the brief caricatures that he did in "Seven Faces" there is the same sureness of pantomime, the swiftness of outline and bravura that one finds in the caricatures of Chaplin.

If you ask him what there is left for him to play now, with his gallery of laughing butchers, Russian revolutionaries, ancient philosophers, gangsters, sentimental old caretakers, German tourists, and Japanese students, behind him, this is what he answers. "Something that is different. I don't want to become a type, nor do I want to be a freak. And by 'different,' I don't mean something bizarre, but something that is not me, and that won't be a repetition of what I have done."

In those words you have the difference between Muni and Lon Chaney. Nothing could be too bizarre for Chaney. That is why a comparison between them is utterly pointless. Muni is very young, but he is already old in acting. He is very serious and intense, yet he will never grow pompous and self-addicted, because of his sense of humor that will not let him take himself, or even acting, too seriously.

ON HEARING OF THE ENGAGEMENT OF ONE'S FAVORITE STAR TO LUPE VELEZ.

I never knew a diamond
  Could make me feel so blue,
A scintillating diamond
  Of icy, crystal hue.
The trouble is, dear reader,
  If you don't understand—
That scintillating diamond
  Is on some one else's hand!

ANON.

Over The Teacups

Continued from page 27

"Paramount is to star Helen Kane," she told me a little breathlessly. "And that sounds just lovely, but look at what stardom did to Evelyn Brent. They made her first starring picture, 'Slightly Scarlet,' and before it was even released her contract came to an end and wasn't renewed. I hope the picture is such a tremendous success that they have to go to her on their knees and beg her to come back and make more for them.

"Meanwhile Evelyn has signed a contract to make pictures for Columbia, so it would be a little difficult for her to go back, but I would just like to have them urge her anyway.

"Helen Kane will make her pictures in the East, and that ought to do something toward enlivening the Long Island studio."

Fanny's voice faded out to a whisper.

"Now I know all Hollywood is in town," she gasped, as Lina Basquette drifted in. A few moments later she had something to gasp about, when we heard a tale of the abject devotion of Peverell Marley, Lina's husband. For ten years one of the most talented and successful camera men in the business, young Mr. Marley is now taking up song-and-dance routines so that he can tour in vaudeville with his wife!

"He'll never be my matinée idol, though," Fanny insisted, "even if he is handsome looking. In fact, you can have your Ronald Colmans and your Rudy Vallées, for I've found my favorite talkie star for all time."

I waited expectantly.

"It's Booth Tarkington! And if you want to see him, we'll have to get a taxi and drive around until we find a theater that is running the news reel he is in. It's worth any amount of trouble."

Fanny *would* pick some one who got only a week's run on Broadway!

A PLEA TO GRETA

Oh! do not let the movie men
Your silent charms beguile.
Why need you have a word to say
When you have such a smile?

Do not let the fickle public
Try to teach you how to talk.
You never leave a thing unsaid
By just the way you walk.

And when you would transport us
To a realm of perfect bliss,
We do not choose to hear a word,
But just to watch you kiss!

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Olive Borden Repents Her Folly

Continued from page 61

"Gradually spunk asserted itself, and the thought dawned that you're never licked until you admit it out loud. So I dived into several activities, in an effort to occupy my mind. I studied French and danced, whirling around in what I fondly imagined was a Ruth St. Denis impersonation. When the screen began to talk, I took up tapping, clogging, and eccentric steps.

"These interests relaxed me, and my manner became jaunty. I felt myself again. We in pictures let things get too much of a hold on us." Her stream of words, tumbling over each other in echo of rapid thought, still more accented her buoyancy. "Material things, and advancement in one particular field, become too important, ambition too concentrated. And when you let anything be too necessary, it is invariably taken from you. That is for your good; otherwise, you make an idol of it. Broadening your horizon, you find a world outside, busy at various fascinating things, and what you had considered so great dwindles in comparison.

"Almost any girl taken from obscurity and spot-lighted, highly paid and catered to, would go haywire. Precious few have escaped that stage of distorted viewpoint, unless they had very wise management.

"And how is one to know? One accepts the suggestions of executives, of professionals. Soon one is in a whirlwind of do-this and don't-do-that. With no previous training that would have developed judgment, only exceptional cleverness or intuition could select wisely from all this proffered advice.

"It is highly enjoyable, I'll admit. We love acting too much to stop it when we leave the studio; besides, everything fosters stellar vanity, urges the continuance of the 'act.' We pretend, until it becomes problematical which is real and which sham.

"I wanted money, a lot of it. Why? I don't know, except that earning it pleases ego, spending it whets vanity. It adds to that absurd importance. With the inflated estimation of self, the more money you get the more you want, to increase prestige. And it is handy to purchase palaces and such trinkets.

"I whined and pleaded for better rôles for so long that when finally my temper flared, they were shocked and called me temperamental. I was justified in kicking, but my manner at first was too subservient, then too demanding. Perhaps I wasn't tactful. When I saw the decrease in my popularity and read the criticisms, I begged them to feature me in good parts, instead of starring me as a dressed dummy. They claimed that I was becoming ungovernable. Well, it was *my* career that was tilting lopsided.

"The deepest hurt, for which I was not to blame, was their calling me temperamental over minor incidents, like driving across the street to the other lot, instead of walking, when I was in negligee for a scene. I have been game, working when ill, enduring discomforts, as we all do. An actor crabs, but we take it as a matter of course.

"I am sorry for having fought over salary. That was unwise. It stamps you as a trouble maker. And none of us is worth, in comparison with other vocations we might follow, half of what we get. I regret going grandiloquent, and being sassy. And I am *beaucoup* glad that it is all over."

The days pass swiftly, encompassing many activities: the newly exacting work, piano, vocal and tapping lessons, golf and swimming, French verbs, considerable reading, moderns of the sophisticated mode.

The producers are too busy shining new gleams to repolish scuffed stars. They thought they knew her limitations, and the day of the manikin, depending on ocular appeal, had passed. An agent plugged. In interviews with producers, Olive impressed with her sincerity, her acknowledgment of error, her eagerness for another trial, but with earnest self-confidence. Columbia extended a second opportunity. Suddenly she was working again, so quietly that news of it did not get about for weeks. While the stipend she demanded of Fox, two thousand weekly, was achieved only with her last picture, for the others she had been paid seventeen hundred and fifty dollars a week, which sum she had been drawing during the latter part of her contract.

In "The Wedding Ring" her rôle was that of a young sophisticate, laughing at love. "Half Marriage" and "Gang War" preceded "Dance Hall" for RKO, where she is signed for future engagements. In "Dance Hall" she was featured with Arthur Lake. Defining the crude flapper, one of those brash and smart kids of the fifty-cent dance hall, proved to be immense fun.

With the variety which her work

now affords her, she feels on the road to her ultimate goal, the stage.

Olive has been in pictures for six years—counting the interlude when she *wasn't* in them. Familiar with the camera, she is acquiring knowledge of the chattering cinema. Though soft, her Southern accent is not a detriment, as she enunciates rapidly and clearly; indeed, she talks in staccato gusts, only occasionally slurring her syllables as they do in Virginia, whence she came.

As a prologue to her sixteenth birthday, after a brief service as telephone operator, her career began, with the usual extra mobbing. Her mother managed to keep them going through lean times by running a candy store. The profits were meager. When stardom elevated them to the manor-and-ermine status, care seemed folded into the past. With privation's memories, and a natural hunger for beauty, extravagance was inevitable.

But the stern spirit which had carried them through poverty's pinch enabled them to weather subsequent vicissitudes and rehabilitation. Each of the many incidents weaving thrills and disappointments into these varied experiences has left its indelible mark. At twenty-two, having taken her first uppercut on the chin and recovered from dizziness to plunge into the scrap again, she is equipped, it would seem, for a firmer and more lasting achievement.

"Not sitting on top of the world exactly," she admitted, "but climbing up again. I'll hook onto each rung more carefully this time!"

Let's Be Informal

Continued from page 88

Myrna Loy is the only lady whose friendship Barry has retained. Myrna undoubtedly holds the secret of how to keep so elusive a friendship as Barry's. But Myrna is no ordinary girl—as Barry has often told me.

His new apartment—six rooms, no less—takes on the appearance of a busy morning on the stock exchange. It is constantly crowded with fleeting acquaintances. If you desire to evade his packed apartment, invite him to yours.

Yet even this has its drawbacks.

When Barry leaves my place, a stranger would think a cyclone had hit it.

Eddie Nugent's stately apartment is on a par with La Goudal's, so far as good furniture goes. Antiques interest Eddie. In fact, I first met him in an antique shop. He was with Samuel Richard Mook, my fellow scribe, who introduced us.

Eddie was climbing halfway up the wall to peek inside something that looked like an incinerator.

First editions he also collects. He has some good books—but I must frown upon Casanova's memoirs. Yet Casanova is to be found in such an aristocratic home as the La Rocques'. So I surmise it is quite all right for Eddie to possess an edition. But still I frown!

I can't frown upon David Rollins. He's a strange fellow. He could learn a lot if he wished to study—which he seems to be doing nowadays.

Whenever he sees me he appears to be on the verge of telling me astounding things—but the talk is merely casual.

In one of my articles I chaffed David about a massive ring he wore. Instead of continuing to wear it, or sport an even larger one, he discarded it. He had the power to turn the laugh on me, but didn't do it. However, since then—after exchanging further views on this and that—we have a higher regard for each other than we possessed before.

After meeting Mr. Rollins several more times, I may learn something about him to alter my present vague ideas. Of course, I don't promise to find out anything new. But David seems charged with revelations about to materialize. When that occurs he is going to progress in acting and will give us something to talk about.

In the meantime I shall see him informally, with my other movie acquaintances, and that may reveal some traits in him worth recording.



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BEULAH POYNTER

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And so she went out to her first great adventure. But it was only the prelude to an almost incredible series of thrilling episodes through which she was to move with head held high. How Dawn found herself, in very earnest, "doubling" for the star, how she fell in love, and how she finally won her way to happiness —these make "The Splendid Folly" a splendid story.

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The "Glory Girl"

Continued from page 90

with a brother and cousin, bumming a freight ride to the limit of her horizon, a town twenty-five miles distant. Where was she going, and why? Away—because something made her. She couldn't learn lessons and obey the regularity of the bells. Being sent back, defiant. A smoldering turbulence. At fourteen, again on the wing. Pawning her petticoat for twenty-five cents—to buy doughnuts. Just a hungry kid, all mixed-up impulses. Relatives made New York possible. Had she saved the petticoat for New York, it would have brought more—at an exhibition of antiques!

Seventeen. Her prettiness another bright patch in the "Follies." Her life governed by her own immature mind. Swept away by adolescent and impetuous emotion. Notoriety. Doors that her eager hands had barely pushed ajar, slammed. She had enough for passage, and registered at the Ritz in London with one dollar in her pocket. She was gambling.

Ziegfeld publicity had labeled her the "American Beauty." Reporters noted her arrival. She admitted that in America she was a great movie star. Agents asked to manage her. One introduced her to a German director then on vacation; three days later she signed a contract. Yes, they *are* naïve over there. No, he never found out that she hadn't been a star.

"I had never been inside a studio. My make-up was wrong. I explained that our lights were different, and they showed me. My first scene was emotional. Only the memory of the American flag would draw the tears. If you are ever an exile, I promise you that one mental glimpse of the Stars and Stripes will make you howl. Technique? Bosh! Any woman can act—does act half the time." Thus she disposed of a topic upon which many players discourse. To the glory girl, work is largely a lark unless she gets steadied into a genuine ambition.

The gypsy episode occurred on an Italian location.

"Italy intoxicates me. The music, the flowers—a heady perfume. Nature puts on her festival dress; and there's a personal feeling, as though it's all for you. Gypsies would follow me around. I'd empty my purse; whether I ate or not, I scarcely knew. Three of them worked in our picture. I just went away with them, and they taught me to whistle, to strum the guitar and sing old Neapolitan songs. They loved me." Wistfulness whispered through her voice. "Honestly they did."

When the company found her, after three days' search, all the discipline meted her was a round of scoldings.

Imogene Robertson is her real name. Before the United Artists contract was signed, her attorney informed Joseph M. Schenck of her identity. You could say that she was flippant and not prone to consider consequences, but you could not accuse her of cowardice or sham.

I thought I saw, during our first talk, a muffled overture of her grounding; there was beneath her frivolity something too fine to be tossed away. It was bound to assert itself.

Universal bought her contract and lent her for leads with Chaney and Gilbert, and to Paramount. Her forte was thought to be sophisticated drama, with a kernel of the primitive; the critics spoke of her "sultry charm." Life's seamy sides interested her, hearts struggling through ugliness and cynicism. Now that she herself has become more serious, she wishes to do light, amusing, silver silhouettes.

I have purposely postponed the chapter of her recent misfortunes and change of views, because it is not easy to write of some of its elements.

Universal's apparent neglect and subjection to petty indignities now are clear. On salary at four hundred, she was lent for fifteen hundred a week. Charged rental for her chair on the set. Consistently refused rôles she wished and for which she was suitable. Given no work for weeks, or shunted to other studios. Her worst tests shown. Rebuked before extras for delays which others had caused.

Besides the personal animosity of one in authority, it was the glory girl's just desert. One does not expect her, surfaced with hard polish, to have a porous sentiment. Mary's frivolous indifference made officials wary of placing responsibility upon her shrugging shoulders. Whims dictated her moods. She was profitable when farmed out, and the anxiety less. Some of this, too, was discipline. More people believed in her than she then realized.

No system has been devised to transform a romany into a mole. In the throes of stabilization, going at it with the glory girl's helter-skelter impetuosity, Nemesis exacted toll. The

Continued on page 118

Topsy-turvy Town

Continued from page 83

the clang of sword on shield and the shouts of dying men comes the cry "Ouch!" as one of the high-school boy soldiers is accidentally pricked with a tin lance.

In this community of upsets and illusions scarcely a day passes without its odd anecdotes. A destitute actor generously distributes worthless checks to his friends, under the delusion that he has millions in the bank. Meanwhile a child star, with no idea of the king's ransom he is earning, is delighted when his dad gives him a dime.

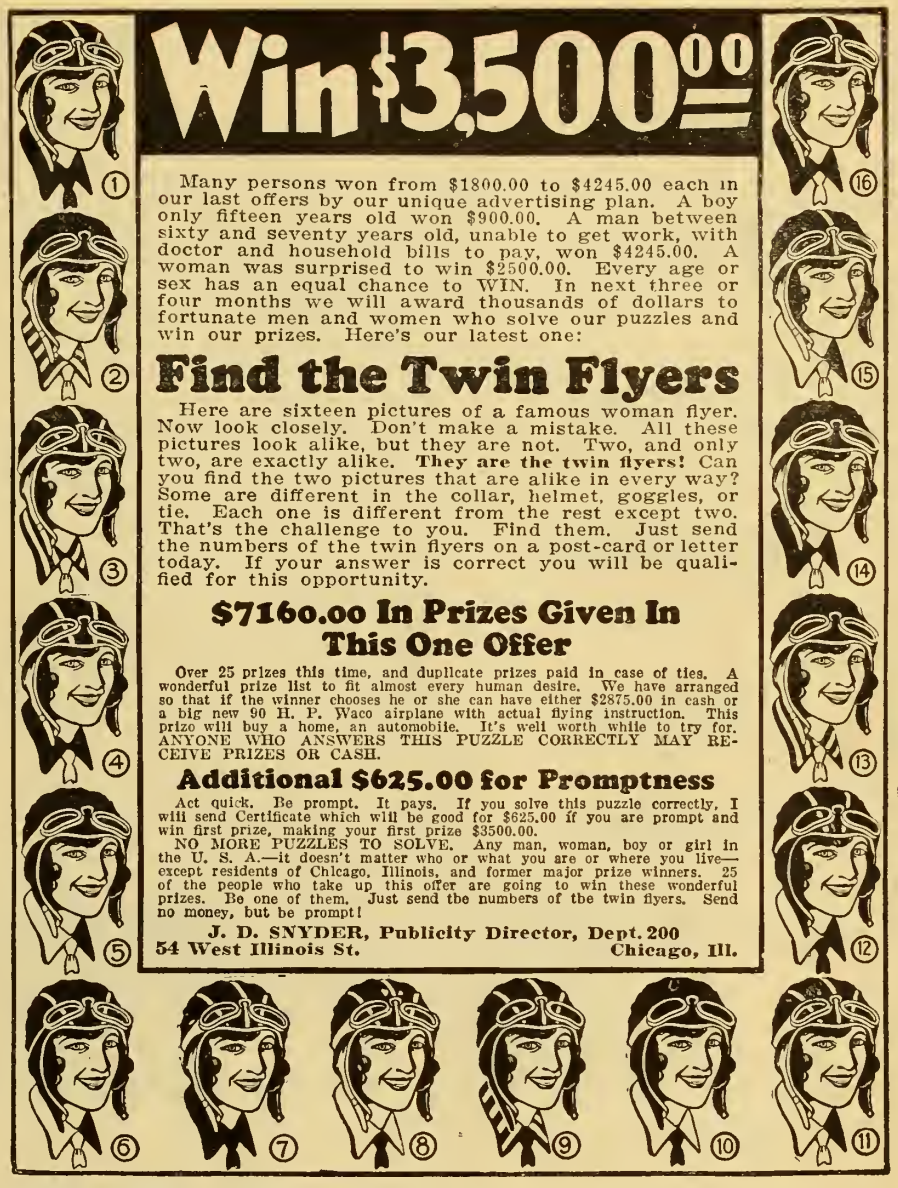
Stars run around from one fortune teller to another, anxiously trying to peer into their uncertain futures, believing everything that is told to them.

The town thinks a certain starving European is crazy, because he is making one of those futuristic pictures which seems to the old guard to have neither rhyme nor reason. Completed, the film is hailed as a masterpiece. The scoffers go around telling each other that the director is a genius and they knew it all along.

Hollywood is always being taken in by make-believe. The town is full of men who pose in smocks, let their hair grow long, and talk loudly of their genius. It used to be the style for actors to talk to interviewers as if they lived for art alone. That isn't as important as it used to be, but there are still many people in Movietown who find they can make profitable impressions by posing. One writer drives around town, sitting in the back seat of his limousine with a portable typewriter on his lap, madly hammering away as inspiration flames. The populace gape in awe as the chariot flashes by, with its exhibit of genius in its creative throes. Another scenarist recently proclaimed that he had not read anything for two years, to clear his mind for his great masterpiece.

Through the "temple of il-looshun" the movie procession wends. They brave the revolving barrels and the things that shake and threaten to fall over on them. It's so confusing. Half the time the pilgrims don't know whether they are on their feet, or on their ears. They follow each other blindly. One makes a hit in a certain kind of picture, or a certain rôle, and they all follow suit—until jesting fate pulls a lever and a section of flooring gives way beneath them.

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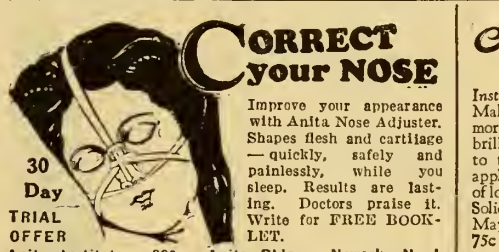
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These issues carry a powerful new serial, "I Will Make Men Pay!" This was the vow a girl made after a heartbreaking experience in her extreme youth.
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The "Glory Girl"

Continued from page 116

flu was followed by an automobile accident. Despite serious injuries, she continued to the studio and collapsed. There were two operations. While she was in the hospital, a newspaper printed an article with most unpleasant inferences.

For days she cried, not in spoiled willfulness that some bright bauble was denied her, or some nomadic whim ungratified, but from the depth of a bruised heart. She had chosen fineness, once she saw and understood; why not let her climb in peace her own rocky hill? Must youthful mistakes always mock her? What keeps the thumbs pressed down? A wall of distaste for the spectacular in publicity shuts out names that have been bandied about, sometimes with unfair insistence. Men laughed when she called herself a "pal," in imitation of other girls. Some were true friends, who helped, but many a heartache went into her efforts to inspire belief and plant roots.

Her dressing table is an index to her chameleon character. You see the gypsy, in cluttered, colorful knickknacks, the woman of the world—twenty-four!—in orchid cloisonne-and-silver things to smooth her prettiness into sleek perfection. Men's pictures stuck in the mirror. Safely under glass, right in front, snapshots of her grandmother and of a stern and robust uncle, a missionary! Hunger there—confession of need, of wanting "folks."

Though sophisticated, the glory girls aren't common. Too much depends upon impression, and many have an innate refinement bequeathed by commonplace families. Plus an easier facility of expression, the glory girl has more than frivolous charm.

"A greater sense of appreciation, because of fewer real moments to close into our hearts. Keener sympathies give a deeper meaning to our work. We *must* cultivate charm, poise, and tact. We are apt and retentive, and have picked up a superficial culture. These all have screen value."

I wouldn't, now, want to exchange my precious heritage for the glory girl's light life. I know she would like, sometimes, to be ground-tied me, for I am spared her peculiar type of heartache during adjustment.

But for putting up a good, square fight against great odds, is not honor due? Let some tongues flay if they will—I champion courage.

A Confidential Guide To Current Releases

Continued from page 105

cellent in her first talkie, in spite of slow action, and her acting is brilliant. Scene laid in France, after Armistice. Lawrence Gray sings engagingly. Cliff Edwards and Benny Rubin funny.

"Salute"—Fox. All dialogue. Best of the Annapolis pictures. George O'Brien excellent in first talkie, natural, pleasing voice. Runs into football climax. Frank Albertson, William Janney, Joyce Compton, Helen Chandler, Rex Bell.

"A Most Immoral Lady"—First National. Leatrice Joy in brief return to screen portrays woman who compromises men so her husband can blackmail them. Miss Joy skilled, charming. Walter Pidgeon, Sidney Blackmer, Montagu Love, Donald Reed, Josephine Dunn.

"Married in Hollywood"—Fox. Song, dialogue, and Technicolor. Entertaining Cinderella story of show girl and prince, set to Strauss tunes. Romance shattered, but put back together in Hollywood. Norma Terris and J. Harold Murray, stage stars, give creditable performances, the cast good, settings glamorous.

"The Unholy Night"—Metro-Goldwyn. All dialogue. Screen début of Roland Young, in mystery story replete with horrors, about murder of surviving members of a regiment. Mr. Young intelligent, with whimsical wit. Dorothy Sebastian, Ernest Torrence, John Miljan, Philip Strange, Richard Tucker, Natalie Moorhead.

"Three Live Ghosts"—United Artists. All dialogue. Fine acting rather than romantic thrills, starring Beryl Mercer as a shrewd, human character, who wants to turn ex-soldier over to the police for reward. Charles McNaughton, Claude Allister, Robert Montgomery, Joan Bennett.

"Jealousy"—Paramount. All dialogue. Last appearance of the late Jeanne Eagels, in a picture whose story is weak for the gifted star. Miss Eagels is arresting, intelligent, individual. Story of fatal jealousy of her husband for her former lover. Fredric March is the husband, Halliwell Hobbes the lover.

"Flight"—Columbia. All dialogue. Thrilling airplane maneuvers, two marines, and a cute nurse in a picture that is good—if the roar and dip of planes satisfy. Jack Holt, a hard-chewing leatherneck, is too shy to make love and loses Lila Lee to Ralph Graves. The dialogue is adolescent.

"Gold Diggers of Broadway"—Warner. Singing, dialogue. Musical comedy in Technicolor, with faint plot woven in about man who tries to save a kinsman from a chorine, and falls for one himself. Winnie Lightner's clowning saves the show. Lilyan Tashman also good. Conway Tearle, Nancy Welford, Ann Pennington, William Bakewell.

"Great Gabbo, The"—Sono-Art. All dialogue, Technicolor sequence. The fascinating, complex Gabbo is neglected, but the musical-show craze makes an average inning of Erich von Stroheim's reappearance as an actor. Odd story of ventriloquist who realizes his suppressed love too late. Betty Compson in backstage rôle.

"Four Feathers, The"—Paramount. Silent. English soldier loses his nerve before Sudan war, but later goes to the jungles to redeem himself in the eyes of fiancée and friends. Authentic, thrilling sequences made in the wilds, around which picture is cleverly built. Fay Wray, Richard Arlen, Clive Brook, William Powell, Noah Beery, Philippe de Lacy.

"Black Watch, The"—Fox. All dialogue. Pictorially magnificent film about English soldier on the Afghan front, whose mission is to win love of girl leader of hill tribe. Stirring episodes, but falls short of its ambitions. Victor McLaglen, Myrna Loy, David Rollins, Mitchell Lewis, Roy d'Arcy.

"Broadway"—Universal. All dialogue. Big in point of sets, story reminiscent. Show girls, wise-cracking boys, bootleggers in evening clothes, with gun play and love-making, all finally meeting suitable rewards. Old stuff made tolerable by embellishments. Thomas E. Jackson and Paul Porcasi of stage cast, Evelyn Brent, Glenn Tryon, Robert Ellis, Leslie Fenton, Arthur Housman, Merna Kennedy.

"Show Boat"—Universal. Part dialogue. Life aboard a river theater traced on a wide canvas. Stirring musical accompaniment, but well-known story does not gain in film version. Laura La Plante, Joseph Schildkraut, Emily Fitzroy, Alma Rubens good.

"Noah's Ark"—Warner. A spectacle of more eye than ear interest, unsurpassed in its Deluge scene. Modern sequences culminating in a hopeless tangle in the World War, which fades to the biblical sequences, where the same characters appear. George O'Brien, Dolores Costello, Guinn Williams, Noah Beery.

"River, The"—Fox. Romantic, poetic, and slow picture of siren's untiring effort to win an innocent country boy, who doesn't know what it's all about. Magnificent backgrounds of forest and stream and best acting of Charles Farrell's career. Mary Duncan unusual as persevering siren finally sublimated by love.

Information, Please

Continued from page 102

Gary Cooper, Barry Norton, Lane Chandler. In "Revenge," Dolores del Rio, LeRoy Mason, James Marcus. Dolores del Rio was born August 3, 1905; Gary Cooper, May 7, 1901. Gary's next film is a talkie, "Rose of the Rancho," with Lupe Velez.

EDDIE DOWLING FAN.—Yes, indeed, I will keep your Eddie Dowling club on record. I believe Eddie is a New York boy. He has been starring in New York musical comedies for years. You could probably reach him either at the Lambs Club, 130 West Forty-fourth Street, or the Friars', in West Forty-eighth Street, both in New York. Most actors belong

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IMPULSIVE YOUTH

By Vivian Grey

She was rich. And he was poor. She gave him up because she didn't want to break his mother's heart, the heart of the woman who had saved and scrimped so that he might go to college and get away from the manual labor that seemed destined for him.

It was an impulsive act, the sort of thing she was always doing, for at the start she had acted on impulse when she left her luxurious home to cast in her lot with the humble folk on the other side of the creek. It was impulse that sent her out at midnight to make her own way in the world, alone, with no money in her purse. And when Phil Rhoades found her and would bring her back, she refused, for she was determined that she would not stand in the way of the career of the man she loved.

In a way, it is true that most of us act on impulse at one time or another, trusting somehow to the hidden voices within us that our actions may be for the best. The author of this absorbing story tells what may happen when we make impulse the guide to life. It is a story of youth in the grip of a great love that is here before us, a book that we do not lay aside until the last page is read, and one that we take up again, for it is well worth the rereading.

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to one or both of these if they live in New York.

ALICE GULDEN.—The way you do get around! China, the Philippines, Guam, et cetera! I do hope you don't get seasick. Lewis Stone was born in Worcester, Massachusetts, November 15, 1879. He is five feet ten and a half, weighs one hundred and sixty-five, and has gray hair and hazel eyes. He was recently divorced from Florence Oakley, and has two daughters. As to your chances of meeting him in Hollywood, I'm afraid they're pretty slim, unless you have a friend there who knows him. Lewis is now playing in M.-G.-M. pictures.

PLEEZ.—What size shoe does Alice White wear! Puleez—yourself. I've a hard enough time keeping track of ages and eyes, without going into wearing apparel as well. Greta Garbo is making "Anna Christie" as a talkie. The heroine has a Swedish accent. Whoever said Bessie Love was five feet two is all wrong; she's just five feet. And Anita Page has now admitted to five feet three. See EDITH BARRETT. Official heights are always measured without shoes.

AN EDDIE DOWLING FAN.—There you go, wanting to know why PICTURE PLAY hasn't published a picture of Eddie Dowling, when there was a fine one in the issue for August, 1929! Yes, Eddie is making another film, "Blaze o' Glory." He has brown hair and eyes, and is married to Ray Dooley, of musical-comedy fame. Eddie, of course, also made his reputation on the stage.

JEAN POTTER.—One of my troubles is that I give the name of a star's forthcoming film, and by the time this is in print the title has been changed. It seems so useless. Dolores Costello recently finished "Second Choice," and Betty Bronson, "She Knew Men," both Warner pictures. Olive Borden is playing in "Dance Hall"; Mary Philbin, in "Shannons of Broadway"; June Collyer, in "Three Sisters." Fay Wray is a Paramount player, now making "The Color of Money." Marian Nixon's latest picture is "Young Nowheres." I don't know how permanent is Marguerite de la Motte's retirement from the screen. She is playing in vaudeville with her husband, John Bowers.

MISS F. FIRNEISZ.—Tom Mix was born a Mix. Addresses are given in the list at the end of The Oracle. Nancy Carroll was born in New York.

GARNETT PEAKE.—Thanks for the compliment. Compliments are my weakness now, and always have been. George Duryea played Lon Chaney's son in "Thunder." He was discovered by Cecil DeMille about two years ago, and given the lead in "The Godless Girl," his first film. His other films include "Tides of Empire," "Marked Money," "Honky Tonk," and "Dude Wrangler." Before playing in pictures he was a farmer; he hopped a freight for New York and took a drama course at night school, then played in a small stock company.

TINY.—So my answers chase your blues away? That's just dandy, because sometimes they have quite the opposite effect on me. Yes, I have met Buddy Rogers. He's not at all high-hat, though he did "go Hollywood" in his clothes for a while. But I think he's getting over that. Buddy is twenty-five and single. Buster Collier is two years older. He's always reported engaged, and I can't even keep track of his fiancées.

WALTER.—Sorry, Walter, Nora Lane's biography doesn't say when she was born, nor where. Her first film that I know of is an old Tom Tyler one, "When the Law Rides."

SELMA S.—I do hope your first letter to me won't be your last. It must have been only the Cleveland newspapers which didn't give Jeanne Eagles' death much space. The New York papers had big stories about it. No, I'd have no way of knowing what star named Marguerite visited Cleveland. Josephine Dunn was born in New York, May 1, 1907. She is five feet five and weighs one hundred and twelve, blue eyes, blond hair. She was christened Mary Josephine Dunn. Janet Gaynor is just five feet and weighs one hundred. Gloria May Swanson was born in Chicago, March 27, 1899. She is five feet and a half inch and weighs one hundred and fifteen. Mary Pickford was born in Toronto, April 8, 1893. She is five feet and weighs one hundred. She and Doug were married in 1920.

LOU.—Now, Lou, when you ask for descriptions of nearly a hundred stars, you must realize I haven't that much space to give one answer. If you watch this column regularly, you could find all that given, anyhow. Here are a few—others appear in this issue. Doris Dawson, five feet one, one hundred and six pounds, chestnut hair, hazel eyes; Audrey Ferris, five feet two, one hundred and three pounds, auburn hair, brown eyes; Madge Bellamy, five feet four, weight one hundred and ten, brown eyes, bronze hair; Lina Basquette, brunette, five feet three and a half, weight one hundred and eighteen; Esther Ralston, blue eyes, five feet five and a half, weight one hundred and twenty-four; Thelma Todd, five feet six, weight one hundred and twenty-two, blonde, blue-gray eyes; Dorothy Dwan, five feet four, one hundred and twenty pounds, brown hair, blue eyes; Natalie Kingston, five feet six, weight one hundred and twenty-six, golden hair, brown eyes; Margaret Livingston, auburn hair, brown eyes, five feet three, weight one hundred and sixteen; Edna Murphy, blonde, gray eyes, five feet two, weight one hundred and one. There, I'm all out of breath.

MOVIE CRAZY.—That's what puts money into the box office! Yes, Donald Keith still plays in pictures, but they're quickies—and even those stopped about six months ago. There was an interview with Buddy Rogers in August PICTURE PLAY. His pictures are "Fascinating Youth," "More Pay, Less Work," for Fox, "Wings," "My Best Girl," "Get Your Man," "Abie's Irish Rose," "Red Lips," Universal, "Varsity," "Some One to Love," "Close Harmoney," "River of Romance," and "Illusion."

ANNE HOWE AND SUE LONG.—Do I have to have a film favorite? In a job like mine, one really shouldn't play favorites, you know. Chester Morris was born in New York, February 16, 1902. His next film is "The Case of Sergeant Grischa," for RKO. He is under contract to Roland West, who lends him to various companies. The hero in "Hearts in Exile" was Grant Withers. Conrad Nagel is not starred; he is only featured. Some of the earlier pictures in which he played leads were "Sinners in Silk," "Excuse Me," "Pretty Ladies," "The Exquisite Sinner." Loretta Young is eighteen; Louise Fazenda, thirty-four; Lila Lee, twenty-seven. Lila's next film is "The Second Wife." Richard Arlen's next is "The Fortune Hunter."

The Movie Racket

Continued from page 98

In the car she blurted out her explanations. She hadn't meant to deceive Joy, she just hadn't had a chance to explain. Joy assured her that that was quite all right, in a limp voice. A little later she said that she might not see Monica in the morning; she would have to leave for the studio very early.

Monica was finishing her attempt to eat breakfast, which was served on a terrace overlooking the swimming pool, when a voice somewhere in the house caught and held her attention.

"And it's up to me to get rid of her to-day," it was saying; she recognized it as the voice of Miss Banks, Joy's secretary, who had eyed her suspiciously whenever they met, and had seemed to be afraid to leave her alone with Joy. "Sure she put it over that she was representing a big newspaper back East. Wouldn't you know that I'd draw the dirty work?"

Monica swallowed the lump in her throat and followed the voice to its source, the small office where Miss Banks reigned.

"I'm going to leave to-day, Miss Banks," she said, as politely as she could. "I've decided to stay out here, and I do want a home of my own. Could you tell me where I'd better go?"

"Want to break into pictures, like all the rest?" inquired Miss Banks acidly.

"Well—yes."

"You might try the Elysée," suggested Miss Banks, with a smile which Monica remembered later and understood. "I'll call a taxi for you."

Monica recalled Joy's lament over the expense of keeping three cars, and wondered why she couldn't use one of them, but said nothing. She went drearily upstairs, her feet like lead, her heart even heavier, to pack her belongings.

She had five hundred dollars. It seemed like a lot of money when Mr. Cleghorn gave it to her. It seemed very little now. Where would she go? What would she do? In this city where she had seen unbelievably pretty girls on all sides, would she ever be able to compete with them and break into the movies?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Addresses of Players

Richard Arlen, Esther Ralston, Mary Brian, Neil Hamilton, Warner Oland, Ruth Chatterton, Florence Vidor, Clara Bow, Chester Conklin, Clive Brook, Charles ("Buddy") Rogers, Gary Cooper, James Hall, William Powell, Evelyn Brent, Doris Hill, Nancy Carroll, Jean Arthur, Olga Baclanova, Jack Oakie, Kay Francis, David Newell, Jack Luden, at Paramount Studio, Hollywood, California.

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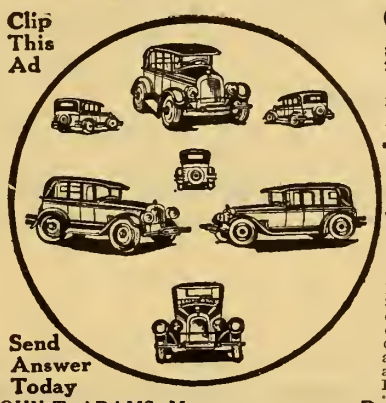
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Monthly publication issued by Street & Smith Publications, Inc., 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York City. Ormond G. Smith, President; George C. Smith, Vice President and Treasurer; George C. Smith, Jr., Vice President; Ormond V. Gould, Secretary. Copyright, 1930, by Street & Smith Publications, Inc., New York. Copyright, 1930, by Street & Smith Publications, Inc., Great Britain. Entered as Second-class Matter, March 6, 1916, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879. Canadian Subscription. $2.86. Foreign, $3.22.

We do not hold ourselves responsible for the return of unsolicited manuscripts.

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ALWAYS noted for giving more information about the stars than any other magazine, PICTURE PLAY now decides to inform you about *yourself*.

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FAIR WARNING

ORDER your May PICTURE PLAY early. Every one will want to be sure of getting next month's issue to learn to the fullest all the surprises contained in this announcement. Make sure of finding PICTURE PLAY for May at your news dealer's. The edition is certain to be exhausted earlier than usual. Run no chance of being among the unlucky ones. Order it now! This is the most extraordinary treat we have ever had the good fortune to offer.





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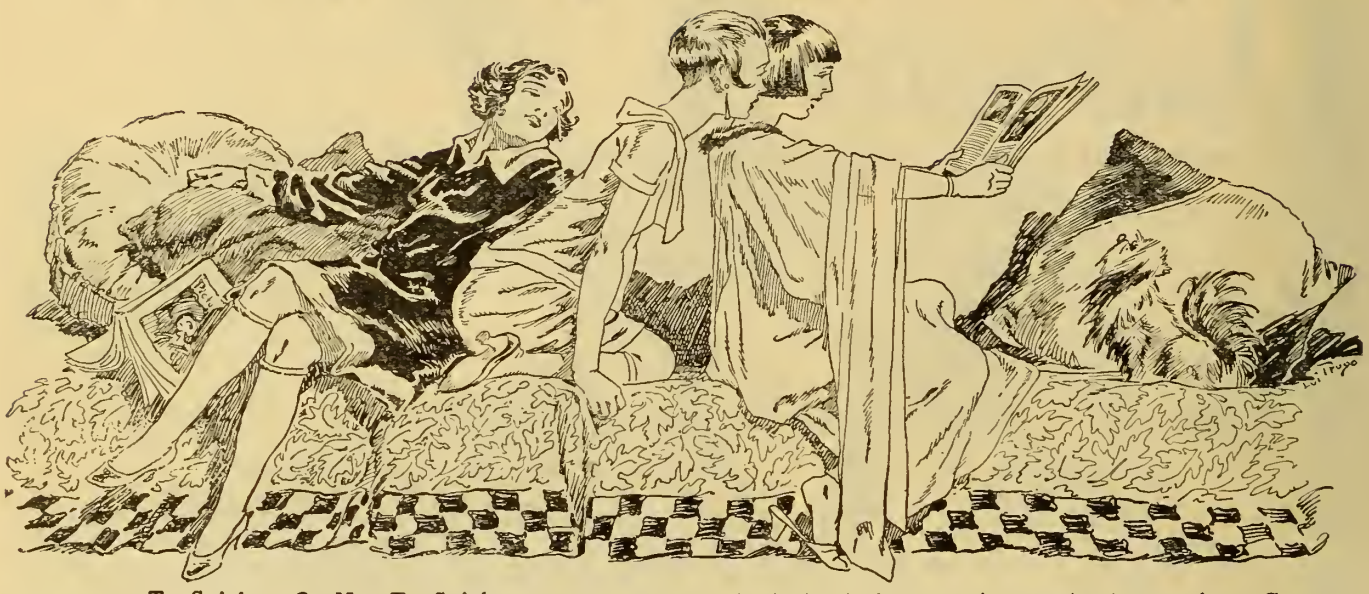
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What The Fans Think



To Snicker, Or Not To Snicker.

MUCH has been written and said about John Gilbert's supposed failure in his first talkie. Never have I seen a man done such gross injustice.

No intelligent person resents criticism—that is, if it is constructive and unbiased. Who can deny the fact that John Gilbert has always been the victim of the male fans' resentment? It's the most human feeling in the world to resent a man who is attractive in your sweetheart's eyes.

It seems to me that male critics are not above stooping to such pettiness, and seem to forget the issue: Is John Gilbert as good an actor in the talking pictures as he was in the silent?

I say he certainly is! In my opinion he gives in "His Glorious Night," one of the best performances I have seen. And I am entitled to my opinion, as well as the mere handful of professional critics who elect themselves to force their opinions down our throats—at so much per week.

Come on, people with one iota of fairness! Think for yourselves, and have the courage of your convictions!

Finally, Gilbert's voice in the love scene. A point of information to you know-it-all critics—that scene was intended to be in a comedy vein. So much so, that it almost bordered on farce. It comes to a poor pass when our religiously read critics can't recognize comedy and mistake it for drama. The mere fact that the audience does titter is proof that, as a whole, they accept the scene in that light.

I call your attention to the fact that I reside in Hollywood. I have no connection with the picture industry, and absolutely do not know John Gilbert.

Come on, fans! Don't join the frenzied mob clamoring for the king's abdication. Be fair!

SAM EPSTEIN.

Hollywood, California.

Adios to John Gilbert.

I bid adios to the screen's foremost lover—John Gilbert. That is to say, I have seen "His Glorious Night." A good time was had by all. It brought the house down with laughter. And while I always sincerely enjoy love scenes, I could not but help laugh at those in this film. And this is John Gilbert—the great lover of the screen. If only they had put Bull Montana in his place, I might have enjoyed the picture.

And thank Heaven it wasn't the glorious Greta to whom he was pouring out love. I can honestly say that while I enjoyed John Gilbert in his silent pictures, I am definitely through with him in talkies. If ever ham acting has been done in a picture, to John Gilbert go the honors and cheers for "His Glorious Night," and to Lionel Barrymore for directing such a picture. Give me Emil Jannings any day. Then I know I'm getting my money's worth—that is, providing they're not trying to get him into the talkies, for a "pretty" voice has killed many a great star.

ELLA NIKISHER.

1225 Lancaster Street,
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.

Neil Hamilton a "Hick"?

I wonder who gave Neil Hamilton the idea he's an actor? Of all the annoying personalities I have ever seen, he's the worst. Girls, are you crazy to boost a hick like Hamilton, while Buddy Rogers, John Gilbert, Nils Asther, and Gary Cooper are still starring?

Gary Cooper—there's a man with personality, good looks, and talent. His acting is most natural and immediately he gets in sympathy with his admiring public. Down here in the Argentine his fans are increasing every week.

Can any one tell me why great actors waste themselves on second-rate—not to say fourth-rate—vehicles? I mean to say, why should John Gilbert waste himself in a film like "Love in a Russian Court"—or whatever *"Amor en la Corte de Rusia"* is in English. The story was poor to start with, disconnected and choppy. Let's have Jack in fine stuff like "The Cossacks," "The Big Parade," et cetera.

One of the finest shows was "The Pagan" starring the irresistible Novarro. One up, Romancito. Buenos Aires was for you in that.

Why can we not see more of Renée Adorée? She's a real actress, but the producers seem to keep on forcing annoying people like Colleen Moore and Bessie Love on the public, and leave Renée in the background. Where are you, all you Adorée fans?

BUNTY D'ALTON.

1260 Rivadavia,
1er Piso, Dept. A,
Buenos Aires, Argentine, South America.

Continued on page 10



LOOK—Miss Nobody thinks she can play" someone whispered

—but when she sat down at the piano...

HOW wonderful it all was! And what a surprise, too. Eileen had never expected to be asked to Grace Williams' party. Grace Williams—the leader of the most exclusive set in town. It was like a dream!

Eileen was thrilled beyond words—yet so frightened. What dress would she wear? Would it be smart enough for such a wonderful gathering? Would she feel out of place in such exclusive society? Well, she had already accepted Bill Gordon's invitation, and now she'd have to go through with it.

That night Bill called for her. "You look positively adorable," he told her. Eileen knew that Bill was proud of her—but how would the others feel about her?

The party was in full swing when they arrived. Everything stopped while Eileen was introduced. As she found herself face to face with the smartest social celebrities in town Eileen suddenly realized she had never felt more uneasy in all her life. But that was only the beginning. Later, as conversation lulled, Eileen felt that everyone's eyes were on her. Yes, Eileen admitted to herself, she *did* feel out of place. Oh, if this evening would only end!

And then it happened! It was while they were playing bridge. Eileen couldn't help but overhear.

"Who is that girl with Bill?" she heard someone whisper.

"I never saw her before. Bill met her some place or other. Seems nice enough but nobody of importance, I guess," came the reply.

Eileen blushed to the roots of her hair. So that's what they thought of her! Eileen suddenly grew indignant. She'd show them. Little did she realize how soon her opportunity to "show them" would arrive. Soon the bridge tables were pushed away.

"Where's Jim Blake tonight?" some one asked. "If he were here we could have some music."

"Jim had to go out of town on business," came the answer. Here was Eileen's chance. She'd show this smart set a thing or two. Summoning all her courage she spoke somewhat timidly:

"I think I could play a little if you're not too critical."

There was an embarrassing moment of silence. Eileen promptly became panicky—but realizing that she had to go through with it, she sat down nervously at the piano. Hesitantly she played a few chords—then broke into the haunting strains of "The Pagan Love Song". Her listeners sat spellbound as her fingers skipped lightly over the keys. Never had she played with such inspiration—such complete confidence in herself.

As she struck the last chord there was a burst of loud applause. "More, more," everyone cried. It was almost an hour before they permitted her to rise from the piano. As Eileen stood up she found herself the center of an admiring group. A glow of pride suffused Bill's face.

"Why, Eileen, I never knew you could play a note," he exclaimed.

"Well, to tell you the truth, I have really only been playing a short while," she answered.

"Why, you play as if you had studied for years. Who was your teacher?" someone asked.

"I had no teacher," Eileen replied.

"Well, how in the world did you ever do it?" they asked.

"It's a secret," said Eileen. And no amount of teasing would make her disclose it.

For Eileen, this night was just the beginning of a new world of pleasures. She became one of the most admired girls in the smartest of society. And all because she found this new secret to popularity.

On the way home, Eileen finally gave in and told Bill the whole story.

I Taught Myself

"You may laugh when I tell you," Eileen began, "but I learned to play at home, without a teacher. I laughed myself when I first saw the U. S. School of Music advertisement. However I sent for the Free Demonstration Lesson. When it came I saw how easy it all was. I sent for the complete course. What pleased me so was that I was playing simple tunes by note from the start. Why, it was just as simple as A-B-C to follow the clear print and picture illustrations that came with the lessons. Now I can play several classics by note and most all the popular music. And, do you know it only averaged a few cents a day!"

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What The Fans Think

Continued from page 8

Stars Deserve Those Quarters.

Most fans seem to think it awful when they send twenty-five cents to a star for a photo and do not receive anything in return. All I have read lately is some one kicking over the loss of twenty-five cents.

I have never sent quarters to any stars and I'll venture to say I've just as many or more photos than any one. If I were to send the money, no doubt they'd pocket my quarter and leave me empty-handed. If some one were to send you twenty-five cents for your picture, would you send a photo in exchange? Certainly not if it were some one you had not heard of, and perhaps would never hear of. I'm for the stars when it comes to keeping the fans' money! They need a few tips and isn't this a fair way to earn 'em? I think so. BILLIE M. TOWNLEY.

117 South First Street, Lufkin, Texas.

Rudy's Way with Women.

The letter of Mary Louber amused me so much that I must respond to her account of the newly-discovered, shy, innocent, quiet, and—what have you?—Rudy Vallée. I am lost in wonder and dazed with bewilderment at how this boy has drawn girls to his feet with his voice.

Why, this situation is most laughable, but I compliment myself on being more broad-minded. I pity these thousands of radio listeners, and extend my thoughtfulness even further by pitying this popular and idolized Vallée, who cannot speak to a girl without exciting her into convulsions or insanity.

Why, you conceited, insipid, unresponsive boy—I cannot say man—if you are so bored and hampered by this life, why not work for a change? It might do your magnetic personality some good. I, though I hate to admit it, must say I am ashamed of the attitude shown by my sex to an appealing voice.

RUTH LUE GLASENOPP.

1221 Eighth Street,
Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

James Hall, Wake Up!

James Hall has been a favorite of mine since he first came on the screen—and he still is. But I feel urged to criticize him somewhat unfavorably for his detached portrayals recently, because I believe he is capable of doing better work. He undoubtedly possesses a good speaking and singing voice, which is the most valuable asset any player can have these days. Surely he is also more than an attractive and likable personality.

Although his work has not been all it might be, there is this much in his favor—the rôles he has had during the last few months have been either unsuited to him, or too small to do much with. For instance, the rôle in "Smiling Irish Eyes" was not his type and it was too far-fetched. His rôles in "The Canary Murder Case" and in "The Saturday Night Kid" were too insignificant to give him a chance for outstanding work. But in spite of this, there has been something lacking on his part, both in acting and in that spontaneousness that demonstrated itself in earlier films. It looks as though he is letting himself get into a slump—physically and mentally.

Come on, James Hall, put yourself entirely into your performances, show some spirit and sincerity, and give your admirers reason for their belief in your capabilities.

ELLEN W. WHITE.

5247 Florence Avenue,
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Should Press Agents Tell?

In nearly every motion-picture magazine I always find a lot of twaddle about "Dodo" and "Billy."

Now young love is one of the beautiful and sacred things left in this hard-hearted age. But when it is used as a means of snappy press-agent copy, it is revolting to me. We read how Dodo and Billy neck in public. To any one with a spark of refinement, this flouts all the canons of good taste and, I might add, decency. Possibly Mr. and Mrs. Fairbanks, Jr., are not aware of this. "Where ignorance," et cetera, may possibly fill the bill in their case.

Neither one is an artist of any great caliber. Young Doug might be an outstanding figure in some pool-room scene, as he is of a rough-and-ready nature, while Joan certainly will be lost when the era of silly and plotless pictures, such as "Our Dancing Daughters" and "Our Modern Maidens," comes to an end.

H. T. BRADLEY.

Franklin, Pennsylvania.

Hank's Speech Up Again.

In December PICTURE PLAY T. E. Steuart criticizes "Broadway Melody," after having heard it very badly projected. That is evident from his remark on the variations in volume of pitch. Such a fault must naturally lie with the theater, not the film.

Doubtless the film has many faults, but the crowning error of making the chorines speak like "educated young ladies" was not one of them, and thank Heaven, *Eddie* sang like a trouper, not a grand-opera star.

As another Britisher, I must hasten to reassure our American cousins that all English people are not the painfully arrant snobs so lacking in the saving grace of humor as is T. E. Steuart, who has evidently never heard British chorus girls talking in the train. Their cockney or, in any case, illiterate speech, is quite equal to the "Butcha yaller!" of *Hank*. The girls who spend their lives struggling to gain a footing on the dancing stage have no time to practice grammar.

I found both the speaking and singing of "The Broadway Melody" excellent, and true to type; perfect enunciation would have been incongruous. I heard it very badly projected, at a theater where it was the first talkie shown. I have an idea that T. E. Steuart heard it at the same place, and is narrow-minded enough to have judged it accordingly. G. V. GOULD.

How to Cool a Fan.

Much of the article "Short Cuts to the Wastebasket" in the January PICTURE PLAY was true, and will dampen the ardor of many fans, especially those who are genuine in their admiration, and who do not gloat over a collection of three hundred photos or even more. I remember some time ago another article in PICTURE PLAY telling the fans how much their letters to stars help, but in these days of money making fan letters do seem out of place and old-fashioned.

I do not think the new film folk are so appreciative toward the public as the old-timers were. Maybe it's due to the fabulous salaries they are paid, and the swell-headed ideas money seems to bring. This is very evident in a highly paid English male star whose smug complacency is so obvious that it would be wonderful to see him smile, or even forget his name for a while, and really live the different rôles he is called upon to play.

Writing for photos is a ticklish job, or even writing a letter of appreciation without asking for photos. It is a job I fight shy of, because on one or two occasions my appreciative letters have been answered by a cheap photo and a printed message to "send twenty-five cents, and I'll send a large photo, autographed"!

Rather a nerve on the players' part, when one doesn't want their photos, but it is typical of many of these talented people. My last letter was to Clive Brook, whose reply said, "I am sending you a photograph." That was two years ago, and it hasn't come yet! A little different from Maurice Costello, to whom I wrote in 1914. In 1919 his photo came, with a written message, "Hope you haven't gone blind looking for this."

The late Romaine Fielding handed me a big laugh on my return from the World War. When I wrote him to renew acquaintance, he calmly said, "For twenty-five cents you can have my autographed photo." I already had a dozen or so!

Coming back to the article in PICTURE PLAY, David Rollins didn't get all the laughs over his special fan letter! Who would want to write to a chap who poses in large, girlish hats, peeps smilingly at you through a tennis racket, and bends his neck unnaturally to look coy? Why, we roared over those photos, and his ideas of girls and marriage! ROBERT GREAVES.

26 Chaucer Road,
London, E. 17, England.

Stop Writing to the Stars?

Here's tossing a big bunch of American Beauties to Samuel Richard Mook for his article in January PICTURE PLAY, entitled "Short Cuts to the Wastebasket." He certainly hit the nail on the head. I hope every fan has read this article, but if you haven't or don't have the magazine, try and get it from a friend, and *don't forget to read it.* To those who have read it, if you haven't profited by it—or haven't at least changed your opinion about writing to stars—well, you're hopeless. This is the kind of article that I have wanted to see for a long time.

I agree one hundred per cent with Mr. Mook, when he says that the idea would be the same to write to your favorite author or the government for such and such. We have all undoubtedly seen and heard President Hoover and other notables through the Movietone newsreels. Would you think it proper to write to them for autographed photographs? So what do you say we lay off the stars for a while?

RICHARD C. MCGINNIS.

414 Moran Street,
Oil City, Pennsylvania.

My! Poison Dear Old Fanny?

Will some one please tell William Haines, Clara Bow, Lily Damita, Jack Oakie, Helen Kane, and William Boyd to watch their weight? Also, tell Charles Rogers, John Mack Brown, William Haines, Evelyn Brent, and Mary Brian to pul-leeze use a little more versatility in their rôles.

Praise Allah! May we have more pictures like "Madame X," "Three Live Ghosts," "Paris," "The Love Parade," "Bulldog Drummond," "Our Modern Maidens," and "The Lady Lies."

Please ask Joan Crawford, who is a beautiful woman, to adopt a better hairdress. In "Our Modern Maidens" her hair reminded one of Silas Hickory's daughter primed for a husking bee.

Tell David Rollins to wipe that ga-ga expression from his face, and adopt a more intelligent one. This also goes for Alice White and Joan Bennett.

PICTURE PLAY'S staff of writers is get-

ting better and better but, for Heaven's sake, poison Fanny the Fan!

GWENDOLYN VERNON.
85 East Mosholu Parkway,
New York City.

Figure It Out Yourself.

Here's a load of brickbats on the heads of fans who slam Joan Crawford for not answering her mail. Please let me explain why Joan finds it impossible to answer every request for photos. It costs about thirty-two cents a picture, including the portrait, envelope and stamps. This does not include the secretary's salary. And Joan receives about two thousand requests a day. Figure that out and see what you have. It'll occupy you while you're waiting for the street car.

Some time ago I saw Lupe Velez in person, and only recently I saw Marilyn Miller, Helen Kane, Esther Ralston, Estelle Taylor, Phyllis Haver, and Lily Damita. Although Lupe could never win a beauty contest, she has lots of personality and a lovely singing voice. Marilyn is very lovely and fragile looking. Phyllis is a real beauty. Helen wins you with her baby-talk voice. Estelle has a gorgeous personality. She ought to get bigger and better rôles. Esther has only to speak a few words before she has the audience bowled over. Lily Damita has pep galore.

MILDRED BURANITZ.
23 East One Hundred and Eighth Street,
New York City.

Greta and the Sea.

A good many years ago I stood on a Florida beach and saw the ocean for the first time. There was the blue sky touched with puff-ball clouds, the blue sea spangled with morning sunlight, sands pink as crushed coral, and a clean-cut breeze. It was all too immense for words. I thought it wonderful and at once felt unutterably stupid.

Later, I saw Greta Garbo for the first time, and memories of the seaside rushed upon me. I watched her shadow, as I had the ocean, until her every mood was clear in my mind. Again I groped for words and found only a sensation, a feeling of sunshine and blue space, of gray skies and swash of foam. Some one said she was wonderful and, as before, it sounded so futile—that trying to imprison the elusive into hurried comment.

Greta and the sea! Mysterious, fathomless, an eternal enigma, yet as natural, as unself-conscious as the warm sun and blinding rain. Beauty swept by the elemental urge of a hidden force. Now etched in moonlight, now gracious as a tropic dawn, now torment tossed, ashen and rebellious.

Courage is synonymous with Garbo. Courage to be unusual—to avoid the rubber-stamp character which the film world inflicts on so many individualists. Courage to imbue her rôles with her own odd gestures and expressions—thereby topping one splendid performance with another and making each one separately memorable.

All for her work and contempt of the spotlight! She is, to-day, completely apart from the artifice and vanity that is Hollywood. A genuine sincerity, a refreshing cleanness, are so at variance with stars in general that they stand Greta out from the herd of painted show girls, arresting our attention, gaining our deep admiration.

Like the never-resting ocean that affects so vitally the affairs of men, yet is itself unchanged, Garbo has the eyes of the world turned upon her and still remains untouched by its plaudits or whims, indifferent as the gray skies, gorgeous as the sunshine of the wind-swept beach, she is standing atop the film firmament. Greatness and simplicity—Greta and the sea!

TRIX MACKENZIE.
Box 443, Atlanta, Georgia.

The Flame Shines On.

It is a pity that people like Joan Perula and Kit Leyland are entirely lacking in penetration, sportsmanship, or even the rudiments of artistic common sense, that they look at the world through dirty spectacles, that they cannot see the soul of Ramon Novarro for the clean, shining flame that it is; it is a pity that they are losing the best in life and wearying us to death. But what cannot be cured must be endured, and the flame burns as clearly and as cleanly as ever.

As to "The Broadway Melody," I sympathize with my fellow Briton who complains that the players' lines are badly spoken. From the point of view of the English, who rejoice in their Oxford University, "Butcha yaller" seems rather painful. But from the point of view of Broadway, "Yeu hev not sane heah ect" would be equally painful. All English people do not talk like that, and all Broadway people do not speak as Charles King does; but, personally, I like Americans far too well to object to their accent.

And I do not agree with Marie Price, who denounces Gary Cooper as a two-expression man. And I don't think him dumb. Gary has not quite found his metier. But I think he is manly. He acts and he looks well—and he has one of the most engaging mouths I have ever seen. And an actor who possesses even a slight touch of the charm of Wallace Reid cannot be restricted to two expressions, since the charm of Wally lay in his wonderful smile, a smile that alone would immortalize a man.

And I do not think that Bow, Baclanova, Garbo, and Vilma Banky should be eliminated. Live and let live, Lola. You don't like them—but many do. And Jeanne Eagels has already been eliminated, poor soul.

I don't think that Greta Garbo is beautiful, strictly speaking. But there is a loveliness and a glamour about her that puts many a perfect beauty in the shade.

I love her deep, tragic eyes and the fine intelligence of her. I love her fearless individuality and her poise. And if her face is not uniformly pretty-pretty, the set of her perfectly shaped head upon that long and lovely neck is classic.

Apropos of John Gilbert, I like him. His appeal is not wholly physical. He has a spark of divine fire and needs but a little kindly breeze to fan it into a blaze. He has had bad luck, really. A tiger in a cage, that is Jack. I don't think that he will ever be very happy. He has not Ramon's serenity, nor his faith, nor his sane wisdom; but he has genius, pride and pluck—enough to endear him to Scotland.

MURIEL GRAHAM.
Ingleholm, North Berwick, Scotland.

A Plea for Silence.

What the devil has entered the heads of the exhibitors and producers to show sound pictures? Don't they know that the people here in the Philippines are not so familiar with the English language? That they can hardly understand what the stars may be drawling about? Of course, there are some who can read English, and some understand Spanish, but when the stars begin to talk and with all their herns, yeps, and nopes, you know how they will feel about a talkie. As to people who have attended school, there's nothing to worry about it. But those who haven't learned English—we must not overlook them.

Can the producers be cruel enough to take away the most beloved entertainment they have been enjoying? Can they endure seeing the people not enjoying the talkies? Can they be too tyrannical to rob them of their only consoler, educator, and entertainer—the silent movies—the only ones that make them happy, lighten their hearts, and make them forget their burdens, sorrows, hardships, and agonies for once in a while?

With the new policy, never more shall they shed tears over such pictures as "The Way of All Flesh," "Four Sons," and "Over the Hill," which have taught them noble lessons of life. Never more shall they enjoy such films as "Beau Geste," "The Iron Mask," and "The Flying Fleet" that will foster the spirit of brotherly love and unbounded friendship. Never more shall they laugh and then burst into tears over such pictures as "Seventh Heaven," "Street Angel," and "Four Devils." Never more shall memories of past history be revealed to them as "The Big Parade" and "Old Ironsides" has done. All must now be all talking, singing, dancing to satisfy the microphone.

LUCAS ARCIAGA.
987 Int. 9 Singalong, Manila,
Philippine Islands.

She Sees Stars!

I live in a town through which many of the film folk pass on their way to and from Hollywood, and I want to tell everybody how nice nearly all of them are off screen. Billie Dove, in particular. I never met so charming, so unaffected, and so lovely a lady in all my life. And Buddy Rogers! In a recent interview, he made some statements through which he might be termed conceited. But he is not, emphatically. I met him about two years ago, and he certainly is not "stand-offish," or the type to "blow his own horn." He is even handsomer off screen than on.

Colleen Moore is another likable, jolly person. I had the privilege of enjoying an auto ride one afternoon with Mrs. Wallace Reid and a mutual friend, and she is a sweet, quiet lady. I was surprised at her coloring, though. Her hair is quite blonde; and when I remarked that it photographs dark, she explained that this was because there are glints of red in it, and red, as you know, photographs black.

Mary Brian is another who went up in my estimation after meeting her in person. She has always been one of my favorites, but her lovely personality adds to her charm one hundred per cent. And Betty Bronson! She is, off screen, precisely as she is on. She has a wistful, elfinlike voice that one remembers. Then there is Jack Hoxie. A number of boys and girls were invited to his hotel for a small, informal party, where we met his leading lady, Jessie Kinyon, and his manager. Miss Kinyon, although unknown as yet, is very pretty and charming. To prove her acting ability, she pulled a "weep," upon request; only a second before she had been laughing and joking. We had a lovely time with these famous folk.

Lack of space prevents my telling of the many others, but there are those who were so nice that I can't resist naming them. These include Constance Bennett, Dorothy Gish, Alice Calhoun, Charlie Murray, William Powell, Buck Jones, Bebe Daniels, Marion Davies, Warner Baxter, Marian Nixon, Richard Barthelmess, Leatrice Joy, Jack Luden, Ricardo Cortez, John Gilbert, Richard Dix, James Hall, and Edna Murphy.

HELEN MILLER.
610 North Eleventh Street,
Albuquerque, New Mexico.

Boundless Enthusiasm.

So long as talkies aren't murder trials and show-life stories, I now think they are wonderful. But I do wish the phrases "Gee, baby," "Honey," "Oh, yeah," "That's swell," and "O. K." could be expunged from the talkie dictionary.

I don't remember ever having read in PICTURE PLAY a letter in praise of Dolores Costello. I may be wrong, but in any case, I would like to say how lovely I think she is. Her glorious hair and eyes, her sweet mouth and deliciously tilted nose, and her irreproachable character make her one of the only two feminine stars I rave about.

My other favorite players are Gary Garbo. She is the most glorious, fascinating creature ever known, though I can quite believe that her beauty is the result, chiefly, of careful make-up and lighting. I didn't *want* to like her—I just couldn't help it!

My other favorite players are Gary Cooper, who I never will believe is conceited; William Powell, who has the finest voice in talkies; Robert Ellis, and Conrad Nagel. Gary Cooper is responsible for the greatest love scene I've ever witnessed. It was in "Doomsday," and it *was* a love scene, and not the orgy of vulgar passion that John Gilbert indulges in.

But when I say I like all these, I must add that for one little thrill I get from any of them, I get a million from that supreme young man, Ramon Novarro! I will not try to make out he is the screen's greatest actor, but he *is* the screen's most versatile one.

I admire Ramon because of his looks, because of his infinite variety, but most because of his sincerity, his charm, his breeding, his music and his love for his family.

RENEE G. WALLINGTON.
3, Wakeman Road, Kensal Rise,
London, N. W. 10, England.

Why Bring That Up?

What is the use of all this fight about stars' acting, their manners and their accent? Some of them are good, and others are not so good. There are beautiful women on the screen and there are pretty women, also. Nowadays when a woman is beautiful, you do not have to tell her, she knows, and if she is not at least pretty, be sport enough not to tell her what you think about her face—it is the thing that hurts the most.

I do not need to know that Miss So-and-So from San Francisco thinks that Miss X is the greatest actress on the screen; that Mr. Y is a perfect failure in the talkies, or that Miss Z does not know how to dress. Who wants to know, anyhow? I know nobody and nobody knows me, and we are all in the same position. Though I have my favorites among the stars, I love them all, and I want no stranger's opinion about them. Keep your opinion to yourself and respect everybody else's. It is gallantry, my dear.

I think Elnora Roberts, of Rochester, New York, is perfectly right about cutting the photographs out of PICTURE PLAY. That is what I do, and I am well satisfied. I never wrote to a star, except to Norma Shearer, because she was born in my own town, Montreal, I received a beautiful autographed picture.

Here is a tip, fans—do not annoy the stars with letters begging for photos. Buy PICTURE PLAY instead. At the end of the year, you will have a complete record of all the actors.

PAUL H. THERIEN.
434 Dorchester Street, East, Apartment No. 13, Montreal, Canada.

"Spite Marriage," or "Madame X"?

One of Paramount's most versatile actors is Neil Hamilton. He is only a featured player, but should be a star. In "Beau Geste" he moved me to tears as he blew taps over Ronald Colman; in "Something Always Happens," he worked me up to a high pitch of excitement, and in "The Studio Murder Mystery," he was *very* humorous. He has much versatility. I would say Neil has more right to the title of star than either Alice White, or Clara Bow. And he has personality, too. One picture does not place him. There is always more he can give.

Of course, Ruth Chatterton's ability is not to be questioned. Nor that lesser but very charming Lois Moran. But how Dorothy Revier, Milton Sills, Jack Mulhall, Buzz Barton, Stepin Fetchit, Tim McCoy, Marie Prevost, Eddie Quillan, and, above all, Paul Whiteman, are classed as stars is incomprehensible to me. How they must envy the versatility of Ramon Novarro and the capable Bebe Daniels!

And last, what on earth is happening to fans? It appears that any picture that has even a taint of tragedy is an annoyance. In January PICTURE PLAY, Jerry M. said that if Dick Arlen pulled another scene such as that in "Wings," he would scarcely know what to do! And poor Joan Perula was disgusted at Miss Churchill's barnstorming in "The Valiant" and at Ruth Chatterton's scene-chewing in "Madame X"! I suppose her idea of life is Buster Keaton's "Spite Marriage," or Alice White's "Hot Stuff"?

No, life just isn't that way, and when I see a movie I want life made realistic, not just a soapy conglomeration of giggles and dumb witticisms. Personally, I think "Madame X" and "The Valiant" are two of the greatest pictures ever made, and I think it reflects on Miss Perula's intelligence to make such silly remarks.

Oh, yes, one more word, and this a compliment and a brickbat. I wish to extend a big hand to Miss Potter for her letter on the stars' personal indorsements. She voices my opinion fully, for I no more care whether Clara Bow prefers Blue Ribbon ice cream than whether Julius Cæsar would have liked cornflakes.

LOUYS DE CLERMONT.
446 Stanwood Avenue,
Kalamazoo, Michigan.

Pola's Popularity High.

What Americans think about Pola Negri I do not care, because I realize they are prejudiced, but we say she is one of the most human and natural of screen folk and is *not* "artificial" and "theatrical," as that conceited Malcolm H. Oettinger suggests.

Never in my life have I read an article so full of prejudice as that of Mr. Oettinger.

He went into raptures over Greta Garbo, whom nobody can compare with for coldness in manner, although she has my sincerest admiration and is one of my favorites; yet he states that lovely Pola, of all stars, is affected and poses. Ridiculous! He interviewed Pola, having prepared to dislike her because of gossip. Because she had sense enough to see his attitude, it resulted in an insulting article which shows up plainly his conceit and lack of manners. Seeing what an unhappy life Pola has had, I think that the least one can do is to refrain from unkind criticism such as I have read in American magazines, and try to help instead of hinder her, even though she is foreign and different.

Pola has not lost popularity here, because we don't believe all we read. We know that she feels every emotion she portrays, and she has a greater soul than any of her critics.

A. L.
592 Chapel Street,
South Yarra, Victoria, Australia.

The Sameness of Alice White.

Why can't Alice White play some one besides a pert girl trying to get on the stage, or as an entertainer in a night club? It is true she isn't an actress, or she would be cast in a different rôle occasionally. She always says and does the same things. Yes, she's cute, but that's all.

Charles Delaney is a boy I wish to praise. He may not be as handsome as some of the other actors, but he sure has screen personality.

Lastly, I want to say that Jean Arthur did *not* steal "The Saturday Night Kid" from Clara Bow. Jean talks through her nose, which is unbearable.

MRS. JOSEPH SCHWARTZ.
217 West Ninth Avenue,
West Homestead, Pennsylvania.

A Hand for Oakie.

Myrtle Gebhart deserves thanks upon thanks for writing those kind things about Jack Oakie, in January PICTURE PLAY. The truth is, Mr. Oakie is a promising star. There are no ifs to that. His splendid work in "Street Girl," "Hard to Get," and "Sweetie" will, and has, attracted many movie goers. His smile gets a person. It has personality, that smile, his jokes are side-splitting, and his voice is remarkable.

Friends, give him a big hand and send in your praises and you will never regret it for choosing Jack Oakie as a favorite. Here's one who will never desert a real favorite.

PICTURE PLAY FAN.
10639 Avenue M, South Chicago, Illinois.

Ruth Chatterton's Magic.

My reason for writing is to voice my deep admiration of Ruth Chatterton's art. I have been a fan all my life, and of all the stars there has never been an actress with Miss Chatterton's gifts. Merely by her beautiful voice she throws the magic influence of personality over the audience and charms it.

"Madame X" was played here several times by different actresses, including Pauline Frederick, on both stage and screen, but there never was a *Madame X* like Ruth Chatterton's. She knocked them all into a cocked hat. I, myself, saw the picture six times just to sit and look and listen to Miss Chatterton.

It has taken Miss Chatterton's magic to make me write my first fan letter after a lifetime of attending movies. There is only one Ruth Chatterton, so to her "I dips my lid"—Australian for "I take off my hat."

MARY WALLACE.
Melbourne, Victoria, Australia.

Have Fans No Rights?

The article in January PICTURE PLAY, "Short Cuts to the Wastebasket," by Samuel Richard Mook, gave me a huge pain.

It's just too bad about the stars that they can afford to pick and choose who'll be honored by receiving a picture. And if we don't make them, who does? If a star doesn't bring in many quarters she certainly is not attractive to the producers. So don't forget it, you petty luminaries.

Of course, some of the letters must be ridiculous, but just the same the stars don't have to be high-hatted and give the eyebrow obbligato. These same writers are probably the most faithful fans in the world. So there, Mr. Mook!

Dick Barthelmess was certainly slighted when left out of the article. Dick is the world's worst photo sender—quarter or no quarter. I know from experience.

It's too bad Marian Nixon doesn't take any interest in those who write to her. She's on top of the pile now, but everything changes, especially positions. Garbo may be a great actress, but she is very foolish if she ignores fan letters. On the other hand, Richard Dix, Clara Bow, and Buddy Rogers are very generous with their photos and time.

Better change your tune, Mr. Mook, in upholding the stars. I'll wager there are more fans of my opinion. "DIMMY."

312 Read Street, Santa Fé, New Mexico.

"Protecting" Stars from Fenton.

It *does* begin to look as if the stars were *afraid* of Leslie Fenton. Since "What Price Glory?" I have seen this splendid, young actor in every possible picture. In "A Dangerous Woman" he had one dramatic moment—but it was just a moment. Then, as usual, he had to die. In "Broadway" he managed to have a few more moments before the scenarist saw fit to have him killed off—and I was so hoping something would happen to Merna Kennedy! In "The Dragnet" and in "The Gateway of the Moon" he gave what I consider his finest performances. But even in these he was not allowed to live. Fine work in "The Man I Love" and in "The Office Scandal" should further warrant his being given worthy rôles. If it is true that the stars are afraid of him, then what I think of the stars is nobody's business. It would be more fitting were they *fighting* for the chance to play with him!

Such silly "protection" of average stars won't do any good. For these people can only eventually sink into oblivion. How much wiser and safer would it be for producers to groom boys of the unusual talents of Barry Norton and Leslie Fenton, or girls like Nena Quartaro and Myrna Loy for the stardom their talents deserve, which will never have to be propped up by such amusing and cowardly neglect of real talent. CROCELLA MULLEN.

Hollywood, California.

The Fancy Boys Are Out.

My favorite is William Boyd. I have seen all the fancy boys, including Novarro, Colman, Gilbert, Charles Rogers, Gary Cooper, Nils Asther, and William Haines, and I have felt not the slightest desire to desert my Bill for any of them. I have not missed a single heartbeat. In fact, I found them all hopelessly dull.

I consider William Boyd's speaking voice to be the most marvelous I have yet had the pleasure of hearing. The great thing about his voice is his naturalness. The majority either sound mechanical, as if they are repeating lines, or they are affected, like third-rate barnstormers.

LOUISE MERRILL.

⅓ Tyler Street, Brightside,
Sheffield, Yorkshire, England.

That Feminine Intuition.

After reading R. Newcomb's letter in "What the Fans Think," I just can't help answering it. This Newcomb person did not sign herself "Mr., Miss, or Mrs., but any girl knows that only a woman could be so catty—yes, just plain, downright *catty*. Just let me tell her something. Boy! What I would tell her if I could see her isn't in the dictionary. Gary Cooper is *not* high-hat. And what if he is? Don't you go to see his pictures for entertainment? And you say yourself that you enjoy them. Well, dearie, if he does lose you and fans of your kind, it certainly won't hurt him, for he is already *made*.

Continued on page 98

Would You Like To Become An Artist?

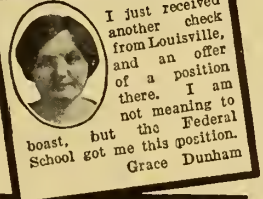


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Never have the Talkies told such a sensationally novel story! Never has the star of "Weary River" and "Tol'able David" been so fascinatingly brilliant! Never has a Barthelmess picture been produced on such a magnificently lavish scale as "SON OF THE GODS"! Millions from coast to coast have called it big—gripping—thrilling. See for yourself if they aren't right!

[A Frank Lloyd production. Screen version by Bradley King. Color scenes by the Technicolor process. "Vitaphone" is the registered trademark of The Vitaphone Corporation]



Photo by John Miehle

Though Dolores del Rio sang and spoke briefly in "Evangeline" with charm and distinction, she is yet to be heard in an all-talking picture. But it will not be long, now, for her fans to wait for "The Bad One," in which Edmund Lowe plays opposite her and both carry on a spirited romance entirely in dialogue, song and dance, with Miss del Rio as the chief attraction at a water-front resort in Marseilles and Mr. Lowe as a Don Juan of the seven seas, with Brooklyn his home port. Now go on with the story!



Photo by Bull

Greta Garbo acted as hostess at a tea to Swedish newspaper representatives in an effort to conciliate them after they complained of being ritzed.

Hands Off My

This dread warning has so often been uttered by private and what is public in the lives of those engrossing article answers the riddle and explains privacy for

By Edwin

COMPARED with the life of a star in Hollywood, that of the well-known goldfish is an existence of serene and exquisite solitude. "If you want a career you must tell all," seems to be the mandate inflicted upon those who would cajole fame in the films. "My life is an open book," never was spoken by any one so truthfully, nor with half as much genuine feeling, as it is uttered by most of the sparkling cinema lights.

There *are* no secrets in Hollywood. There *can't* be! The rules of the movie game, no matter what is said to the contrary, prohibit it. The unwritten code of the colony itself forbids. Let any news be told under one's breath at a luncheon table at the Roosevelt or the Montmartre, and before sundown a dozen phones will buzz it to the limits of Gath, not to speak also of those of Ascalon, wherever those two biblical places may be.



John Boles refuses to be photographed with his two children.

Hollywood is attention-mad. It lives on the interest and curiosity of the world. And Hollywood gets attention, as does no other place on earth.

Whatever happens within the magic circle of filmland's walls is food for the multitudes throughout the land. Whatever is said or done by one of its citizens is relayed sooner or later to a throng of listeners. The hook-up is national, and sometimes even international, and in the broadcast the drama and the comedy that goes on behind the screen is far more important than that which goes forth in front.

The public demands the unveiling of the secret shrine of each star, whether it be of love or of living. "I am left naked and in shreds by the public glare," a movie celebrity once complained, "but I have to stand for it, because popularity is apparently measured by such things." And it is true that popular devotion to a celebrity, and to every detail of his life, seemingly goes hand in hand with his greater success.

Yet there are some stars who oppose this idea. Almost hysterically they cry, "Give us our personal privacy. You have no right to ask us to tell you the intimacies of our lives. You have no right to invade our domesticity, no right to make us surrender the inner secrets of our marriages, to print pictures of our children, to tear every curtain aside, until we lose our mystery, our glamour. Some portion of what we are must be our own. Our hearthside at all events!"

The argument is good, but will it work? Has it not been discovered that those stars who are reticent oftentimes pass out of the spotlight quickly, that they incur the displeasure of the fans? Whereas those who can keep up the attraction of their personal selves, as well as of their work the longest, stay supremely on the heights. Is there, after all, *any* private life in movieland?



By declining to admit his divorce, John Barrymore raised a hullabaloo.

Private Life!

stars that it inspires a logical question—What is whose success depends on popular favor? This why there are no secrets in Hollywood and little the famous.

Schallert

Experience would seem to indicate otherwise. Especially is this true of the things that the stars profess to regard as most personal. These are facts that, as it happens, belong to the world—the facts about marriage, divorce, children, et cetera, which, because of public records, cannot be actually concealed.

Witness the case of John Barrymore—the great hullabaloo that was raised because he apparently was marrying Dolores Costello, without having obtained a divorce.

Everybody knew that Barrymore wouldn't be foolish enough to do that, of course. But for days, and for some reason still best known to himself, Barrymore refused to admit anything regarding the decree that divorced him from his former wife, Blanche Oelrichs, professionally known as Michael Strange.

Eventually somebody bethought himself of the Barrymore family name, Blythe, and it was subsequently discovered that his divorce had been obtained under the actor's real name, in the town of Kingston, not far from New York. Here divorce proceedings are secret, but records are not. And so, in order to satisfy public curiosity and interest, the news was widely published.



Photo by Fryer

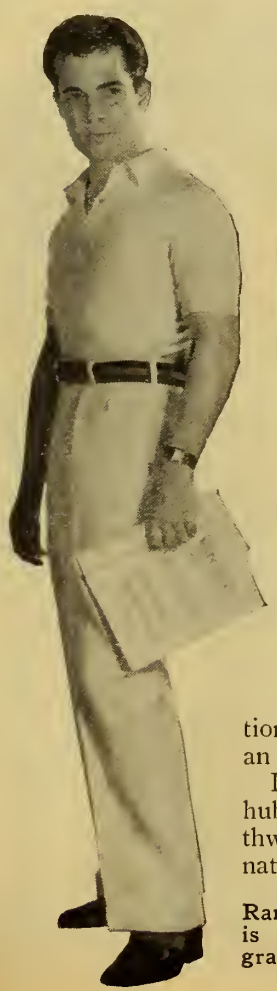
Corinne Griffith is very, very discriminating in the publicity she likes.

The reason for Barrymore's silence is a mystery to this day. He was very extreme in his attitude of concealment, but if he were bent on stifling publicity regarding the matter, he succeeded most brilliantly in doing the reverse. Where one newspaper story would have been printed, if he had immediately disclosed the time and the place, about a dozen in the nature of conjectures and flip innuendoes were flung forth to the world, and an atmosphere almost of notoriety was achieved. One might believe that Barrymore enjoyed keeping the reporters guessing and liked the drama of their stories, especially since the ultimate revelation was so mild. And the secrecy fanned public interest.

Almost equally striking was the tempest stirred up some years ago by the divorce of Mary Pickford in Nevada. This is history now, but worth recalling in this connection, because it reached such sensational aspects that the attorney-general of the State of easy decrees entered the fray, with an attempt legally to set aside Mary's separation from Owen Moore.

Diplomatic handling of the situation at an early stage might have saved all the unnecessary hubbub created by the activities of the press, whose representatives felt that they were thwarted in obtaining information to which they were entitled. Anything of such a public nature as a wedding, or domestic break-up, becomes world property sooner or later, simply because it is a matter of record in some public log book. There are no ways to hide such facts, unless by a super-cleverness that amounts to deceit.

Such deceit was not present in the Pickford-Fairbanks case, as it later turned out, but superficially it seemed to be, and their marriage was doubly



Ramon Novarro is never photographed with his family.



William Powell kept the existence of his four-year-old son a secret until recently.



Photo by Ball

Would Gloria Swanson be less successful if she permitted her child to be photographed? Impossible!

provocative of criticism on that very account. The desire of the two to avoid notoriety brought it in double proportion, whereas, if the cards had been laid on the table at the start, the excitement would have been reduced to a minimum.

A different handling of a similar situation was evinced in the break-up of the Del Rio union just before Jaime's death. Dolores, at the instance of her publicity adviser, was prevailed upon to call the reporters together and inform them of her intended separation. She gave them a frank statement, answered their questions, and the whole event was disposed of in an article or two. It was felt at the time that much had been accomplished, because popular reaction seemed most favorable to this procedure.



Charles Chaplin has almost achieved the giddy peak of a genuine "private life."

However, was it really? Does not the public like the game that is played between the newspaper and the celebrity? And do not people secretly applaud the person who tries to give the reporters a run for their money? Sometimes I think they do, and also that many stars feel that such is the case. For their actions seem to indicate it.

The battle that goes on perennially between the stars and the reporters over what the former are pleased to term their private lives, is only one phase of the variegated adventure. It extends to other things. There are personal appearances at the theaters, for example; talks over the radio, and other contacts with the world at large.

"We should really be hermits, and hidden," an idol said to me once. "It is the only way that we can possibly survive."

Charles Chaplin comes nearest to being the living proof of this contention. He has done the hiding-out stunt to perfection. He has made elusiveness a fine art. He hates even to arrange appointments, and every interviewer who has talked to Charlie knows that the best way is to meet him quite informally and, if possible, unawares. Then he is his most delightful self.

Charlie has almost attained the giddy peak of a genuine private life. He has cultivated isolation to such a degree that he must be surprised, nowadays, at the resulting loneliness. Writers have become discouraged in their attempts to visit his studio. Talking pictures have arrived, and with them a new and different stellar realm. Will not the Chaplin craving for solitude, which is, after all, but a half-feigned craving at best, prove something of a Frankenstein?

Greta Garbo has demanded her private life. She has gone to the extreme even of exacting it within the studio itself. Such, in a way, has been the history of all seductresses of the screen from Theda Bara on.

In the old days, fabulous stories were built up around these sirens and exotics. Always they have been remote. The Nazimova unapproachableness in the early days of her career was typical. Pola Negri on her arrival essayed it.

Garbo has pursued the same phantom. The ordinary news gatherer, and even a majority of the extraordinary, are not permitted on her set.

It is told that once even some of her own Swedish countrymen of the press came to visit her and were ritzed, or felt that they were. They sent home unpleasant accounts of their experience, which were published in the Swedish newspapers. Soon Garbo's friends and relatives commenced to write her about it, wanting to know if she now thought herself too good to associate with her own people.



Joan Bennett objects to publicity regarding her child.

It is said that shortly afterward the Swedish writers were invited to a tea, and that the hostess of the occasion was none other than the lovely Greta. The accounts that went to the Swedish newspapers after that were more friendly to the star.

Greta has her Achilles heel. Furthermore she is susceptible of having her feelings appealed to, if this is done in the right way. I know a publicity man who, with proper pleading, was able to make her see three interviewers once in New York, when she had delivered an ultimatum that she would see none. He did this by telling Garbo that his unhappiness over her first refusal to coöperate was as keen as hers would have been, if she had been refused a certain rôle that she desired very much to play. Greta responded to this sympathetic suggestion.

There are many stars who will *do* things, admit things, and talk about things that are distinctly private, according to their reasoning—if they feel that the argument that is brought to bear is good. There are others—perhaps even more—who do things they really do not care to do, simply because they like the person who makes the request.



Photo by Richee

Evelyn Brent employed a personal publicity agent when working in a studio where it was forbidden.

Lawrence Tibbett, though an opera star, lowers the bars on all publicity.



Really, actors are quite often as docile as they are temperamental. It depends on who they are dealing with entirely, and how they are being dealt with.

Nobody is supposed to be more aloof than Lon Chaney. It has often been said that he never will make a personal appearance in a theater—that he does not want to step out from behind the mask of his characterizations, that he prefers to have the public think of him as the curious and deformed person that he has so often been on the screen.

Yet twice within my own remembrance I have seen Chaney on the stage of a theater, and with apparently very little provocation. Once he did this at the very time he was playing virtually nothing but grotesque rôles.

If there was any time when he shouldn't have come out from behind the mask it was then. But he *did,* and it was very probably because the theater manager who asked him to do so was one that he liked.

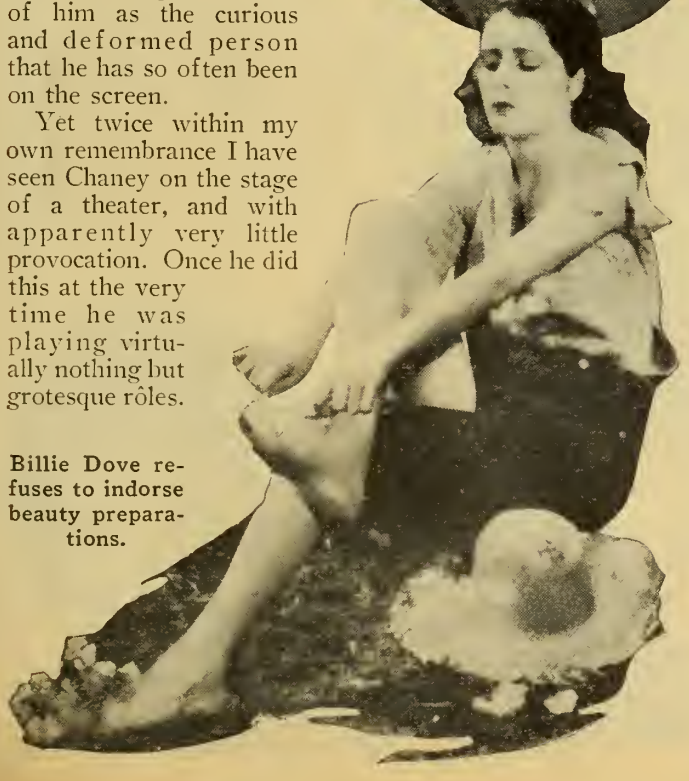
Chaney, like many other stars, doesn't want the fact that he is receiving publicity about his personal activities thrust down his throat. An incident pertaining to a trip to New York a few years ago proves this.

"No publicity"—those were the first words that he sprung upon his greeters upon his arrival in the metropolis. "We'll take a tour of the little old town to-morrow, but understand me clearly, no photographs, and no reporters."

The publicity man who took Chaney in tow was smart. He knew the star would visit certain places of interest, and particularly that he would like to see the inside of the city jail. Chaney always has a fondness for close-up views of criminals, narcotic addicts, and the like.

So the publicity man phoned newspaper men that Chaney would be there at a certain hour. He told them to be cautious in approaching the star, and make no obvious suggestion that they were interviewing him, but to print whatever they might happen to get. The publicity man also knew that Chaney contemplated a visit to Mayor Walker's office, and he took precautions to arrange for a photographer to be at that place.

Chaney went through the entire route, met the reporters and chatted with them, had his picture taken with the mayor, and apparently enjoyed himself hugely. He even complimented the publicity man on the fact that it was a day free from tiresome interviews, and tiresome picture-taking appointments. [Continued on page 92]



Billie Dove refuses to indorse beauty preparations.

Bread-and-butter Babies

They are the stage luminaries who have flocked to Hollywood to of finding lasting favor are reviewed in this article, and past per does so with the full knowledge that the fans have

By Samuel



Irene Bordoni.



Kenneth MacKenna.

FOR years and years and *years* the stage which Mansfield, Irving, Maude Adams, and Booth, had graced was looked upon as the apotheosis of the theatrical profession. The movies were distinctly lowbrow, and certainly no place for a first-rate *artist*.

Then stories began to trickle back East of the fabulous salaries the picture people were getting—mere chits drawing $1,500 and $2,000 per week. More than the biggest stars of the stage could ever hope to earn regularly. And they realized that, despite their superiority, they were simply bread-and-butter babies, and that the lowly film people were eating the cake.

So, occasionally, when a suitable vehicle could not be found, stars from the legitimate made a few pictures for posterity, to uplift the screen, and, incidentally, to keep the pot boiling. For the most part, their efforts met with indifferent success, and they were glad to return to the footlights and their attitude of lofty disdain.

With the advent of the talkies, all was changed. It was quickly pointed out that the previous failure of stage stars was attributable solely to the fact that their greatest asset—their voices—had been lost in films. Now they could be heard as well as seen, and all would be different.

And so they came in droves and swarms, by rail, by air, by water. They got underfoot; they got in your hair. You never knew when you were going to uncover one in your salad.

And this time there was no pose of elevating the art of the screen. They were out for the do-re-mi, the long green, the stuff that puts the Rollses in the garages, and the kids through finishing school. Tired of a diet of bread and butter iced with critical praise, they came looking for cake iced with greenbacks. Look at 'em!

Ina Claire, billed as "the girl who won John Gilbert's heart," came back for another try. Her initial effort, "The Awful Truth," was praised by the critics, but so far as is known no police cordons were called out to handle the crowds in front of the theaters where the picture was shown. It is generally conceded that much of the attendance has been due to curiosity on the part of the public to see Mrs. John Gilbert. She has another picture to make under her present contract and then, rumor hath it, she will be free to return to the stage.

Ann Harding is another. She has made three pictures to date, "Paris Bound," "Her Private Affair," and "Condemned." Personally, I consider her appearance out of keeping with the rôles she plays. I have been told that she considers her coiffure distinctive, and refuses to change it. It *is* distinctive, and very plain, and no one has ever succeeded in getting fans to copy, or even admire, a severe headdress. Not even Gloria Swanson.

Both Ann Harding and Ina Claire play only sophisticated rôles and both of them, though highly capable on the stage, seem to me cold and artificial on the screen.

Jeanette MacDonald is highly touted as the heroine of two very important pic-



Catherine Dale Owen.



Lillian Roth.



Lenore Ulric.

Charles Kaley.

Looking For Cake

compete with established favorites of the screen. Their chances formances are recalled. But in making predictions the writer the power to reverse his opinions altogether.

Richard Mook

tures, "The Love Parade" and "The Vagabond King." She is pretty, but her face is too full for photographic beauty, her chin is rather prominent and she is an indifferent actress. It is debatable whether a profile and a good voice are enough for success on the screen in a big way. We shall see.

Alexander Gray, First National, has played the leads in four of their big pictures, "Sally," opposite Marilyn Miller, "Spring Is Here," "No, No, Nanette," and "Song of the Flame." I have seen none of them, but if he photographs as well as he looks on the stage, and if his voice records naturally, I don't see how he can miss capturing the fans' favor. But you never can tell.

Helen Twelvetrees came from the stage to the Fox studio. They kept her a year, gave her the lead in two program pictures, "The Ghost Talks" and "Blue Skies," and let her go. Pathé gobbled her up and cast her for the lead in "The Grand Parade." She looks for all the world like Lillian Gish, and her work in "The Grand Parade" impressed the Pathé executives to such an extent, that they signed her to a five-year contract at a time when they were releasing people right and left.

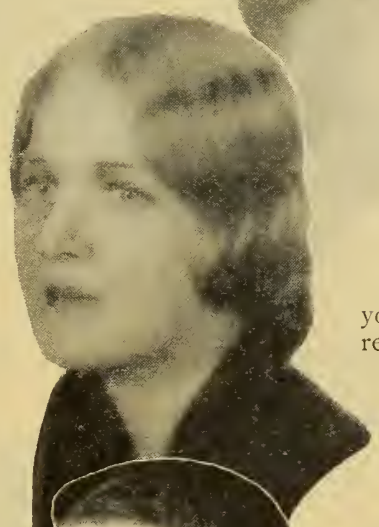
Catherine Dale Owen also came from the stage. But nobody ever took her acting as seriously as Metro-Goldwyn. They cast her for leads in "His Glorious Night," opposite John Gilbert, with Lawrence Tibbett, in "The Rogue Song," and lent her to Fox for "Such Men Are Dangerous," opposite Warner Baxter. If all you demand of your favorite is marblelike beauty and precise enunciation, stick Miss Owen's picture up on your wall, but if you are anxious for warmth and sympathy—well, you know who has it. Maybe I am wrong—they said the same thing of Gloria Swanson, once.



Sally Starr.



Stanley Smith.



Norma Terris.

Marilyn Miller came to the screen and made a picture version of "Sally." Though quite tall for a film star, she scored in one of the loveliest pictures of the season and will make another this summer.

Not as much can be said for Irene Bordoni, whom you've probably seen in "Paris." Her contract was not renewed.

I expect Beryl Mercer to score one of the biggest successes of the year. She played *Mrs. Gubbins,* in "Three Live Ghosts," and when the final fade-out dissolved into a blank screen, Miss Mercer had the picture tied up in a neat, little bundle and tucked under her arm. She has what neither Louise Dresser, Belle Bennett, Bodil Rosing, Polly Moran, or Marie Dressler has, and that is humility.

She is amazingly versatile. I've never missed anything she's played on the stage, if it was possible to see it. In the legitimate, in addition to "Three Live Ghosts," her most noteworthy successes were in "Outward Bound," and starring engagements in "Queen Victoria," and "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals," a diversity of rôles certainly. The last named has been picturized under the title "Seven Days' Leave," starring Gary Cooper. Without seeing it, I'll bet that Miss Mercer is the star. She is now appearing in Novarro's new picture.



Winnie Lightner.

Ann Harding.

Alexander Gray.



Dixie Lee.

sophisticated actress, she wears clothes well and reads her lines as though she knew what they meant. Her stage experience includes "R. U. R.," during the Chicago run, "Beggar on Horseback," "A Free Soul," and "All Dressed Up." She's got a fifty-fifty chance of clicking, depending largely upon the rôles she's given.

Winnie Lightner knocked 'em for a loop in "Gold Diggers of Broadway." If she follows that with what is expected of her as the star of "She Couldn't Say No," I should say she's set.

Bernice Claire comes to the screen with a lovely voice and stage experience in one rôle—the feminine lead in "The Desert Song." She has youth, beauty, and a friendly personality. So far, she has played opposite Alexander Gray, in "No, No, Nanette" and "Song of the Flame," and there's no reason she shouldn't land. But sometimes even these gifts count for little, if magnetism is missing.

Vivienne Segal has sung the leads in too many Broadway pieces to list them all here. She has made only two pictures to date, "Golden Dawn" and "Bride of the Regiment." If you can put your finger on that certain something that makes the public take to one actress and reject another, I can get you a good job in a casting office. See Miss Segal and judge for yourself.

Stanley Smith played the shell-shocked lieutenant in "What Price Glory?" on the stage, followed it with an appearance in Lenore Ulric's "Kiki," a couple of seasons in stock, and then played in "The Royal Family," in Los Angeles.

Curiously enough, it was this same play which discovered Fredric March to the film moguls. Freddie was signed by Paramount, and at the same time Stanley was drafted by Pathé. He made "The Sophomore" for them and was lent to Paramount for "Sweetie," opposite Nancy Carroll. Following this, his contract was bought by Paramount and he is playing opposite Nancy once more, in "Honey." Stanley is a nice lad, but he takes himself too seriously. Until he learns to relax and vary his facial expressions, he remains just another juvenile with a good singing voice.



Marilyn Miller.

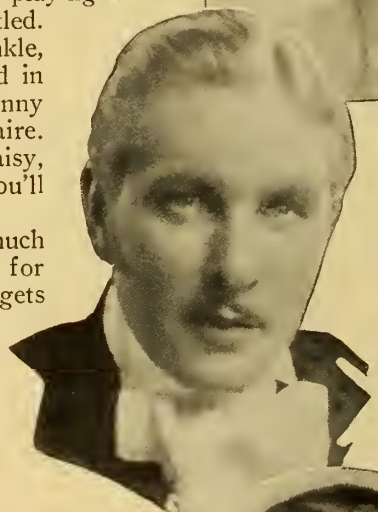
Joan Peers is the little girl who simply knocked 'em cold in "Applause," in support of Helen Morgan. More recently she played opposite Neil Hamilton, in "Two Black Crows in the A. E. F.," and it wouldn't surprise me to see her starring within a year.



Bernice Claire.

Dorothy Jordan, who made her film début opposite Novarro, in "Devil May Care," is again playing with him in his new picture, at present untitled. On the stage she played in "Twinkle, Twinkle"—Alexander Gray had the lead in this—"The Garrick Gaieties," and "Funny Face," starring Fred and Adele Astaire. Young, pretty, cute, and fresh—like a daisy, not like Billy Haines—she's a dish you'll relish.

Dorothy and Joan Peers are so much alike I doubt that there's a stellar place for the two. I should say that whoever gets the best stories will last, with small odds in favor of Joan.



J. Harold Murray.



Kay Johnson.

Charles Bickford served a long apprenticeship in stock companies, played a minor rôle in "Dark Rosaleen" in New York, followed by "Chicago," "Bless You, Sister," in support of Alice Brady, and "Gods of the Lightning." He made his picture début as the coal miner in "Dynamite." His acting leaves nothing to be desired and, as far as ability goes, he should cause George Bancroft no little worry. He also plays opposite Lenore Ulric, in "South Sea Rose," and with Greta Garbo, in "Anna Christie." He is extremely intelligent, but is said to be difficult to handle. If you like Bancroft, there's no reason why Charlie shouldn't pull you toward the box office, too. He's more versatile than Bancroft.

Kay Johnson also came into notice in "Dynamite," and followed that with the lead in "The Ship from Shanghai." A



Basil Rathbone.

Lillian Roth is another recruit from the stage whom you're sure to fall for in a big way. A graduate of the Ziegfeld "Midnight Frolic," Earl Carroll's "Vanities," and a number of Shubert productions, she's made only a few pictures. But she's one of those once-seen-never-forgotten babies. See her yourself in "The Love Parade" and "The Vagabond King," and tell me it's true, sister, tell me it's true.

The nicest thing about Lillian is that she's as sweet and unspoiled as she is talented. Whenever they want a player at the Paramount studio for a publicity stunt, or to meet some visiting journalists, or to show a congressman around, they say "Get Lillian," and Lillian does it gracefully, and as though she enjoyed it. Her coworkers are her biggest boosters.

Charles Kaley, who plays the title rôle in "Lord Byron of Broadway," has made phonograph records, appeared in Earl Carroll's "Vanities," and acted as master of ceremonies in Chicago theaters. When approached on the subject of movies, Charlie figured he had nothing to lose by taking a chance, because if he failed he could always go back to the "mastering" racket. His work in his first picture seems to indicate his judgment wasn't so far wrong, and it's unlikely the theaters will see him again soon—except on the screen.

George Jessel, who had previously made two unsuccessful ventures into pictures, was brought out to Hollywood again. Producers take a notion a certain player is good, and they set about making the public like him. But for once, the baby slapped the spoon out of the nurse's hand and refused to take George. Following "Love, Live and Laugh," Fox discreetly bought Jessel's contract and sent him back to the sanctuary of the stage, where he is a great success.



Marguerite Churchill.



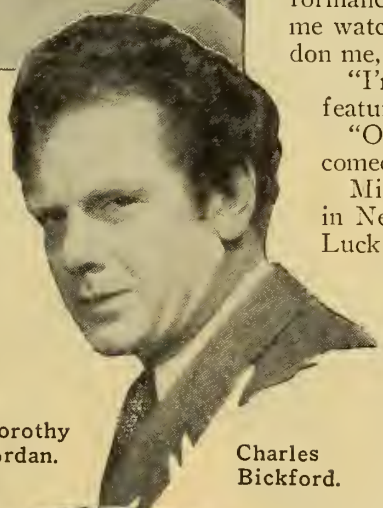
Jeanette MacDonald.



Ina Claire.

Close on the heels of George came the mighty Lenore Ulric. She made only two pictures, "Frozen Justice" and "South Sea Rose." Neither created a sensation, and more than one fan was heard to remark disparagingly on the singsong quality of Miss Ulric's voice.

Neither has the public been induced to lick their lips in appreciation of Mary Duncan.



Charles Bickford.



Dorothy Jordan.



Joan Peers.

The two most debatable prizes drawn out of the Broadway grab bag are Norma Terris and J. Harold Murray. Both good looking and blessed with excellent singing voices, in "Married in Hollywood" they captured the award for the stiffest performances this scribe has ever seen. A woman next me watched them for a while, turned and said, "Pardon me, but can you tell me when the feature starts?"

"I'm sorry, madam," I responded, "this is the feature."

"Oh," breathed the lady, "I thought it was the comedy."

Miss Terris played in musical comedies for years in New York, without causing a furor, until Lady Luck and Dame Fortune got together and eased her into "Show Boat" in a rôle which demanded little in the way of ease, and it was on the strength of that performance that she was signed for pictures.

Mr. Murray had also played leads in New York musical shows for years, and came to the forefront by reason of his spirited singing in "Rio Rita" in which he was virtually the star, so there is every reason to believe that he, with Miss Terris, will redeem themselves in the musical version of "Cameo Kirby."

Will Rogers is a type. He has never been more than moderately popular in pictures before, and he made a great many of them when he was just as well known as he is to-day. His first picture under his new contract, "They Had to See Paris," is a knock-out, but I doubt that he'll become a prime favorite, though suitable opportunities are promised him in "So This Is London." He made two good pictures before—"Jubilo" and "One Glorious Day," but the post office didn't have to put on any extra clerks to handle his fan mail as a result of them.

Continued on page 106

Prancing

That's just what these danc the coming of "Paramount frolic enlisting the talents them filmed in

Lucille Miller, left, Prudence Sutton, lower left, and Louise Pimm and Miss Sutton again, lower right, do their bit to entertain while Richard Arlen, George Bancroft, Evelyn Brent, Mary Brian, Clive Brook, Nancy Carroll, Ruth Chatterton, Maurice Chevalier, Gary Cooper, Kay Francis, James Hall, Neil Hamilton, Phillips Holmes, Helen Kane, Fredric March, Jack Oakie, William Powell, Buddy Rogers, and Fay Wray are getting their breath between numbers.

Virginia Bruce, Jean Arthur, William Austin, Leon Errol, Stuart Erwin, "Skeets" Gallagher, Harry Green, Mitzi Green, Dennis King, David Newell, Warner Oland, Zelma O'Neal, Eugene Pallette, Joan Peers, Lillian Roth, Stanley Smith, and Regis Toomey also appear.





Lorena Carr, above, is one of the dancers dazzled by the stars she saw making the picture.





Ahead

ers are doing to herald On Parade," an intimate of stars galore, most of Technicolor.

Gay Sheridan, right, Lorena Carr and Lucille Miller, lower left, and Marguerite Andrus, lower right.

Some of the numbers in "Paramount On Parade" combine stars surprisingly. For instance, Maurice Chevalier and Evelyn Brent appear in "Origin of the Apache," and Ruth Chatterton, as a girl of Montmartre, sings to a group of soldiers comprising Stuart Erwin, Fredric March, and Stanley Smith.

Buddy Rogers and Lillian Roth appear in a song number, "Love Time," with a mixed chorus, while Gary Cooper, Richard Arlen, James Hall, and Phillips Holmes visualize their dream girls to show their fans just what chance they stand.

A satire on the detective murder-mysteries familiar to us all brings together William Powell, as *Philo Vance,* Clive Brook, as *Sherlock Holmes,* and Warner Oland, as *Doctor Fu-Manchu.*





Rosalie Martin, above, hopes to win stardom some day, a glance in her mirror giving her no end of encouragement.



The Movie

By Inez Sabastian

Synopsis of Previous Installment.

MONICA MAYO, winner of a prune-recipe contest, arrives in Hollywood, hoping to break into the movie game while on the prize tour. Joy Laurel, school acquaintance, now a star, believes Monica represents a newspaper and takes her in hand, getting work for her as extra the first day and taking her home with her, secretly expecting large returns in publicity for her condescension.

Joy talks so much of herself Monica cannot correct the error the few minutes she sees Joy alone. They go to a picture opening, and to a party afterward, where Monica sees many celebrities. She believes all the friendly words sincere, and thinks she is getting on. Monica and Joy meet Cleghorn, the prune king, who personally gave Monica her prize money in New York, and Joy learns the truth. She takes her from the party, and sends her away next morning, Joy's secretary maliciously directing her to the expensive Elysée.

PART II.

MONICA GETS IN STEP WITH HOLLYWOOD.

"OH, Mr. Griswold, Norma Shearer telephoned that she wants to see you at three this afternoon, if you can make it."

Monica, following her baggage into the lobby of the Elysée, felt immediately that she had selected the right place for a home. Certainly the place for a would-be star to live was an apartment house where the important film folks would be met.



"Look at the time it's taken girls like Dorothy Gulliver to get ahead," Danny said to Monica. "Won't you *please* go back home?"

She glanced at the pompous Mr. Griswold with awe, and even when she found that two rooms and bath would cost two hundred and fifty dollars a month, she was dismayed for only a moment.

"Of course, that would be the first payment on a house back home," she reflected, "but I simply can't afford to live in just any kind of dump. I'll never get on in pictures, if I look as if I needed a job."

She had been the least bit awed by the Elysée as she rattled up to it in a taxi. The charming, gray-stone building, with its towers and little turrets, should have been a star's house, she told herself. Tremblingly she walked up the broad stairs. As she entered, she heard shouts from the tennis court, of which she caught a glimpse at the right. And through a door opposite she saw a broad veranda, where people sat chatting. Every one seemed to know every one else, she told herself despairingly. But then she, too, would soon know every one. And there were all those people she had met at the party last night, who had been so nice to her. She would call them up to-day, right away!

That two hundred and fifty dollars a month still

Racket

Illustrated by Modest Stein

The second installment of a six-part novelette of Hollywood, in which Monica Mayo finds a friend in a young man who resembles Gary Cooper.



worried her, however, as she glanced about her suite. It was very pretty. She liked the modernistic furnishings of the living room—even the ash trays carried out the scheme of decoration, and never before had she seen such stunning lamps. The bathroom, with its colored tiles and beautiful linen, overwhelmed her. What a delightful place this would be in which to entertain her new friends! She could see herself sitting in one of the odd-looking red chairs, chatting about her next picture, and could fairly hear her own voice talking, as Joy talked, about "my next rôle."

"But of course, my dear, I'm *so* rushed!" she exclaimed, as she sauntered about the room chatting with an imaginary caller. "I'm just doing some retakes, and I've not had a chance even to look at the script for my next picture!

"Maybe I ought to call Joy and tell her that I'm really going to stay here," she reflected, but discarded that thought immediately. She couldn't understand the way Joy had behaved this morning. Joy hadn't come down, and when Monica went in to say good-by to her she had been barely cordial.

"So sorry you feel that you must start out on your own," Joy had drawled, leaning languidly back against the mass of small pillows that were heaped behind her. "But of course, it will be dull here while I'm taking my rest cure—I simply don't see any one, you know."

"Rest cure?" echoed Monica, who couldn't for the life of her see why Joy should want a rest. The work she did was nothing but fun!

"Yes. I'm simply exhausted." Joy drew the marabou coverlet closer about her. "But you must keep in touch with me, dear. We'll see a lot of each other as soon as I'm out again."

Oh, well, Monica thought now, Joy was probably angry with her, though she certainly hadn't tried to deceive the actress. Monica had never really said she was coming to Hollywood to do interviews with movie people for a New York paper.

She went to the telephone and called some of the people she had met the night before. But they all seemed to be out, or very busy. Secretaries would answer the telephone, and say, "Miss Mayo? And what did you wish to speak to Miss Clyde about?" Or, "Mr. Wilson is very busy. Do you wish me to give him a message?"

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What Can Talkie

A great deal can be done, and has that of Vilma Banky. Here Jane who coached Miss Banky, analyzes how they can

By Helen



Photo by Irving Chidnoff

Long delay in releasing Norma Talmadge's first talkie is due to no fault of hers, according to Jane Manner, who says that her voice records beautifully.

SHE'S very pretty, but what language is she speaking? I can't understand a word she says."

"Where are the tin cans? I don't see any in the scene."

"If I closed my eyes, I would think he had a clothespin on his nose."

It requires no sleuthing about to overhear such remarks as these in any theater where talking pictures are being shown. You and I have heard them; more than likely we have joined in the chorus of bewildered audiences who made them.

Last year we blamed the muddled bellowings of the screen on faulty mechanism. We did not want to admit that our favorites were in any way to blame. But now that we have heard the crisp, vibrant speech of John Barrymore, the dulcet tones of Ann Harding, the thrilling clarity of William Powell's voice, we know that tonal beauty is possible in talking pictures. We are forced to grant that when a voice is brash, or uneven, or hard to understand, the fault lies with the player.

And if we suffer at hearing dramatic dialogue transformed into a strident clatter, or mouthed with great effort in a throaty monotone, consider how much more painful it must be to one who *knows* just what is wrong and what should be done to correct it.

Jane Manner, the eminent dramatic artist and diction expert who was summoned to Hollywood to coach Vilma Banky for speaking rôles, saw talking pictures with the fair Vilma every night during the first few weeks of their work together.

They always hoped to hear some one speak effectively, but each time they were more than a little disappointed. It was not until Miss Manner returned to New York and heard William Powell that she could give her unqualified indorsement to any screen voice. Except that of her prize pupil, of course.

In the theater, by analyzing the faults of others, Vilma recognized the importance of the rules laid down for her in her daily lessons. How well she profited by them is for you to judge when you hear her in Metro-Goldwyn's "Sunkissed."

The phrase, a pretty penny, hardly expresses what it cost Samuel Goldwyn to bring Miss Manner to Hollywood to transform Miss Banky's guttural tones—as heard in "This Is Heaven"—to the musical, facile voice which is now hers.



Beryl Mercer's voice meets every requirement of the diction expert.

We Do About Voices?

been done in a few cases, notably Manner, famous diction expert common voice faults and explains be corrected.

Klumph

Muriel Kirkland, this season's stage sensation in "Strictly Dishonorable," likewise paid well to learn the art of diction under Miss Manner's direction.

And in the interest of making their voices pleasing, innumerable public speakers and social leaders, as well as stage and screen favorites, are daily writing checks for Miss Manner's services.

But for the benefit of PICTURE PLAY'S readers who may be unable to consult her in person, I persuaded Miss Manner to outline to me the common faults in voice production, and ways of correcting them.

In her roomy studio, high above Central Park in New York City, I found Miss Manner just dismissing the pupils of her speech arts forum.

"What are the fundamental aims of speech?" she called to the departing pupils, in a quiet voice that was nevertheless surcharged with energy.

"To be heard, to be understood, and to be convincing," they replied in chorus, like good school children.

"And what are the essentials of good speech tone?" she demanded with infectious enthusiasm.

"Good attack," they chorused, "freedom from breathiness, and directed tone."

"That's right," she told them cheerily, as they filed out. "See that you never forget it."

There was no trace of fatigue in her voice when she drew up a chair to talk to me, although she had been addressing classes for several hours.

"There is no strain on the vocal cords when the voice is produced correctly," she told me. "You heard what the class said about the essentials of good speech tone. I will elaborate to show you what I mean.

"Consider the production of vocal tone as a sort of internal baseball game. The diaphragm is the pitcher, the nasal cavity the catcher. Good speech tone must be directed from the diaphragm, toward the back of the front teeth.



Photo by Alexander

Joan Bennett's speech was perfect for her rôle in "Three Live Ghosts."

Introducing

JANE MANNER.

Her name appears in "Who's Who," which lists her as a drama reader, but behind that vague title is a distinguished career as varied as it is interesting.

Her dramatic recitals have delighted theater audiences from coast to coast; she has coached innumerable lecturers and social leaders, as well as stage favorites. It was she whom Morris Gest chose to give the Eleanora Duse repertories in English as aids to the enjoyment of the productions in a foreign tongue.

Read what this expert has to say about faulty voices and their correction.

"We use an exercise in class which will help you to get the feeling of a tone that is produced correctly. Stand up, breathe deeply as you reach for an imaginary bell rope, hold your breath for a moment, and then pull down on the bell rope saying 'bing' right at your teeth."

I felt more than a little silly, as you will, too, if you try it; but the suspicion that I had projected a ringing tone, instead of just letting a sound escape from my mouth, gave me so much satisfaction that I would gladly have gone on "binging" all afternoon, if there hadn't been other things I wanted to learn about Miss Manner's work.

"The most common faults we found in analyzing the speech of players on the screen," she told me, "were these: a nasal tone, which showed that the speaker was shutting off the nasal passages instead of using them



For two hours daily for four months Vilma Banky and Jane Manner worked, with a dictionary beside them, and Vilma practiced four hours daily by herself. And that's only part of the work required for perfect speech.

as a sounding board; a breathy tone, which meant that more air was going out than was being vocalized; a metallic tone, which showed that the tone was not being efficiently directed toward the back of the teeth, and a monotonous tone, which showed lack of variety in tone coloring.

"Change of pitch, quality, and force are all dependent on the character that is being played and the occasion. But to get back to fundamentals, the first goal to work for, either in professional speaking or ordinary conversation, is a clear tone without breathiness, and above all things—spontaneity.

"We must learn how to breathe and direct our tones correctly until we do it unconsciously. These simple rules of voice production are like basting threads; they are essential in laying the foundations for our work, but there must be no trace of them afterward.

"Vilma Banky was an ideal pupil. She came to her lessons with unflagging enthusiasm, and once she mastered the correct enunciation of a sound, she said it afterward with ease.

"For four months I worked with her every day. The daily lesson took about two hours, and afterward Vilma practiced for four hours. Reading aloud is a great panacea for voice ills. For the person who wants to train his own speaking voice, reading aloud for ten minutes a day, listening intently, is a good procedure. Then a friend or teacher should be called in to criticize.

"With Vilma there were unusual faults of diction to correct, owing to traces of Hungarian that she had carried over into her use of English. Changing 'vat' to 'what,' and 'darlink' to 'darling,' required much patience on her part and hours of practice before a mirror.

"We worked with a dictionary always beside us, verifying the pronunciation of every word, and saying it slowly, at first, according to the phonetic spelling. Good diction is dependent on the careful articulation of every sound. Vowels are the picture, consonants the frame, of every word we say, and each should be given its proper value. Slurred or mumbled syllables give an untidy effect in speech.

"After a few weeks of lessons, I had Vilma read *Hamlet's* advice to the players to me every day. It is an ideal exercise for the student, both for the wisdom of its advice and the difficulties of its recurring consonants.

"Later we studied Molnar's 'A Matter of Husbands,' and Vilma played both rôles in it in order to develop variety of tone. As the time for my departure from California came, we called in the executives of the Goldwyn company and Vilma gave this little ten-minute sketch for them. She carried it off beautifully, and I was very proud of her."

Miss Manner is far too gracious and tactful to criticize players by name, but I dare say you will know of whom she spoke when I tell you of her anguish at hearing one of our most popular young stars break into speech.

"The impression of delicacy and wistfulness that she had given to us in silent films was shattered when she

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Her Endless Hunt

To escape from Latin conventions and follow the tantalizing trail of first-hand knowledge of the world led Mona Maris through five countries, and now in the sixth she finds self-expression in films.

By William H. McKegg

MONA MARIS dims the majority of cinema lights into insignificance. Athenelike, she evidently sprang full armed into the world and is figuratively grappling the universe in pursuit of knowledge. Wisdom Mona demands and wisdom she will get. She refuses to have her thinking done for her, or to be molded with the crowd.

She has spent her life in five countries—England, France, Germany, the Argentine, and Italy—and speaks the language of each.

An Argentinean by birth, her mind has not been narrowed by Latin standards. She has assimilated much from each country—cynical frankness of the French, the simplicity of the Germans, the romanticism of the Italians, and the independence of the English.

To-day Mona finds herself in the United States—in Hollywood, to be exact. That she is becoming well known is proved by her work in "Romance of Rio Grande." In this picture, her first talkie, Mona Maris was outstanding. Her second essay for Fox, excitingly called "One Mad Kiss," offers her a colorful rôle with José Mojica, the opera singer, and Antonio Moreno.

Many girls, though vivid and attractive on the screen, are dismal in reality. If anything, Mona is more brilliant in person, for she can then voice her own thoughts, and not those of the dialogue writer.



Mona Maris revolted from the home-body life in Argentina to seek a freer existence.

Perhaps this comes from the fact that her mother is Basque. And the Basques, as they and Eleanor Mercein will tell you, are neither French nor Spanish, but Basque—a very original race.

But Mona affirms she is Argentinean. Though truly a cosmopolitan, she clutches her love for the Argentine to her heart. She was only six when she was taken to France to be educated. In 1921 she and her mother returned to Buenos Aires, and lived there for a couple of years.

When Mona talks of her travels, she does not mention them as casual episodes, but as definite steps in her young life that went toward building her mental tower. It is easy to see that this girl has always been different from the average. No wonder she shocked her prim French teachers.

"I was more like a boy," Mona averred. When she talks of herself, her chin goes up and her dark eyes look straight ahead. "If they had asked me to sit still and sew some fancy work, it would have been torture; but had they sent me to get firewood, I would have been pleased.



Photo by Kahle

Mona has more ideas than any girl of her beauty really needs.

"I always played with boys. I never could make real friends with girls. They all seemed so senseless and grooved. None of them thought for themselves. Thinking was always done for them by others."

This early discovery of hers must have made her feel like murder; for one can tell that stupidity and lethargy in her sex caused her to revolt. To be one of them was to be stamped and labeled with the thousands. To be self-assured meant misunderstanding, heartache—but a free road to knowledge.

"I shall never allow myself to be carried away by mob psychology," Mona declared with force.

"During the World War, hatred was rampant in France as elsewhere. We were young girls at school. Yet part of the building was given over to soldiers. It was not a request, but a demand that soldiers be billeted wherever there was room. Even private homes were invaded.

"Such a move had a demoralizing effect on the girls, for French soldiers are vulgar. The English and Americans did show respect, but not the French.

"It seemed to me that it was for no present dispute that the French fought, but as a chance to pay back old scores. The Franco-Prussian war was still in the air. I was brought up to believe that all Germans were little less than animals.

"The other girls accepted this belief. It was easy to believe, with bloodshed all around, but something told me to wait before condemning."

One can tell that Mona has always been in a maze of conflicting thoughts when any mob hate surged against personal opinion. The mass, whose thinking is always done for it, would, and will always consider Mona Maris peculiar, different—even dangerous.

"When I went to Germany, in 1926, I expected to see the most repulsive people. But what a surprise! I felt like crying and laughing with happiness, for what I saw proved that I had been right in thinking my own thoughts, in refusing to have a war-crazed people's opinion thrust upon me, causing me to hate those I had never seen.

"In France you will see signs of war even now. Many of the places are still in ruins, without any effort being made to repair the damage. The children of France are constantly reminded that the Germans are enemies of their land. Why is no move made to destroy hatred, instead of fostering it?

"The youth of Germany have already forgotten the war. It is like spring all the time. German imperialism is dead. The youth of the country are trying with their utmost to live a new era, with wonderful vision."

Mona stopped talking. Sitting with her slender legs bent under her, she looked far too charming to worry over such serious thoughts. But Mona is one who demands to see things in a clear light.

"You'll think I am very bolshevik in my ideas," she went on, "but I only demand freedom of thought. I like to be frank. I lose acquaintances through my frankness. But maybe that is as well."

Her revolutionary opinions frightened even her mother. She believed that by taking her child back to Buenos Aires tradition would smooth away all disturbing thoughts. The Argentines thought Mona very modern—maybe worse. But Mona cared little for that. She was only ruffled when she was expected to marry.

"I did not want to marry. Every one does that as the high point in life. Not for me, when I have not even reached a beginning! My mother was worried and troubled. She misunderstood me. She said, 'Why don't you choose a nice young man and settle down?'

"'Because I don't want to do what other girls do. I want to create something out of my life—travel to other countries, study other people and their ideas. Here, I am in a cage.'

"It was decided that I should return to France, and stay with some friends in Paris."

That a Latin girl should demand such freedom must have caused consternation. Yet surely those who knew Mona Maris—or Maria Capevielle, as she was named—must have known that she was a girl who could cope with life, for it was mental development she sought.

"I believe my mother thought I was going to go wrong, as they say. That hurt me, because she failed to see my incentive. Love seems to be the most important part in most people's lives. I never thought of love. Men have always been good pals. I like them better than women, for I can express my mind more fully when talking to a man. I determined to hew out a path for myself and follow it, armed with my own decisions. I intended to work at some career and get to the top of it, without losing any of my moral principles.

A new and vividly colorful figure on the screen, Mona Maris is a challenge to the other Latin stars.



"Of course I have been in love once or twice. In Paris there was an Argentine boy. I was only seventeen and very impressionable. His love-making seemed marvelous. But before becoming engaged, I decided to think it all over. To my surprise, I discovered it was only the dream I was fascinated by, not the reality.

"In London I was madly in love with an Englishman, because he hardly looked at me, and paid no attention. We used to laugh over it later, when we became good friends. So you see love has never controlled me, or diverted me from my path.

"One of my best friends is the great scientist, Guglielmo Marconi. He admires me, because my mind appeals to him. It was Mr. Marconi who advised me to leave Paris for London. 'Life is free in England,' he said. 'A young girl can go out by herself, unchaperoned, without fear of losing her reputation.'"

Ever on the hunt for knowledge, Mona arrived in London. She was

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Slide, Girlie, Slide!

There's something inviting about railings that even the most sedate ingénues can't resist.



Marion Byron, right, finds that a tiny player can't safely climb down a high wall.



The stately Loretta Young, left, is snapped in one of those moments that you never suspected of her.



Alexander Gray, above, gets a moving picture of Bernice Claire pretending that she is just a kid again.

"Look out down there!" yells Inez Courtney, below, to the studio workers, and she descended the stairs with speed but no dignity to speak of.



Mary Carlyle, left, rehearses a scene in "It's a Great Life" with the calm assurance that Lawrence Gray will look out for her.



Bill Boyd—As He Is

The story of William Boyd's life reads like that of a fame-and-fortune hero of the old school, which may explain his extreme modesty to-day.

By Margaret Reid

THE strong, silent man of the West, my leetle cheeldren, is no legend, no saga of the sagebrush. Nor, my dear sophisticates, is he a humorous figure, an object for your derisive amusement. He does exist, and he's a damn nice guy. The prototype of Zane Grey heroes, made credible by a head on his shoulders and a sense of humor, lives in Beverly Hills by accident. There are counterparts, no doubt, but the one referred to is William Boyd.

No one calls him William, and I doubt if even his nearest and dearest ever call him Will or Willie. Bill is his name and his character as well. He is a movie actor, but without trimmings, his present profession the outcome of a career that began among the cattle of Oklahoma.

Cattle is perhaps too pretentious a term for the lone cow which furnished Bill's first job. The death of his father, a civil engineer, left the family in modest circumstances, and when Bill was five he could wait no longer to make a fortune for his mother. He got a job driving a neighbor's cow to and from pasture, deriving therefrom ten cents a week.

A couple of years later, sensing that there would be little chance for advancement in such work, he resigned. He was engaged to sweep out the local grocery store before school hours, repeating the process at noon, and after school to serve as clerk and delivery boy. A disciple of progression, he demanded and received twenty-five cents per week.

Midway through high school, he became discontented with the opportunities Oklahoma had to offer, and left home in an optimistic search for wealth. Followed a period of "Seeing America First," in many and varied capacities, clerking, selling automobiles and drilling for oil being a few of the Boyd experiments. In the army during the World War, his chagrin was intense when the armistice was signed before he got across.



Mr. Boyd doesn't have to say "Call me Bill," for people beat him to it.

Hearing of the financial opportunities in San Diego, Bill took a westbound train from New York. On the train a man engaged him in conversation. He introduced himself as Bryant Washburn and suggested that Bill had the appearance of movie material. Bill replied politely to the gentleman, whose name he had not previously heard and which he promptly forgot. At Orange, a town a hundred miles from San Diego, his ticket ran out, and with thirty-five cents in his pocket, he was invited to leave the train. Finding that the only opportunity Orange offered was the fruit of that name, Bill got work picking oranges.

In this nomadic calling he traversed Southern California. Wherever there were orange groves, there Bill eventually turned up. During a sojourn in Riverside, he formed an acquaintance with the manager of the famous Mission Inn. This man was personally acquainted with Cecil DeMille, and believed that Bill might interest the director. Boyd sheepishly accepted a letter of introduction.

His wanderings led him to Los Angeles on speculation. But the jobs that he had been assured lay around in the streets did not materialize. He was broke. And his healthy appetite was a nuisance. In his pocket he came across the letter to DeMille, crumpled and dirty. He had looked everywhere else for a job. He might as well try this.

At the old Paramount studio on Vine Street, Bill talked his way past Alan Hale's father, who guarded the entrance desk. Finding DeMille's office, fortune attended him in the momentary absence of secretaries. Knocking on the door of the inner sanctum, he entered briskly and presented his letter before DeMille could deny him entrance.

Slightly annoyed, DeMille glanced at the letter, told Bill there was no opening and bade him good day. Bill settled himself comfortably in a chair and wanted to know *why* there were no openings. Asked if he had had any experience, he replied in the negative. DeMille ventured a doubt that Bill could act. Bill was privately convinced he couldn't, but thought it politic to take offense at this. He rose and started out, haughtily remarking that if DeMille didn't want to hire him, he'd find some one who would. DeMille, amused by his cheek, relented and sent him to the casting office.

A few days later Bill was given a call and decorated the distant background in "Love Insurance," a Bryant Washburn picture. His next work was in one of the DeMille "Why Change Your——?" series. The set was a big one, DeMille's nerves on edge and Bill ignorant of the craft to an astonishing degree. Some blunder which distinguished him from the three or four hundred other extras called down upon him the director's wrath. The DeMille wrath was heated, but while the rest of the company quailed under the storm, Bill was indignant. Who did DeMille think he was talking to, anyway, he demanded of the director, who then recognized him as the cheeky youth of the previous interview, and curtailed his wrath for other matters.

That evening twenty people were selected from the extras on the set. They were to be a sort of experimental stock group, to be trained and groomed for featured rôles. There were ten girls and ten men. Among the latter was a bewildered ex-orange picker.

Bill is perhaps Hollywood's champion extra. The fact that he was in stock did not indicate immediate

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Photo by Russell Ball

THIS unusually striking photograph of William Boyd matches perfectly the story opposite, in which Margaret Reid describes, with fine discrimination, the forces that have made Bill one of the best-liked stars as well as one about whom the least is written.



Photo by Clarence Sinclair Bull

IS Nils Asther to be banished by the talkies, or will he cultivate speech as flawless as his acting? That is the big problem he faces just now, and PICTURE PLAY is with him one hundred per cent for its successful solution.



Photo by William E. Thomas

DELICATE, spirituelle, with a sensitive voice and an elfin grace—that's the large order Helen Twelvetrees fills in good measure. You will see all these wonders for yourself in "The Grand Parade" and a lot of other pictures.



Photo by Elmer Fryer

WHAT could make a working man's burden lighter than to find Dorothy Mackaill ready to welcome him at the garden gate of that little gray home in the West? Why, it wouldn't matter whether he had a full dinner pail or not!



Photo by Elmer Fryer

BUT what if the charmer next door stood at *her* gate looking for all the world like Billie Dove? There's lure in her eyes and invitation on her lips and—well, why men leave home is no longer an unanswered question.



Photo by Fred R. Archer

IF you've seen Armida, the little Mexican, in "General Crack," there's nothing we can say of her beauty, grace, and piquant charm. We can only beg you to add your prayers to ours that the gods of the cinema be kind to her.



Photo by Irving Chidnoff

THERE'S no getting away from it, David Rollins has that boyishness which inspires feminine fans to acts of desperation such as writing poetry, making fudge for him, knitting mufflers, and all those forms of activity common to adorers under a spell.



Photo by Edwin Bower Hesser

SUE CAROL'S story opposite is unusually interesting, because it reveals the changed viewpoint which comes to a girl after a whirl of success and she learns that first impulses are not always best. The interview could only have been written by a close friend.

Two Years Before The Mast

Ordinarily an experimental period in the studio, as on the sea, Sue Carol has weathered storms and squalls—and is steadied by both.

By Samuel Richard Mook

TWO years' work in pictures usually makes or breaks the best of them.

I can't say that it's done either for Sue Carol as far as her character is concerned, but it has certainly wrought powerful changes therein. As to her career, two years' time has established her in a place that few other actresses have achieved in so short a period.

Sue, with characteristic frankness, attributes a large part of this success to the fact that she was well publicized. She was. Offhand I can think of no other actress who has ever had the same amount of publicity. Jimmie Fidler, her publicity agent, was a friend as well as business associate.

But there was more than that. I have never met a girl as young as Sue with as analytic a mind, especially in a person with such an impulsive disposition as hers. She was quick to realize that if the public read about her constantly, saw her photograph in every magazine they picked up, and only saw her in a few pictures, or in small parts, they would resent the publicity.

She was under contract to Douglas MacLean at the time. When he placed her under contract he probably had great plans for her, but the best-laid plans of mice and men—— He made one picture with Sue—"Soft Cushions"—and closed his studio. The whole thing—the idea of working in pictures, of earning money, of being free to do as she pleased, without having to consult any one, of being famous—was all too new and too glamorous to be relinquished because of the months of idleness she saw confronting her. So Sue went out and got herself an agent. All that Mr. MacLean had to do was to affix his signature to the contracts Sue and her agent were getting. If I remember correctly, in about a year she made fourteen pictures and played the leads in every one of them.

She played a bit in one picture, "Slaves of Beauty," before she signed her contract, but she's been a leading woman ever since. She made two pictures for Pathé, "Skyscraper," with William Boyd, which was one of his best, and "Walking Back," of happy memory. She made a picture for Universal with Glenn Tryon, "It Can Be Done." She made a picture for Metro-Goldwyn, with Aileen Pringle and Lew Cody—"Beau Brummel of Broadway." She made pictures at every studio in Hollywood, except Paramount. How she happened to overlook Paramount I don't know. Just one of those things, I suppose. But her pictures were shown through every releasing channel in this country and abroad, and her publicity kept pace with her pictures. Her face became as familiar as the rent collector's, and infinitely more welcome.



Sue has learned not to confide in any one but her husband, Nick Stuart.

She had fresh, unspoiled prettiness and bubbling enthusiasm. Life was a grand adventure. Meeting on an equal footing people whom she had only seen through a veil of romance seemed part of the unreality, part of the fun of being a "woiking goil."

I recall the first opening that she and Nick attended. They had never even watched the people go in, and had no idea what the procedure was. The stars always go in closed cars, so that their shrinking spirits will not be forced to face the battery of searching eyes. Sue and Nick, with the freshness of youth, a desire to "give all to their public," and knowing nothing of this custom, went not only in an open car, but in one with the top down!

Arrived at the theater, the picture being one from the studio at which Sue was working, the studio publicity representative hailed Sue before the microphone and she made her first public "Hello, everybody." Nick, too. They went into the theater as pleased as two kids with big lollypops, and Sue, blushing, whispered to Nick, "They recognized us—we must be established!"

But alas and alack. The next preview, although they used a closed car this time, was sponsored by another studio and the announcer failed to place either Sue or Nick, so they passed into the theater unhonored and unsung, thoroughly crestfallen. "Ah, dear, delusive, distant shore, by dreams of futile fancy gilt." It's a hard life.

Things like that used to add zest and flavor to existence for her. To-day it's part of the routine of living. No longer has she to fear that she'll be permitted to enter without being recognized, but ever since that second première when she wasn't stopped to say "Hello," openings have held no fun for her.

When Sue and Nick used to go to the Coconut Grove, if they happened to hear some one whisper "There's Sue Carol and Nick Stuart," they beamed like a couple of cats over a saucer of cream. "With very little encouragement," Sue confided, "I'd have hugged and kissed them right out on the floor."

In those early days, part of the fun of being in movies was going out to dance every night—the Biltmore to-night, the Grove to-morrow, the Montmartre some other time—and luncheon at the Montmartre on Wednesdays and Saturdays was a ritual.

But all that's changed now. There was a time last summer when for three months I was with them almost every night. I think we went to the Grove twice and the Montmartre once. The night I arrived in Hollywood they took me to the Mayfair dance at the Biltmore, and twice we

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The Stroller

An observant pedestrian makes comment amusing and ironic as he scans life along the byways of Hollywood.

By Neville Reay

Illustrated by Lui Trugo

MANY producers are more interested in the titles of their pictures than they are concerned over the films that follow.

This psychosis evidences itself in the frequent changing of titles, a change often so rapid that the stars can only stutter out a few syllables before they have to start all over.

Readers of the fan magazines little realize the amount of title changing that goes on under cover of sound effects. They frequently become aware of changes, but title changing is a fine art, equivalent only to the antique racket of calling Indian pottery Ming ceramics.

It comes forth under cover of night, echoes through a conference chamber, and then becomes a reverberating rumor, later to be followed by an announcement of a title radically different from the one originally decided upon.

The scene is a conference room. Various executives are gathered.

"I don't like this title. 'Naughty Nellie,'" says one, after a picture has been in production for a week.

"Sure, let's change it," cries another. His eyes glisten with an unholy light, his wolflike fangs drawn back in fiendish ecstasy.

"What do you suggest?" screams one.

"Love in a Pawnshop." "Passion on the Farm," "Midnight Meet," are suggested.

"That's fine, boys," says the producer. "I see you have good ideas. We'll call it 'The Villain Defeated.'"

"Marvelous! A masterpiece! That'll drag 'em in."

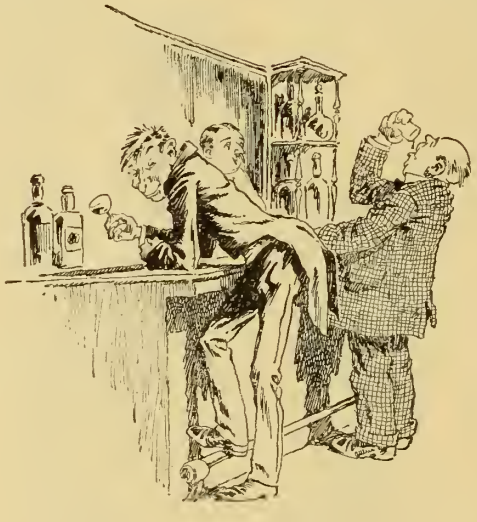
Three days later the producer calls another meeting. "Who suggested that terrible title?" he demands. No one answers. "Loebstein, you're fired! Get out! Now let's have a good title."

They choose another and then go to the golf links.

Soon the picture is finished. It is shown to magazine and newspaper reviewers. The picture is treated caustically.

Presently another meeting. "We've got to change the title. Nobody likes the picture. A new title, and no one will know it's the same picture." The antique business again.

"Hadn't we better make some retakes? The picture's weak. It needs a little changing."



The promoters plan a tour of Europe to investigate the film situation.

The producer leaps to his feet. "Oh, it does?" he fumes, "it does? You're fired! Now let's have a new title."

A title is selected and two weeks later the picture is released in New York. The title has been changed again, this time by the general manager. Even the producer doesn't remember what picture it is now.

But his yen for title changing runs on. It includes his whole life. He changes the name of his beach home every week. It has been called everything from "Shrimps' Hangout" to "Los Caballeros y Señoritas de Hollywood." One tried to change the names of all his stars when on one of these rampages.

Another who became a proud father was attending his christening.

"I baptize you——" said the minister.

"Wait, wait!" yelled the frantic father, "I don't like that name. Can't we change it before we release it?"

"Not very well," said the patient pastor.

"All right, call him Peter."

"But it's a girl."

"You're fired! We'll use Peter and change the story."

In one quarter of Hollywood there is a belief that the longest and most boresome film makes the greatest superepic, and that the loudest one is the best.

There is a radio station in Hollywood which has a weekly jamboree. Their catch line is one which should be put on a lot of our dialogue epics. That line is, "Not good—but loud."

The same idea has passed to the social world of Hollywood. If there is a real leader in this realm I don't know who she is. The idea has grown that it's the biggest party which makes the biggest hit. So naturally the hostesses are going in for the idea of "not brilliant, but expensive."

As one harassed director's wife put it, "I'll never get anywhere in society. I know the best people and can give small parties, but our house isn't large enough."

In Hollywood a contract is considered by most people to be a financial necessity. The idea has spread beyond the bounds of the screen world. It started when a director signed his chauffeur on a long-term contract at

a small but ample salary. He saw, but did not mention, the chauffeur's screen possibilities.

That was several years ago. To-day the chauffeur is a featured player earning $500 a week, and still getting only $40 from his boss. Is he a bit peeved? Well, I understand the director agreed to give half to the chauffeur, when he threatened to return to the driver's seat permanently.

Another director—this is a weakness of directors—signed up a girl, and couldn't do anything for her. He was paying her fifty a week, and the contract had six months to go. So he farmed her out to a restaurant as a waitress. If she had refused to work, the contract would have been broken. But she realized that times were hard and stuck.

So now the waitresses and chef in one Hollywood restaurant excitedly discuss the possibilities of their contracts being renewed, as they casually dish out cold soup and burned toast to their customers.

Hollywood is a mythical kingdom, with more strange fables than Graustark.

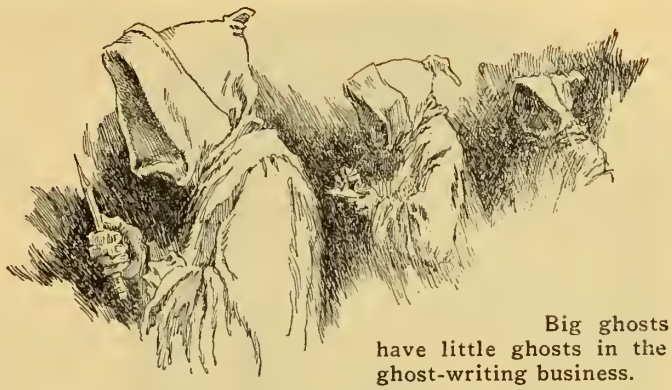
It is a city of imagination—never of fact. If it were to be pictured in allegory, the optical treat would present a celluloid giant, absolutely transparent, with nothing in his body or head except a series of nightmares chasing each other perpetually from the medulla oblongata to the frontal lobe and back again. All you need is one spark of reality and he would blow up, without leaving dust.

Even so-called reality is unreal. One producer is making a picture of Hollywood. He has the intelligence to admit that the Hollywood myth of puttees, temperament, and caps on backward must be respected. Where there is no tradition and no fact, the sons and daughters of Æsop must be called in as technical directors to avoid anachronisms and unreal reality.

I have long known that there was no such city as Hollywood. It is just a name, and exists alongside the Arabian cavern of diamonds, and is ruled by Khubla Khan.

So a fan who never saw the movie capital was brought out to tell the director how to direct and how Hollywood people should act, a truly competent move and one which augurs well for the future, since there are no typical Hollywood people except those who have, as the saying is, "gone Hollywood," whatever that may mean. It is undoubtedly somewhat akin to going native in Samoa or Archangel.

On this same basis of experience, I claim the right to advise directors of all pictures laid in foreign locales. At all times all Englishmen will drink whisky-and-soda, all Germans beer, all Frenchmen wine, all Italians Chianti, all Spaniards carry knives and tamales. Then I will bring them together in a cosmopolitan center and make prohibition hash, and sell this to the nonexistent Hollywood for an all-talking, all-singing, all-dancing, all-drinking bacchanalian orgy.



Big ghosts have little ghosts in the ghost-writing business.

During the past war it was stated that there were five men behind every gun in the munition works.

Ghost writing has become so popular that behind every authoring star there are three laboring ghosts. First there is the ghost who interviews. He writes his story, hands it to ghost No. 2, who didn't have time for all the work. No. 2 hands it to the big-chief ghost, who sells the story and pays the second ghost, who splits with his ghost. After all, a big-time ghost hasn't much time for real work. Big ghosts have little ghosts——

For a whole year I prayed—but in vain—that we would be spared ventriloquist acts on the talking screen.

But "The Great Gabbo" has completely floored me. It was inevitably and naturally a fake. But think of the possibilities this offers for rare mellers. Tables, statues, and gargoyles can be made to talk, to warn the heroine of impending danger. All manner of dumb things may now speak—from dumb stars to dumb waiters. Directors and scenarists have overlooked the possibilities of a spiritualistic cycle.

Talking has swept the country. We have dolls with miniature phonographs in their tummies; we have clocks that speak the time and play reveille; we have auto horns that shout "Clear the way!" "Pardon me," and "What kind of driving do you call that?"

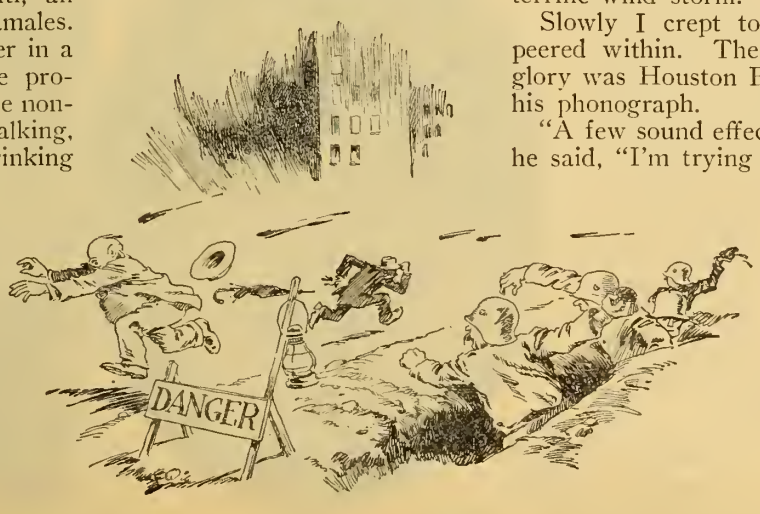
And still we have no one who can tell us what to say and when.

I walked into a home this week. I heard two shrill shrieks of a locomotive whistle and the loud chugging of a train. I ran to the street, expecting a Southern Pacific train to plow out the door. Then I heard a crowd cheering, then a man and woman fighting, a shot, a scream and silence. Then a siren and the sounds of police followed by roaring thunder and the whine of a terrific wind storm.

Slowly I crept toward the door and peered within. There in all his manly glory was Houston Branch seated before his phonograph.

"A few sound effects from the studio," he said, "I'm trying to decide what sort of story to write next."

The streets of Hollywood are lined with trenches nowadays, while the studios film war stories from the German side.



Haunted Hollywood! A parade of ghosts marches through the studios.

Illiterate stars are writing for magazines. Amazing, and really, after all, in the realm of the psychic. Only by spirit writing could they do anything else but write their own names.

Here you are, folks?—the Film-of-the-month Club.

All you have to do is enroll and you will receive theater tickets

Continued on p. 111

Climb Up

Interviewer, man and boy, for the past ten years, a some stellar encounters that neither

By Malcolm

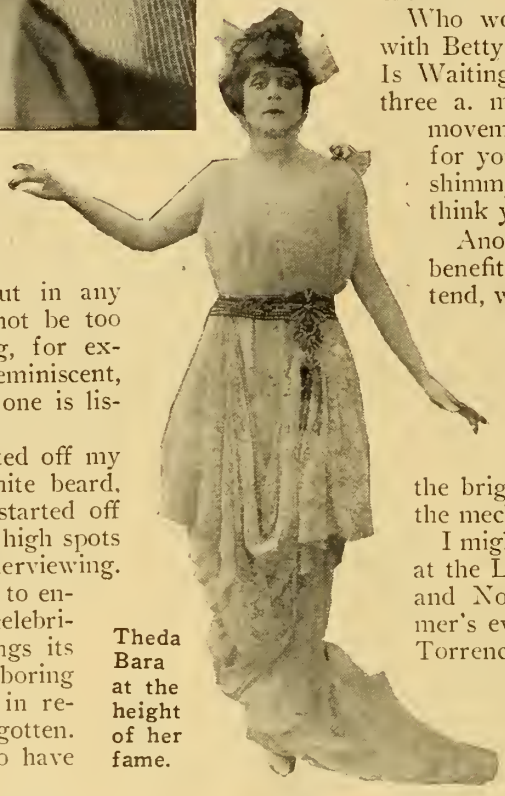


Such an astute star as Gloria Swanson steers the interviewer into an arresting course.

A DECADE rounded out in any particular field—let's not be too particular, interviewing, for example—entitles one to grow reminiscent, first having made sure some one is listening.

Thus it is that I have dusted off my typewriter with my long, white beard, adjusted my haversack, and started off in all directions to review the high spots in a decade of intermittent interviewing.

Dedicating your spare time to engaging in conversation the celebrities of stage and screen brings its share of trying moments, boring half hours, hard days. But in retrospect the dull tasks are forgotten. Reporting the stars proves to have been a happy occupation.



Theda Bara at the height of her fame.

It is pleasant to harbor memories of a high-noon breakfast, entirely liquid, with the irrepressible Nita Naldi, now a carefree tourist; afternoon tea opposite the ultimate blonde, a toss-up between Greta Nissen, Claire Windsor, Helen Lee Worthing; an altogether informal reception in the dressing room of the glowing Barbara La Marr, with Ben Lyon, Ralph Barton, Marjorie Rambeau, and George Fitzmaurice drifting in; a casual dinner party in the Pringle suite, with the gleaming Aileen herself, William Powell, adept at making the inconsequential epigrammatical, and Renée Adorée entering in disguise to escape the questioning gentlemen of the press.

One might recall the night that Dorothy Sebastian expounded what was then the new dance called the Charleston, while her portable phonograph rattled "That's All There Is"; or the afternoon Richard Barthelmess entertained for Paul Whiteman, immediately following the triumphant début of "Rhapsody in Blue"; or the tattling tourist's first night in Hollywood, being wheeled about Beverly Hills in the Crawford car, with Joan in the tonneau and the stars overhead—for all the world like a Grauman presentation.

Who would forget dancing through the evening with Betty Blythe and hearing her sing "The World Is Waiting for the Sunrise," at Texas Guinan's at three a. m.? And if Gilda Gray, once a cultural movement all by herself, demonstrated graphically for you wherein her own original version of the shimmy dance was superior to others, do you think you would remember it?

Another demonstration, not for my especial benefit, but which I was fortunate enough to attend, was that given by Norma Talmadge back in the days when she was the first star of celluloidia. Making a scene for the lachrymose "Smilin' Through," she suffered pretty but genuine tears to stream down her cheeks; then, work over, she turned to talk to me of alien things with the brightest animation, no time out for recovery, the mechanics of melancholy all forgotten.

I might mention a holly-festooned Christmas Eve at the Lambs Club, with Richard Dix, Bill Powell, and Norbert Lusk; there was a delightful summer's evening in London at the Savoy with Ernest Torrence, gargantuan mugs of ale between us; a notably gay evening spent among the canteens and can-cans of Montmartre,

Joseph Schildkraut talked of nothing but himself.





Dagmar Godowsky was Mr. Oettinger's first subject.

On My Knee

veteran harks back in salty reminiscence and recalls he nor the fans will ever forget.

H. Oettinger

with Julanne Johnston and Carmel Myers, freshly returned from a siege of German picture making, and Geoffrey Kerr, the English actor who married June Walker.

One of the most amusing afternoons I have ever enjoyed is included in my debt to interviewing, although the results were never published. Theda Bara, the gallery of famous flames, so to speak, held me with fairly hypnotic eye while she talked of reincarnation, numerology, diabolism, and horoscopes. When the séance was over, she carted me back to workday Broadway in a snow-white Rolls-Royce manned by a Moor in snow-white livery. It was a Beardsley touch that was not lost upon me. And even to this day, riding in one of those luxurious cabriolets titillates my luxury nerve.

As a matter of fact, my very first interview served to imbue me with the proper fire and fervor. Dagmar Godowsky, now little more than a picturesque name, then a rising exotic, entertained me in her Hollywood bungalow, a Western version of an Oriental boudoir, heavy with scents, lavish with cushions, replete with what might be termed atmosphere. Dagmar rolled her r's and her eyes, fed me wine and lighted perfumed cigarettes with a slim taper. "If this is interviewing," I told myself confidentially, "I'm going to keep on being an interviewer!"

There were disappointments all along the way, it should be almost needless to add. Corinne Griffith and Jacqueline Logan proved to be as uninteresting as they were beautiful. W. C. Fields and Buster Keaton were two funny fellows who had nothing to offer. They were diffident, restless, uncommunicative. Raymond Griffith, on the other hand, was bright, witty, reflecting his screen personality. His continued absence from the screen is one of the mysteries of 1930.



Corinne Griffith proved to be as uninteresting as she was beautiful.



Gilda Gray demonstrated her own version of the shimmy to prove its superiority to others.

Any one will tell you that extreme types are more legitimate prey for publication than normal, natural people. It is more entertaining to sketch Lupe Velez and her underlined naïveté, or Louise Brooks and her elaborate indifference, or Kathleen Key and her disarming frankness, than to introduce, in cold print, Virginia Valli, May McAvoy, Conrad Nagel, or Lois Wilson.

Women do not mind being interviewed. With few exceptions, they rather enjoy it. The more intelligent of the men accept it stoically. Lewis Stone, Conway Tearle, Clive Brook, Ronald Colman shy from publicity, but once cornered, they talk well. More amenable to the press agent are Antonio Moreno, George O'Brien, and that other O'Brien of bygone days, Eugene. These idols speak of their public. So does Rod La Rocque.

The ladies manage to be more interesting, on the whole. After all, fatuous though it sounds, it is true that women are acting most of the time; to watch the professional juggle a teacup is quite a privilege.

William Powell is the most amusing actor Mr. Oettinger knows.





Louise Brooks affected elaborate indifference.



Mr. Oettinger predicted great things for Helen Lee Worthing.

Such an astute star as Gloria Swanson steers the interviewer into an arresting course. She plans her story, one suspects, prearranges little details, stages an effective audience. Florence Vidor was a tactful and poised subject.

Texas Guinan and Nita Naldi shock by the boldness of their repartee and the baldness of their metaphors. Either of them could preside over a course in Broadway I.

It is the bisque or baby-doll school that makes the going harder—Billie Dove, Laura La Plante, Esther Ralston, Mary Philbin, Miss Dupont, who turned out to be Patty, Lila Lee—their name is legion. They are sweet, amiable, empty subjects for the reporter.

There have been memorable occasions when it seemed absurd to accept pay for the work involved. A matinée backstage at "The Follies," with Will Rogers to guide me, for one example; watching D. W. Griffith direct Lillian and Dorothy Gish in a scene for "Orphans of the Storm" is another. There was a high-pressure half hour under the influence of the glamorous Garbo, too, that should never have been charged to PICTURE PLAY. Talking to such a brilliant artist as Nazimova was a distinct privilege; she more nearly approaches a genius than any one I have met.

Aileen Pringle is the wittiest of the ten-year collection; Jetta Goudal the most affected—though this is written with some thought for Pola Negri, Mae Murray, others! Bill Powell is the most amusing actor I know, Lionel Barrymore the most impressive, Dick Barthelmess the most sincere, Joseph Schildkraut the most conceited. Schildkraut talked of nothing but himself, and despite the fact that he talked intelligently, he grew boring in time. Many actors are prone to concentrate upon themselves, but the majority of them intersperse their comments with smaller talk, however infinitesimal.

Naturally, better results are obtained if the interview is staged over a convivial table, rather than in the glaring light of the studio, with property men gently cursing you, directors interrupting, supervisors rampant. Offices are sad places, too, although one Metro-Goldwyn star gradually turned into excellent copy as the hospitality of Howard Dietz, the publicity director, made its effect felt.

Raymond Griffith was bright, witty, amusing.



It is interesting to record that those momentary stars who were inaccessible and regal in granting audiences invariably turned out to be false alarms.

There was, first of all, Louise Glaum, one of the old hip-and-chest queens, vamping till ready. Louise would not permit me to watch her act in front of the camera.

Then there was Constance Binney, once in musical comedies, momentarily featured by Paramount. She wasn't at home to the press. And Lya de Putti, the imported temptress, was brought on with too grand a flourish to last. Interpreters, chaperones, and coronets framed her in a trying background. Lya faded out of the picture even more rapidly than *la* Glaum.

Such genuine stars as the Gishes, Swanson, Garbo, Nazimova, Harold Lloyd, and Barthelmess have been easy to meet, unaffected, and, to be technical, foursquare as well as forthright.



Nita Naldi's boldness of repartee and baldness of metaphor make her unforgettable.

Jetta Goudal stands out as being most affected.



The most whimsical thing that happened to me in ten years of meeting stellar bodies in a purely innocuous way, as I recall it, dates back to one afternoon at the Ambassador Hotel four years ago.

The starlet, a shapely, vapid child of eighteen, was flanked by her mother, who in turn was flanked by ice, seltzer, and what would you like?

The comedy became quite apparent when the mother made studious efforts to befuddle your willing correspondent by copious application of the big, brown bottle. I felt like the conquering hero in a Drury Lane melodrama being doped for no good reason.

But everything turned out all right, a rather caustic report of the afternoon was published, and in due time I received a large, autographed portrait of the starlet, now just an actress, *thanking* me. For what, I have no idea.

Another interesting figure who has disappeared from public view is Mae Busch. The high light of that particular afternoon came when Lew Cody appeared at her apartment to escort her to dinner. There would have been nothing unusual in that had not Miss Busch been reading my account of the gentleman in the current PICTURE PLAY. As I recall it, Mr. Cody smiled his greetings, while Miss Busch took me to task.



Mr. Oettinger's interviews with Pola Negri aroused bitter controversy among the fans.

Nazimova came nearest to being a genius.





Julanne Johnston inspired cheers.

Photo by Manuel Freres



Another enthusiasm was Shirley O'Hara.

It was Marshall Neilan who left the impression of hair-trigger wit, Adolphe Menjou who lives in my memory as a waxworks grand duke chewing gum, Elsie Ferguson as the duchess who still loved the commoners, Pearl White as the spirit of Mrs. Buffalo Bill.

The best party encountered in ten years of honest endeavor was staged right in Hollywood by the local Queen Bess—Miss Meredyth, the scenarist, to you. She called it a broken-accent party. It was an indubitable success.

Maria Corda explained how jealous her husband was; Andres de Segurola did tricks with his monocle and recounted playing slapjack with the King of Spain; Lothar Mendes glowered at any one who took a second look at the luscious Mackaill, then Mrs. Mendes, now Miss Mackaill again; Michael Curtiz told interesting tales of how pictures are spooled in Germany; Emil Jannings beamed his "tanks" to those who were enthusiastic, as every one was, over his arrival in America; Kathleen Key looked Italian and fetching; Bess Meredyth managed the affair with finesse, aplomb, and tact. There were any number of others drifting in and out. It was the sort of Hollywood party one seeks and rarely finds.

In the course of these many years of star gazing I have fallen into the common weakness of telling fortunes, predicting constellations before they are actually hung from the film ceiling. As a prophet my work has been so-so.

First there was Jane Thomas. Then there was Estelle Taylor, up and coming in Fox melodramas. Next I cheered Julanne Johnston and Dorothy Sebastian. Helen Lee Worthing, one of the famous blondes of history, followed. And lastly there was Shirley O'Hara.

[Continued on page 109]

Their Lov

The humanness and sympathy of the stars can and affection extend to



Nick Grinde, right, the director, urges his four-footed friend to tell Raquel Torres that little joke the boys have been laughing over on location.





Nils Asther, above, is fond of animals in a big way, and one of his real pals is Leo, Jr., son of the Metro-Goldwyn lion, whose friendliness is real because he knows that Nils isn't a bit afraid of him.

Tom Tyler, below, the Western star, finds companionship in a baby Shetland pony.





Raquel Torres, left, seeks to read the secret of long life in the eyes of the turtle whose trust she has won, because if she hadn't won it he wouldn't look her in the face.

Colleen Moore, above, fondles a baby goat which shows a desire to escape her loving arms, proving that the animal doesn't know when he's well off.

ing Arms

always be counted on, for do not their friendliness
a wide variety of pets?







Marceline Day, above, wears overalls, not chiffon, when she seeks to forget the hard life of an actress in a visit to the pig stye.





Grant Withers, left, his dark hair bleached for reasons best known to his director, asks Nissa, a baby leopard, not to think the worst of him.

Dolores del Rio, upper left, finds a bear cub harmless as a kitten and as playful.

Louise Fazenda, center oval, brings her bashful pet right up to the camera, between laughs trying to tell him that no harm is intended.

Lupe Velez, right, *would* find a match for her fiery self in an ocelot, a member of the leopard family.

Are The Stars

Are the children of Hollywood's famous parents unknown to fame? A sympathetic of the modern child, answers this question well-known household in the cinema surprising

By Elza



Photo by Ball

One look at Brooks, son of Chester Morris, shows the sort of care he receives from his nonprofessional mother.

IT'S an age-old question—this matter of whether stars make good parents. It's been argued over through the years from the romantic days when actors were strolling players; when acting wasn't a highly paid profession, but the burning, living dream of the followers of Thespis, who answered the call to express their thoughts and feelings by eloquent word and dramatic gesture.

And it is just as pertinent a question in Hollywood to-day as it was in England and France and Spain three hundred years ago. The only difference between that period and now is a matter of working conditions.

Those little bands of strolling players had to accept life as it was. They were guided by inspiration, but they had to follow their winding roads like vagabonds. Respectable vagabonds, however. And their children, when they had any, were bundled along with them from stand to stand while the parents were working. Father, mother, babies—all had to manage as best they could.

In cool retrospect, they may be judged as having managed very well indeed, for those early players formed the roots and first branches of some of our most distinguished present-day theatrical families.

Contrasted strongly with the working and living conditions of that past era are those in Hollywood to-day. Film celebrities are financially able to place their children in the most beautiful and perfect environments, protected during their working days by well-trained nurses and governesses.

And because of the established home life and such comforts as first-class cooks, children's diets are administered with the greatest care and discrimination. As for education, and the development of any talents they possess, the sons and daughters of Hollywood's illustrious are given the best advantages that money and the love and devotion of parents can offer.

Yet, in spite of all this, children of the famed Hollywood stars have always been regarded by the outside world as a species unto themselves.

Even children of the enormously rich, or let us say politically prominent, are not regarded with the same degree of interest as the sons and daughters of parents whose talents and work keep on the screen.

How, then, are these children brought up? And who, in the first place, tends to that very big job? Are the children simply turned over to governesses the first seven years of their lives, and after that sent off to fancy boarding schools with only weekends at home?

Do they ever see their famous parents? Motion-picture stars and players lead extremely busy lives and their days have no beginning or end while working on a



Photo by Duncan

Barbara, three and a half years old, is the daughter of Monte Blue.

Good Parents?

folk better or worse off than those with observer, keenly alive to the problems in an investigation which covers every colony and brings to light many details as well.

Schallert

picture. What time is there for family get-togethers?

When the mothers or fathers come home after strenuous sessions at the studio, and the son or daughter greets them with the demand, "How do you spell Mesopotamia?"—what happens?

Does the mother burst into a temperamental tantrum and scream, "Leave me alone, please, child, I'm all worn out," and twenty minutes later appear dressed for a dinner or theater party? And does the father put the child off by patting him on the head with a comforting, "I'll tell you to-morrow, precious"?

When the stars take vacations, are the children left at home, "because they are so young and it would be selfish to subject them to the hardships of travel"? Or because the players themselves feel so tired that they must get away from family, home, work, everything, to get a complete rest and change of perspective?

I have known Hollywood parents and their children for many years. I have watched a number of the charming young lads and lassies of ten and twelve grow up from infancy. Still, when Irene Rich tells me that Frances is now a junior at Smith College, I am ready to swoon.

The lives of the film celebrities, despite the almost superhuman effort frequently put forth to keep them private, are more or less open books. They couldn't be otherwise, for obvious reasons. They should not be, by any right or precept.

Consequently their manner of living is generally well known, in so far as taste and discretion permit, as well as the parts they play in the life of the community.



Photo by Thomas

Ann Harding and Harry Bannister typify sane, intelligent parenthood in the rearing of little Jane.



Photo by Howlett

Ruth Nagel, Conrad's daughter, is now a young lady of nine.

And being aware of these facts, I can truthfully report that the players are individually and as a group more seriously interested in the full development of their children, and give more *personal* attention and thought to them than—I hate to admit it—a good percentage of the most representative families I know.

Educators and child psychologists are agreed on one thing—that the parents who spend the most time with their children are not necessarily the best, considering the child's growth and development as an individual. It's not *what* one does, but *how* one fulfills the duty.

The work of the stars necessarily limits the time they actually spend with their children. But I have seen demonstrated again and again how wisely and well that time is invested by film parents. It is time given to the children completely, without restriction. Time joyously spent. Time richly invested, the returns being youthful minds

stimulated to new ideas, youthful minds gaining impressions of mother and daddy as inspiring persons, human beings they adore to be with, whose ever-recurring theme song is not *"Don't, don't, don't!"*

Lucille Webster Gleason told me recently, in speaking of her son Russell, who is one of Pathé's most promising juveniles, "Often during the years that I spent on the stage, women friends of mine not engaged in work that took them out of their homes, expressed sympathy for Mr. Gleason and myself, because we had so little time with Russell.

"The stage, of course, does not offer the settled family life that pictures do, unless one plays the New York theaters exclusively. And sometimes I used to feel that my friends were right. It was just impossible to spend as much time with Russell as we wanted. But in comparing our lives as they have progressed so far, I feel great satisfaction with the results. Russell is closer to Mr. Gleason and myself than the sons of many of my friends who never were separated from their parents until they went to college.

"Our case is not the exception, by any means. I have seen that same loyalty and devotion demonstrated in hundreds of theatrical families. I think the temporary separation of actor parents from their children, whether for days or weeks, only tends to build the natural bond of love and sympathy into a great, insoluble thing.

"Russell was virtually reared by his grandmother, my mother, who had a permanent home in Oakland, California, where Mr. Gleason and his mother had a stock theater. When we were playing there, we naturally saw much of Russell, but, like other children, school took the better part of his days.

"But there is one thing we always did. From the time Russell was big enough to handle his own spoon: he had his meals with us when we were together. Almost from babyhood he has heard theater, stage business, play writing, acting discussed. Our conversations were never confined to him and his childhood interests. We all were naturally as much interested in them as our own careers, but we never let him come to the table and say his piece and then send him off to bed, just because the conversation was turning adult. As a consequence, it seems the most natural thing in the world that he should have taken up our profession. And we are happy, and proud of the results."

The grandmother influence has played a big part in the lives of many stage and screen stars. John Barrymore was virtually reared by his grandmother, Mrs. John Drew.

Blanche Sweet was reared by her grandmother—or maybe Blanche has played the rôle of mater to her. At any rate, they are a great, lovable team.

Jack Mulhall's son, Jack, Jr., is a tall young man ready to enter a military academy. He is fourteen years old, and has been virtually reared by his grandmother, who lives in Los Angeles, since his mother died ten years ago. The present Mrs. Mulhall is the second wife, and very devoted to Jackie.

Jack has great plans for his son. He will not try to influence his life in any way, except that he will insist upon a thorough education. I think he would like him to pursue medicine or law. He wants him to go to Stanford University. I have a secret hunch there is more than Jack's respect for the university in selecting it for his son. I think Jack likes to feel the boy will always be close to him. After all, Palo Alto is only a few hours by plane from Hollywood. But if Jackie should want to be an actor, why, fine and good. Only that may not be so likely, if one believes in early environmental influences. After all, the boy lives with his grandmother, where pictures and the stage are not the dominant note in the home.

Harold Lloyd and Mildred and I have often discussed the trend of environmental influence in the life of their own little girl, Gloria, who is now five.

Mildred has often remarked, "How can any child escape its home influences, no matter how strong its character?"

"Character is the thing you're born with," Harold adds, "but environment molds character and directs it. That's the way we've got to think nowadays, anyway, for the best interest of our children.

"I know there are plenty of us in this business to-day with lots of money, whose childhood and youth weren't spent thinking over the power of environment. But just the same, those who have been through the fire of character tests know that it isn't the thing to place any unnecessary obstacles in the way of children of this new generation. From generation to generation we get wiser, and if we have children, it's our duty to see that they have better advantages in life than we had. Else we're not good parents."



Photo by Duncan

One doesn't have to read this to know the star Dick Blue calls daddy, nor to decide whether this nine-months-old youngster will get all that's coming to him in life.

Certainly little Gloria Lloyd is surrounded as a fairy princess might be. She herself is the embodiment of grace and blond loveliness. And she is the idol of her famous parents.

Their magnificent twenty-acre estate, with private polo grounds, golf course, swimming pool, tennis court, and the great house with twenty-eight telephones and a switchboard operator, is Gloria's home. Every effort is made to keep her simple and unaffected. If she will grow up to be as her mother and father have remained, with all the millions of dollars and ensuing luxury, she will be one of the world's model children.

Mildred once said to me, "Do you know the two places that Harold and I like best?" I didn't. "Gloria's doll house and the elevator in our home. They're so cozy."

Continued on page 108

So Very Blue

That describes the malady of Lillian Roth, who illustrates five symptoms of modern jazz.





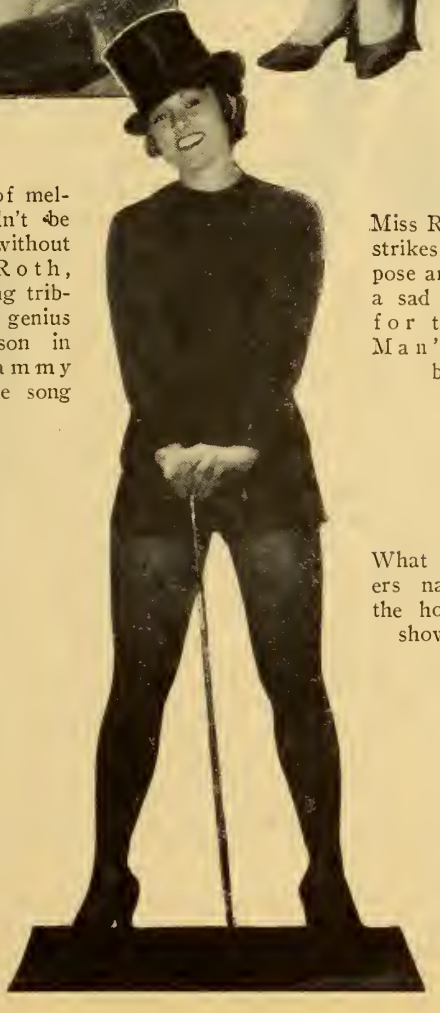


Miss Roth, above, shows the proper spirit in which to approach baby-talk blues *à la* Helen Kane.

This cycle of melody wouldn't be complete without Lillian Roth, above, paying tribute to the genius of Al Jolson in putting mammy blues on the song map.

Miss Roth, above, strikes a dejected pose and assumes a sad expression for the "My Man" type of blues.





Oh, very, very refined is Miss Roth, right, in her example of the crooning blues so popular at classy night clubs, where one listens to the tune of a five-dollar *couvert* charge, knowing all the while that one could hear just as good singing in the movies.

What jazz singers naïvely call the hot strut is shown, left.

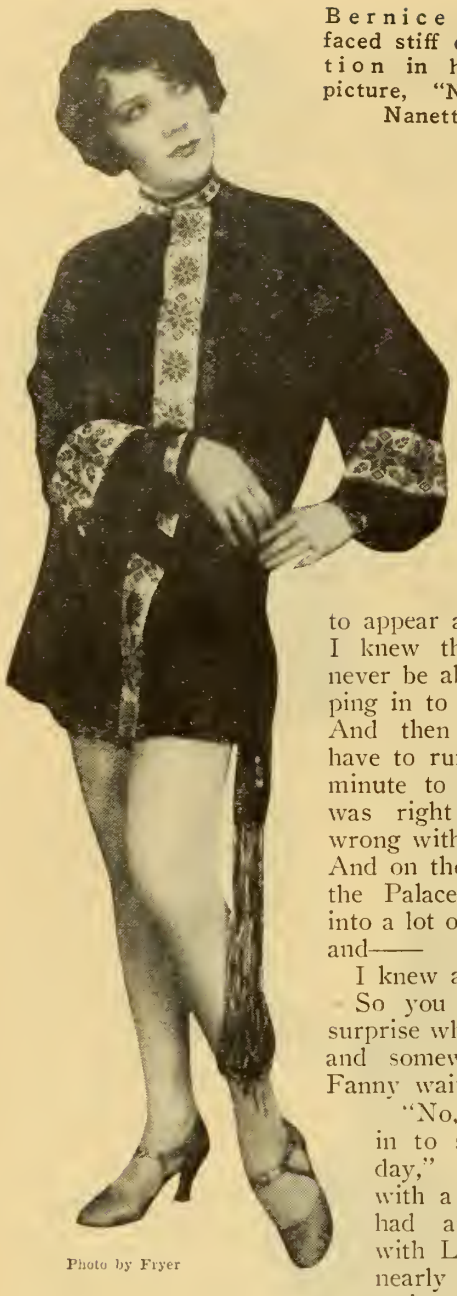


Photo by Fryer

Bernice Claire faced stiff competition in her first picture, "No, No, Nanette."

Over the

By The Bystander

FANNY the Fan had warned me that she would probably be late for tea, and I suspected that she would be all of that.

Estelle Taylor was billed to appear at the Palace, and I knew that Fanny would never be able to resist dropping in to see Estelle again. And then she would just have to run backstage for a minute to argue over what was right and what was wrong with the act that day. And on the way down from the Palace she would run into a lot of people she knew, and——

I knew all the excuses.

So you can imagine my surprise when I found a limp and somewhat chastened Fanny waiting for me.

"No, I didn't drop in to see Estelle to-day," she told me, with a noble air. "I had an engagement with Lillian Roth. I nearly broke my neck trying to keep it, only to find that it meant less than nothing to Lillian."

I waited, quietly, for a burst of rage.

"You know," Fanny went on reflectively, "she's the oddest person. You can't get mad at her any more than you could at a frolicsome puppy. She makes a flock of appointments for the same time, keeps everybody waiting, or just forgets engagements as she must have done to-day. Then instead of making up one of the usual excuses about a sudden call to the studio for retakes, or a sick friend, she candidly admits that she forgot. And you forgive her, vowing never to see her again. And when she asks what you are doing Saturday, or any other day, you switch all your plans around so as to have time free when she has. And when the time comes, she just isn't where she is supposed to be. Maybe it's carelessness. Maybe it's temperament. I don't care what it is, but I hope Paramount will give her a secretary, or an armed guard."

"What do you care," I asked, "if you're never going to see her again?"

"That's the weird part of it," Fanny admitted. "The girl must have magnetism, or personality, or whatever it is that makes people overlook her shortcomings. I still like her and I want to see her again.

"You know," she went on, "when I saw Lillian Roth, in 'The Love Parade,' I thought she put over her songs awfully well, but she looked to me just like a moderately good soubrette, and nothing more. She seemed mature, and stagy. But in person she is just a child. When she has had more experience in pictures, she will learn to capitalize her extreme youth. She will probably look like her own daughter, after she has made two or three more pictures. Everybody from the Gishes to Joan Bennett looked years older in their first pictures than they did in later ones.

"This Roth girl will learn all the tricks, or I miss my guess. Not that she gives the impression of being hard or shrewd, but she is tremendously alive. She is so thrilled over being in pictures, that she acts as if she were going to burst into loud cheers any minute. She's been on the stage ever since she was five years old, and she was in pictures over in Fort Lee before that. The life of a film player looked like a peaceful haven to her, after a few seasons on the road and in vaudeville.

"Her little sister Ann used to do an act with her in vaudeville, but the awkward years of fourteen to sixteen have kept her out of the limelight lately. The very first thing Lillian did when she came East for a vacation was to arrange a test for Ann at the Long Island studio. I saw them later that afternoon, and they were about as calm as sizzling bombs that were about to explode. One minute Lillian was composing headlines—'New Blues Singer a Sensation'—and the next she was wondering how she could console Ann if the test, like most tests, was just another piece of old film in the studio vaults.

"Lillian hung around a long time waiting to be 'discovered,' so she knows the feeling of suspense. When she worked in a Shubert revue, at the age of fourteen or so, picture scouts were always coming to see her, but nothing came of it. So when Mr. Lasky saw her in the New Amsterdam Roof show with Chevalier and offered



Photo by Bull

The Duncan sisters, Vivian and Rosetta, have been vacationing in New York.

Teacups

Fanny the Fan confides her many new prejudices, her few new enthusiasms, and comments pungently on the shifting panorama of Broadway.

her a contract, she thought, at first, it was just another false alarm.

"She has ambitions to be a dramatic star, so you can imagine how she felt when she found that her first rôle was that of a cross-eyed maid playing opposite a comedian! Later she got the rôle of *Huguette,* in 'The Vagabond King,' and she hopes that when that comes out she will be given more dramatic parts.

"Really, she is a most delightful young person. She looks at herself in the mirror and says, 'Isn't it wonderful that a funny face like this can get in the movies?' But I think she could have got by, even in silent films."

I looked at Fanny in amazement.

I, for one, am glad that Miss Roth didn't see her again. If she had, Fanny might have found out her whole family history, what she thought of love, and Rudy Vallée, and her specifications of an ideal man. The Roth monologue might have gone on for hours and hours.

All this talk of Lillian Roth reminded me of another Lillian, because she is so different. Lillian Gish, the tranquil and considerate. Lillian who is never late for an appointment, who is capable of heartfelt enthusiasm, but never of fluttering excitement. I wondered, aloud, just what she was doing.

"Oh, didn't you know?" Fanny gasped in surprise. "She arrived in town just the other day, and you should have seen her. She looks lovely. She has grown smarter, more alive looking. She has lost that air of being withdrawn from the world, and appears happy. Her mother's health is improved, and that does make a world of difference to Lillian. There were years, you know, when her mother's sufferings were so on her mind that every minute spent away from her made her panic-stricken.



Photo by Bulloch

Lillian Gish has ambitious plans to film something by Eugene O'Neill.

"Lillian hopes to make a picture of O'Neill's 'Strange Interlude.' I don't believe it can be done. Even if Will Hays were in favor of the idea, they would have their troubles when they came to compress the story into picture length. On the stage the show opened at five



Photo by Archer

Myrna Loy's contract was not renewed by Warner Brothers, much to everybody's surprise.

o'clock, the audience had time out for dinner, and then came back for eight or ten acts. I think it is far more likely that O'Neill will write a story especially for her. She may go to Europe to confer with him."

That's one thing I don't like about these United Artists stars. They make a picture, and then you have to wait months, sometimes years, for another one. I am all for keeping my favorites working steadily. Just an old slave-driver, that's what I am. Maybe that's one of the reasons why I like Joan Bennett. When United Artists don't keep her busy, she is lent to another company. Right in the midst of a vacation in New York, she got a wire from the Coast, and decided she would rather work than prolong her shopping tours and night-club excursions.

"She's going to play the lead in 'In Love With Love,' for Fox," Fanny informed me, always a hound for facts, right or wrong. "She ought to be charming in it. You know, I think there isn't any argument over who is better, Joan or her sister Constance. Unless Constance hurries along with some more pictures, she won't be in the running with Joan at all.

"Estelle Taylor may go back to the Coast soon to make pictures." I just knew that Fanny couldn't stay away from the subject of Estelle long. "She's found a vocal teacher here who just suits her, so she keeps postponing her departure from week to week. She



Estelle Taylor surprised vaudeville audiences with her new singing act.

won't take any vaudeville bookings farther than the suburbs, because she won't allow anything to interfere with her lessons.

"I was amazed when I heard her sing. Apparently the rest of the audience was, too. When I saw her billed at the Palace, I rather expected to find her in a heavy, dramatic act—something built up around an exotic personality. Instead of that, she sings through the whole act—and sings awfully well. She has a friendly, informal air toward the audience that is most ingratiating. And she should be awarded a prize of some sort for her costumes."

I didn't have a chance to interrupt and ask whether the prize should be for the lowest-cut back, or the tightest-fitting front, those being my chief impressions of the Taylor costumes. But then I am not an habitué of vaudeville theaters, so I don't know what is unusual.

"Almost every one who goes into vaudeville does wear something startling. All the striking colors—canary-yellow, flame, that poisonous light-green and electric-blue are the stand-bys, with décolleté black-velvet splashed with rhinestones a runner-up in popularity. So you can imagine what a relief it is when Estelle wanders out wearing a soft coffee-colored taffeta, trimmed in cream-colored lace. She wears a lovely raspberry-hued chiffon at some performances, and black at others.

"I thought her costumes most effective, but Estelle said everybody didn't agree with me. Jane Winton, for instance. Jane couldn't imagine any one wearing brown on a vaudeville stage. Just for that, I'll get Estelle to go with me when Jane makes her vaudeville début. And if she comes out in pale-blue tulle *bouffant,* with garlands of pink rosebuds, I shall scream. I think I shall scream anyway, just because she disagreed with me.

"The Duncan sisters were in the audience one afternoon. Estelle was so surprised to see them in New York, she almost stopped in the middle of a song, and Vivian got so nervous she all but collapsed. Secondhand stage fright is a curse. I know. I have it every time a friend of mine comes out on the stage, until I am sure she knows what she is doing."

"And the Duncans?" I inquired.

"Oh, they've gone back to the Coast, already. They are scheduled to make more pictures for Metro-Goldwyn. I thought their first one was only so-so. They looked a bit jaded. I am always a little suspicious when a picture opens in towns around New York, before it hits Broadway. Usually, the companies figure on cashing in before the New York reviewers get in their deadly work, if a picture isn't very good. If they think it is good, they open in New York first, and benefit by the newspaper raves.

"Well, the Duncan sisters' picture opened in Stamford, Connecticut, as 'Glorifying the American Girl' did. And neither was worth the trip.

"And that reminds me, you'll have to help me. This is the season of the year when statisticians ask a lot of people to list the best pictures of the previous year, the best performances, and all that. A girl in New Orleans wrote me the most charming letter asking me to list the stars who could always be depended upon to make entertaining pictures. She has to economize, and doesn't want to take chances on any newcomers, unless their pictures are knock-outs."

"Tell her she can *always* depend on Gloria Swanson, Greta Garbo, and Ronald Colman," I suggested.

"Yes? And who else?"

I looked blank.

"You're no better at it than I am," she wailed. "I tried to list the ten best pictures of last year. I put down 'Hallelujah' and 'The Lady Lies,' and then I just couldn't go on.

"If they asked for the ten worst, it would be so much easier. There are 'Honky Tonk,' 'Is Everybody Happy?' and 'The Minstrel Man'—or whatever that film of Eddie Leonard's was called—'Broadway,' and Texas Guinan's 'Queen of the Night Clubs.' I could get along nicely without any more pictures featuring Irene Bordoni, Dolores del Rio, or Rudy Vallée. And that reminds me——"



Lillian Roth in person is a mere child who can't remember her engagements.

At mention of Vallée, Fanny's eyes lighted with enthusiasm. But not that old, admiring enthusiasm of a few months ago, when he was an orchestra leader modestly dodging the spotlight.

"Few people can agree on whether Rudy Vallée made himself ridiculous

by his acting in 'The Vagabond Lover,' or Agnes O'Laughlin made him ridiculous by her breach of promise suit. Just let her break down and tell all to the reporters again about his love-making, and many a picture of him will be turned to the wall. Happiness has been restored to many a home since young wives lost their illusions about him. But out of the whole fiasco I think the booking agents had the most fun. He is appearing on the same bill with a picture called 'The Laughing Lady.'"

"But who will be the national idol now?" I inquired. Not that it would ever swerve me from my devotion to William Powell and 'Skeets' Gallagher.

"I can't see any likely candidate except Graham McNamee, the reporter in Universal's talking news reels," Fanny admitted, after some reflection. "Just an ordinary picture star won't do; they don't appear often enough. It has to be some one in shorts, or prominent enough in public life to be caught by the news reels frequently. But I will be loyal to his cause only so long as he doesn't give out any interviews about his ideal girl, or what he has learned about women."

Fanny takes a high-handed attitude toward public confessions, but I notice that she always reads them avidly.

"Bernice Claire had a tough break in her first picture, 'No, No, Nanette,'" she observed in that casual tone which bespoke indifference to the young woman's destiny. "Imagine competing with Louise Fazenda and Zasu Pitts in one's first picture! Or in any picture. And then to have Lilyan Tashman present just to make it a little harder! It would take more than a mildly pretty face and a sweet voice to be noticed with those girls present. Zasu's voice delights me. I waited through scene after scene in 'No, No, Nanette,' for her to come back."



Photo by Brown

Jane Winton, now rehearsing for vaudeville, expresses an opinion about costumes.

"Why don't they give her bigger rôles?" I asked.

"Don't look at me as though I knew the answer to that, or any other policy of film producers. Every time I get a letter from Hollywood, and every time I pick up a newspaper, I am knocked speechless by something the producers have done."

Hardly speechless, but we will let her cherish that belief.

"I simply can't believe it, but apparently it is true that Warner Brothers have let Myrna Loy go. She had such promise! Lots of people have been simply stunned when their contracts weren't renewed, only to find that they got better parts and more money free-lancing. Maybe Myrna will be one of the lucky ones.



Photo by Ball

Alma Rubens has completely recovered and will soon come back to the screen.

"Evidently Corinne Griffith isn't particularly happy under Warner Brothers' management of First National. Instead of making two more pictures, as her contract calls for, she has induced them to release her after making one more. When she finishes that, she plans to go to Europe. She wants to spend several months in vocal training. And then there's the house she bought in France. She hasn't had any chance to enjoy that.

"The best news that has come out of Hollywood in a long time is word that Alma Rubens has been discharged from the hospital, entirely cured. She plans to rest on her mother's ranch for a while, but as soon as she feels that she is ready to come back to work, one of the biggest producers is ready to feature her in a picture. Alma's old friends are just waiting to rally round her and prove that her misfortunes haven't alienated them. And a theatrical manager, who wanted Alma to go on the stage years ago, is just as anxious to present her now. I wonder if she knows how many good friends she has?"

Gone was Fanny's hardness, gone her flippancy. It was some time before I could rouse her to any interest in the passing show of Broadway.

"Yes," she answered finally, "a lot of things are happening. Sally O'Neil is here with her sister Molly, trying to get her a job in musical comedy. When Molly's all set, Sally will go back to the Coast. She can always work in pictures.

[Continued on page 109]

Down Through

Always there have been Helens of every race and
jan's beauty than these



Helen Ferguson, above, though rarely appearing on the screen nowadays, holds the loyalty of myriad fans because of her beauty of character.



Helen Kane, above, the baby-talk star, says that Helen of Troy probably knew how susceptible men are to "boop-boop-a-doop" in any language.

Helen Chandler, right, is a newcomer in pictures from the stage, where she played *Ophelia* in modern dress.





Helen Kaiser, left, also from the stage, made her screen début in "Rio Rita"

Helene Chadwick, right, returns to the screen in "Men Are Like That."



The Ages

clime, but none with more of the immortal Tro-American girls of the films.



Helen Foster's fragile beauty, above, is becoming well known to fans.

Helen Fairweather, below, has hair that recalls the Trojan Helen's golden curls.



Helene Costello, above, though called by the French equivalent of the immortal name, should not be left out of this group of Helens because of an extra "e."



Helen Lynch, below, though making a name for herself with hard-boiled portrayals, is beautiful in real life.



Helen Twelvetrees, above, captivates by girlish charm rather than the statuesque lure of some other Helens.





Jetta Goudal makes her eagerly awaited talkie début in "China Lady," with John Davidson.

Hollywood High Lights

By Edwin and Elza Schallert

Recording and reproducing the news and gossip of the motion-picture colony.

CRASH goes another movie home! Billie Dove admits she is separated from her husband, Irvin Willat, the director. Reconciliation is talked, but you know how rumored reunitings usually work out. They *don't*. Not one in fifty, when two film persons have reached the dividing paths.

Billie is sensationally successful. Her husband has not fared so favorably for a few years. The old teeter-totter of careers, no doubt, has been working again.

The troubles were ascribed to incompatibility—a word that covers the drifting-apart process of so many stars' domestic lives.

Billie and Irvin have been married longer than a majority of screen couples, for they would be celebrating their seventh wedding anniversary this year, had they remained together.

There were no charges and there will be no recriminations, Billie declared. Her friends say that she waited until her husband had gone to New York to direct a film, before announcing the breach between them, out of consideration for his feelings.

Whether or not this is so, the divorce, when there is one, as there doubtless will be, promises to have the conventionally quiet aspect.

More and More Freedom.

Records for the past year disclose many matrimonial disagreements disposed of in the courts, to wit: Elinor Fair and William Boyd; Lloyd Hamilton and Irene Dalton; Lowell Sherman and Pauline Garon; Marshall Neilan and Blanche Sweet; Jeanette Loff, Lewis Stone, Ethlyn Clair, Jean Arthur, marriage annulled, Marjorie Bonner, Viola Dana, Gladys McConnell, Rex Lease, Norman Kerry, Wheeler Oakman, Ella Hall, Charlotte Merriam, and Roscoe Arbuckle.

Of this group, Sherman is soon to wed Helene Costello. And what do you suppose Pauline Garon did? She sent a telegram of congratulation to the bride-to-be. This is brand-new evidence of social grace in the "land of the freed."

Yes, "Snookums" is growing so fast that pretty soon he'll insist on being called Mr. Sunny McKeen.



Under Argentina's Spell.

Trust a *personality* to dazzle Hollywood! At intervals the film colony goes into ecstasies over some new singer or dancer who makes the long trip to the Coast.

The newest talk and toast of the town is *La* Argentina, interpreter of Spanish moods *à la* Terpsichore. She has rivaled the success of Racquel Meller, who is also from the same European clime, and who won overwhelming success a few seasons ago.

Dolores del Rio entertained for *La* Argentina, and the party drew an exceptional list of guests. Included were Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, Ramon Novarro, Joseph and Elise Bartlett Schildkraut, Charles Farrell and Virginia Valli,

Buddy Rogers and Claire Windsor, Edmund Lowe and Lilyan Tashman, Marion Davies, Laura La Plante, Lila Lee, Julanne Johnston, George Bancroft, George Fitzmaurice and Diana Kane, Andres de Segurola, Don Alvarado, and various others.

The high light of the evening was when Miss Pickford and Novarro danced a tango together, and Ramon subsequently serenaded the star in troubadour fashion with Spanish songs.

The parties given by Dolores are among the most interesting and distinctive by far in the colony. Her Spanish home reflects an elegant and appropriate atmosphere as the setting for her personality, and she herself is a most attractive and gracious hostess. She always brings together, too, the people who are congenial and whom she likes, which is a gift rare in the picture world.

La Argentina graced her party very quietly, conversing mostly with the Spanish-speaking group of stars who were present. She knows comparatively little English. However, she gave the information that she would be pleased to appear in a picture, but feared she might find taking direction difficult, with her very individual type of dancing. Several producers, it is reported, offered her opportunities to work in current film revues, but as one of them suggested teaming her up with a buck-and-wing dancer, the outlook was slightly discouraging.

And that, by the way, reminds us that the strange manner in which Beatrice Lillie's talents were handled in "The Show of Shows" is likely to frighten most celebrated stars of the stage away from movie revues for the time being. Beatrice Lillie, as a mere member of a quartet including Frank Fay, Lloyd Hamilton, and Louise Fazenda, must conjure grotesque impressions of all those who happen to know her outstanding work as a solo artist in the footlight realm.



Photo by Mitchell

Grace Barrie, a hit in vaudeville as the youngest blues singer, is all ready to make her bow to the fans.

The Acme of Simplicity.

On the night of *La* Argentina's recital, many celebrities from the stage and film worlds were in attendance to pay glowing tribute to the dancer's artistry. The audience was a socially and professionally brilliant one, and sables and ermine and diamonds were the rule, rather than the exception.

Greta Garbo, however, in characteristic fashion, did not disappoint the eager, curious group of persons who hovered close to her during the intermission in the foyer of the auditorium determined, one way or another, to catch a personal close-up of the fascinating Swedish presence.

Miss Garbo seems to sense that by dressing in direct contrast to other film celebrities she will attract a goodly portion of interest to herself. And on this occasion, as on all others, she appeared in a sports dress and coat, looking almost chaste in her extreme simplicity, and at the same time confidently defiant of accepted conventions.

A very prominent and influential dowager caused quite a flutter in the foyer by expressing that she felt that Garbo was getting *terribly snobbish* by so persistently adhering to her characteristic mode of the sports ensemble.

Who knows? Maybe the dowager was right. Because snobbishness manifests itself in many ways and forms, and does not necessarily mean being high-hat.

More Feminine Invaders.

The foreigners still win their way in the land. Indeed they are doing better.

Recent importations include a Viennese miss, named Lotti Loder, and the two Sisters "G."

The latter are quaint types. They have extravagantly glistening black hair. They speak no English. They are under contract to Universal, appearing in the Paul Whiteman revue. It was funny when they were introduced to us, not as the Sisters G, but as the Sisters Gay, which is the German way of pronouncing the letter. Maybe it's appropriate, but they seemed to us rather wistful and lost the evening we saw them at a private preview of "Hell's Heroes."

Miss Loder is being put through the transforming process that all European players go through when they arrive in Hollywood. She was being fitted for gowns, and taken to the hairdresser, under the chaperonage of Virginia Fox, when we first encountered her. Miss Fox, who used to be on the screen, is now the wife of the producer, Darryl Zanuck, who "discovered" Miss Loder.

The Viennese girl looked distinctive enough, with the yellow beret she was wearing, to attract all manner of attention at the Brown Derby, one of filmdom's favorite luncheon places. She amused us recently when she asked for a rubber band to put around a package, and said, innocently, "Please give me some gum to tie this up with."

Home to Old England.

Dorothy Mackaill is going back to England. She has a six-year-old sister there whom she has never seen. "It's been all of eight years since I was back to my home there," she told us, "and I can't tell you how glad I will be to return. It's been absolutely impossible for me to plan the trip most of the time—first, because I didn't

dare leave my career here, and later on, because my career wouldn't leave me."

The trip is made possible by the fact that Miss Mackaill's contract with First National is expiring.

Music at Midnight.

There are social affairs and social affairs in filmland, but those sponsored by Basil Rathbone and his wife, Ouida Bergère, seem to top the list by waxing magical and effervescent around the midnight hour.

We were fascinated at the entertainment which informally budded and blossomed at that witching time under their sponsorship recently, for it included Elsie Janis as a stellar personality. Deplorably enough, Miss Janis had just a brief chance to start her part of the show, when Ramon Novarro entered after a late session of work at the studio. But what Elsie did vouchsafe was distinctive enough.

Edmund Goulding rather stole the honors of the evening, though, by his impersonations of Chaliapin singing "The Volga Boatman." Goulding is the chap who wrote and directed Gloria Swanson's hit, "The Trespasser."

Catherine Dale Owen was also there, and seemed to achieve rapturous admiration from various people—particularly, however, Ivan Lebedeff. She is one of the real beauties of the colony.

Honest Abe Arrives.

Abraham Lincoln is chosen, and not only chosen, but signed, sealed, and delivered into the grateful and doubtless waiting arms of D. W. Griffith. Walter Huston is the man. There have been rumors at various times that he would not be selected after all, but he was.

Forty-five men tried out for the rôle in competition with Huston, and most interesting is the fact that two women were in the contest, too. One of them made up surprisingly well with a beard and a small wart on her right cheek.

Casting and starting of the Lincoln production was somewhat delayed, owing to illness that kept Griffith at home for a couple of weeks.

Faithful to Old Stars.

Talkies or no talkies, the fans still like their Clara Bow and Lon Chaney. They *must*, because in a recent check-up, the theater owners report these two to be the most popular stars of 1929.

The theater owners' views are considered a cross-section of small-town popular opinion, and were procured by the *Exhibitors' Herald*, a film trade journal.

Clara headed the list for the women and Chaney for the men. Ranking close to the top among the women were Colleen Moore, Nancy Carroll, Joan Crawford, Greta Garbo, Bebe Daniels, Alice White, Laura La Plante, Norma Shearer, Billie Dove, Dolores del Rio, Mary Pickford, Marion Davies, Betty Compson, and Janet Gaynor.

Leaders among the men were William Haines, Hoot Gibson, Buddy Rogers, Richard Barthelmess, Ken Maynard, Tom Mix, Richard Dix, Ramon Novarro, Al Jolson, George Bancroft, Jack Holt, Gary Cooper, Milton Sills, John Gilbert, William Boyd, Douglas Fairbanks, and Harold Lloyd.



Cliff Edwards, who knows how to bring down the big laughs, is on a hunt for some little ones.

What Hollywood Approves.

The stars most talked about in Hollywood at the moment are Lawrence Tibbett, in "The Rogue Song," and Greta Garbo, in "Anna Christie." Tibbett is hailed as a conqueror. Miss Garbo's victory is somewhat diminished by the circumstance that she had an exceptionally good story in contrast to Tibbett's.

Hollywood is really not infatuated with any star as a star these days. The colony is accepting personalities as they come forth in the talkies, according to their suitability to this medium, but does not appear to be idealizing any celebrities. There are simply too many people in the field to-day to permit this idealization, and the fans are also becoming aware of this condition.

Along with Tibbett, Maurice Chevalier has scored a large personal hit in "The Love Parade."

"Just Call Me Buh!"

How do you pronounce it?

Everybody is asking that regarding the name of Buddy Rogers' brother.

The spelling of the name is "Bh," and it is formed of the initials of the twenty-year-old youth's father.

Investigation discloses that "Bh" is pronounced "Buh," and it sounds as if one is trying to imitate a pooch giving a half-hearted bark, or as if he were trying to frighten some one with a suppressed "booh."

Buddy Rogers' father, mother, and his brother, who have heretofore lived in Olathe, Kansas, are now established permanently at his home in Hollywood, except that the younger brother has gone back to the University of Kansas for a term. There is still another member of the family, a Mrs. Jerry Binford, who lives in Indiana.

Ronald Wins a Blonde.

Ronald Colman has a new leading woman. Her name is Frances Dade, and she is to be seen with him in "Raffles."

She is a genteel-looking little blonde, and is a real admirer of the star opposite whom she plays.

Samuel Goldwyn, who is ever discovery bent, has her under a five-year contract. All Hollywood is incidentally awaiting the arrival of Goldwyn's other notable discovery, Evelyn Laye, the revue star from England.

An Irish Survival.

Maureen O'Sullivan and Tommy Clifford are staying right on. Maureen and Tommy are the Irish lass and lad brought to this country for John McCormack's first singing picture, and they are now taking leading parts in the Fox "Movietone Follies."

This is a much more favorable fate than usually rewards screen newcomers from foreign lands. As a rule, even the experienced European stars have a hard time keeping a toe-hold in the films, and the new finds are generally shipped back on the first boat after they finish their initial picture venture.

Two Leatrices United.

Leatrice Joy simply can't remain away from Leatrice II during any festive season. For that reason the Christmas holidays found the starry-eyed Leatrice at home on leave of

absence from her vaudevilling. She had to return almost immediately, but she was much pleased that the rather short respite leading to the happy domestic reunion was granted her.

We saw Leatrice during her vacation and she looked as attractive and interesting as always, but for some reason the talkies have been scarcely any kinder to her than were the silents. We believe, though, that with the proper opportunity she will renew her success. Her popularity in vaudeville would indicate it.

Another favored star of the silents essaying the song-and-dance stage is Madge Bellamy, who is touring the Publix circuit. The fact that Madge had had stage experience before coming into the movies seemed to help not at all to further her career on the audible screen, but then Hollywood is readily forgetful of anything that is not happening in the present.

Still another stage adventure to chronicle—Ben Lyon's. He is a big hit in a revival of "The Boomerang" in the Duffy theaters. Ben, too, it seems, felt the need of reëstablishing his voice. In his case this was partly due to his long submergence in that perpetual epic, "Hell's Angels."

French? *Mais Oui!*

Who says the movies are not growing more and more Frenchy?

Take note of these names from the cast of "All Quiet on the Western Front"—Renée Damonde and Poupée Andriot.

With Yola d'Avril, they compose a *"parlez-vous"* trio who entice the soldiers impersonated by Lewis Ayres, Louis Wolheim, and Scott Kolk. Miss d'Avril is, of course, the inamorata of Ayres, the leading man.

Miss d'Avril is, by the way, now called the *Portia* of Hollywood. She defended her brother when he was brought into court for carrying a concealed weapon and, so earnest and effective was her plea that his ninety-day sentence was suspended.

New Style in Bangles.

A ring in the nose is worth ten on the finger!

Important discovery this, and it was made when Mutia and Riano, two natives of wildest Africa, arrived in filmland to play in "Trader Horn." They attracted more attention than the most bejeweled luminary of the movies might in a trek down the Boulevard.

Mutia wore the jewelry. It wasn't nasal, as it happened, but aural. He had a padlock in one ear, and a large block of wood in the other. Riano was also similarly, though not quite so elaborately, adorned.

These natives were agreeable to everything in America except the shoes. They found them tight and cumbersome.

When Polly Moran perceived the padlock in Mutia's ear she whispered to Director W. S. van Dyke, "Ah, speakeasy!"

Minter Affairs Prominent.

That Mary Miles Minter and her mother are still estranged after the lapse of several years was one of the incidental matters brought to light in the recent revival of the investigation into the William Desmond Taylor murder mystery.

A very great to-do took place over the renewal of the probe into a tragedy of eight years ago. In the course of the hubbub, Miss Minter's mother, Mrs. Charlotte Shelby, demanded to have her name freed of any connection with the affair. She mentioned that she had been the target for many rumors and innuendoes, and asked to be exonerated.

Mary, for her part, declined to discuss the subject, and declared that she was not interested in her mother's assertions.

Mary has been living in Los Angeles for some time, but her mother has only recently returned from a trip to Europe.

This new investigation is believed to have had a political origin, and it seems to have run its course already.

Those Golden Calves.

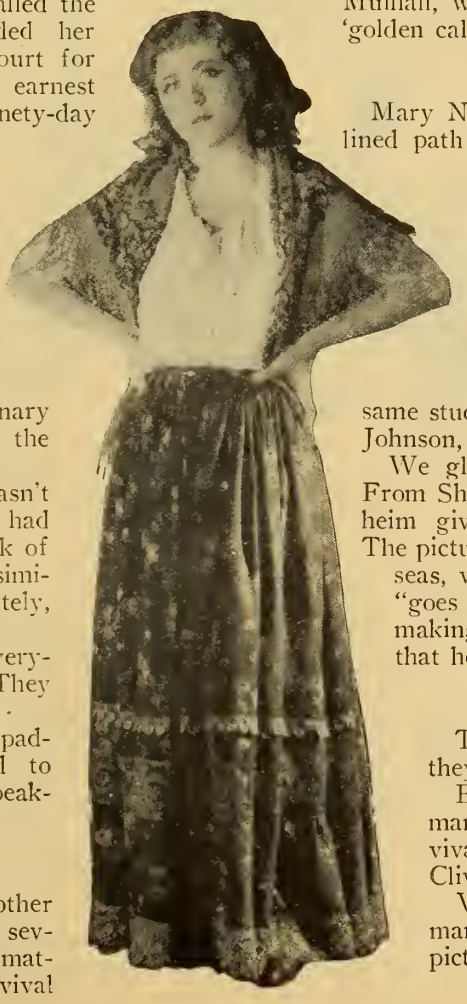
Dancing girls, and yet more dancing girls! Will the studios ever have enough?

It must mean opportunities for talented young beauties, though the aspirants to twinkle-toe fame appear far more numerous than the jobs.

At all events, Fox recently added forty to their total of sixty for the production of "The Golden Calf." Among them were—now get these names!—Bo Peep Marlin, Marbeth Wright, Vee Maules, Gwen Keats, Ruth Thais, and Consuelo de Los Angeles. How patriotic!

Outstanding specifications were that the girls should have their ankles measuring seven and a quarter inches in circumference, their feet nine inches long, and their calves thirteen inches around.

"So is that what they mean," exclaimed Jack Mulhall, who is appearing in the film, "by the 'golden calf'?"



Everything is possible to Ruth Chatterton, even this make-up for "Sarah and Son."

Mary Nolan Advances.

Mary Nolan goes merrily along on the rose-lined path of success. She has signed a new agreement with Universal at a reported salary of $1,000 a week, and several interesting pictures are scheduled for her, among them the novel "Sincerity."

She is soon to be seen in "Undertow" and "What Men Want."

Good things are also heard these days of Merna Kennedy, at the same studio, and also very particularly of Kay Johnson, at M.-G.-M.

We glimpsed Miss Johnson in "The Ship From Shanghai," in which she and Louis Wolheim give most distinguished performances. The picture is a roaring melodrama of the high seas, with Wolheim playing a steward who "goes wild." Miss Johnson succeeds in making him even wilder—so wild, indeed, that he finally jumps overboard.

Erich Still Histrionic.

They may not permit him to direct, but they're glad to have him act!

Erich von Stroheim is playing the German spy in "Three Faces East," a revival of the famous war story in which Clive Brook and Jetta Goudal won fame.

Von Stroheim's vicissitudes have been many in the past few years. The last picture he was engaged to produce was

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On With The Dance!

There's no excuse ever to let things drag at your party, for the stars themselves show how to have fun on every occasion, from formal dinners to sending baskets to departing friends, by playing practical jokes that any clever boy or girl can imitate.

By James Roy Fuller

Illustrated by Lui Trugo

PERHAPS you are the perfect hostess in your little circle. Even so, after a dozen parties the cutest parlor tricks become stale. The old, reliable ice-breakers just curl up and quit. Then your reputation totters and you whoop things up or face a social decline.

Maybe you have only a yen to be the life of after-the-movie parties, or birthday dinners, or office picnics, and now sadly realize that playing the piano by ear, or quoting wise men on every subject—and no subject at all—are slippery and uncertain paths to social glory.

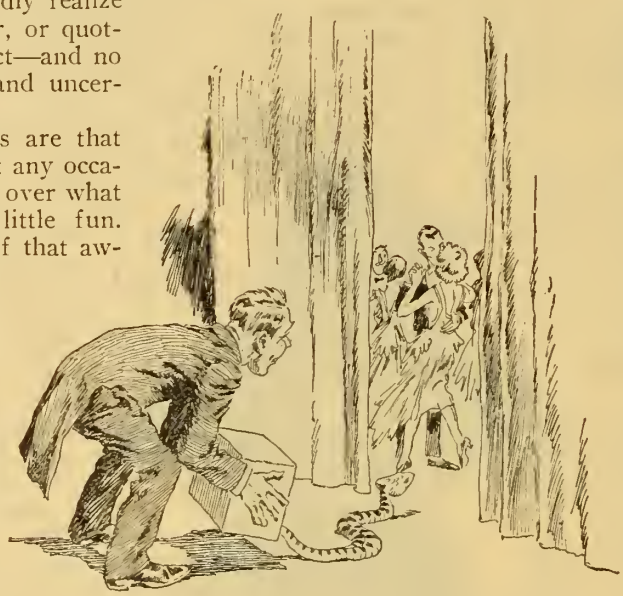
In either case, the chances are that you will eventually, on almost any occasion, find yourself all aflutter over what should be done to have a little fun. No doubt you live in dread of that awful, often-pictured evening when your friends will sit around twiddling thumbs and wondering when the heck the fun starts. Every blessed idea you offer is given the razzberry, and the gang threatens to toss you out the window, because you can't play a handsaw or anything.

Cheer up, toss such fears to the wind, and get a good night's sleep

A happy solution to these crises has come out of Hollywood. Not in a breath-taking broadside, but casually, kindly, item after item has been chronicled by PICTURE PLAY'S all-star cast showing how the better sort of movie stars have their own little fun, and at the same time throw a mantle of camaraderie all over the place.

These items have been collected, dusted off, and blended into a soothing potion that will give almost instant relief to all the ills the hostess and personality boys are heir to. It is guaranteed to cure such parlor chills as icy correctness, clinic-report monologues and ingrown pouts, if taken as directed.

The stars set things humming with practical jokes. Just borrow half a dozen assorted tricks that have been tried out by and on the élite of movieland, and just look at yourself after six easy rehearsals. Even your best friends will be bowled over with envy and astonishment.



If it's the life of the party you want to be, there's nothing more helpful than a little touch of black art, like Harry Green's.

Suppose you are about to entertain at dinner, for the first time, the parents and a couple of elderly aunts of your newly-wed Oswald. Now Ossie's folks are all right, of course, but they are afflicted with an uncomfortably serious outlook upon dinner-table procedure—any procedure, in fact—and when they look you over with that earnest gaze of old ladies who steer their own electric runabouts, and ask questions in public meetings, something must be done.

Get an insulter. This charming Hollywood custom will save the day and make you a hostess they'll never forget. The happy calling of insulting at parties, as practiced in Hollywood, may be picked up by amateurs with remarkable ease. In your case, one of Ossie's old rivals doubtless will be pleased to serve.

At least two former actors were, at the time of the last casualty report from the Western front, making a living at the trade. It seems the insulter attends a dinner party in a waiter's garb, and when the guests are seated, he begins making decidedly inapropos but searching remarks about some of them, or to them. This makes the guests not in on the secret squirm and redden, to the delight of the others. The insulter runs, perhaps, to one of the leading lights in filmdom, and informs him that he is using the wrong fork, or swinging his soup spoon the wrong way, or eating too much, or perhaps reprimands him for his conduct with a lady diner. Once in a while he drops a tray of dishes with delightful effect, especially if it occurs in the middle of a speech.

This is decidedly disconcerting, especially if the calling-down happens to be on a point of etiquette.

After a while the joke is disclosed and the victims have a big, hearty laugh at their own expense.

Try this on the folks. It should go over big and pave the way for years of close friendship.

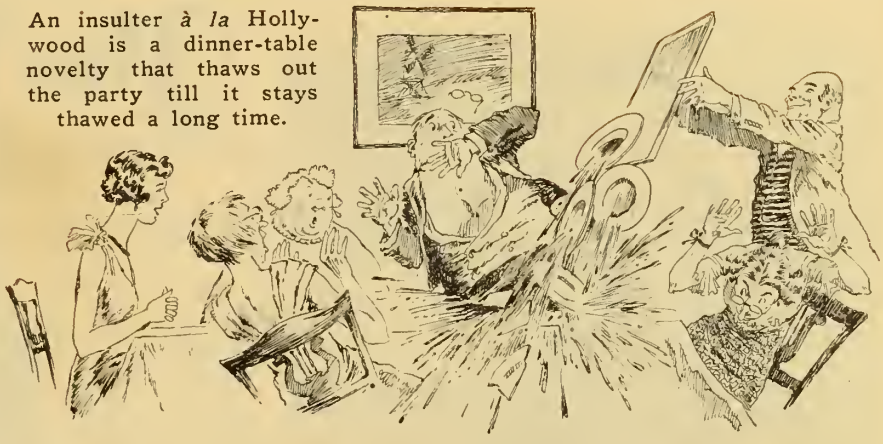
Do you have trouble pleasing some of your guests? Well, who doesn't? you ask.

What to do for the person determined not to be

entertained has floored many a host and hostess, but not a certain dialogue writer. Elise Schildkraut, who happens to live in the apartment above the writer's, brought her dinner guests, including Jetta Goudal, down to a party at his home one night. The host exerted himself in the most approved Emily Post manner to please the newcomers.

Jetta, as usual, was quite aloof. No, she didn't care for a drink; she didn't care for cigarettes; she didn't want to play bridge; she didn't want to play or watch a game of Guggenheim thriving in one corner. She scorned his offer of salted nuts, candy, and radio music. Finally, in a distracted manner, he asked if he could fry her an egg. Jetta indignantly called a taxi and went home.

An insulter *à la* Hollywood is a dinner-table novelty that thaws out the party till it stays thawed a long time.



After that, any guest who declined whatever the host offered was hailed with "Fry yourself an egg!"

What did I tell you? Two situations are cleared up already.

Now we jump from intimate home surroundings to public dining halls. The little joking instinct can run full speed there, contrary to manners-and-looks notes on the woman's page. What's done in Hollywood by the better sort of stars is surely good enough for us.

"Whoops and shrieks came from a table in Montmartre," reported The Bystander. "'What on earth are they doing?' I asked, as Billie Dove got up, and with a low bow, presented Tom Mix with a bag full of toys.

"'Oh, this is a crisis in the life of the Bachelor's Club,' Fanny explained. 'It's really quite serious. You know the Bachelors eat here every day. They have the same table, and it is a social blunder to try to sit with them. Tom Mix is president, and is supposed to uphold the traditions of the club. But a crowd of girls decided that the men had had things their way long enough.

"'Tom is going away with a circus, and of course every one wanted to give him a farewell party, but Billie Dove won. She is giving the luncheon to-day. She and Gwen Lee and Agnes Christine Johnston got here early and grabbed their Bachelors' table. The men, disgruntled, sent all their luncheon checks over to Tom a few minutes ago.'"

Snappy doings, eh, what? And you never would have guessed the catch in it, starting out with a bag of toys, as it does. But I hope you get the idea. It's so delightfully informal and sets a gay example that would be just swell to try out on the drug-store gang after a Lon Chaney film.

Balloons that squawk as they die down offer grand sport to juveniles, this game being the contribution of our own light-footed David Rollins.



Clever repartee is quite indispensable for your so-called chummy gatherings and evenings at bridge. Without a fair proficiency in this fine art you are sunk. But there is no longer any excuse for mere wisecracks. The following item, seriously reported from Hollywood, will be your inspiration and your guide—and Allah be with your friends.

"The most diverting guest at a party given by Zoe Akins, the playwright, for Ina Claire and John Gilbert was Harry Green. Green is a wizard at card tricks, can read palms, answer cryptic questions, play the piano, cure lumbago, and set misplaced collar bones, all of which he demonstrated.

"At Miss Akins' request, he baffled guests by turning up the deuce of spades, or the ace of hearts, in any manner and whenever they were requested. He also extracted numerous kings and queens and tens from trousers pockets that were apparently empty.

"'Watch me closely and I will bring out the jack of clubs for you,' he announced to the eager throng gathered around him at one crucial moment.

"'Wonderful,' exclaimed Basil Rathbone, who had crouched beside him during the proceedings. 'I was right in his pocket when he did it.'

"'Ah,' reparteed Gilbert, 'then *you* were the jack of clubs, weren't you?'

"'Yes,' replied Rathbone, 'but you are still the ace of hearts.'

"'Well, be careful!' quickly responded Jack. 'Don't try to trump me!'"

Now let's consider for a moment the business of having fun around the office, just to show the boss that you're a live one. Take Corinne Griffith's little joke for your model, and you can invent some variation that will nicely fit your needs and make you stand out head and shoulders above your fellow toilers.

In the spirit of peppy gayety Miss Griffith induced William Goetz to put on a very faky-looking set of whiskers and to have himself photographed. It was a most ridiculous make-up, and there were laughs enough at the expense of Goetz when the pictures were viewed. But did Corinne stop there? She did not. Instead, she had the photo inserted as a paid advertisement in a casting directors' manual wherein players expatiate on their talents. Several producers are said to have called up to engage Goetz, because he was just the type.

If you are one of those fortunate youths whose work is in the open, or in a big plant where there's plenty of sprinting ground, in case you

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The Taste Tells

When the master invades the kitchen it's time to hold your breath for the result.



Ralph Forbes, above, presumably fries an egg for his wife, Ruth Chatterton, who is overwhelmed in her boudoir by an avalanche of fan mail.



Nick the nice—otherwise Signor Stuart — right, likes to mix a batch of waffles when he and Sue Carol are alone of an evening.



You don't find Nils Asther, below, grinning over the stove, because it is characteristic of the Swedish to take food seriously and the preparation of it as almost a rite, national pride in characteristic dishes being that strong.

Charles Farrell, below, likes to do his cooking in the open, where broad effects are looked for in the culinary art.





Warner Baxter, above, dotes on Mexican dishes, and they do say that when *The Cisco Kid* puts his mind on slinging together a dish of *frijoles*, no one—not even Lupe Velez—can achieve a more peppery triumph.



A Confidential Guide To Current Releases

WHAT EVERY FAN SHOULD SEE.

"Virginian, The"—Paramount. All dialogue. The Western classic splendidly done, with Gary Cooper, the real rancher, achieving new heights of expression through eloquent voice. Richard Arlen perfect as *Steve*, Walter Huston fine as *Trampas*, Mary Brian a pleasing heroine.

"Sacred Flame, The"—Warner. All dialogue. Magnificent performance by Pauline Frederick, perfectly recorded. Her gifts greater than appeal of story, a somber, after-the-war tale revolving around cripple. Conrad Nagel, Walter Byron, Lila Lee. Thoughtful spectator will like it.

"Paris"—First National. All dialogue. Technicolor. Irene Bordoni in tuneful spectacle, at times happily funny, with songs interspersed in story of prim New England clashing with gay Paree. Miss Bordoni brings new type to screen. Jack Buchanan, engaging comedian, and Louise Closser Hale add to comedy. Zasu Pitts, Jason Robards.

"So This Is College"—Metro-Goldwyn. All dialogue. Much better than one would expect of campus epic of love, wisecracks and the big football classic, as it has charm and human quality, due to work of Elliott Nugent, Robert Montgomery, and Sally Starr, the coed who loves them and leaves them.

"Shanghai Lady"—Universal. All dialogue. Real hit for Mary Nolan and James Murray, in melodrama with original situation, well developed. Girl falls in with criminal, and they save each other. Fine acting makes emotion believable. Anders Randolf, Wheeler Oakman, Lydia Yeamans Titus, Yola d'Avril, Mona Rico.

"Show of Shows, The"—Warner. Musical, all Technicolor. The most gorgeous of all screen revues, with imposing list of seventy-seven stars, such as John Barrymore, Beatrice Lillie, Nick Lucas, Chester Morris, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Jacqueline Logan, and one wishes for more from most of them. Kaleidoscope of color, beauty, and entertainment.

"Sweetie"—Paramount. All dialogue, singing and dancing. Gay and amusing frolic, with moments of inspired burlesque. Jack Oakie as song-and-dance man, Helen Kane with baby-talk songs, Nancy Carroll as chorus girl who inherits a college, and Stanley Smith, her football hero. Wallace MacDonald's fine début in speech.

"Trespasser, The"—United Artists. All dialogue. A brilliant comeback by Gloria Swanson, who works against odds in strained story. Her speech is natural, effective, and promises even more. Trials of stenographer-bride of millionaire. Robert Ames, Purnell Pratt also pleasing.

"Disraeli"—Warner. All dialogue. One of the great stage plays intact, with George Arliss in title rôle. Plotting to acquire Suez Canal interwoven with love story, excellently acted, make it outstanding picture. "Dizzy" brilliantly portrayed. Joan Bennett, Anthony Bushell, and Doris Lloyd good.

"Rio Rita"—RKO. All song and dialogue. Technicolor. Bebe Daniels triumphs in singing rôle, with glamorous settings that surpass stage spectacle. Good story, nicely unfolded. Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey supply real comedy. John Boles sings his best songs so far. Also Dorothy Lee, a newcomer.

"Welcome Danger"—Paramount. Part dialogue. Harold Lloyd makes you laugh all through, with time out only for breathing—and some speech by Mr. Lloyd. His voice suitable. *Harold* runs down a Chinese villain in his own way. Barbara Kent naïvely charming. Noah Young funny as policeman.

"Applause"—Paramount. All dialogue. Exceptionally good film featuring Helen Morgan, and her moaning songs. Girl from convent stands by mother, faded burlesque queen, at sacrifice of love. Moving performance by Miss Morgan. Joan Peers a revelation as the daughter. Fuller Mellish, Jr., and Henry Wadsworth excellent.

"Fast Company"—Paramount. All dialogue. Baseball comedy that provides capital entertainment, even if you are not a fan. Jack Oakie registers as superior actor, funnier than ever. Evelyn Brent is chorus girl, also at her best. Richard Gallagher, Sam Hardy, Gwen Lee.

"They Had to See Paris"—Fox. All dialogue. Will Rogers in one of the most entertaining films ever made. Humorous study of newly rich family on holiday. Irene Rich beautifully portrays the wife, Marguerite Churchill the daughter. Ivan Lebedeff is the nobleman, but not the villain. Fifi Dorsay.

"Sunny Side Up"—Fox. Song, dialogue and Technicolor. Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell surrounded by spectacular musical comedy. Whether the stars are good or not matters little, because of speedy action and original staging. Leads concerned with childish romance. El Brendel, Frank Richardson, Marjorie White.

"Lady Lies, The"—Paramount. All dialogue. Intelligent, smart, modern picture, free of elocutionary taints. A kept girl refuses to give up rich widower, even if she has come between him and his children. Walter Huston and Claudette Colbert excellent. Fine touches by Charles Ruggles and Betty Garde.

"Dynamite" — Metro-Goldwyn. All dialogue. Cecil DeMille's first experiment in talkies brilliantly effective. Moviesque plot, embellished with fine acting and photography and intelligent dialogue, becomes convincing, even if about coal miner and society woman. Kay Johnson's début perfect. Charles Bickford, Julia Faye, Conrad Nagel, Muriel McCormac, Leslie Fenton.

"Hollywood Revue"—Metro-Goldwyn. All singing and talking, some Technicolor. Highly entertaining kaleidoscope of songs, dances, and skits, with an impressive list of stars. Like a glittering stage revue, with no story, yet not a dull moment. Marion Davies, Marie Dressler, and Albertina Rasch ballet take honors.

"Hallelujah"—Metro-Goldwyn. All dialogue. An epic in its true meaning in the portrayal of the ups and downs of a cotton-belt Negro family, as the film reveals the inner life in striking interpretations. There has never been a film like it in the dramatic sweep of a simple plot. All Negro cast directed by King Vidor.

"Cock-eyed World, The"—Fox. All dialogue. An explosive, profane, and rather vulgar, but highly diverting, continuation of the amorous adventures of *Top Sergeant Flagg* and *Sergeant Quirt* of "What Price Glory?" The war over, new affairs are found to blossom in the tropics. Victor McLaglen, Edmund Lowe, Lily Damita, El Brendel.

"Madame X"—Metro-Goldwyn. All dialogue. Old-time melodrama of mother love is finely vivified by fresh dialogue, modern direction, and superb acting, with Ruth Chatterton and Raymond Hackett as mother and son reaching heights of tear-wringing emotion in famous courtroom scene, where wretched woman charged with murder is defended by son taught to believe her dead. Lewis Stone, Eugenie Besserer, Mitchell Lewis, Holmes Herbert, and Ulrich Haupt.

"Letter, The"—Paramount. Entertaining eloquence and dramatic situations make this a milestone in all-dialogue films, and bring to the screen the gifted Jeanne Eagels. A civilized picture showing the wrecked lives of an English couple in Singapore. Stage cast devoid of cuties includes O. P. Heggie, Reginald Owen, and Herbert Marshall.

"Four Feathers, The"—Paramount. Silent. English soldier loses his nerve before Sudan war, but later goes to the jungles to redeem himself in the eyes of fiancée and friends. Authentic, thrilling sequences made in the wilds, around which picture is cleverly built. Fay Wray, Richard Arlen, Clive Brook, William Powell, Noah Beery, Philippe de Lacy.

"Black Watch, The"—Fox. All dialogue. Pictorially magnificent film about English soldier on the Afghan front, whose mission is to win love of girl leader of hill tribe. Stirring episodes, but falls short of its ambitions. Victor McLaglen, Myrna Loy, David Rollins, Mitchell Lewis, Roy d'Arcy.

"Show Boat"—Universal. Part dialogue. Life aboard a river theater traced on a wide canvas. Stirring musical accompaniment, but well-known story does not gain in film version. Laura La Plante, Joseph Schildkraut, Emily Fitzroy, Alma Rubens good.

[Continued on page 118]



Ramon Novarro comes sweepingly into his own, with Dorothy Jordan on his arm, in "Devil-May-Care."

Screen

By Norbert Lusk

OUR hero this month is Ramon Novarro, cited for first honors because of his sparkling performance in "Devil-May-Care," a musical romance.

If you were intrigued by his spontaneous singing in "The Pagan"—and who was not?—you will fall under further enchantment in the new picture. Gay and carefree, it offers Mr. Novarro splendid opportunity for the light comedy in which he is always at his best, and provides him with four songs which he sings with easy skill. In fact, I know of no singer who possesses the same ease. His singing seems always to be the natural expression of his thoughts rather than answer to a cue. This, you will agree, is a precious asset on the screen, where naturalness is desired above all things and where singing tends to become studied effort unless it is inspired by real art. When it is combined with acting ability such as we find in Mr. Novarro, not forgetting the personal charm he gives it, we must doff our hats to another of the silent contingent who has gained immeasurably by making himself heard.

"Devil-May-Care" is a Napoleonic comedy. This implies, for one thing, that the costumes and backgrounds are graceful and light. So too is the story, which begins rather seriously with *Napoleon* bidding farewell to his troops before his exile to Elba. But as soon as *Armand,* the hero, becomes the central figure, light comedy comes to the fore.

As a loyal Bonapartist, *Armand* is imprisoned for plotting to restore the emperor, and to make matters worse for him, he mocks *Louis XIII* in song and caricature. Escaping, he bursts into the bedroom of *Leonie* at a wayside inn and stifles her cries until danger of capture is past. His friend, *Louise,* offers him refuge at her country home, where he masquerades as a servant and where *Leonie* comes as a visitor. A sprightly flirtation finally ends in the way one knows it will from the start.

Handsomely mounted, tastefully acted, this is a picture that every admirer of Mr. Novarro should see, not only for their pleasure, but for ammunition with which to annihilate his detractors in "What the Fans Think."

Dorothy Jordan, as *Leonie,* is dainty and earnest, if not precisely stimulating, and Marion Harris, the vaudeville singer, plays *Louise* with distinction. There are also John Miljan, a menacing suitor of *Leonie,* and William Humphrey, who has been playing *Napoleon* for thirty-two years. So he must be good.

Join the Navy!

For thumping, rousing entertainment, give me "Hit the Deck"! It's tuneful, brisk, amusing, and much more lifelike than we expect of musical comedies on the screen or stage. And there is also Jack Oakie.

If you can suggest a comedian more clever and likable, I'm willing to grant that your nomination would have done as well in the rôle of *Bilge.* But as there isn't another player with Mr. Oakie's qualifications, I'm safe in saying that no one could have equaled him. And to prove it, Mr. Oakie runs away with the picture. It's his altogether. He's breezy, natural, and funny, yet he is none of these at a sacrifice of the rôle. He makes it a real character. And that, in musical comedy, is extraordinary. Also he dances for the first time and proves himself in that field an ace, too.

One becomes surfeited with all this hoofing nowadays, but as soon as I saw what Mr. Oakie did with his feet I realized that something unusual was happening. Whereupon I was informed by Janette Hackett, a dancing star of vaudeville, that Mr. Oakie has a sense of rhythm. That explains why some dancers aren't interesting and why one can't keep eyes off Mr. Oakie's tapping. From all of which you will gather that your reviewer thinks Jack—one drops the Mr. naturally—is quite the big noise of "Hit the Deck." By the way, it is the musical version of "Shore Leave," which Richard Barthelmess and Dorothy Mackaill played about four years ago.

Perhaps you remember the story of the sailor whose casual flirtation caused a girl to fall in love with him and believe he would return to her. That's the rather tender situation around which singing and dancing have been cleverly devised, with two spectacular episodes quite logically added. One is the widely known musical number, "Hallelujah," the other, in Technicolor, is a big party aboard a warship given to all the *Smiths* in the navy in an effort to help the girl find her own particular *Smith,* whose first name she has never asked. Of course she and *Bilge* meet, but if you think he is the sort of gob who will fall for a girl with lots of dough, you are much mistaken in the ethics of this son of the seas. So he goes away again and permits the girl to pine some more until they are reunited.

Polly Walker, a newcomer from musical comedy, is the girl. Like *Little Buttercup,* in "Pinafore," she is "a plump and pleasing person" and her voice is good.

in Review

Music still drowns the vo[illegible] drama on the screen, b[illegible] month's pictures yield some [illegible] ant surprises to the cons[illegible] nt moviegoer.

Her coyness is a bit trying, however, and the costumes chosen for her are not in keeping with the water-front lunch room where she holds forth. The satin slippers and chiffons of conventional musical comedy don't match the realistic tone of the picture. As well have dressed Mr. Oakie and his pals in taffeta sailor suits.

Ethel Clayton returns to the screen as *Mrs. Payne* and gives a splendid account of herself in speech, and there are also Wallace MacDonald, June Clyde, Marguerita Padula, and others better known on the stage than the screen. All are excellent.

Marilyn Miller's Success.

Though the season is young, you will see no picture more beautiful than "Sally" in the months to come. Entirely in Technicolor, it is a feast for the eye, if you will excuse the cliché, and is light-hearted entertainment in the mood of the present vogue of musical comedy on the screen. Fault can be found with it, of course, but nothing less than enthusiastic praise can be reported of Marilyn Miller's film début. She is a complete success, for the most part photographing beautifully, and always reading her lines intelligently, singing charmingly, and dancing divinely. Where, I ask you, is there another star who does all these things surpassing well? What is more, Miss Miller's dancing is not confined to one style. She is equally at home on her toes, tapping, or polishing off a bit of dance routine. She is one star whose success on the stage raises no question on the screen, for her talents and her personal individuality are captured by the camera one hundred per cent. In view of all this, it is not surprising that she is to make another picture for First National.

Perhaps it will be stronger than "Sally" in point of story, though if any star can carry an indifferent yarn Miss Miller certainly can.

Sally is a waitress ambitious to become a dancer, so it is only natural that she should be "discovered" by a theatrical manager and given a chance. A young millionaire also has his eye upon her, object matrimony and some charming duets. But every one's dream is rudely shattered when *Sally*, masquerading for some reason as a Russian dancer, is exposed as an ex-waitress at a magnificent party given by a society woman, and driven out as if she were a leper. Will it relieve your suspense to know that everything comes out all right, and that *Sally* gets her millionaire?

These musical plots really don't stand up on paper. What matters more is the speed and distinction with which they are played, the pictorial values of the production, and the acting. The latter is exceptionally good, with Joe E. Brown, T. Roy Barnes, Ford Sterling, and Jack Duffy each contributing expert comedy. Nora Lane, who used to play in Westerns, looks, acts, and sounds like the society girl she is supposed to be. As for Alexander Gray, the hero, he sings admirably, reads his lines intelligently, and presents a pleasing appearance, yet remains negative. It is just one of those mean tricks of the camera.



Jack Oakie neatly wraps up "Hit the Deck" and runs away with it, Polly Walker notwithstanding.

Mr. Bancroft Still On Top.

At the very time when it seemed that George Bancroft began to repeat himself as the hard-boiled, swaggering corsair of the underworld, along comes "The Mighty" with a variation on an old theme, and brings with it another personal triumph for the actor. He gives a splendid portrayal of a gangster who is made to see the error of his ways by the love of a good woman. Lest you take seriously my hackneyed phrase, I hasten to say that this consummation is brought to pass by means of unusual characterizations and uncommon scenes.

Mr. Bancroft, as *Blake Greeson,* a typically Bancroftian enemy of law and order, is drafted in the war against his protests. He becomes a hero, more because he is a born fighter than through any desire or effort. He despises the medals he earns and, though a hero in the eyes of his comrades and the war department, he sees nothing to do on his return home but go back to the underworld. First, however, he will see the family of a neurotic lieutenant who died in his arms, and try to convince them that their relative expired gloriously. He is received by the townspeople with the honors of a great soldier—the mayor, a brass band, a child with a floral key to the city. The sister of the lieutenant falls in love with him and he with her, so there is nothing left for him to do but accept the offer of the mayor to become chief of police and uphold law and order instead of violating it.

Esther Ralston, in her farewell to the screen, acquits herself well as the girl. She looks a blond vision and her voice is infinitely better than in "The Wheel of Life." O. P. Heggie, Warner Oland, Raymond Hatton, Dorothy Revier, and Charles Sellon are likewise effective, though Morgan Farley, as the lieutenant, gets too much enjoyment out of his hysterics to leave any for the audience.



"Sally."



"Her Private Affair."



"Seven Keys to Baldpate."



"The Racketeer."

A Luscious Lady.

Ruth Chatterton at her best. Picture, "The Laughing Lady." That's all I need say to put you right and send you flying to the nearest theater boasting this combination. But if you wish to know more, it's a pleasure to say that Miss Chatterton gives a memorable performance of a wife who is divorced by her husband on circumstantial evidence and is unmercifully flayed in court by his lawyer; that she sets about to turn the tables on this lawyer, a model of conservatism, and succeeds so well that he runs the risk of losing his reputation until mutual love calls a truce to warfare.

Of course there's much more to it than that, for the development of the plot is gradual and the dialogue is civilized. While technically a comedy, the story has dramatic moments and suspense is shrewdly sustained, so that one neither guesses the dénouement toward which *Marjorie Lee* is working, nor its outcome.

As for Miss Chatterton's performance, words fail to capture any of its shimmering charm, or its eloquent sincerity. Nor is Clive Brook, as the lawyer, behind her. This is easily one of his best exhibits and his voice has never been recorded more faithfully. The cast, comprised entirely of stage players, is good, with one exception. But you will find, when you see Miss Chatterton, that nothing matters so much as this latest display of her brilliant gifts.

A Little Child Shall Lead Them.

Another exceptional picture, though it couldn't be further removed, is "Hell's Heroes," a grim, uncompromising character study of three bad men who battle with the desert in their efforts to keep alive a baby bequeathed to them by a dying woman in a covered wagon. As they progress painfully across the desert, heat, starvation, and thirst kill two of the men, leaving one to fight for the baby's life against terrible odds. This is pictured with utmost realism until finally the unsung hero staggers into a country church and dies. But the baby's life is saved.

Charles Bickford, whom you saw in "Dynamite," is startlingly realistic as the surviving bad man, and Raymond Hatton and Fred Kohler, the others, are equally convincing, though their opportunities are less. Not a hip-hip-hurray picture, but one that the thoughtful fan will consider worth while.

Warmed Over.

In "Seven Keys to Baldpate," his first picture for RKO, Richard Dix gives generously of himself to make it a success. And it is a success. But it is not important and strong enough to make Mr. Dix's change of management as auspicious as it might be. For it is a program picture, its story reminiscent of many mystery yarns familiar to us all. Too, it is lacking in production values. Most of the action transpires in the lobby of a deserted hotel in the country, where Mr. Dix, an author, comes to write a novel in twenty-four hours as the result of a wager with the owner of the place, who gives him what is supposed is the only key.

Soon all manner of queer people appear likewise armed with keys; and they stage a wild mix-up, but everything clears when they are identified as members of the local stock company hired to harass the writer. Somewhere a heroine, Miriam Seegar, appears, but she has little of the opportunities that came her way in Adolphe Menjou's "Fashions in Love" and Mr. Dix's "The Love Doctor." Margaret Livingston is effective, but her rôle is inane, as she is one of the conspirators. Naturally, Mr. Dix's simulation of bewilderment is nicely acted, but it scarcely saves the picture from being middle class.

Billy, Be Careful!

The old criticism of William Haines, namely, that he is becoming too darned fresh, cannot be withheld from his new picture, "Navy Blues." More in tears than anger I report that he is fresher than ever. This is too bad, because it causes the spectator who sees him for the first time to have no inkling that he is an admirable actor, and Billy is all that. Give him a serious moment and he plays it skillfully, convincingly. But too much clowning places him in a false light, especially when a girl is his victim, for no female would tolerate Billy's wisecracks and practical jokes. Thus it becomes a sad duty to say that "Navy Blues" is not so good, and that Anita

Page and other members of the cast—Karl Dane, Edythe Chapman, and Elliott Nugent's father, J. C.—put it all over Billy as artists.

As the title indicates, Billy is a sailor who meets a girl at a party given by the ladies' uplift society. The girl's mother disapproves so strongly of Billy, that daughter leaves with him in the middle of the night—and her parents permit her to do so. Make of that incident what you will. He leaves her in the morning to return to his ship, explaining that he isn't the marrying kind. But it seems that she is one of the girls a sailor can't forget, so, months later, he returns to her home—object matrimony—and is shocked to learn that the old people think their daughter safely married to him. Mr. Haines plays this episode poignantly. The remainder of the picture is given to his finding the girl and keeping her parents in ignorance of what happened in the interval.

A Gentleman Crook.

Another underworld melodrama, "The Racketeer" contrives to be different, but not wholly satisfying. Its originality lies in the telling of a story which has all the usual sinister incidents, but they are subordinated to the romance of the underworld czar. He is an elegant fellow, a connoisseur of living, with a flair for the arts, who gives his orders to kill with the ease of a clubman ordering one of those smart little dinners. It is an unusual interpretation of the gangster and is played by Robert Armstrong superlatively. The principal defect of the story is found in its slowness. It isn't ever really exciting, but it holds one's attention by reason of Mr. Armstrong's quiet authority and the excellent acting of Carol Lombard, as the beautiful *divorcée* with whom the racketeer is in love. However, there is another man in her life, a drunken violinist who is regarded tolerantly by the racketeer and even rehabilitated by him. At the last moment, however, the crook, dying, realizes that the woman still loves the musician. Incidental characters, down to the smallest bits, are made outstanding by expert acting, and the picture is notably straightforward and earnest.

The Divine Fire.

"Behind the Make-up" is a story of the stage, but it has none of those girls who mince along in top-heavy headdresses through tiresome revue numbers. Nor is there any other reminder of backstage life as seen in countless films. Instead, it is a fascinating character study of two men, one a good-natured vaudeville clown, the other an Italian descended from a long line of pantomimists. *"Hap" Brown,* the comedian, befriends *Gardoni* when he is starving and they become stage partners, *Hap* supplying the hokum and *Gardoni* the finesse. But the combination does not succeed. In desperation *Hap* becomes a dishwasher and renews his devoted friendship with *Marie,* a waitress, while *Gardoni* makes good on the stage with some of the very material that *Hap* suggested. They meet again at the time when *Marie* has half promised to marry *Hap,* but *Gardoni* sweeps her off her feet and surprises *Hap* with the announcement of their marriage. From then on *Gardoni* rises professionally, with *Hap* as his assistant, his feeder, and *Marie* his neglected wife. Disaster finally overtakes him and leaves *Hap* and *Marie* free to marry.

This bare outline gives no idea of the delicate shadings of character in the rôles of the two men, psychologically so true that though *Gardoni* is nominally a villain, and *Hap* a dumb-bell, they become human beings whose frailties arouse sympathy and understanding. William Powell and Hal Skelly are superb in these rôles, the former *Gardoni,* the latter *Hap.* If you get a thrill from brilliant acting more than physical clashes, the work of these artists will stir you. Unfortunately, Fay Wray's waitress is never lifelike, either when she is serving fried eggs or playing the lady. But she is charming and her voice is appealing and expressive. It's really the fault of the character, a mere puppet, more than the actress.

Don't Do It Again.

"No, No, Nanette" is one of the less-interesting musical pieces. It is more like an old-fashioned farce which decides to become musical toward the end in a burst of spectacle, song, and dance. For a long time before this happens [Continued on page 100]



"No, No, Nanette."



"Navy Blues."



"The Laughing Lady."



"The Mighty."

As The Twig Is Bent

Lois Moran, at twenty, is exactly what she promised to be at the time of her film début at sixteen, a remarkable example of the modern relationship of mother and child. Every parent and every daughter should read how this has been accomplished, without imposing the individuality of one upon the other.

By Radie Harris

IN Hollywood, where stars are classified and labeled like things in a mail-order catalogue, Lois Moran remains as distinctive as a Lalique vase in a five-and-ten-cent store.

I came to this conclusion riding along the sea in the early hours of the morning, after having spent the evening with her at her Malibu Beach house. We had had dinner in a remote, little farmhouse, high on a mountain-top, where the stars above and the ocean below were our only companions. I'm sure that the little old lady who served us would have been astounded had I told her that the pretty little girl in the jaunty beret and flapper socks was a celebrity. But knowing that if Lois were "discovered," she would never come back again, I said nothing.

After dinner we returned to Malibu and spent the rest of the evening in front of an open fireplace, and talked, "of shoes and ships and sealing wax, of cabbages and kings."

It was Pope, I believe, who said, "in youth and beauty, wisdom is but rare." Pope, unfortunate man, had never met Lois Moran. For Lois, although only twenty years young, with that sort of beauty that Masefield has described as a "white violet of a woman, with the April in her face," has no patience with the credo that ignorance is bliss. Hers is an avid search for knowledge. Not through the mechanical processes of the "five-foot shelf" and the book clubs, but through her own natural taste and liking for literature.

When Lois talks of Goethe, Nietzsche, and Voltaire, it is with no effort to be highbrow. She discusses them with the same familiarity that other girls of her age discuss Lelong, Patou, and Poiret. When she says that eating isn't any fun, without being able to read, and adds that whenever she is alone she always sits in a big chair with a book and has her meals served on a tray, it is no pose. To Lois, whose hours are regulated by schedule, leisure is a precious gift that can be spent much more profitably in reading than gossiping over the teacups.

If all this sounds as if she lives through and gets her value of life from books, I am guilty of misinterpretation. For, before books, Lois has gained her knowledge from that most proficient of all teachers—experience.

At the age of thirteen Lois was allowed to remain up all night so that she could ride across to the Left Bank just as dawn was coming up over the Seine and the Champs Elysées was clothed in unforgettable beauty. She has watched the fog enwrap London, like a mother putting her child to bed. She has nibbled *kuglhuhf* in the *brasseries* of Vienna, while the lights of the Prater glimmered in the distance. She has sat spellbound at the shrine of Duse in Milan. And she has walked down Fifth Avenue at dusk, just after a shower. Blotterlike, she has absorbed from each until now, at twenty, she bears the stamp of culture, loveliness, and grace.

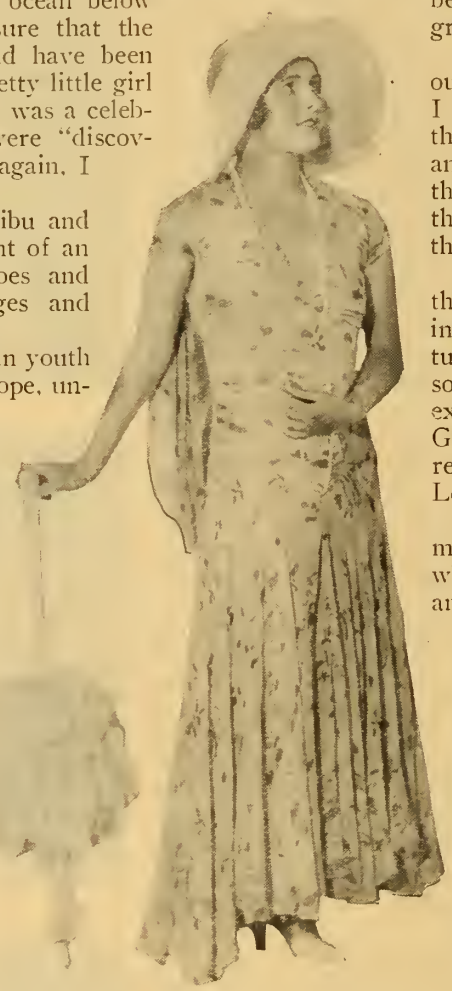


Photo by Kahle

Lois Moran is free of any mother complex, because suffocating affection has never been lavished upon her.

It is impossible to write of Lois, without mentioning her mother. I don't think I am exposing any secret when I tell you that movie mammas, as a rule, are more annoying than the hives. Gladys Moran is the exception that proves the rule. I can't think of a better example to illustrate this than the following incident:

One evening Lois was working late at the studio, so Gladys and I hied ourselves into Los Angeles to see one of her pictures. It was bad, but I had seen worse, so I didn't squirm, or look for the nearest exit. Imagine my surprise, however, when Gladys turned to me and said, "There really is no excuse for sitting through this. Let's go!"

I reached for my smelling salts. It was my first encounter with a fond parent who didn't think her offspring's performance the ten best of the year.

It is this sanity that makes their relationship so sincere and admirable. Lois adores her mother and yet I have never seen her gush over her, or indulge in lavish terms of endearment. Gladys dotes on Lois, but doesn't exploit the fact for a mother-love theme. She shows it in other ways. For instance, there was the time that Lois was away on location for "Behind That Curtain." Gladys knew that Lois wanted a car of her own, but she had never nagged or teased for it. So when she came home from Death Valley, there at the station was a shiny, green runabout, with Lois' initials on the door.

Somehow or other, people have got the idea that Lois has led a very sheltered life, and that it is only within recent months that she has been allowed to go about unchaperoned. Nothing could be further from the truth. Indeed, if any parent has imbued her child with a *laissez-faire* independence, that parent is Gladys Moran. Perhaps it is just because she has never said "No!" that Lois has never taken advantage of it.

Recently Lois was seen dancing in public with a man whose reputation is not up to scratch. Immediately all the rocking-chairs began to creak and the tongues to

Continued on page 112



Photo by Kahle

Often you have heard that Lois Moran is an exceptional girl, but never before have you read a more logical explanation of the causes that have made her so than Radie Harris submits for your information in the story opposite.



Pert

Alice White wins the adjective for her sequel to *Dixie Dugan's* adventures in "Show Girl in Hollywood."









Alice White, at top of page, illustrates *Dixie Dugan's* triumph as the star of a movie revue.

Jack Mulhall, above, as *Jimmy Doyle,* is *Dixie's* faithful boy friend.

Blanche Sweet, in the circle, center, as *Donna Harris,* a star, befriends *Dixie.*

John Miljan, above, as *Buelow,* a subtly caricatured director, welcomes *Dixie* to Hollywood with glowing promises of success.

But Mr. Mulhall, left, as *Jimmy,* follows *Dixie* to Hollywood and warns *Buelow* to let her alone to find success in her own way.

Dulcet

That is what every one is hoping Lillian Gish's voice will be in her first talkie, "The Swan."



Marie Dressler, right, as *Princess Beatrice,* with Conrad Nagel, as *Doctor Haller,* and Billie Bennett, as *Sympharosa.*



Lillian Gish, above, as *Alexandra,* confides in O. P. Heggie, as *Father Benedict.*



Mr. Nagel, right, though a commoner, loves the royal *Alexandra,* and courageously faces Rod La Rocque, as *Prince Albert,* her suitor.

Below is seen the ceremonious introduction of *Prince Albert* to *Alexandra,* nicknamed "The Swan."





Mary Brian, at top of page, as *Barbara Calhoun,* a Civil War belle, is engaged to Phillips Holmes, as *Captain Robert Darrington.*

But *Barbara,* right, is sometimes uncertain of her affections, and this keeps *Captain Darrington* on the qui vive.

Gary Cooper, below, as *Captain James Braydon,* is exposed as a Union spy by *Captain Darrington* while Barbara looks on, shocked and incredulous.



A Man

He is Gary Cooper, who is is doubly a pleasure to show the

Gary Cooper, below, as the Union officer who tricks the Confederates into arresting him as a spy.







Among Men

also a star among stars, so it you these scenes from "Only Brave."



At top of the page is seen "Rosemead," the old Southern mansion in which most of the action transpires.

Gary Cooper, left, disguised in a Confederate uniform, finds his plans for tricking the Southerners all upset by Mary Brian.

Mary Brian, below, having met Gary Cooper, refuses to dance with Phillips Holmes, her fiancé.



Gary Cooper, below, decides to put up a fight when his captors close in on him.







The Lady

The famous operetta comes to the tuneful, glamorous



Walter Pidgeon, at top of page, as *Colonel Vultnow,* of the Austrian army, invades the castle of Italian aristocrats bent on humiliating Vivienne Segal, right, as *Countess Beltrami.*

Colonel Vultnow, above, using Myrna Loy as an example, shows the countess, right, what she may expect when her turn comes.

Lupino Lane, right, as *Sprotti,* a ballet master attached to a troupe of strolling players, collaborates with Louise Fazenda, as the countess' maid, in a comic dance.



In Ermine

screen as "Bride of the Regiment," and spectacular.

The wedding of the count and countess, Vivienne Segal and Allan Prior, above, is rudely interrupted by Austrian troops.





A charming portrait of Myrna Loy, above, as one of the strolling players.

The elaborate wedding ceremony is seen, left, with Miss Segal and Mr. Prior as bride and groom.





The Same Pearls

Both Evelyn Brent and Clive Brook have covetous eyes on them in "Slightly Scarlet."

Eugene Pallette, above, as the rich man whose jewels are Miss Brent's objective, beams in ignorance of all but her charm.





Paul Lukas, at top of page, is a master mind of the underworld, with Evelyn Brent, as *Lucy Stavrin*, taking instructions.

Clive Brook, above, as *Courtenay Parkes*, a crook, encourages Virginia Bruce, as the daughter of his intended victim.

Imagine their embarrassment when both Miss Brent and Mr. Brook, left, meet at the library safe on the same mission.



This human billboard with dancing girls, right, caught the attention of Broadway on the opening night of "The Hollywood Revue." Below, a closer view of the girls.

Photo by Apeda



Broadway Ballyhoo

Real, live girls deck movie displays along the Rialto these days, and perhaps point the way to this startling innovation in smaller cities and towns.

By Mignon Rittenhouse



The Paramount Theater front is a conspicuous landmark, because of its flood of lights.

BIGGER and better ballyhoo stunts have made their appearance with the talkies along the Rialto. Not that Broadway has lacked some pretty good ones ever since the movies invaded theater row. But the street is no longer merely the Gay White Way—it's a flamboyant concoction of reds, blues, yellows, and greens.

More garish than the dolls, beads, and tinware on the counters of five-and-ten-cent stores are its buntings, electric stars, airplanes, spider webs, and flaming signs, which fairly shriek at New Yorkers to part with their cold cash.

How the ballyhoo idea has taken hold of the dear, old place! It's getting so that as soon as the lights come on, timid ghosts of the legitimate theater sneak away to the side streets, scared by the glare and undressed girlies. Where Barrie's name was attraction enough in the old days to pull in the crowds, film moguls now feel the urge to use high-powered electric magnets.

Ballyhoo! Ballyhoo! All trace of the old-time flavor of the street is forever gone. The Rialto to-day always has that just-before-the-circus look. But what it lacks in subtlety, it makes up for more and more each month in the size, brilliancy, and novelty of its signs and stunts.

Since the days of "The Covered Wagon," the Criterion Theater, at Broadway and Forty-fourth,



The spider-web number of "The Great Gabbo" inspired a billboard which gave a free sample of the picture.

has been a leader in furnishing the street with ornate and original ballyhoo. During the showing of this picture, a sign two or three stories high was erected, depicting a covered wagon going through moving water. The film had a long run, and the sign became as much a landmark as the Times Building across the way.

But landmarks of this character have a habit of folding their tents by night and stealing away much more silently than they arrived, to make room for the next display. So time came when Moses stood to advertise "The Ten Commandments" where once the wagon had gone through rippling water. Nightly for months a bolt of lightning came down to strike his tablet, and compel the crowd's attention.

What next in ballyhoo? "The Four Feathers," with a huge, painted scene from the talkie, replaced Moses and his numerous predecessors and followers. To-morrow, who knows? To-day cardboard dancing girls flourish in almost every lobby on the street. To-morrow something equally frivolous and arresting will take their places.

Dancing girls! Never were there so many cardboard dancing girls! Paramount's red, green, and yellow banner—dancing girls—"Hollywood Revue" in great, golden electric lights—"Fast Life" in enormous, red electric lights—dancing girls—"Hallelujah" in pseudo-handwriting—dancing girls—crystal stars—dancing girls—red-and-blue stars—dancing girls. Dancing girls with checkered backgrounds, dancing girls with no backgrounds. Girls in high hats, girls in helmets, girls in poke bonnets. Black heads, redheads, brown heads, and blondes. White girls, high tans. Dancing on ukuleles, dancing on music notes. Dancing in chorus, dancing alone. Doomed to dance on and on, until that fitful time when the sign removers will relegate them to the heaven or hell designed for cardboard dancing girls.



Live girls in "The Great Gabbo" sign were replaced by cardboard dancers, for the original ballyhoo rivaled the show itself.

Photo by Underwood & Underwood

It's all very gay and giddy, if somewhat wearing. The old Barnum game, with movie adaptations.

There's an airplane poster down the street, with an electric propeller whirring in the night drizzle of New York. How Barnum would have doted on that idea! His posters were flashy enough he thought at the time. But they lacked electric bulbs to give them that grandiose movie finish. Take Nellie, the beautiful bareback rider. How much more alluring she would have appeared on the posters, if only the horse she had been riding had been shown with an electric star or two dangling from the end of its tail.

Barnum thought his parade of squeaking band wagons, steel calliopes, and caged lions just about the last word in persuasive ballyhoo. Barnum was wrong. He didn't have the movies—or talkies

Continued on page 115

Clowning Around

Give a comedian a free hand in the studio wardrobe room, and there's no telling what he'll do for a laugh.

Chester Conklin, below, as *King of the May*, clowns extravagantly on a familiar theme.



Benny Rubin, right, in "The General," a short comedy, has a lot of fun over such a worthy thing as pride in medals bestowed by a grateful country.



The question mark is appropriate, for the pose of Cliff Edwards, center, defies interpretation.



Al St. John, below, in "The Dance of Life," wears a grotesque outfit apparently designed by a costumer while in his cups.



George K. Arthur and Karl Dane, below, admit that Damon and Pythias were pretty fair, as teams went in their day.



When Hollywood Cries For Help

S. O. S. calls for new faces are too often just publicity campaigns.

By H. A. Woodmansee

Illustrated by Lui Trugo



IT seems that the studios of Hollywood are crying for more people. Don't laugh. They are actually advertising for them. They are really spending thousands of dollars in cold cash telling the world that the undermanned movies need recruits. It's a persistent campaign of years standing, and it will continue for years to come.

And for whom are the opulent films looking? For you, and you, and you! Have you a "new" face? The screen wants it. Count that month lost in which you aren't urged to enter some beauty or personality contest, with a golden key to Hollywood the award. Film producers announce that in person they are searching even the remote provinces of Europe for new talent.

But suppose you don't want to act. That doesn't let you out. If you can dance, write, swim the Channel, play the oboe, call hogs, or something like that, just keep an eye open, and you'll find that the movies are advertising for you.

You will read that the Nonesuch Company is in despair, because it can't find the right type for the blond cutie in "Sex Preferred."

Director So-and-so has issued an appeal for a cute kiddie. A chance for your little Willie to earn his keep.

Perhaps you have a trick dog, or a goofy-looking horse. The Blank Company is shouting from the housetops that it can't find one. The X Company is apparently holding up production until somebody comes forward and offers them services of props of a certain sort.

Perhaps you have been abroad. It seems that the Q studio is searching for a technical adviser on the customs of the country you visited. An executive publicly complains of the dearth of good stories. A casting director comments on the difficulty of obtaining long-haired girls, or short-haired girls, or what are you?

In fact, if you listen attentively to movie broadcastings, you will be astounded at the crying demand for almost everybody and everything in the studios. It appears that there are at least a hundred million in this country, who are wanted in Hollywood.

But don't pack your grip yet. Sit tight and consider. Can it be possible that there is a dark gentleman in the woodpile? Are the movies advertising with their fingers crossed? The answer is yes and no.

The truth is, of course, that Hollywood swarms with talent of every description. A hundred eager persons leap for every job; the instant a whisper is heard that a studio wants anybody or anything, the answer to the demand comes in like the response to a fire alarm. Advertise for people for Hollywood? It's like advertising for coals for Newcastle, or sand for Sahara. But it's being done, in spite of occasional warnings to stay away from Hollywood—sometimes directly, but more often by indirect suggestion. Pretty nearly everybody in pictures does it, at one time or another.

Hollywood is full of winners of new face and screen-personality contests, and most of them are knocking vainly on studio gates. While they beg for a chance, new contests are being organized throughout the country. While they struggle for an appointment to see a big executive, who is too busy to be bothered, this same executive announces that he is going to Europe to search for new talent. It's a funny world.

This state of affairs has become rather a joke—a somewhat grim joke—in Hollywood. When ten college boys, contest winners, were sent to California for fame and glory, a Los Angeles paper cynically headlined the news of their arrival, "New Dishwashers for Hollywood Restaurants." Some contest winners find, when the blare of studio publicity trumpets has died down, and they have been tried and found wanting, that they are lucky to get even that employment.

Hollywood looks upon contest winners as just so many more dishwashers.



Some give up the idea of a picture career and go back home, but others find they have been bitten by the movie bug and keep trying for studio jobs.

Having won a contest over hundreds or thousands of attractive competitors, one can hardly believe that the studio gates slammed in one's face will not open again. And so Hollywood has the pitiful spectacle of hungry, but still hopeful, contest winners making the rounds, virtually blacklisted, because they have failed at the start.

A few of the contest winners do make good. It will be remembered that Clara Bow entered the films via a beauty contest. Charles Rogers, Thelma Todd, and Josephine Dunn attended the Paramount school four years ago. Some of the young players who make their entry to the film world, as if in answer to want ads, are carefully developed by the studios and given real opportunities to make friends with the public. But most of them have an entirely different story to tell. And one wonders if many of the unsought, untried young players, who can't even get registered with the Central Casting Bureau, don't possess stellar potentialities which would make the country-wide contest advertising look rather ridiculous.

What's the reason for this furious advertising for people where no jobs exist? Part of the responsibility—a good part—may be laid at the door of the two-headed, hot-air-breathing god, Publicity. A press agent, with his livelihood depending on his ability to rivet public attention on the picture, company or individual he represents, knows there is no surer way to achieve his aim than to suggest to his readers a way to movie gold and glory.

Perhaps Director Possum has a player already selected for the leading part in his new picture. Does the press agent announce that? No, indeed. He shouts to a palpitating world that Director Possum is at his wit's end to find the right type for the juiciest rôle of the year. He's scouting everywhere; in his desperation he's ready to try almost any one. Perhaps he might even select Cousin Jane, or you yourself!

This little dodge has a hundred variations and is used every day. It is just one of many. Individually they are harmless, but collectively they give the impression that Hollywood is the land of opportunity, and that there is an insatiable demand for new workers.



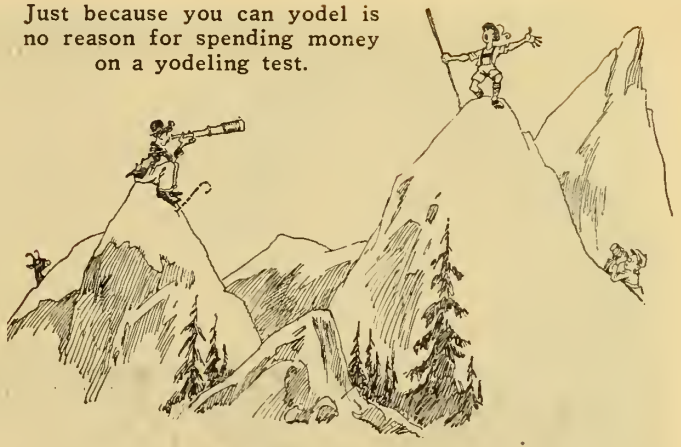
The girl with the Lillian Gish face learns that snappy little devils are preferred.

But Hollywood's misleading advertising is not always publicity-inspired. The studios have a way of biting off much more than they can eat. There is the case, for instance, of the casting director who wanted a blues singer for a talkie. Did he send for one or two specified vocalists? Indeed, no. He phoned a number of agencies to send around all their available crooners. Word soon got around the town that there was an acute demand for blues singers at the studio. One hundred and fifty showed up, but by that time the casting director had decided that he didn't want a blues singer, after all.



When the movie bug bites, the victim stays bitten a long time.

Just because you can yodel is no reason for spending money on a yodeling test.



Every time that anybody or anything is wanted in a studio, a mob is called out. The principle is the same as that of the Chinaman burning down his barn to get roast pig.

You are continually reading that So-and-so, the famous novelist, or playwright, or actor, has been signed up by Pluperfect Pictures to devote his genius to the screen. The movies are continually angling for big names. You get the impression from reading of these famous Hollywood arrivals, that every studio must be packed with celebrities as closely as a stock car is packed with cattle.

How do they ever find work for so many gifted men? The answer is, they don't. The celebrities quietly pass out the back door of the studio as fast as new ones come in the front, but you don't hear much about that. The fact is that there aren't permanent jobs for one tenth of the celebrities who are besought to devote their talents to the screen. Every imported famous figure must displace some lesser-known job holder, and the latter is determined that such an event shall take place only over his dead body. And he has ways and means.

There is another type of help-wanted advertising that borders on the fraudulent. Hollywood has always been infested with schools of acting, which purport to prepare one for movie careers. Large notices in the want-ad columns of newspapers and magazines carry the tidings, "Wanted—New Faces for the screen. Experience unnecessary." Hundreds of the unpicturewise enroll in the classes, often pay their last dollars for tuition, and then find that with diplomas in their hands, they are just as far from studio jobs as ever.

The studios have declared that they will not recognize, or give employment to the "graduates" of these schools, and efforts have been made to close them up, but they continue to coax people to train with them for non-existent jobs.

There are also a number of people in Hollywood who give screen tests and voice tests to the movie ambitious. Usually they rent space in a studio to give the applicant the impression that they are in on the business. The

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The Heroine Unbobbed

Several recent pictures prove that old-fashioned ringlets have not lost their place on the screen.



Dorothy Mackaill, above, as *Ruth,* in "The Great Divide," made the strong, silent men of the open stop and look.

The longest ringlets of all are worn by Marguerite Churchill, below, and she'll remind many a fellow of his high-school sweetheart.





The mode of a past generation was borrowed by June Collyer, above, for "River of Romance," in which she was a Southern belle.



Bessie Love, above, as *Hattie Hartley,* in "The Girl in the Show," looks quaintly innocent in long tresses.



Billie Dove, right, wears her curls with an entirely different effect in "The Painted Angel."



A heroine of the Victorian school is Fay Wray, above, in "The Four Feathers."

Up from a Trunk

Leila Hyams was a trouper when only three weeks old, her crib the lid of an actor's trunk, and she kept on trouping until she found success in movies.

By A. L. Wooldridge



Photo by Louise

Leila Hyams dreamed of playing before great audiences when most little girls would have been dressing dolls and making mud pies.

HOLLYWOOD is thronged with pretty girls who came to pictures from almost every country in the world. There is, for instance, Barbara Kent, born in a ranch house on the prairies of western Canada; Marion Douglas, who gnawed at her teething ring in far-off Australia; Raquel Torres, who smelled her first tortillas in Hermosillo, and Clara Bow, who hails from Brooklyn. Then there is Leila Hyams.

She came from a trunk.

Sometimes when I hear actresses sadly lisping their tales of the "tehbble, tehb-b-le" handicaps they had to master to become the great artists that they are, in their own minds, I want to say, "Go talk to Leila Hyams. Maybe you'll learn something."

Which they wouldn't, because this quiet, beautiful girl, who is striding rapidly toward stardom, will not admit she knows what a handicap is. And yet, as a baby she was taken from city to city by her parents, as they played their vaudeville act. Her crib was the lid of a trunk.

She got her education on the road, save for some study at the Clark school in New York, at the age of ten, and at the Alviene school at fourteen.

She made her first appearance on the stage at the age of two months—carried in the arms of her mother—and at five sang with her in "Girl of My Dreams."

Just at the time other little girls were playing with dolls, making mud pies and digging in sand piles, little Leila was thinking of the rôles she some time would play before great audiences and the applause she would win.

Leila doesn't think that missing much of her childhood play, and not getting to know intimately the fairies which dance on the lawn, should be catalogued as a regret. There is a large, rambling house at Stony Brook, Long Island, where John Hyams and Leila McIntyre, her parents, spent their between-season time, and there little Leila put in some happy days. The home is still there, housing many of the playthings she had.

"Happiness depends on one's perspective on life," Leila said, as we lunched in the Metro-Goldwyn commissary. "I was born and raised in the atmosphere of the stage, and my life developed in the perspective of the stage. It was my play. I loved it as much as other girls loved their dolls. I grew up with no other idea than that some day I should be before the footlights. I worshiped my mother and idolized my father, and my greatest desire was to be as good as they. So it was only natural that I absorbed happiness from my ambitions.

"Don't get the idea that I didn't have the chance to be a kid a lot of the time. That old home of ours at Stony Brook afforded the opportunity."

She seemed to be going back in memory over some incidents which happened there just a few years ago, and presently a smile spread over her features.

"Did I ever tell you," she continued, "that I am a member of the government life-saving corps? Well, I am, and I have my certificate."

Her gray-green eyes—some one has said they are the color of a storm at sea—lighted in a humorous smile.

"It was at Stony Brook," she said. "I was about



Miss Hyams appeared opposite Conrad Nagel, in "The Thirteenth Chair."

eighteen. The government announced an examination, and I asked permission to take it. I had learned to swim with all the youngsters thereabout, and I thought I was good. The first thing they asked me to do in my test was to bring in a dummy from beyond the breakers. Then I was directed to rescue a 'drowning' man, and show how to resuscitate him on the beach. Next I was asked to demonstrate the correct way to hurl a life preserver into the waves, and so on.

"All very well and good! But then they put a dress on me which buttoned up the back, over my bathing suit. They made me put on heavy stockings and high, laced shoes. Then they rowed me out to sea and dumped me overboard.

" 'Take off the dress, shoes, and stockings, and bring them ashore!' the examiner shouted.

"Now if any one thinks unfastening a dress hooked up the back—a dress so long you couldn't swim, with its skirt around your ankles—then unlacing one shoe and holding it, together with the dress, while you unlaced the other shoe—I say if any one thinks that's kid's play, he's goofy!

"I managed to unhook the dress and wrap it around my neck. Then I got off one shoe. But what was I to do with it? I couldn't wrap it around anything. I didn't have any pockets. The shoe was too big to slip under my bathing suit. So there I was out in the ocean, with a wet Mother Hubbard about my neck, a shoe in one hand, another still to get off, and I had to stay afloat long enough at least to get air. What could I do? What would *you* do?

"Well, little Leila took the top of the first shoe in her mouth and went down. She began tugging at the laces on the other shoe. She would stay under water as long as she could, then come up for air. Down again she'd go for more unlacing. After a while she got that second shoe loose, and set out for shore looking like a cross between a clothes peddler and a drowning rat. Of course they all gave me a hand as I made it. And when, a little later, my emblem from Washington came, I was about the chestiest girl on Long Island. I went about looking for some one to rescue. To be a dyed-in-the-wool government life guard, you know, you must save at least one person from a watery grave, as the novelists say.

"I did it. I was standing on the dock one day, new uniform 'n' everything, as the tide was going out. The sea swirls about the dock rather nastily at times. As I stood there, the body of a little boy, not more than five or six years old, came floating by. The current was carrying him toward the sea. Two minutes, three minutes, and he would be beyond human aid. Life Guard Hyams plunged in and brought the little fellow up on the dock.

"He was not in a bad fix and presently scurried away.

"Pretty soon, to my horror, there came another body along in that swirling current, and again Life Guard Hyams did her stuff. She hauled the youngster out. *It was the same boy!*

" 'Now you run along and be careful!' I admonished. 'I've saved you twice, but we might not be so fortunate

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Swimming is Leila's favorite sport, and she likes to recount her adventures in winning a life-guard certificate.

Photo by Bull

WHEN THE TEN BEST PICTURES OF 1930 ARE CHOSEN





CHARLES BICKFORD brings a vivid reality to the rugged character of the sea-hardened mate who learns the tenderness of love from Anna Christie.



GEORGE F. MARION recreates for the talking screen the hardy role of Old Mott, the unforgetably powerful characterization he made famous in the original stage production.



MARIE DRESSLER has made the world laugh with her gayety—and now she shows a new and amazing dramatic power in the role of Marthy. A portrait of the talking screen you will never forget.



CLARENCE BROWN has directed many mighty entertainments for the screen but the greatest of all is his superb picturization of O'Neill's soul stirring drama.

GRETA GARBO

IN HER FIRST ALL-TALKING PICTURE

ANNA CHRISTIE

Adapted by Frances Marion from
Eugene O'Neill's play "Anna Christie"

A CLARENCE BROWN PRODUCTION

Charles Bickford George F. Marion Marie Dressler

This soul-stirring drama of America's greatest playwright, Eugene O'Neill, will surely be selected for Filmdom's Hall of Fame! Greta Garbo sounds the very depths of human emotions in her portrayal of Anna Christie, the erring woman who finally finds true love in the heart of a man big enough to forgive. A performance that places her definitely among the great actresses of all time. Don't miss this thrill!

THE METRO GOLDWYN MAYER LION
THE GREATEST STAR ON THE SCREEN

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

"More Stars Than There Are in Heaven"



The smartest compact imaginable ....yet only 50¢ and $1

YOU CAN scarcely believe it at first. Such delightful compacts—so gaily colorful, so intriguingly *chic*—for such astoundingly low prices. You'll want one to match each costume—a mode adopted by the very smartest women.

Then, after you have admired the outside of the case—*open!* Inside a generous supply of exquisite powder—soft, clinging, delicately fragrant. And (if you choose the double compact) rouge as well—unbreakable mirror, two puffs. Refills always obtainable. Look for these Tre-Jur compacts in your favorite shop today. Single, 50c; double, $1—in red, blue, green or black.



TRE JUR

If your dealer cannot supply you, order direct, enclosing price and stating color of case and shade of powder (flesh or rachel) desired. Address House of Tre-Jur, Inc., Dept. J, 19 West 18th Street, New York City.

Peeking Ahead

They turn to crystals for tips.



Lena Malena, above, reflects seriously on what is revealed to her.



Corinne Griffith, above, strikes a pretty pose, for a seeker after truth should never forget her art.



June Collyer, left, sees bigger and better things in the biggest crystal of all.

Bernice Claire, below, going into that fixed gaze that goes with reading the future of her career.



Lois Wilson, below, also goes in for occasional dips into the future.



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Hands Off My Private Life!

The next morning the newspapers came out with full accounts of the Chaney tour. He was also quoted at some length on various topics.

Chaney saw and read the accounts, too. He was delighted and chuckled over them.

Now explain that as you will! There is an explanation, of course, for Chaney was the man that once gave another actor the following oft-quoted remark: "When you see a publicity man come on the set to take a picture of you, never let him do it, but be sure to remember this—never let him get away without doing it!" Chaney's motto is and probably always has been, "Get the attention that is coming to you, but never do it in an obvious way."

One could go on indefinitely cataloguing what stars will or will not do on the ground that it is likely to interfere with their life, health and pursuit of happiness, or their careers. But what they assert in private is, after all, a mere bagatelle.

Most of the women of the screen who are mothers, led by Gloria Swanson, consider being photographed with their children an impediment to their success. They edge out of it on one ground or another, generally declaiming that their children are a thing apart, and should not have the spotlight focused on them. Perhaps they are right.

Gloria has suffered exceedingly, though, through letters written to her inferring that her child was not normal and in the best of health. The tone of these was exceedingly malicious, and it hurt. Perhaps what pangs Miss Swanson suffered might have been averted had she consented to the photographs being made. After all, a picture was once published that purported to be Gloria's child, just as subsequently the Chaplin-Grey children had photos of themselves broadcast. These were ingeniously procured by a newspaper photographer, who gained entrance to the Chaplin home and snapped them while riding in a delivery wagon. It is impossible to defeat such enterprise.

The personal interest that stars display in regard to their public relations oftentimes baffles the publicity departments of studios which have a hard time getting them to coöperate on routine matters.

Gary Cooper is sometimes forgetful of appointments with interviewers, though he really likes to be interviewed. At the same time, it is said, he will engineer his own campaigns for popular attention. His trip to Grinnell University for the home-coming recently was a self-starting expedition, and while en route he made his epochal statement that Lupe Velez had given him "the thrill of his life" while he was working in "The Wolf Song" with her. *That* from Gary, who has always soft-pedaled curiosity regarding his romance with Lupe!

First National, so I'm told, went to considerable trouble not long ago to obtain what is known as a national advertising tie-up for Alice White with a very spiffy type of bathing suit. Alice was agreeable, at first, but later inclined to sidestep. The bathing suit exploiteer finally gave up dealing with her, and photographed some of the other stars. Meantime, for some inexplicable reason, Alice achieved a tie-up on her own with something far less alluring—corn plasters. She *did* eventually pose for the bathing suits, too, but after the other stars.

Billie Dove, I hear, is entirely opposed to beauty-lotion tie-ups. The reason is that her fans wrote saying that she ought to be beautiful, because she seemed to use so many lotions. This was discouraging to Billie, to say the least.

She doesn't like stories which emphasize her personal attractions, and she has supervision over everything that is sent out for publication concerning her. She keeps close track of her fan mail and newspaper clippings pertaining to her work. She has cultivated little or no publicity regarding her domestic life.

Richard Barthelmess has acquired complexes lately as to what is private and what is not. He used to be photographed frequently with his little daughter, Mary Hay Barthelmess, but that has stopped. The only pictures of Barthelmess and his child that are publicly extant are several years old.

John Boles is afflicted with parenthood inhibitions since he has become a romantic hero on the screen. He has two children, but no photographs are available of them and their father together. I hear that Dennis King, who appears in "The Vagabond King," opposes similar glimpses of his hearthside life. He also has two youngsters.

In general, it may be remarked that the older children grow, the more difficult becomes the task of getting views of them with their parents. And it is not difficult to imagine why this should be so.

Private lives? Yes, stars have them, undoubtedly. But what are they? Publicity inhibitions is a more likely name for what the luminaries feel. Everything is private, or public, depending on which way they desire to regard the matter.

Motion-picture people, in common with other celebrities, are public property. Consequently they really have no private lives. *They want publicity.* It is, after all, a gratuitous gift to them by newspapers, magazines and other channels for the dissemination of news and information. *But they want to regulate the nature of this publicity.*

There is an old saying that one can't have his cake and eat it. Perhaps that's the best answer to their attempts to impose restrictions on what should, or should not, be said about them.

In the old days—yes, in the old days—they had their private lives all right, because public interest was not centered on them. To-day their lives are an open book, and must be, because they are accountable to the public in maintaining interest in themselves. The wisest of them already know this, and they make their contacts with the public and its representatives sensible and businesslike.

SPOOFING

Dad grins and says he must have been
The greatest rogue unhung,
For Buck Jones' wildest stunts he did,
Himself, when he was young!

And grandpa once lived 'way out West,
The rough and lawless parts,
He says his gun play used to be
A good deal like Bill Hart's.

And ma, although she never dreamed
Of going on the stage,
Says she looked like Mary Pickford
When she was Mary's age.

I wish I could have known them then,
It surely beats the Dutch
That, in a few short years, they could
Have changed so very much!

Rose Pelswick.

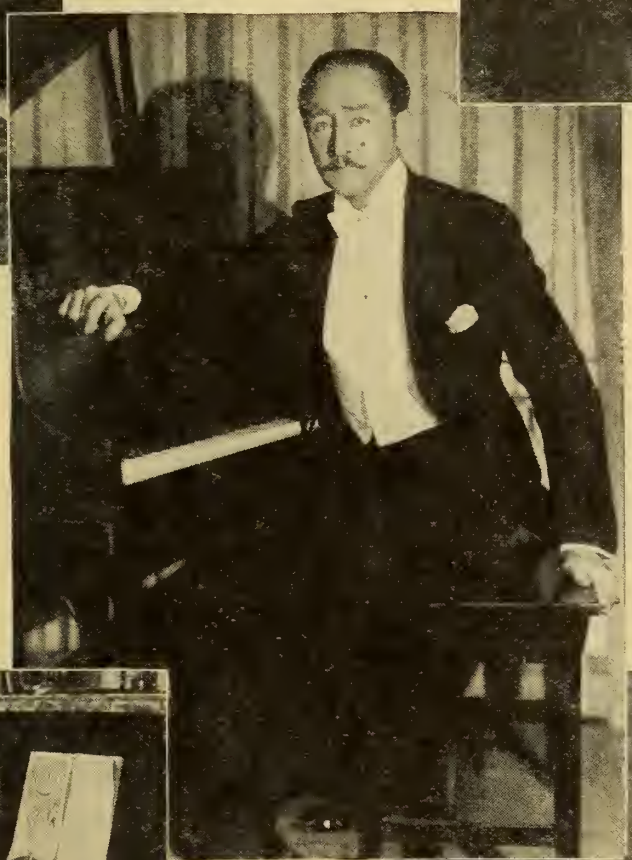
It Must Be Love

What else would cause such anguish to descend upon the souls of these composers in recent films?



Leslie Fenton, left, is dashed to the depths of forlornness in "Paris Bound," because the girl he loves is married, but when she finally hears his pleas, he is so happy the masterpiece is finished.





The musical youth in "Pointed Heels" doomed to moody genius by a cruel scenarist is Phillips Holmes, above, who sadly turns to his work.

Adolphe Menjou, right, ever the sad, cynical, and correct man of many affairs, is a composer in "Fashions in Love" who seems to be through with the grand passion, fashionable or otherwise, and turns to the piano to record his mood.

Richard Barthelmess, below, plays the wistful crooner in "Weary River," a rôle that stirred fans in a somewhat unexpected manner.



Gwen Lee, left, is the willing listener when Charles Kaley, who is happy for good reason, sings his new song in "Lord Byron of Broadway."



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"Probably I'll see a lot of them at luncheon," she told herself, trying not to feel woebegone. After all, picture people would be busy, of course; it wasn't that they didn't want to see her! "And I ought to rush right out now and buy some clothes, because if I'm going into pictures, I'll just have to have a wardrobe. I need something to wear to lunch to-day, too."

She was glad that she knew where to go. Only last night, some one had asked Joy where she got the dress she was wearing, and Joy had said, "Oh, at Mowbray's, of course. I always go there when I haven't time to have things made."

So Monica took a taxi, telling the driver to go to Mowbray's. She thought he looked surprised, and felt that way herself when she found how very near it was. Ashamed to admit that she hadn't known, and let him go, she asked him to wait, and trailed into the shop, which looked far less impressive to her than the Palace Department Store at home.

She'd be glad to get some decent clothes, she told herself. The things she had brought from home looked so drab and dowdy out here, where every one seemed to wear bright colors and extreme styles. She told the saleswoman that Joy Laurel had recommended the shop, and the woman at once became almost abject—a friend of Miss Laurel's!

"Are you in pictures, too?" she asked, as she helped Monica take off her coat.

"Oh, yes," Monica assured her blithely. "Well, that is, the picture Joy has just finished is my first one."

She actually thought that she was telling the truth, that working in one picture meant that one would work in many. And the saleswoman, who was also new in Hollywood, shared the delusion.

Monica bought a great many things. A hostess gown of rose-colored, transparent velvet and lace, with a long train—just what she'd need when all her new friends dropped in for tea. A vivid-green chiffon dinner dress, from which bands of ostrich feathers sprouted at intervals, which gave her a figure that she'd never suspected she possessed; a "sweet little ensemble" that she planned to wear to luncheon, made of black-and-white-striped satin, and a scarlet bag, hat, and scarf to go with it. Then she had to have underwear, and couldn't resist a pair of lounging pajamas, and a huge, scarlet silk handkerchief, and some gloves and shoes.

The bill made her breath catch in her throat, and she almost strangled, but the manager suggested that, since she was a friend of Miss Laurel's, she open an account. The astute woman had telephoned the Elysée and found that Monica really was living there, which meant more than Monica knew.

"Just pay something on account, and wait until the first of the month to pay the rest," she suggested. She was only too glad to dispose of some slightly *passé* stock, and would have been delighted to let the things go at half the price.

"Thank you so much," Monica murmured gratefully. "I want to wear the black-and-white suit; I'm lunching at Montmartre with Booth Carlisle."

The manager wasn't as much impressed as Monica had expected her to be; indeed, she murmured "That has-been," to her niece as Monica tripped out. But Monica didn't hear her; she was wondering if it wasn't a mistake not to buy more than one evening gown. But then she could always run in and get a few more!

There were some tourists standing about the door of the Montmartre as she went in. A girl whispered "Look! I'm sure she's in pictures!" as Monica started up the long flight of stairs. Monica turned to smile radiantly at the girl, and all but fell flat as a result, but the tourists were staring at a shoe salesman that they were sure was Clive Brook, and didn't even notice.

The small waiting room at the top was jammed with people, but Booth Carlisle was not among them. Monica edged to one side of the mob and waited. Thrilled though she was when some one she had seen in pictures went by, she realized that she had been there a long, long time before Carlisle rushed up the stairs, bareheaded, but swinging a stick and wearing spats.

"Couldn't get here sooner, darling!" he exclaimed. "I had a ghastly time getting away from the studio. They want me for the next McLaglen picture, but I can't see myself saying 'yeah?' out of the corner of my mouth every two seconds. My public wouldn't stand for it."

The waiting tourists had arrived in the reception room, so Monica exclaimed, "Of course, darling, that's not your sort of thing at all." Her voice trembled a little over the "darling," because she'd never said it to any one but her sister before. But, after all, everybody called everybody else "darling" in Hollywood.

Carlisle asked her what she wanted to eat, adding that he wasn't hungry, because he'd had a late breakfast. Monica noticed the two tables near the door, where the most marvelous-looking food she had ever seen was temptingly displayed—*hors d'œuvres*, salads, et cetera—and, because she hadn't been able to eat breakfast before leaving Joy's, she could have devoured everything in sight. A girl at the next table, who looked like Billie Dove, was saying, "Oh, I'm starved! Bring me the table-d'hôte luncheon." Carlisle's eye was upon Monica, so she remarked that she, too, wasn't really hungry, and ordered fruit salad and tea.

Carlisle began at once to talk about himself. He mentioned some pictures he'd been in, all rather old ones; told how he'd happened to make pictures—told his version, that is, according to which all the big producers had fought over him, and had been horrified when he insisted on beginning in slapstick comedy, in order to learn the technique of screen acting—and enlarged on his distaste for the social life of Hollywood.

"What I really like," he explained, "is just to stay home and read, or play bridge with a few friends. I rarely go out"—which was the truth; he was known in picture circles as "the human sponge"—"and when I do, it's really just because I can't escape it. Of course, Joy's dinner last night was an exception. I'm really like Ronnie Colman in my tastes. Of course, Hollywood's too unsophisticated to appeal strongly to me. Paris—London—that's where I belong. Dear, old London!"

Monica, naturally, couldn't know that he'd never been nearer London than his native Brooklyn, nor could she know that his English accent would have left any Britisher completely bewildered. She was greatly impressed by him. The familiar reference to Ronnie Colman was the last touch. She did not suspect that Carlisle had never spoken to Colman in his life.

There were many such references during the course of the luncheon—"Dear little Colleen;" "Buddy's all right, but he takes himself too seriously;" "Oh, my child, I must take you to one of Marion Davies' parties!"

Sometimes he made her uncomfortable. He had a habit of laying his hand on hers occasionally. He bent very close to her as he talked, and lighted a cigarette for her when he lighted his own. The cigarette made her even more uncomfortable. It was the first one she had ever tried to smoke, and it all but choked her, but she puffed away valiantly. He called her "dear" and "darling," and asked if she couldn't come up to his rooms for a cocktail that evening.

"You know, I'm crazy about you. Are you going to let me fall in love

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One Touch Of Nature

Girlhood is the same the world over, as Lila Lee tries to prove in these pictures of flappers of several races.







Lila, above, portrays a Spanish girl of today, or is it not that Miss Lee is showing how she will perhaps look in the distant future?

With her eyes on the windmills of Holland, Miss Lee, above, would have us believe she is as Dutch as Edam cheese.

They say that Orientals are influenced by American movies, and Miss Lee, upper left, leaves no doubt of it.



Russia is the stamping ground of Miss Lee's flapper, right.



The war has not modernized the costume of the girl of Alsace-Lorraine, left, no matter what it has done to her talent for flirtation.

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with you?" he asked, gazing amorously into her eyes.

Monica couldn't answer; she was thrilled, and slightly shocked. She took a tight grasp on her self-control and told herself that she wasn't going to fall in love till she'd got somewhere with her career, but she wished the girls back home could know that a handsome leading man had virtually proposed to her as soon as she got to Hollywood.

"And now is there anything else you want to know about me?" he asked a moment later, evidently having shelved romance for a moment. "For your interview, I mean."

"My interview? But I wasn't interviewing you!"

"You weren't?" He was as amazed as she. "But aren't you out here for the New York *Gazette?* That's what Joy said. You're what? Breaking into pictures? Lord, if I'd known that I'd never have asked you to lunch. I mean"—hastily catching himself—"I had a frightful time getting away from the studio. Very few of us actor people take time for luncheon, unless we have an interview on. That woman over there is on a newspaper here, and that man represents a big syndicate. You see, practically every one here is taking time for an interview. It's about the only way we *can* find time for such things!"

Monica tried not to feel hurt. But she realized, as he paid the check, that he was getting rid of her as swiftly as he could; his mumbled excuses about having to get back to work didn't deceive her. Not that he really tried to do so. He saw her into a taxi, and then sauntered back into the restaurant.

"Some day he'll be sorry he was so blunt with me," she told herself, and though she spoke with conviction, she would have been amazed had she known how true that prophecy was to prove.

She needed all her faith in herself when she arrived at the Central Casting Bureau. Only the fact that she had actually seen Evelyn Brent as she left Montmartre bolstered up her courage. Some one had told her once that she looked like Evelyn Brent.

She had supposed that her beauty would make things easy for her, but when she saw dozens of girls who were quite as pretty, if not prettier, her heart sank. And she encountered no encouragement when she registered. Recalling the advice given her by the extra girl, Bunny Tompkins, the day before, she affirmed on the card she filled out that she could dance, sing—well, she *could*, a little!—and had had experience in pictures, although Joy's new picture was the only one she could mention to back up her statement.

She realized, as she turned to leave, that she was tired and hungry. She'd have to have food, at once! If only she knew some one. And then, suddenly, she saw Bunny Tompkins. She greeted Bunny as an old friend.

"Oh, you're the girl who's a friend of Joy Laurel's," said Bunny, none too cordially.

"Well, not as good a friend as I'd supposed," Monica answered frankly. "I'm not staying with her any more."

"Oh!" Bunny's whole manner changed. "Did you register here? What you doing now?"

"Eating, I hope," Monica answered. "I'm starved. I had luncheon with Booth Carlisle——"

"And he'd just had breakfast," supplemented Bunny, with a giggle. "Listen, I've got to go out to the Universal studio for a test, and a boy is going to take me in his car. You come along and eat at the lunch room there. As long as you've got money enough to eat, you'd better do it where you'll be seen. Hey, Danny"—clutching a young man by the arm. "Danny, this is—what's your name? Monica Mayo—where'd you get the idea for that? Monica, this is Danny Jordan. Go on and tell him he looks like Gary Cooper and get it over with—every one does. Danny, she wants to eat in the lunch room while I do that test. Come along!"

They clambered into a Ford that should have been in comedies, and as they crawled through the traffic Monica stole a glance at Danny Jordan. He did look like Gary Cooper, she decided, only he was better looking.

"Are you in pictures?" she asked him, when Bunny stopped for breath.

"When I can get in," he answered, with an engaging grin. "Been here two years now, and they haven't starved me out yet."

"This is one more unrecognized Greta Garbo," Bunny cut in. "Just registered at Central. And let me tell you, baby, you'd never have got a chance to do that if the assistant director on Laurel's latest hadn't recommended you. You can thank her for wanting to let you see how pictures are made and giving you your chance."

"You're not really going to try to break in, are you?" Danny asked Monica disgustedly. "Gosh! We—look! There's Jack Gilbert, if you want to see him in the flesh—we ought to dump her on a train and send her home, Bunny."

"Have to chloroform her first," Bunny retorted. "I know the type. But maybe you can talk some sense into her while she eats."

The lunch room reminded Monica of the one near the fair grounds back home, only it was more crowded and looked less inviting. There were people in make-up, and people without it, and all were talking. There were signed photographs of well-known actors on the walls. At the next table sat five men, one of whom pounded on the table till the others had to listen.

"I tell you, it's a wow! Nothing like it's ever been done. The girl's a Russian aristocrat, see, and her husband thinks she isn't true to him, but she is, see, and she goes to Paris, after the revolution, and works in a café——"

"Yeah, we did that just twice on our lot last year, but the other guys got the jump on us and dug it out three times," interrupted one of his companions.

Undaunted, the first went on.

"Well, how's this? There's a woman, a burlesque queen, see, and her daughter's in a convent, and doesn't know the mother's an actress, and when the girl comes to New York, and sees the mother on the stage——"

"Sure! They called that one 'Applause' when Helen Morgan did it," interrupted another.

"They're all like that, those scenario writers," Danny told Monica. "Now about you. Won't you please go back home? I know you're pretty, and you'll photograph like a million dollars when you know what your best camera angles are. You haven't learned how to walk, or carry your head, but you'll learn. But those things don't count for much, unless you've got pull. Have you?"

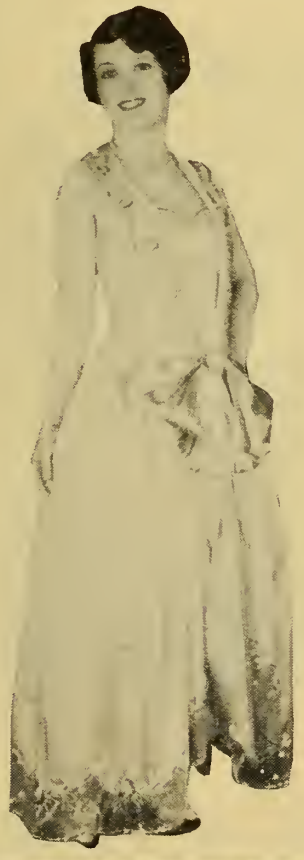
Monica shook her head. "Joy Laurel's the only person I know out here," she said.

"Lots of good *that* will do you. She's hanging on by her eyelashes now, and even if she was at the top, she wouldn't help a younger, prettier girl to climb. Now listen to me. Unless you've got tons of money, you'll know what it is to be hungry, and cold, and scared to death. Even with money, you'll wish sometimes you could die and have it over with. You may get a start, may work two or three days a week for a while, and then you may go for months, or even a year, without ever getting a call. You'll be promised parts, and then somebody else will get them. Look at the time it's taken girls like Dorothy Gulliver to get ahead—girls who are beautiful and have talent to burn. I wish you wouldn't stay."

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Along Came Nancy

In fact, a whole flock of them appeared on the screen to popularize the name, some of whose owners greet you from this page.



Nancy Welford, left, daughter of Dallas Welford, the stage actor, played the heroine in "Gold Diggers of Broadway" as her introduction to the fans.



Nancy Dover, above, hasn't been visible on the screen to PICTURE PLAY of late, but she is often wished for.



Nancy Drexel, center, scored a hit in "The Four Devils" as the youngest of the devil-may-care trapezists.



Nancy Phillips, left, has the sort of distinction that fits well into Paramount pictures, don't you think?



And, right, we have the most famous Nancy of all, Miss Carroll, whose red hair and smiling Irish eyes have appeared on more magazine covers than she remembers.

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Monica lifted her eyes to his.

"I've just *got* to," she told him. "It's the *one* thing I want to do."

For a moment, a long moment, he sat staring deep into her eyes, and a queer, little thrill ran through Monica's whole being. Never before had she met any one who stirred her as this tall, lean chap did.

Suddenly he sat up straight, shaking himself a little, as if to throw off some sweet, secret enchantment.

"All right," he said briskly. "I can't help being glad. I'll help you all I can. Where you living?" Then, as she told him, "Good heavens! What millionaire's your father? You get out of there and find yourself something cheaper right away! Ask Bunny where you can go; that kid knows everything."

Monica was glad to sit close beside him on the drive home. The crowd in the lunch room and at the casting bureau had given her some idea of the world she had entered so gayly, and it frightened her. But Danny Jordan seemed so wise, so kind, that she felt less desolate, sitting there beside him. And he'd said he would help her. That thought brought comfort.

The Movie Racket

The feeling of desolation returned, however, when she entered the Elysée. The telephone operator was saying to a woman who stood beside her, "That guy Griswold makes me sick. He goes out and telephones here, leaves a message that Norma Shearer, or Clara Bow, or somebody wants to see him. Thinks I don't know his voice! Then he prances in when there's a crowd around and asks for messages."

Was that the way with everybody out here? Were they all just a sham?

Back in her rooms, Monica tried once more to phone some of the people she had met the night before. She did find one girl in, but the girl didn't seem to remember her. Finally, in desperation, she called Joy. But Miss Laurel was "out of town." That message was given after a perceptible delay, and Monica couldn't help suspecting that Joy herself had been consulted.

Well, maybe it would be better to go back home, to give up all hope of getting into pictures.

"But I *can* break in—*other* people have!" she told herself stubbornly. "Lots of them had an awful time at first. Why, nobody paid any attention even to Greta Garbo for ages after she got here!"

The very gayety of her little suite seemed to mock her. What a fool she had been, thinking that soon it would be crowded with stars and directors and leading men! She could sit there alone till she died, and not one would even know it!

An hour went by, another passed. A laughing group of people sauntered down the outer hall to another apartment. Somebody tooted an automobile horn impatiently, out in front. The telephone rang. Monica ran to answer it, her first thought that perhaps it was Joy, after all. The operator said, "Sorry—mistake!"

Then, as she sat fighting to keep back her tears, it rang again. At first she didn't answer. This would be just one more mistake. Then another thought sent her hurrying to it. Perhaps Danny Jordan was calling her! He'd been so kind——

When she put it down she stood there, laughing delightedly, then whirled to face the empty room.

"I'm going to work in a picture to-morrow!" she cried, as if there had been some one to hear. "Central Casting Bureau's called me!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

What The Fans Think

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Look at Greta Garbo. She ignores her fan mail and isn't sociable at all, and who is a greater box-office attraction than the Great Garbo herself? I know I wouldn't miss one of her pictures for anything in the world, and if I do, it will be because I have checked out.

As for Gary Cooper's affair with the hectic Lupe, as you put it—well, is that any of your business? What he does away from the studio is his own affair. You say it is hurting his character, and the sooner he terminates it the better. Well, I'll say—I hope you don't like it—that I admire his choice. I don't know of a better actress on the screen than Lupe Velez. She is pretty, she can sing and dance, she can act—and how! What more does anybody want?

If Gary Cooper is losing your interest and that of the rest of your kind, I'm sure he doesn't care—Ha! Ha! Ha! Do you know what that is? It is the horse laugh for you. If you want to hear anything else, why just say so, dearie, because I am ready for anything.

(Miss) Jan Dean.
920 Heights Boulevard, Houston, Texas.

'Twas on a Chilly Night.

I have seen all the stars who have made personal appearances here. Every one I know places Leatrice Joy above them all. She is wonderful, a great actress indeed. After the show, I waited two hours in the cold at the stage entrance for her autograph. But she was worth waiting for. She was so sweet and pleasant and thought it was lovely of me to wait out in the cold night for her autograph.

I asked Leatrice to send me her photograph, for which I wanted to give her twenty-five cents in stamps. She said that she would be very glad to send me her photo, but would not think of accepting stamps. I thought that the minute she got into her car she would tear up my name and address and forget all about me. But no—the very next week I received a beautiful photograph of Leatrice autographed to me. It is framed and hangs in my room, and to all my friends who see it I tell how adorable she is.

There is nothing high-hat about Leatrice Joy—just her perfect self. She has the kindest eyes, and don't you just love her smile? She has a wonderful voice and sings beautifully. E. R. R.
New Rochelle, New York.

Better Hide Out, Patsey.

So many people have criticized Alice White that I'll just have to put in my nickel's worth. I have never missed one of Alice's pictures. She is really adorable, and as for her personality, she's got "It." Clara Bow hasn't a thing on America's little sweetheart. As much as I admire Clara, I must say she has a real rival in Miss White.

Some of these persnickety old crabs who say Alice can't act are all wet. I know. She *can* act, and it's not put on, either.

I give Alice credit for holding her own, for success like hers does not grow on bushes. Don't disillusion yourself concerning her, because she is a regular girl and all she should be. Now, let's stop throwing brickbats and give her a big cheer!

(Miss) Patsey O'Brien.
15767 Lesure Avenue, Detroit, Michigan.

A Word for Stambaugh.

Perhaps you haven't seen "Rio Rita" yet, but you will. Bebe Daniels is all that her enthusiastic admirers say she is. Then there's John Boles. Oh, yes—John Boles. When I read that he was to have the lead in "The Desert Song" I thought, "Can he sing? Will he be romantic enough? Is he suited to the rôle?" You know the answer. I imagine Mr. Boles had quite a chuckle over the surprise he gave us.

I was happy to find an article about John Stambaugh in January Picture Play. I remember several years ago when he and John Westwood were chosen out of a dozen college boys and given parts. He is mighty plucky to have remained this long with only small rôles for consolation. I liked him in "The Cock-eyed World," and hope he is a great success. I did not see Westwood after "The Shepherd of the Hills" which, by the way, introduced John Boles to me.

Of the stage people, I think Walter Huston, Claudette Colbert, Fredric March, Robert Armstrong, Ann Harding, Ruth Chatterton, and Maurice Chevalier should be welcomed with open arms. I'm for the talkies, the singies, and whatever else we can hear. Music enhances the romance of a picture, and a beautiful voice is always welcome to our ears. Helen Holt.
Albuquerque, New Mexico.

Men's Voices Preferred.

The talkies have been an instantaneous success wherever they have been shown in Australia. Attendance at the theaters has increased considerably, and the most noticeable thing is that in the days of the silent pictures the audiences were composed of two thirds women and girls, and one third men. Since the advent of talk-

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In The Swim

Not only in the cool dips that make five contented grins exactly alike, but they are big splashes on the screen, too.



John Mack Brown, left, keeps the biceps in condition by swimming.





The camera man risked a splashing in snapping Norma Shearer, above, as she swam by.

Dorothy Sebastian, below, who goes in for swimming at the studio pool and the beach, smiles her invitation to come on in.

Anita Page, left, is another follower of sea bathing and boldly faces the camera with no thought of her wet hair.

John Gilbert, below, gets a great deal of relaxation in his own swimming pool.





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one is treated to a series of complications caused by the embarrassment of a Bible salesman on being suspected of supporting several young ladies. But it turns out that some one only wants to produce a stage show to give *Nanette* a chance. So, you see, the appeal of the picture will be strongest from those who aren't abreast of the times and who still shriek at the stock figure of farce—the dowdy wife, the dumbbell servant, the fat friend and so on. However, the Technicolor flash at the finale is handsomely photographed and brightly staged, with a huge, crimson Zeppelin hovering over the dancers. Also the two hits of the stage "Nanette," "Tea For Two" and "I Want To Be Happy" are pleasingly sung by Alexander Gray and Bernice Claire, in the title rôles. Those who do not sing, but who acquit themselves well nevertheless, are Lilyan Tashman, Louise Fazenda, Lucien Littlefield, Zasu Pitts, and Bert Roach.

Fie!

Sad to say, our enthusiasm for Eddie Dowling's "The Rainbow Man" cannot be carried over to his new "Blaze o' Glory," because our conscience—or what is left of it after trying to give the benefit of the doubt to many films—just won't let us. So more in pity than in scorn we say Mr. Dowling lets his judgment run away with him and gives an exhibition of "actoritis" that we blush to recall. Sentimental, sugary, maudlin—this describes the dialogue and acting. It is employed with such complete lack of discrimination that one can only guess that Mr. Dowling was boss of the works, with the nominal director a figurehead. This is too bad, for Mr. Dowling at his best is warmly human and sympathetic and can sing a song most beguilingly, if the words are fit to be taken seriously.

The new picture begins in the courtroom, with Mr. Dowling charged with murder and Frankie Darro on the witness stand. A lengthy flash-back tells the story, which shows Mr. Dowling as a song-and-dance man who enlists in the war and finds his tender heart an impediment to the grim business at hand. He returns ill and broken and commits murder in a state of delusion. Somehow it doesn't matter whether he is acquitted or not. Betty Compson is a routine heroine.

The Breaking Point.

An hour and three quarters, more or less, given to an almost continuous performance by the Duncan Sisters is too much of a good thing. Or would be if their picture, "It's a Great Life," were good. But it isn't. It's tedious and apparently was inspired by a desire to afford the sisters a chance to do everything they have ever done in their long careers on the stage, with anything in the way of a story to excuse it. Thus we see them a devoted sister team, first in a department store and then in vaudeville, where they do their stuff with the assistance of a piano player from the music department of the store. What with the abuse of the more energetic Duncan and the cloying love of the clinging one, his lot is made doubly hard in having to stand by while the sisters enjoy themselves showing off. Marriage to one brings down upon him the fury of the other, so it's no wonder that Lawrence Gray, who plays the rôle, looks rather worn. Illness reconciles the sisters, of course, and in a Technicolor delirium they see themselves as stars of a show more expensive than their talents would ever justify.

A Welcome Newcomer.

Edward G. Robinson, a celebrity from the stage, gives the most striking performance in "Night Ride," a melodrama describing the capture of a crook by a reporter. The latter rôle, played by Joseph Schildkraut, is so excessively acted that the sinister realism and restraint of Mr. Robinson's gangster is thrown into high relief, but it does not make the picture believable, or more than tolerably entertaining. It does, however, place Mr. Robinson's performance among the best of the month.

Barbara Kent is a refreshing heroine, and the late Lydia Yeamans Titus is seen effectively in her last rôle.

A Wife Without a Smile.

It all depends on how seriously you take wives who are blackmailed for innocent letters they wrote before marriage. Ever since I can remember, this has been going on in fiction. Once I shed tears over the wife who wouldn't make a simple confession to her kind, understanding husband, but preferred to emote through four acts, or two, three, five, six, or more reels. Now I think she's a fool who enjoys pitying herself. But we must remember that a new generation is growing up, and it may get a thrill where we old-timers find only a wry smile. But you can't tell me there aren't wives who say, "See here, Bo, I thought I was in love with that guy before I met you, and I wrote a lot of slushy letters to him. Do you mind?" Nor can I believe that wives prefer to let such a secret gnaw at their vitals, to the accompaniment of dizzy spells, hysterical gayety, and fainting fits, when by taking an independent stand they can be happy and carefree. But Ann Harding, in "Her Private Affair," plainly doesn't want to be happy—she prefers to dramatize herself as a wife who goes to the room of the blackmailer who has her letters and shoots him when he tries to make her pay what such stories always call "the price." That is why her sufferings bored me and I found myself much more interested in the scenery, which is tasteful. Miss Harding's voice is musically eloquent, but it would be much more appealing in modern emotions. And I think, too, that a wife with a smile in the course of an hour's stress would be a more agreeable person. Harry Bannister, John Loder, Arthur Hoyt are some of the cast.

The Barnstormers' Return.

Still another wife won't expose her girlish indiscretion to another adoring, sympathetic husband until there's a shooting and a lot of barnstorming all over the place. This example of misguided reticence occurs in "The Locked Door." Barbara Stanwyck, from the stage, is the lady who won't speak up till the last reel. And all because she was photographed among a crowd of persons in a liquor raid. No, she wasn't playing hooky from a convent—she was a stenographer out with the boss' son. Eighteen months later she is married to a man who worships her. When the boss' son reappears as the beau her husband's sister has met at the golf club, the wife won't tell why she doesn't want him around. She's afraid—afraid to tell the husband who lives to make her happy. She much prefers to have cold shivers and go to the bachelor's apartment in a low-cut evening dress to save her sister-in-law from the consequences of a little supper. There's gun play, of course, and a little suspense if you saw neither the stage play nor Norma Talmadge's silent version of "The Sign on the Door." But it's all so futile and antique psychologically. The cast includes Rod La Rocque, William Boyd, of the stage—no relation to Bill—Betty Bronson, Zasu Pitts, Mack Swain, and Harry Stubbs. You can take your pick of the performances that seem less than first-rate. I won't tell.

Heel And Toe

The stars use both to advantage nowadays, what with all the dancing they are called upon to do.



Vilma Banky and Louis Wolheim, left, were trained in the intricacies of an Alsatian festival dance for "The Awakening."





Ivy Sawyer and Joseph Santley, above, found their experience in musical comedy useful for this minuet in "Booklovers," a short subject.

Nick Stuart and Lois Moran, center, tripped the Persian fantastic in "Joy Street."

Roland Drew and Dolores del Rio, lower left, trod the measures of a stately, old French folk dance for "Evangeline."



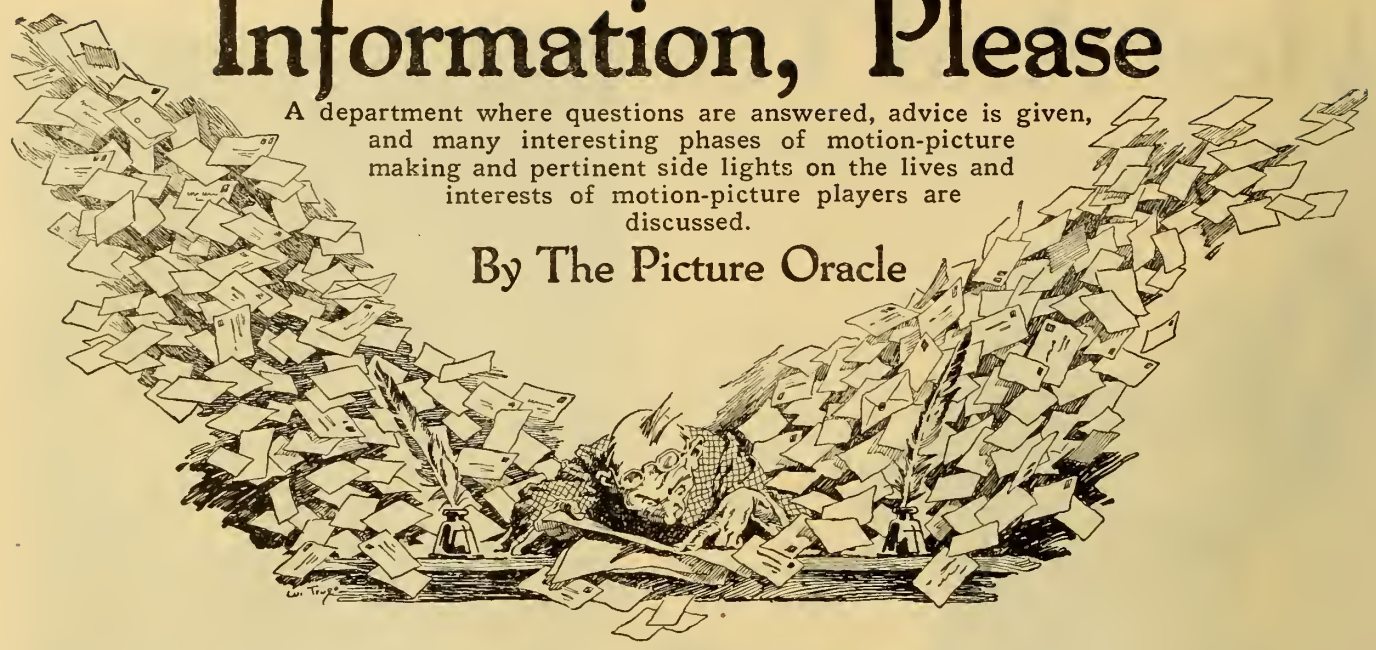


A different mood entirely was captured by Miss Del Rio, below, in her wild, gypsy dance for "Revenge," with José Crespo as her enamored partner.

Information, Please

A department where questions are answered, advice is given, and many interesting phases of motion-picture making and pertinent side lights on the lives and interests of motion-picture players are discussed.

By The Picture Oracle



GAY PAREE AND VIVE LA FRANCE.—You didn't fool me. My detectif instinct told me you were the same person in both letters. I'm shy about telling my age. Apparently Maurice Chevalier is also, because "under forty" is as specific as he cares to be. His wife is known both as Suzanne and Yvonne Vallée; Yvonne is said to be right. Chevalier's next film is "The Big Pond." His name is pronounced she, as in shed, *val*—short a—yai. He has no fan club, so far as I know. Lillian Roth is such a screen newcomer I haven't yet any information about her. Victor McLaglen pronounces his name McLacklen.

MISS BUNTEE D'ALTON, CALLE RIVADAVIA 1260, *1er* Piso, Buenos Aircs, Argentine, S. A., wishes to hear from any other fans who might like to write. John Gilbert was born in Logan, Utah. As for Irish stars, the Moore brothers, Tom, Owen, and Matt were all born in County Meath, Ireland. Yes, if I ever get to Buenos Aires—and I'd like to—I'll certainly look you up.

M. SCHUIERER.—I'm sorry I failed to record your David Rollins club; I assure you I have it on file now. Excusit, please!

A MARC MCDERMOTT FAN.—Then I have very bad news for you. Marc died after an operation, January 5, 1929. "The Whip" was his last film. McDermott was born in England and came to America when he was twenty. He played on the stage with Mrs. Patrick Campbell and Richard Mansfield. He was married in 1916 to Miriam Nesbitt, but divorced in 1921. Harry Carey was the villain in "The Trail of '98." He's an old-time star in Westerns now playing in "Trader Horn." He was born in 1880, and was once a cowboy, then went on the stage. Yes, there was much comment about the inconsistent costuming in "The Trail of '98."

BETTY TURPIN.—We had to stop printing requests for stars' pictures from other fans; they began to crowd out everything else in this department. Your pronunciation, Ra-mone No-vahr-o is correct. His real name is Ramon Novarro Gil Samaniegos. PICTURE PLAY has not published his life story in an issue sufficiently recent to be available, but an interview was in the March Number.

HELEN.—Your few questions turned out to be quite a few! Nils Asther was born January 17, 1902. He is six feet one and a half; has brown hair and hazel eyes. His American films are, "Sorrell and Son," "Topsy and Eva," "Blue Danube," "Laugh, Clown, Laugh," "Loves of an Actress," "Her Cardboard Lover," "Our Dancing Daughters," "Dream of Love," "Wild Orchids," "Single Standard." He uses his real name. He doesn't give a home address. Greta Garbo is twenty-three. She is five feet six and has golden hair. "Anna Christie" is her latest film. Greta was christened Garbo Gustafson. Clara Bow is twenty-four; that's her real name. Barry Norton is twenty-three.

A NEGRI FAN.—Yes, it's too bad Pola has left America. She wanted more salary than Hollywood producers were willing to pay these days. Pola was born in Warsaw, Poland, December 30, 1897. She first made her reputation as star of the Russian Imperial Ballet, then became an emotional actress on the European stage. Foreign films followed, until she came to Hollywood. She was formerly married to Count Eugene Dombski, and is now getting a divorce in Paris from Prince Serge Mdivani. Her present address is Château Rueil Seraincourt, *Par* Moulan, Seine *et* Oise, France.

EMILY VALLEE.—I suppose you're constantly annoyed by being asked if you're related to Rudy. There is no plan on foot at present for Sally Rand's return to the screen.

EDNA PARISH.—I am so glad that your eyes are better so that you can read again. Greta Garbo was a schoolgirl in Stockholm when Mauritz Stiller, the Swedish director, saw her and gave her her first screen chance. See answers to HELEN and A NEGRI FAN. There is a Greta Garbo club in Barberton, Ohio, in charge of Elnora Rodenbaugh, Baird Avenue and Fourth Street. Tom Mix has—or had—a club with Waldorf P. Libby, Box 1017, Fort Benning, Georgia. Buck Jones' contract was not renewed. He produced one film himself, "The Big Hop," but that's all. Western stars have been handicapped by the talkies.

RUTH MARY BLACKBURN.—Such a charming letter ought to have better replies than I can give some of your questions. The number of fan letters Warner Baxter might receive, for example. I can only guess that they run into several hundred a week, and he would need a secretary to answer them. A long-term contract usually means about five years. Though usually contracts are arranged on an optional basis, and automatically come up for renewal every six months or year. All in the company's favor! Warner has no children, and I don't know his tastes. I was introduced to him once at the studio, but merely said, "How do you do?" I don't know his home address. PICTURE PLAY has not published an article about him recently, but will do so very soon.

VIRGIE.—So you're jealous of the letters I get? And here am I—just a guy who hates to write letters, and all those I receive must be answered. I've never heard the name of Nils Asther's former wife. Baclanova has been playing in vaudeville. Greta Nissen has also been trying the stage. Ivan Lebedeff doesn't give his age. Mary Nolan was born in Louisville, Kentucky. She is five feet six. As to Greta Garbo's using a double for public appearances—that sounds like another of those silly rumors. Certainly it was not when she appeared with John Gilbert.

F. E. B.—You bet I can tell you something about Rex Bell. He was born in Chicago, October 16, 1905, and later moved to Hollywood. He was a building-material salesman for a Los Angeles firm, and entered films in 1927 through selling building materials at the studios. His real name is George Beldam and he's a blond six-footer. Sharon Lynn was born in Weatherford, Texas, and is in her early twenties. She is not married. She and Rex are Fox players and work almost all the time. Rex's new film is "Harmony at Home." Nancy Drexel will soon be seen in "New Orleans Minstrels." Many of the players you no longer see on the screen have been forced out by the talkies.

AFREDIGHTI.—Aphrodite would probably leap right out of the foam again if she knew how you spelled her name. Dick Arlen was christened Richard van Mattimore. Yes, Jobyna Ralston is his second wife. No one seems to know the name of his first one. Dick's new film is "Young Man of Manhattan."

Continued on page 119

Down To Earth

Not that the players have been thrown, but the old-time riding habit that sweeps the ground has been revived.

Greta Garbo, left, wears a costume that is anything but what the fans call "snaky."

Dorothy Jordan, below, in "Devil-May-Care," handled her long skirt with the ease of a girl of a past generation.

Billie Dove, right, in "Her Private Life," is the old-fashioned lady out for her daily ride.











Jeanette MacDonald, right, in "The Love Parade," is a Hussar colonel who knows how to handle her horses and soldiers.

Lita Chevret, left, in boots and long skirt, adds another bit of evidence that they're wearing them again.

Continued from page 65

Gloria Swanson's "Queen Kelly," which is now to be a talkie, but without Von at the helm.

The gifted but expensive director's acting career was resumed in "The Great Gabbo," a picture that did not win any great laurels, but nevertheless established that he could manage to portray a rôle without causing a financial panic.

At that, we would like to see a good Von Stroheim production. He surely knows how to make his pictures.

Lawrence the Hero.

We have already mentioned that Lawrence Tibbett is the hero of the hour in Hollywood, but we neglected to say that he will have the chance to be the hero again. He has signed for six more features to be screened during the next two or three years. The price for his services is reported to be considerably upward of $500,000 for the group. All the time, too, he will doubtless go on singing with the Metropolitan Opera.

Norma Well Escorted.

Maybe there is such a thing as safety in numbers of leading men, socially speaking. One would naturally think so on beholding a star like Norma Talmadge accompanied by two on a visit to the theater.

Norma went to see Mae West, in "Diamond Lil," and sitting on her right was Gilbert Roland, and on her left was Eugene O'Brien. And Miss Talmadge seemed to be having a delightful time of it.

Mary Will Be Busier.

Mary Pickford is to star in more pictures than heretofore. Also she may play "Peg o' My Heart."

She vouchsafed this information at a little party that she gave for the press, and additionally announced that she would have a supervisor for her films, namely Benjamin P. Glazer.

Mary has been kept very busy in court lately, on account of her mother's estate. She managed to prove her contentions in a legal parley with State officials, and saved $40,000 on her inheritance tax.

Among other interesting things, the case disclosed that as long ago as 1919 Mary was making $10,000 a week, and that during 1917, even, she was paid $560,000 and saved $420,000. These were the later years of Mary's contracts with Paramount and First National, before she commenced her career as an independent.

It is to be wondered whether she has fared as well financially in managing her own affairs. Her pictures individually have gathered in money, but the output has been very irregular.

Bill—How Could You?

Speaking of stipends of stars, William Powell's divorce case brought out the fact that he earns upward of $100,000 a year, according to his wife's assertions.

Mrs. Powell obtained the decree, charging among other things that her husband had said she had the mentality of a twelve-year-old child. The grounds, incidentally, were cruelty of the mental kind.

Jetta Will Speak French.

If she can't get the chance to speak English, well then Jetta Goudal will *parlez* French. And that's that.

Jetta is doing the Gallic version of "The Unholy Night." She appears as a mystic or seeress in the lead that Dorothy Sebastian did in the English talking version.

In anything mystic Jetta should be ravishing. So isn't it a pity that the distribution of her pictures will probably be restricted to the foreign world?

Blood Will Tell.

Relatives of stars are popping up all over the place again. They seem to follow in the wake of their celebrated brethren and "sistern." And occasionally some of them demonstrate marked talent.

We thought Florence Lake very interesting in "The Rogue Song," for example. She is a sister of Arthur Lake, the bashful boy of comedies.

Renée Torres, a sister of Raquel, graces the Paul Whiteman revue, "King of Jazz." She has unusual personal loveliness.

A cousin of Norma Shearer, 'tis said, is also likely to be "discovered" by the same production. Her name is Margaret Shearer.

Another DeMille "Find."

Reginald Denny is the newest Cecil DeMille "discovery."

No matter how long a player has been on the screen he is always "discovered" when DeMille casts him for the first time in a picture.

Denny is really supposed to be a Sono-Art star nowadays, but then, according to a favored tradition of filmland, actors always regard a début under the DeMille banner as something very advantageous. This idea prevails regardless of the circumstance that some of C. B.'s recent "finds" haven't progressed so glamorously.

Denny appears in "Madame Satan."

Brave Buddy Rogers.

Buddy Rogers isn't satisfied with playing heroes on the screen. He is beginning to exhibit conspicuous courage in private life as well.

Buddy rescued two Filipino boys from death in his own home. They were the victims of monoxide gas poisoning from an open heater. Buddy rushed into their room filled with noxious fumes, opened the windows, and then hustled a phone call through to the Beverly Hills police to come and give first-aid treatment.

His prompt action just barely saved the lives of the two brothers in his employ.

Surgery Aids Anna.

Anna Q. Nilsson's long stretch of tribulation may at last be ended. It is recalled that Miss Nilsson was very badly injured about two years ago, due to a fall from a horse. She sustained a hip fracture which kept her in bed for many a weary month, and finally when she did recover she was unable to walk without the aid of crutches or canes. When it was thought that she was entirely well, she still continued to limp, the bones apparently not having knit properly.

A month or so ago it was decided to operate, and to graft a piece of bone in the hip structure. The bone required for the grafting was taken from just below Miss Nilsson's knee, where it was not so vitally required, and where, too, it will probably eventually grow back.

Anna is now looking forward to happier days, and also a return to the screen.

Keaton Youngsters' Peril.

Even the children of the filmy great are not immune from that age-old threat, which all parents understand, of being burned to death, when they—the parents—are not in the immediate vicinity. You would think with the number of servants usually employed by the stars when they have youngsters, that such a menace would be out of the question.

However, Buster Keaton's children were but recently nearly the victims of a conflagration in their home. They were rescued by the firemen from their sleeping quarters, which were very badly damaged by the blaze.

Mrs. Keaton was in the house at the time, but Buster was away. The fire made very quick headway, as it was caused by an overheated furnace.

The Tragic Air Crash.

The mark of tragedy has been set upon motion-picture dramas of the air. The death of ten people in a crash during the production of "Such

Men Are Dangerous" has left behind it doubt as to whether the risk entailed in photographing flying stunts justifies the results obtained.

Stars are seldom affected by such accidents, but this case was an exception in that Mary Astor was widowed by the catastrophe. Consequently it has attracted more than usual attention.

The feeling is that actual airplane maneuvers for the sake of a film effect oftentimes involve too much hazard. There have been other accidents prior to this most recent one, though none so spectacular. Air shots can be imitated in many instances with miniatures. Why not use them exclusively?

However, that is hardly likely to be done. Flying pictures are frequent, and realism of actual airplaning seems to be demanded. It is likely, though, that more care will be used in future sky exploits. That is one benefit that should accrue from the recent disaster.

Mary Astor Recovers.

Miss Astor has begun to recover from the shock of her husband's death, and is even now working in a picture for Paramount. She was playing on the stage at the time that he was killed. She retired from the cast immediately. She suffered a nervous collapse shortly after the accident.

As is known, Kenneth Hawks, to whom she was married, is the brother of William Hawks, recently wedded to Bessie Love. Indeed, his death followed less than a week after the ceremony, at which he was best man.

Loewenstein Parallel.

A curious side light on the whole affair was that the picture "Such Men Are Dangerous," which Hawks was directing, assumed to portray the mysterious death of the Belgian financier, Captain Alfred Loewenstein, at least as to certain incidents. The fatefulness of that tragedy seemed by some strange chance to manifest itself in the making of the picture suggested by his strange disappearance from a cabin plane crossing the English Channel.

In the film story the financier, as it happens, does not die, but leaps from his aircraft in a parachute. It was this exact event that the director and camera crew went out to photograph at the time the mid-air collision occurred. Warner Baxter played the rôle of the financier, but a stunt man took his place for the scene. The stunt man was aboard a third plane that was not involved in the crash, but whose occupants witnessed its horror.

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Dark				Dry	
Sallow		Answer in spaces with check mark		Age	
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Bread-and-butter Babies Looking For Cake

Continued from page 23

Marguerite Churchill, who has been seen in "Pleasure Crazed," "The Valiant" and "They Had to See Paris," has beauty and a glorious speaking voice. But she either photographs poorly, or has a bad make-up. If she can be made to look better and be given some good rôles, she may click. She's a charming girl and talented, so she deserves to.

Kenneth MacKenna played in numerous plays on Broadway, without moving the majority of critics to ecstacies. I have been told that Mr. MacKenna himself admits there are only certain parts he can play, but that as long as producers are willing to pay him a good salary, he should worry. He gives an outstanding performance in "Men Without Women," but against that are chalked up some ordinary ones.

Of the whole crew, I see only one possibility from the stage who may click and click in a big way. Her name is Dixie Lee.

Dixie has been under contract for a year and a half. She played bits until the lead in "Playgirl" came her way. Dixie is nineteen and one of those blondes you just sort of ache for. And she has one of those husky, crooning boop-boop-a-doop voices that makes you forget time and space. If they ever give her half a chance she'll land with a bang that will echo back to Broadway.

Another sure bet is little Sally Starr, of M.-G.-M., who looks like a combination of Mary Brian and Clara Bow, if you can conceive such a wonderful thing. She plays the lead in "So This Is College," and is a graduate of George White's "Scandals" and "LeMaire's Affairs." It's just a question of time with Sally.

Basil Rathbone has played in a number of stage hits—"The Czarina," with Doris Keane, "The Swan," with Eva Le Gallienne, "The Captive," with Helen Mencken, and "The Command To Love," with Mary Nash. His screen début occurred in "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney." He's a William Powell-ish sort of person. If polished and restrained acting is what you want, I commend Mr. Rathbone to your attention.

Claudette Colbert should score an outstanding success. She has looks, ability, and an unusually expressive voice, and her performance in "The Lady Lies" entitles her to a place at least in the anteroom of the Hall of Fame, with no telling how far she may advance in Maurice Chevalier's "The Big Pond."

Not all these will be big stars. Some of them will have been forgotten by the end of the year, and some will continue as featured leads. But there are a few—Sally Starr, Joan Peers, Dixie Lee, Helen Twelvetrees, Claudette Colbert, and possibly Lillian Roth, Alexander Gray, and Dorothy Jordan—whom you'll be watching for a year hence as you now watch for Joan Crawford and Clara Bow.

And if it doesn't come to pass this way, I'll stick to interviewing and let forecasting go. Then where'll you be?

What The Fans Think

Continued from page 98

ies the situation is reversed. Men who rarely ever got to a silent film, now never miss a talkie. It may be accounted for, to some extent, by the fact that the average talkie is more adult than the old movie. The long, slushy, love scenes so prevalent in the silents are conspicuous by their absence in the talkies—better stories and acting taking their places. A kiss prolonged for any length of time will, in the talkies, arouse derision. Since the new era, laughter is more spontaneous, the wit of the spoken word being instantly appreciated.

As to actual voices of the stars, the men are much easier on the ear than the women. Most of the latter seem to be of the same tone and very little variation, the glorious exception being Ruth Chatterton. How any one, after comparing her voice with any of the "natural" voices on the screen, could say that there is no need for vocal training in the talkies is wasting their time going to the movies, because they are incapable of appreciating the real worth of photography combined with sound.

William Powell probably has the greatest following of any player in the talkies. I speak, of course, for my home city.

ESTELLE THOMPSON.

485 Vulture Street, East Brisbane, Queensland, Australia.

A Matter of I. Q.'s?

I have just had the pleasure of reading Queenie Danciger's condemnation of "Coquette." According to the consensus of opinion in Queenie's social circle, only eight in two hundred persons could see anything in the picture. No wonder such would-be actresses as Clara Bow, Alice White, and the angelic Lillian Gish can make fortunes, when such juvenile characters as Queenie are floating about. "Pollyanna," "A Poor Little Rich Girl," and "Sparrows" are cited as great pictures. She should have added for "kids and morons." Mary Pickford's

rôle in "Coquette" is the first real part she ever acted in her life, and "Coquette" is the best talkie I have ever seen.

I suffered through "Pollyanna"; was tortured through "A Poor Little Rich Girl," and was in agony while watching "Sparrows."

"Coquette" I enjoyed all the way, and when I left the theater my eyes were moist. John Mack Brown's acting was fine and John St. Polis, as the father, was, to my eye, slightly superior to the rest of the cast.

You will find no Jane Cowls in the movies, as it is not necessary to show genius to satisfy movie audiences. Hurrah for the stage and real acting, and down with such frosts as Marion Davies and Gloria Swanson.

ARNOLD GESHMEND.

Camp Curry, Yosemite National Park, California.

They Were Only Fooling.

The article by Laura Ellsworth Fitch in January PICTURE PLAY was as dreadfully unfair as most articles in the magazine about stage stars are. Fanny the Fan seems to be the only writer who thinks they are human. I enjoy PICTURE PLAY immensely, but I do think the writers ought to let up on razzing the stage players.

For instance, take what Miss Fitch said about Van and Schenck, who are humorists as well as singers. Any one with the slightest amount of brains—no reflection on Bessie Love—could have seen that they were joking, but not Miss Fitch! She chose to represent their innocent joke as gross misbehavior.

And her slam at Rudy Vallée! I am not madly in love with Rudy, but I think he is a fine, respectable young man—and with *some* voice. I have read several accounts of his interview in bed, but hers was the meanest. Certainly a man who works twenty hours a day in New York is entitled to a little rest while in Hollywood. If I were Rudy, I'd lock my door and sleep for a week.

I think the crowning injustice was what she said about that delightful comédienne, Ina Claire. I certainly think more of Miss Claire to know that while on a vacation she goes around looking as she pleases. Only those who are far down, and trying to get where they are not wanted, constantly think of how they look. And Miss Fitch talks of Miss Claire's going without make-up as if it were an arch crime.

Of course, there are stage stars who have no manners, but there are more film stars who are that way. New York has given Hollywood some of the screen's finest talent—Ruth Chatterton, Ann Harding, John Boles, Raymond Hackett, and others—and surely they are deserving of some consideration.

As a parting shot, will some one please throw a nice, big brick at Joan Perula?

NANCY GREY.

Highland Park, Michigan.

Nancy Carroll Versus May McAvoy.

Such an utterly disgusting letter as that signed "M. J. K.," in a recent PICTURE PLAY is rarely seen. What poor taste that person has. Just because he or she likes May McAvoy is no reason for her to call the other stars vulgar. Any one who classes Nancy Carroll as a vulgar type has absolutely no sense of judgment. She is a sweet, lovable girl, and her acting in "The Shopworn Angel" was marvelous. It is beyond me how fans can believe that because a star may have to act a part like that, they are at all like it in real life. May McAvoy certainly could not and would not play the rôle in that picture, because she hasn't the ability to do it. Of course, the majority prefer girls like Clara Bow, Alice White, Nancy, and Joan Crawford, because they are all nice and very excellent actresses.

Mavis Daven is quite satisfied with herself for her rank criticism of Norma Talmadge. Now I'll have my say. Any one who thinks Norma looked old in "The Woman Disputed" is blind. She was beautiful and no one can equal her acting. In fact, I believe Norma looks younger today than she did five years ago, and her days of acting are certainly not over. I would go to see her in *any* picture. Nothing any one can do or say will make me believe Norma is not one of the loveliest and most charming persons in the movie world. She has been my ideal for some time.

A campaign should be started so that we fans can fight against the mustache complex. The letter by William Slatter in the same issue was fine. Our battle cry will be "Clean-shaven stars for us always!" Only, Ronald Colman, William Powell, Lewis Stone, and Nils Asther should be permitted to retain theirs.

And now a word for PICTURE PLAY. Let Fanny the Fan say what she will, she's darn clever, catty, or not. I enjoy her spicy comments. And a short while ago I started saving all "What the Fans Think" from way back 1926, and I found PICTURE PLAY devotes much more space to the readers' comments than any other movie magazine on the market, for which I am duly grateful. We do appreciate a chance to air our views!

MARION L. HESSE.

154 Elm Street,
Elizabeth, New Jersey.

Nils Asther and Ibsen.

Why not a good, old Scandinavian combination? Nils Asther and Henrik Ibsen.

Mr. Asther wants to do something really important in character portrayal; Mr. Ibsen has given us many intriguing characters. The public wants to be recognized as intelligent; Ibsen audiences must be intelligent. The public wants good plays. Ibsen—of course. The public wants intelligent acting. Asther—of course.

Where in literature is there a more fascinating character than *Gregers Werle,* of "The Wild Duck"? Mr. Asther could make that idealist live on the screen better than any other actor. And the genius of "The Master Builder"—a splendid study!

Producers have tried Shakespeare. Why stop there? Try Ibsen. But when Ibsen is attempted, let the actors be, like Mr. Asther, willing to give up personal glory for characterization!

Asther is really a splendid actor. His sincerity is especially laudable, and I certainly hope that he may accomplish his purpose—to create some truly great character. I suggest Ibsen.

Incidently—what would be more charming than Ibsen played with a Swedish accent?

NEVA LE BLOND.

527 Wellington Avenue,
Seattle, Washington.

Has Seen Forty Meighan Films.

I would like to answer Mavis Daven's letter which appeared in a recent PICTURE PLAY. A sentence in her letter nettled me so that I can't resist answering it. This sentence was "I admire Tom Meighan, and always have, but I really think he is past the hero age."

I realize that Miss Daven is entitled to her own opinion and as I am also entitled to mine, which is just the opposite to hers,



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What The Fans Think

I want to say that I saw Mr. Meighan's picture, "The Argyle Case," and never saw a film I enjoyed more. Mr. Meighan's portrayal of the great detective was superb. It took talent to make this character as interesting as Mr. Meighan succeeded in making him; it took more qualifications to portray this character than it would take to be merely a hero.

Mr. Meighan has been my favorite star for the past ten years and in that time I have seen forty of his films. He has been making some splendid films of late, and in every one of them he was the real honest-to-goodness character the story represented him as being. His voice, which is pleasant and impressive, registers splendidly. If his future films continue to be as good as those above-mentioned there will always be people packing the theaters to see them, regardless of what Miss Daven may think of him. LEONA WEBER.

6306 San Bonita Avenue,
St. Louis, Mo.

Challenging Alice's Knockers.

I don't quite understand you constant knockers of Alice. Why don't you like her? Is it because of the parts she plays, and how she plays them? Well, is that her fault? Write to the directors and ask them why she *must* act so. She is a youngster and deserves much more credit than she is getting. If Alice can't act, who can? I wish some of you fans would come to your senses and wake up. Oh, yes, you like Douglas Fairbanks, Florence Vidor, Tom Mix, Mary Pickford, and that old group that couldn't act if they wanted to.

I have the only Alice White fan club, and I'm darn proud of it. If you fans that keep knocking Alice think it's doing any good, just keep it up, that's your privilege! I saw Alice, in "Broadway Babies" some time ago, and during the same day, I saw Buddy Rogers and Nancy Carroll, in "Close Harmony." According to my estimation, and many others along with mine, "Broadway Babies" excelled "Close Harmony" by fifty per cent.

Alice has one of the most excellent voices in Hollywood, and you fans know it, too. Well, if it's still your opinion that she cannot act, I want to hear from you, and especially dear, little Ardis from British Columbia; and please, when you write, Ardis, don't say Alice thinks she's too smart, because that would only prove stupidity on your part. Come on, you Alice White knockers, write me. I'll let each one of you know if you give me a satisfactory discussion of "Why Alice can't act." BILLY BIDDLINGMEIER.

18079 Hull Avenue,
Detroit, Michigan.

She's For Bakewell.

Surely it is not necessary to introduce William Bakewell, one of the most promising young actors in pictures! You may not remember some of his earlier rôles but,

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Are The Stars Good Parents?

Continued from page 54

Little Gloria's doll house is big enough for a grown-up to stand in. You have to stoop to get in the door, but you can stand up very comfortably once you are inside.

It has a living room, kitchen, bath, and bedroom. There are lots of dishes washed there each day, but as yet Gloria hasn't attempted cooking.

Lloyd's picture, "Welcome Danger," was attended late during its run by Harold, Mildred, and Gloria one night. Gloria always sits on Harold's lap. She laughed heartily over all the funny hair-raising scenes. But when some one hit her daddy on the head, she burst into tears and clung to his neck. As soon as she was aware that she actually had hold of Harold, her tears stopped.

She saw one of his films, "Grandma's Boy," with her mother. That is the time she raced out of the theater and wouldn't return, because her daddy was being mistreated and he wasn't there to reassure her that it was only make-believe.

Gloria has her supper early in the evening, but whenever Mildred and Harold are at home, which is more often than not, she sits at the table for half an hour and then trundles off to bed.

There is another half hour which belongs to her. As a matter of fact, she has made it her own. Every morning at seven, on the dot, she races into Harold's room and crawls in bed with him, and in true parent fashion, he regales her with dramatic interpretations of "Goldy Locks," "The Three Bears," "Red Riding Hood" and the rest. Harold says he's got to change the stories, because he just hasn't the courage to tell the old ones another thousand times.

A governess comes every morning for a few hours to teach Gloria the kindergarten subjects of clay modeling, drawing, sewing, and French. She also has a dancing lesson a week, to which Mildred takes her. But her dad teaches her swimming and she thinks nothing of diving into twelve feet of water and going the length of the pool.

If youthful tendencies mean anything, then it must be known that Gloria Lloyd has inherited her mother's and father's gifts for dramatic expression, for whenever she is missing she may be found parading around in her mother's clothes, elaborately rouged and eyebrowed. There's no doubt where Gloria's tastes lie, if not her destiny.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

On With The Dance!

Continued from page 67

blunder onto a humorless individual, I heartily recommend that you take up a boyish pastime of David Rollins. Davey can often be seen frisking around the studio lot, creeping up behind people to give them the surprise of their lives by letting an inflated toy balloon die down in a dismal squeak behind their ears.

Isn't that just too cute? Office boys and college freshmen should try it on prexy.

Did you know that Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford have some humor in their make-up? No! Yes, really. They are fond of their practical jokes, and take them, too, in the proper spirit. That is, with a laugh and a quick come-back.

When they started East not long ago Sid Grauman had a large basket delivered to them on the train at the last minute. It contained a live goose. It was embarrassing to open a gift basket and find a goose staring you in the face, but the Fairbankses are nothing if not nonchalant. They did the right thing.

While somewhere in Arizona Douglas got a wire from Grauman saying, "Send goose back. Needed for picture."

Doug replied, "Goose eaten for dinner last night."

This incident should suggest a world of innocent pleasure to the heretofore repressed chap.

Another incident in the life of the gifted, and this course in "How to have fun on all occasions" will close.

When "The Taming of the Shrew" was completed, the members of the cast presented to Mary Pickford a huge rolling pin. Joseph Cawthorn made a flowery speech admonishing her not to take any back talk from her lord and master.

Fairbanks kept quiet, as all you practical jokers must until your time comes. Later he wired Cawthorn's chair, and hooked it up with a current. When Cawthorn sat down he got a nice shock and did one of those comedy leaps into the air. Two hits, two runs, no errors for Fairbanks.

And now, children, with a little practice you can become the perfect host, or the life of the party, as you choose.

Climb Up On My Knee

Continued from page 49

According to my crystal globe these girls were star stuff. The average of the group is only fair. Jane Thomas and the beautiful Worthing have dropped gracefully but definitely from sight; Julanne and the Alabama pride, Sebastian, appear from time to time in program pictures that are easily forgotten; Estelle Taylor achieved a meed of fame, and Shirley O'Hara turned lightly from pictures to try New York and the stage. Without so much as a month's starvation, she has emerged in the cast of "Meteor," a Theater Guild production boasting the inimitable Alfred Lunt and the exquisite Lynn Fontanne. Perhaps the O'Hara will justify predictions.

Dull reminiscences, you say. A stupid way to idle away the time, seeing the lords and ladies of Hollywood. Interviewing must be a strange pastime, you think. To all of which I nod in fairly docile agreement. Yet I cannot but wonder how the next ten years of it will go.

Over The Teacups

Continued from page 59

"Ruth Taylor is on her way to New York for a stage engagement. Samuel Goldwyn has found a leading woman for Ronald Colman. She is Frances Dade, a young, flowerlike blonde, who has had a season or two in stock companies.

"But the big event of the season"—her eyes were gleaming with enthusiasm now—"is Gleason week. In spite of the fact that Jimmy Gleason has signed contracts to write or act in three pictures at three studios, he is coming East with Lucille, and they are to play at the Palace before he gets tied up with rehearsals of his new play. Don't expect to see me then, unless you come to the stage door. After all, there is no one in the world quite like the Gleasons."

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In bygone days when a bright star fell
The folk would gently sigh and nod
And say, "A soul's returned to God."
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When she recovers from the spill
You'll find her back in vaudeville.

L. B. Birdsall.



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blots up unabsorbed cold cream without stretching or irritating skin

AVOID pulling and stretching the skin during your beauty treatments, great beauty experts are saying today. Hard rubbing and stretching *pulls* the skin, relaxes it . . . and ultimately may produce large pores and wrinkles.

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Kleenex removes cold cream without rubbing. It is so very soft and absorbent that it simply *blots up* all the surplus cream and, with it, embedded dirt and cosmetics. How much safer it is than harsh towels, which simply *have* to be rubbed severely over the face, because they are so unabsorbent. How much more hygienic than germ-laden "cold cream cloths" which drive germs and dirt back into the pores, instead of removing them.

Each Kleenex tissue comes fresh and dainty from its dust-proof package. You use it just once, then discard it. So much less expensive than soiling and ruining towels!

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Use Kleenex for handkerchiefs, too. It saves unpleasant laundering, and is far pleasanter to use than handkerchiefs. Each time, you use a fresh, clean, soft tissue—then discard it. Thus, cold germs are discarded, instead of being carried around in pocket or purse, to reinfect the user and infect others.

On sale at all toilet goods counters. The coupon will bring a sample.

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Please send a sample of Kleenex to: PP-4

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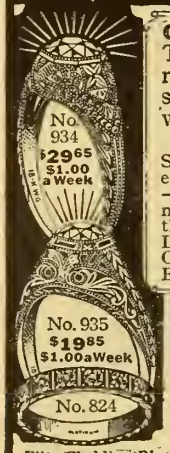
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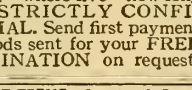
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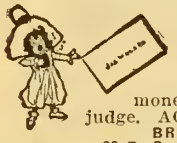
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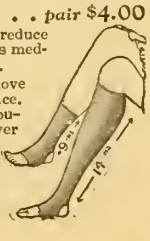
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Dr. JEANNE G. A. WALTER
389 Fifth Ave., New York

Bill Boyd—As He Is

Continued from page 34

advancement. Far, indeed, from it. Stalking along the background, he carried everything from spears to teacups in more pictures than any one remembers.

His persistence stretched over several years of nondescript bits and small rôles. On one occasion he was signed for the lead in a picture at a hundred dollars a week. It was the luck of a lifetime. He was jubilant. That night he was run over by a car and his leg was smashed in several places. The subsequent six months were spent in his little furnished room, the leg in a plaster cast.

All things seldom come to those who wait, but to Bill they really did. He began to get breaks other than the ones in his leg. Rôles of more importance came his way, leading gradually to "The Volga Boatman," from which picture he stepped to stardom.

Not a brilliant Thespian, he frankly avoids rôles that are foreign to his own nature. His personality being the basis of his success with the public, he is wise enough not to shed it for alien characterizations. He has no illusions about his ability.

He is the victim of an inferiority complex that renders him inarticulate in moments when he is the cynosure of attention. Considering the demands which any one in the public eye must meet, he is almost painfully shy. His sense of inadequacy in the face of what people expect of an actor causes him acute embarrassment. He feels he should scintillate and, knowing he can't, he becomes silent and ill at ease.

His paramount love is his home in Beverly, a fairly large, not particularly distinguished Spanish house set in trim gardens. Inside, the *décor* is heterogeneous—but invitingly comfortable, the major-domo a skillful, quiet negro. It is Bill's first home and he adores it. The day's work through, he can scarcely wait to get home, shut his door on the world and be at peace. Most of his evenings are spent in front of the fire reading. His literary taste is indiscriminate, his special favorites Harold Bell Wright and Peter B. Kyne.

He has a few friends whom he likes to entertain, most of whom are intimates of his extra days. His closest friend is Howard Higgin, his director in several pictures. Men like Bill. They understand him rather better than do women, to whom his diffidence and lack of sparkle is puzzling after the practiced gallantry of the Boulevard. His small talk consists mainly of "Yes, ma'am," and "No, ma'am," and he never brings up the subject of his pictures, which makes him a rather inadequate filler at a Hollywood dinner table, even if he did accept invitations.

It is two years since Bill has attended an opening, or gone to a restaurant or hotel. He goes occasionally to movies and thinks talkies are swell. The microphone has been kind to him, his low-pitched drawl accentuating rather than detracting from his personality.

He loves to gamble and has never won in his life. He likes poker, which he plays badly but enthusiastically, and frequent card parties at his house enrich his cronies. No amount of discouragement can dampen his ardor for the tables at Agua Caliente, and he claims to own all the chandeliers and most of the elevators through his losses.

Since he first began making decent money, he has had a manager who puts him on an allowance and from whom he can wheedle no extras. Consequently, his money is invested and steadily increasing.

He likes good clothes and, so far from blasé is he that the first wearing of a new suit makes him feel that people are turning around, lost in admiration of the quality.

His separation from Elinor Fair marked the end of his third disastrous marriage. It would not be surprising to find him embittered, yet he is not. There is, however, a wistfulness about him, for he is the type of man to whom the quiet joys of home are essential to happiness.

Of an even temperament, he is not given to moods. Which makes him the delight of studio confrères. He never gives difficulty on the set, and to all and sundry he is Bill, never Mr. Boyd. Howard Higgin, the other half of a mutual admiration team, finds in him a spring of instinctive emotion—untutored, innocent of technique, a flair for understanding and accurately projecting a thought. Higgin also thinks that Bill, with his years of unobtrusively absorbing the workings of pictures, will some day make a fine director.

Bill, abashed at the suggestion, dismisses it. You can tell Bill your golf score or your troubles. You can tell him where he's wrong. But you can't tell him he's good. Unless, that is, you enjoy the spectacle of six feet two of brawny manhood in a state of embarrassment.

What Can We Do About Talkie Voices?

Continued from page 30

spoke. Her speech was slovenly, and she had no idea of pitch, quality of tone, or direction of vocal energy."

The whole country will benefit by the new interest engendered in the spoken word by talking pictures and the radio, Miss Manner believes. Mumbled, jumbled speech shows up much worse on the screen, where the camera moves up close to the speaker, than it does on the stage, where distance obscures some of the faults of speech.

"Do I sound like that?" many a person has asked himself, when he heard a screen favorite blare forth in disappointing tones.

Many have wondered how they could go about rebuilding their voices.

Every one can do much toward improving his diction if he will heed what Miss Manner says here: provide himself with a copy of Alice Evelyn Craig's "Speech Arts" and study it diligently, and turn daily to Act III, Scene 2, of "Hamlet" and pronounce "trippingly on the tongue" *Hamlet's* golden words of advice to the players.

The Stroller

Continued from page 45

C. O. D. once a month, said tickets good for a certain film in your locality.

On the board of directors, who choose the picture you are to see each month, are all the old fogies in Hollywood. You will see pictures without sex appeal, without sophistication, without intelligence. You will see the dullest pictures on the market. But you will see pictures which will not hurt any child if he remains awake, but it will do him more good if he falls asleep.

The Film-of-the-month Club will go far toward quieting the agitation now being made by those who cannot sleep through talkies.

This club also will take subscriptions from patrons who are willing to encourage the screen production of their favorite books. As the contributions come in they must be accompanied by a request for the filming of the book or play. If enough people are interested, the promoters plan to take an extended trip to look over the European situation before going into production, the purpose being to find out whether it's the American bar or some other, that's keeping Western Electric films out of Germany.

Hollywood has gone German. All you have to do is take a look at the men. They all have their heads shaved.

The genus beard once so popular among extras for insuring work for a chosen few has disappeared and the antithesis now rules.

It is the shorn face and clipped head that pays the best. This denuding has been caused by the filming of several stories of the German side of the war. I wonder how different these will be from those treated from the Allied side.

It might just possibly be that the sounds of the exploding shells are different and, of course, the uniforms are.

Even the street department has gone belligerent. The streets are lined with trenches, as the map of Hollywood is being made over by the paving companies.

On Saturday night I saw half a dozen daytime soldiers celebrating. They had jumped into the muddy ditches and were tossing hand grenades of mud at passing pedestrians —until the hoosegow yawned to admit them.

This writer, Joe Doakes, had a story he was trying to sell to a studio.

The studio liked the story, but it didn't like Joe, so it called its staff in and, using Joe's story as the basis, constructed a very similar story, all the time using Joe's synopsis for reference.

Joe naturally became very angry and got himself a lawyer. The suit was tried and all the dozen writers in on the graft were afraid to tell the truth on the stand. In Hollywood, next door to a tailor, is a sign, "Plagiarism suits cleaned and pressed by first-class attorney." But the attorney doesn't clean the suit—he cleans the writer. He knows a joke when he sees it.

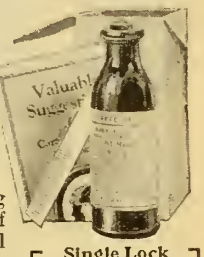
Then there is the laziest man in Hollywood, a free-lance magazine writer, who asks publicity departments for technical articles which take a press agent several days in research and writing to prepare. Then this writer takes the free work, eliminates all the publicity credits, has the story retyped and sells it.



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Send only one suggestion. If anyone submits more than one name, all names sent by that person will be disqualified. The name found most suitable will receive $100 cash. If you send the winning name within 3 days after reading this announcement you get $25 extra for promptness. Contest closes April 30, 1930, and in case of ties, duplicate prizes will be awarded.

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(112)

Her Endless Hunt

Continued from page 32

happy for the first time. For six months she stayed at Hastings, a watering place on the south coast. She lived with an elderly English woman and her daughter and son—youths of her own age.

From England—where she stayed two years—she went to Berlin and fell in love with the German people, studied their language, and read their poets and philosophers.

Introduced to an official of the Ufa company, Mona was lucky enough to get a small part in a picture. Later she starred in three or four Ufa films.

It was Joseph Schenck who advised her to come to Hollywood. So December, 1928, found Mona landing at New York. A few months later she arrived in Hollywood and, with several letters of introduction to film officials, sought work.

Not much came her way. The talkies were coming to the fore. Mr. Schenck had little faith in their durability. The Germans had also ridiculed them as a fad. It seemed to Mona that she would do better to return to Berlin, when she got the rôle of the Mexican girl in "Romance of Rio Grande."

Her English is excellent, although she speaks with an accent. Without doubt she bids fair to become an outstanding figure on the screen. Already I see Dolores del Rio, Lily Damita, and Lupe Velez taking a back seat.

Right now she lives a quiet life. She does not mix with film society. Marion Davies is one of her best friends, because she was kind to her when she first arrived in California. She does not care how hard she works—sleep, food, friends, and amusement are all put aside when work is at hand.

"To improve and gain recognition will be worth trying for. I feel now that I have arrived at the right starting place."

This is the opinion of Mona Maris. It is also the opinion of many others.

The average player follows the crowd in pursuit of pleasure. Mona goes in an opposite direction in pursuit of knowledge. She has endured much bitterness in living up to her own ideas and achieving her desires. She still faces a long road—but faces it with determination and indifference to the crowd.

Her quest for knowledge is great, I think. Suppose she had been like the average girl of her race. She would have been married by this time, hidden away in the Argentine, without any of us getting a chance to know her. And if you knew her personally, you would agree that a worse deal could not have been handed out by the gods.

As The Twig Is Bent

Continued from page 74

wag. How could Mrs. Moran permit such a thing? It wasn't a rhetorical question, so the next evening I asked her. And this was her answer.

"Lois has known Mr. Blank for many years. During all that time, in his attitude toward her, he has been a gentleman. He is a brilliant conversationalist, and Lois always finds him a mental stimulant. Why should I deprive her of that enjoyment, just because a lot of gossips, with nothing else to do, may talk about it?

"I have only one ambition for Lois, and that is her happiness, and I have discovered that if one stops to listen to the admonitions of the world, it is like a bad detour on an otherwise open road. I have tried to imbue Lois with that idea."

Just how sane a psychology this is, was proved to me by Lois the evening of our fireside conversation.

"I used to worry and fret about what other people thought of my work," she confided. "It made me sensitive, and consequently unhappy. Now, through mother's intelligent guidance, I have reached the viewpoint that as long as I *know* that I have made every honest effort to succeed, I need only account to myself.

"I act because I love it. Fame, electric lights, a page spread, are not bound up in it. Were I to give a performance that was hailed by every critic in the country and I, myself, didn't sincerely feel that I had given it my best, my success would mean little to me. And yet, on the other hand, were I to give a performance that was little noticed by the press or public, and I felt that in it I had attained my own inner striving for perfection, that outward failure would be my success alone."

Such sentiments are typical of Lois. I know of no other actress, with the possible exception of Janet Gaynor, to whom fame and its embellishments mean so little. Her own philosophy coincides too well with

that of the Greek scholar who said, "All is ephemeral—fame and the famous as well."

When she leaves the studio at the end of a day's work, she leaves her screen personality in her dressing room, along with her make-up box. In her social life she is Lois Moran, twenty-year-old daughter of Gladys Moran and the late Doctor Moran of Pittsburgh—*not* Lois Moran, movie star of Hollywood.

She has heard other stars complain about being molested by fans in public and bewail the martyrdom of renown, but Lois has never experienced it. The reason is very simple. She doesn't occupy a ringside table at the Roosevelt on "celebrity night," or parade the lobby of the Montmartre on "tourist day." In her rare excursions into the limelight, it is amusing to see how amazed she is when she is spotted by some discerning fan.

There are so many facets to Lois' personality, and so many diversified interests in her make-up, that were she ever to abandon her screen career, there would be countless activities to take its place.

Lois has inherited her mother's business acumen. She can discuss stocks and bonds as glibly as a Jesse Livermore. She takes a keen interest in her mother's sports shop in Beverly Hills, an interest which has only served to intensify her own ambition to have a shop of her own some day —a bookshop and bakery combined.

In that nebulous "some day" time must also be reserved for a stage play on Broadway. And there is that trip around the world that must be attended to.

But where, you ask, does love enter Lois' scheme of things? And because I was prepared for the question, I have the answer from the lips of the young lady herself. Hear! Hear!

"All men are so charming"—the Michael Arlen influence—"that I could never choose any one," was her retort. "Now if you were to ask me about the amorous instincts of the red ant, or feeding habits of the wheel bug, I could enlighten you more intelligently."

Darn clever, these Pittsburgh Morans! But Lois' evasion of the issue didn't fool me a bit—*pas du tout!* You see, Lois had once confided to me that she adored sleeping with the moon shining in her face, and floating on the ocean at six in the evening when the water and sky are the same shimmering gray-blue, so you could not blame me, could you, if I suspected that such a romanticist could hardly remain immune to this thing called love?

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HOMEWORK: Women wanting obtain reliable kinds write for information. Enclose stamp. Eller Co., 296-T Broadway, New York.

Far West isn't so "far" after all, you know.

Can't go, you say? Never mind, we'll bring the West to you.

How? Find out by reading

Far West Stories

The Illustrated Western Monthly

Hear that plaintive bawl?

That was only one of B. M. Bower's calves a-actin' up.

Hear that six-gun crack?

Only one of Clem Yore's cowboys lettin' off steam.

And B. M. Bower and Clem Yore are only two of our top-hand crew of writers, who are willin' and waitin' to bring the West to you.

Twenty cents a copy

Published Monthly

Two Years Before The Mast

Continued from page 43

went to the Saturday tea dance at the Roosevelt.

Pressed for a reason for the change, Sue said, "I don't know whether it was the novelty that wore off, or whether I unconsciously realized that neither Nickie nor I could do our best work in front of a camera, if we stayed up every night in the week. Now we either go to a movie, get a soda and go home, or we have friends like you and Ann Sylvester over to play bridge."

On off nights there was always a crowd at Sue's house. Food for the hungry—good food, too—and believe you me, don't think there weren't plenty of hungry ones.

"I stopped having the crowd over, because they didn't care anything about me. My house was just another place to stop and eat. They say no man is a hero to his valet, and I suppose constant association has caused me to take certain stars more or less for granted.

"When I first came out here I used to hoard every press notice that referred to me. I used to carry my scrapbook around with me, and whenever I could get any one planted in a chair, out it came, and they had to suffer while I showed or read what had been written about me.

"Two years have taught me that people in Hollywood aren't interested in me, no matter how close they are. I still get the same thrill out of reading nice things about myself, and I still save them, but I don't show them now.

"I love giving presents and, naturally, when people wrote pleasantly about me, the only way I had of showing my appreciation was by sending them a gift. But a friend wrote, quite nicely and without any intention of being unkind, that I always gave presents to people who did things for me. So I had to stop that, too, for fear the writers to whom I sent presents would think I was trying to buy favors.

"When I first came out here I wanted to be friends with every one. It seemed wonderful to think that I could have for my friends all these people I had loved on the screen. The quintessence of happiness for me was to sit down and have a confidential chat with one of the girls. We'd get intimate, and I suppose I told things I had no business telling, but they all seemed so friendly and it never occurred to me that secrets would not be kept. But they were not. Things I told in confidence were repeated and, not alone that, but by the time they got back to me they were so distorted I could hardly recognize them.

"So I had to learn that all that glitters isn't necessarily fourteen carat. Nickie and I have found that if we tell *each other* things now, it gives us an outlet for our feelings, and there's no danger of anything being repeated.

"We no longer make the mistake of thinking everybody who hitches his chair close to us, and lowers his voice in a chummy manner, is necessarily a friend. We're slower to take up with people.

"I used to work with people whom I considered my friends and never gave a thought to camera angles. But when the rushes came out, my friend's face was one hundred per cent to the camera, and the audience was looking at the tip of my ear, or the back of my head."

A little more subdued than formerly, Sue is still deeply appreciative of anything that's done for her. I remember last summer at her wedding breakfast, to which I was fortunate enough to be asked, she came in looking lovelier than I have ever seen her.

We went into the dining room, and Sue burst into tears. She thought the table her friends had prepared was the prettiest thing she had ever seen. A green-damask cloth, a huge silver vase holding four dozen orchids in the center of the table, and garlands of smilax, lavender ribbon and asters reaching from the vase to the four corners. Sue is still talking about that table to whoever will listen.

Occasionally some of the old enthusiasm bubbles up again. There are six newsboys in Hollywood who throw papers into her car every time she passes, and will never let her pay.

One night Sue had them at her home for dinner and the same china and silver she uses when executives, directors, and scenario writers come to dine was not too good for these boys. No child was ever more excited over fixing a Christmas tree than Sue was in planning that dinner, and games to amuse her guests afterward.

"It's all still wonderful," Sue said. "I get just as much kick out of everything now as I did two years ago, but occasionally things happen that make me wonder."

And looking at her, at her friendly smile and limpid, brown eyes, I wondered if she and Nick should ever happen to—to—I mean, if they did, if I—if she—oh, *you* know!

Broadway Ballyhoo

Continued from page 84

—for rivals. If he could have strolled along Broadway the first few nights the "Hollywood Revue" was exhibited there, even he would have been forced to own he'd been out-Barnumed.

For when the lights twinkled on announcing the singing, dancing, and girlie show, a galaxy of living chorines appeared, holding tightly to the slender scaffold of the ad announcing the film, high above the heads of an amazed crowd. Alas, on the fourth night a fire broke out up yonder and the frightened girls scrambled to safety below, swearing never again, even for art's sake.

When "The Great Gabbo" opened at the Selwyn Theater, an even more daring human billboard made its appearance on Broadway, announcing the talkie. Not only did girls appear in the coils of an improvised spider web woven around the bemonocled portrait of Erich von Stroheim, but they gave a fifteen-minute singing and dancing revue sliced right out of the show. What chance had a dental-cream sign across the way to attract attention, even though it occupied a more strategic position on the block?

But this stunt, too, was short-lived. The story goes that Police Commissioner Whalen saw it one night and ordered the girls to come down out of the spider web. He said they were obstructing traffic. A supreme-court judge offered to settle the dispute between the producers and the police commissioner.

After viewing the performance from a window across the street, the judge declared not only that the girls might stay in the coils of the web for fifteen minutes, but even longer, if they liked.

By this time, though, it was noticed that not all the throng who stopped to watch the performance each night bought tickets to the film, which was down the street. They were as apt as not, at the finish of the stunt, to take their dollars and go on home, pleased with having seen so much free entertainment. So down came the real girls, and up went some cardboard ones to take their places. The traffic jam was straightened out again. And there were a few dozen more cardboard girls on Broadway.

Next? What next in ballyhoo? Inside and out you're being given something for nothing these days. Baits to draw you in; baits to make you come again.

Take the trailer—that now-famous offshoot of the talkies. There weren't any notable trailers in the silent-picture days as we know them. Just a few faces snatched from the cutting-room floor and strung together somewhat crudely. Or just a slide, with pictures of some of the cast and an announcement. But the talkies introduced the golden voice of Conrad Nagel, and Nagel introduced the trailer. At first it was quite a simple little thing. Conrad came out from behind a curtain and announced the members of the cast. They were then shown with him in a few badly arranged bits from the play.

On Broadway one never knows. Anything can happen overnight there, with the brains of the press agents collaborating with the hands of agile sign hangers. Not to mention the legs of nimble chorines. And perhaps this Broadway ballyhoo may be an index of what the rest of the country may expect some of these nights. "Try it on the dog" may now mean "Try it on Broadway."

Already stars are appearing in person in Waco, Texas, and Wichita, Kansas. Already the trailers have invaded every theater that's wired for talkies. The time may not be far away, therefore, when Sally, Jane, and Mary Ann, the town flappers in any one of our country's hamlets, may be given a last chance for self-expression before leaping into matrimony.

Who knows but that, one of these nights, they'll appear on the rafters of an announcement above their local theater, attired in even less than usual. What a thrill these blasé damsels may be in for—dancing the spider-web tangle a thousand feet or so above the solid earth, and letting their shrill, young voices flat their high C's for the edification of the men, women, and children below.

THESE MODERNS

Little Betty, ten years old,
Writing on a letter.
"Ah!" I cried. "To Uncle Bob?
Or Santa Claus—still better!"

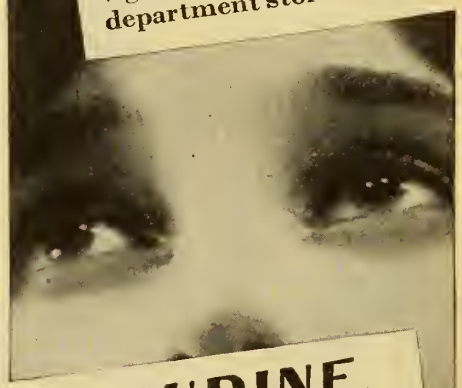
She looked at me with some disdain,
"Huh—write to those old codgers?
Don't be an umpchay, ma," she said,
"I'm writing Buddy Rogers!"

BARBARA BARRY.

EASES EYE STRAIN

Here's quick, safe relief for eyes strained by reading, sewing, driving or office work. Merely apply a few drops of *Murine* and almost at once they'll feel fresh and rested.

Millions use *Murine* daily to help keep their eyes always clear, bright and vigorous. 60c at drug and department stores. Try it!



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With the purchase of a beautiful $5.00 Pearl Necklace for $1.00. Think of it—all three for $1.00. Sent postpaid in beautiful Gift Box.
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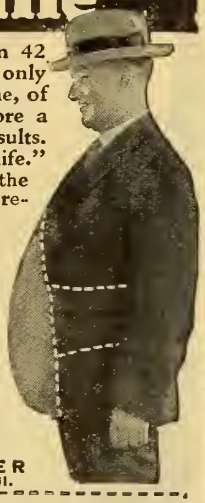
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WIN $2000.00!



Big friendship offer. $3000 in prizes. Someone will win $1000 cash and Nash sedan, or $2000 cash! Why not you? Over $15,000 already given. Mrs. Harrell won $500; N. LaValle won $700; R. A. Dobbins won $2500; many others. Nothing to buy. Only 3 things to do—name the dogs, advertise for us around home, then play a jolly fun game. 50 fine prizes.

Name the Dogs Six dogs are pictured here. 1. Collie, 2. Police dog, 3. Airedale, 4. Bull, 5. Setter, 6. Bloodhound. Can you name them? Mark the Collie as No. 1, Police dog No. 2, etc. Number all 6 dogs. Send answer at once. A close observer who names the dogs correctly is going to win. First prize $1000, and Nash extra for being on time, or $2000 all cash.

Send Answer Today Name the dogs and you can start to win. $3000 in prizes. Cash allowance guaranteed to every one who takes active part. No risk. No obligation. Costs 2c to mail answer. Costs nothing to win. Everything free and postpaid. If you want to win send answer today for complete particulars. Name the dogs! Send no money. Hurry!

W. M. GOOD, Mgr. Dept. 52 AUGUSTA, MAINE

(116)

Up from a Trunk

Continued from page 90

next time. Don't fall in again. Where are your parents?'

"He raced off and disappeared. Before long, here he came a third time, grinning from ear to ear. I found that the little brat could swim like a Mississippi mud hen. He just liked being saved."

Leila helped revive numerous half-drowned persons at Stony Brook beach, and one of her most valued possessions is the government certificate of her appointment as a life guard, which is framed and hanging in the Long Island home.

Miss Hyams' adventure as a life guard is only one in a life of adventures. She spent five years as a member of the McIntyre and Hyams act in vaudeville, then went on the legitimate stage with William Collier, Sr. Three years ago she decided to plunge into Hollywood's great melting pot—to plunge in and take her chances. Jobs were painfully scarce. Rather than turn to her parents for aid, she did modeling and posed for advertisements. Her face has peered from many posters and street-car placards advertising cold creams, tooth pastes, stockings, and shampoos.

Miss Hyams was about ready to give up the cinema quest, when Allan Dwan summoned her to play in "Summer Bachelors." She did her best, but her work did not appear to make any impression upon the motion-picture world. In fact, it seemed that *that* would be about all. But Leila would not quit. She was too good a trouper for that. She believed, too, that "it's always darkest just before dawn." Her beauty was unquestioned, but she was in the city where beauty moves about in droves.

Just as hope was at the lowest ebb, the turning point came. She signed a year's contract with Warner Brothers. Her first opportunity was in "The Brute," opposite Monte Blue. There followed "The Bush Leaguer," "Honor Bound," "One-round Hogan," and a few others. And then Metro-Goldwyn signed her.

Calm, unperturbed by trifles, understanding, Leila is of the kind which finds, as the Bard of Avon says, "sermons in stones, books in the running brooks and good in everything." She makes one think of warm nights in the South, of magnolias in bloom, of the gentleness and graciousness of daughters born in the splendid old families below the Mason and Dixon Line. Her voice is low and pleasing. Yet she is filled with a restless energy which makes her go, and keep on going when others would tire. She swims, plays tennis, rides horseback—and drives an automobile. Once, about a year ago, in traffic court, she got on Judge Reed's private telephone line and called up the studio.

"Hello!" she said. "Send me some money. Judge Reed, the old crab, has just fined me ten dollars for speeding."

And it so happened that "the old crab" had taken down the other receiver on his two-party line, and was trying to get a number when Miss Hyams' voice broke in.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Hyams," his honor said.

And she recognized the voice!

"Oh, memories that bless and burn," Leila repeats, when she recalls the incident. "'O, barren gain and bitter loss!' I did not know there were two phones on that line."

Leila was married to Phil J. Berg, manager of several stars, in November, 1927. Mr. Berg sent out an announcement not long ago, letting it be known that he is Leila's manager—in a business way. Director Al Rogell framed the announcement and hung it in the library of his home.

"The only man in Hollywood who can publicly announce that he manages his wife," Rogell says, "and get away with it!"

Leila was born May 1, 1905. She is five feet, four and one half inches tall, and weighs one hundred and twenty pounds. Under her new contract with M.-G.-M., she will play nothing but leads, and many believe that stardom is not far distant. She made her talking début opposite William Haines, in "Alias Jimmy Valentine," but many consider the prima donna in "Wonder of Women" her best rôle.

And this is the girl who came from a trunk!

When Hollywood Cries For Help

Continued from page 87

service they render is usually genuine enough, but of course their sales argument is that the screen test will be eagerly pounced upon by studios looking for new faces.

The constant change in the vogue of screen entertainment creates a temporary demand for new people. The talkies have brought in hordes of song writers, vaudevillians, dialogue writers, dancers, stage people of all sorts. They are pushing out the hordes who were brought into pictures by preceding styles of entertainment, and when public taste shifts, they will be pushed out by new crowds. This demand, genuine though it is, is often fleeting.

The Mexican who entrained for Hollywood a few years ago, because of the demand for Latin types, discovered suddenly that nothing but pantomimic comedians were wanted. The girl with the Lillian Gish face and the Pickford curls found that the studios cared chiefly for little devils seasoned with tabasco. And now, of course, it's voice that counts. And so even the genuine demand for new people is likely to prove a will-o'-the-wisp. Before it is generally known, it may have ended.

Play safe. Take movie help-wanted ads of all sorts with a cupful of salt.

What The Fans Think

Continued from page 108

of course you were impressed by William Haines' hero-worshiping roommate in "West Point," the collegiate *Mack*, in "Hot Stuff," the engaging *Jimmy*, in "On with the Show," and *Louis XIV* and his mad brother, a dual rôle, in "The Iron Mask."

William is a handsome youth, refreshingly different. He is a splendid actor, lauded by Douglas Fairbanks and D. W. Griffith as a "find." He is genuine. And I sincerely hope he will never lose the enormous enthusiasm and wide-eyed amazement that contributes so delightfully to the beauty of his career. BARBARA ROWE.

5639 Goodfellow Avenue,
St. Louis, Missouri.

"Out of the Mouths of Babes——"

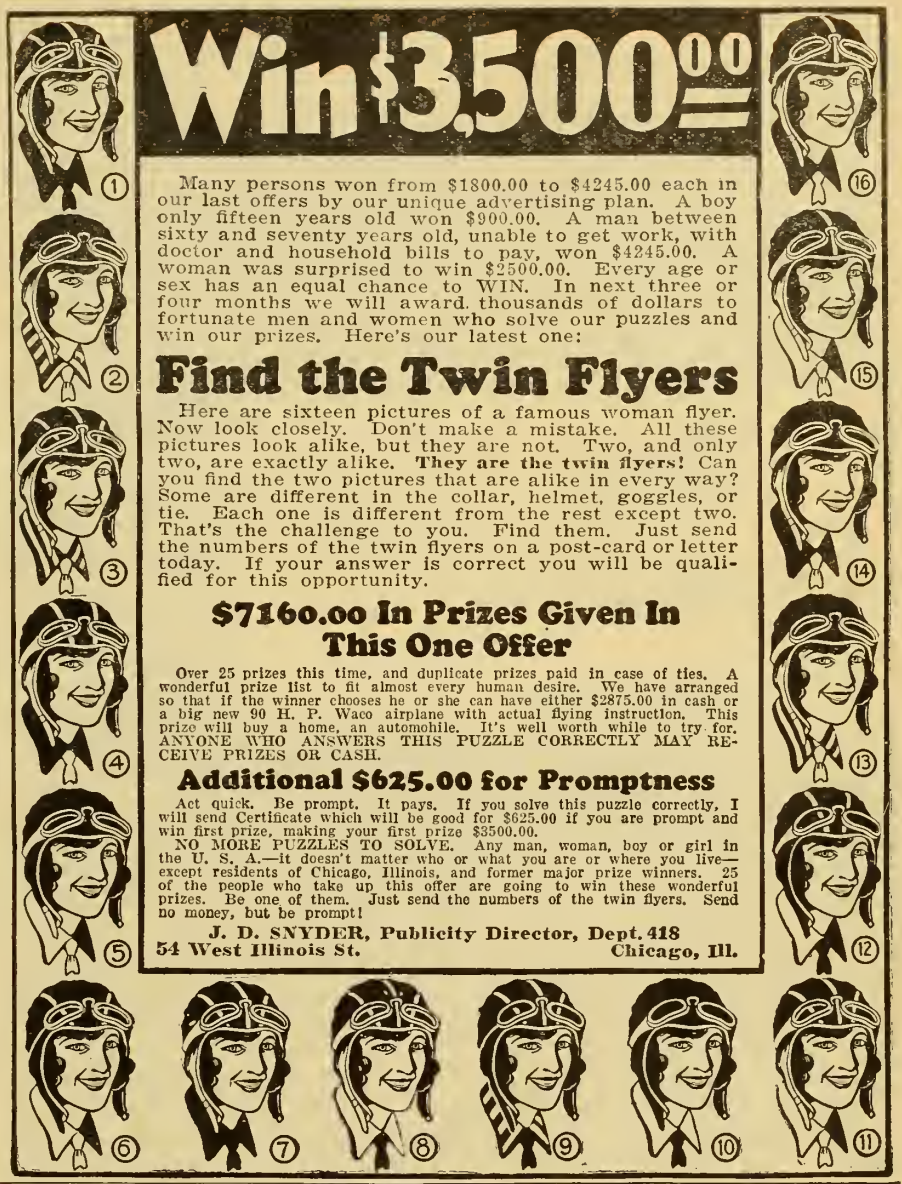
Here is a bouquet for Nils Asther. I saw him in "Wild Orchids" and thought his acting wonderful. Although I am but eleven years old I would like to slap him on the back and say, "Bravo, Nils, you are one fine actor. Your acting in 'The Single Standard' was wonderful. I should like to see you often as leading man for Miss Garbo."

"The Single Standard" was here in Hartford for a week and they brought it back for a second run.

Well, I could say a lot more nice things about Mr. Asther, but all I will say is "Keep up your fine work."

BEATRICE BIRD.

33 Abbotsford Avenue,
Hartford, Connecticut.



Win $3,500.00

Many persons won from $1800.00 to $4245.00 each in our last offers by our unique advertising plan. A boy only fifteen years old won $900.00. A man between sixty and seventy years old, unable to get work, with doctor and household bills to pay, won $4245.00. A woman was surprised to win $2500.00. Every age or sex has an equal chance to WIN. In next three or four months we will award thousands of dollars to fortunate men and women who solve our puzzles and win our prizes. Here's our latest one:

Find the Twin Flyers

Here are sixteen pictures of a famous woman flyer. Now look closely. Don't make a mistake. All these pictures look alike, but they are not. Two, and only two, are exactly alike. **They are the twin flyers!** Can you find the two pictures that are alike in every way? Some are different in the collar, helmet, goggles, or tie. Each one is different from the rest except two. That's the challenge to you. Find them. Just send the numbers of the twin flyers on a post-card or letter today. If your answer is correct you will be qualified for this opportunity.

$7160.00 In Prizes Given In This One Offer

Over 25 prizes this time, and duplicate prizes paid in case of ties. A wonderful prize list to fit almost every human desire. We have arranged so that if the winner chooses he or she can have either $2875.00 in cash or a big new 90 H. P. Waco airplane with actual flying instruction. This prize will buy a home, an automobile. It's well worth while to try for. ANYONE WHO ANSWERS THIS PUZZLE CORRECTLY MAY RECEIVE PRIZES OR CASH.

Additional $625.00 for Promptness

Act quick. Be prompt. It pays. If you solve this puzzle correctly, I will send Certificate which will be good for $625.00 if you are prompt and win first prize, making your first prize $3500.00.

NO MORE PUZZLES TO SOLVE. Any man, woman, boy or girl in the U. S. A.—it doesn't matter who or what you are or where you live—except residents of Chicago, Illinois, and former major prize winners. 25 of the people who take up this offer are going to win these wonderful prizes. Be one of them. Just send the numbers of the twin flyers. Send no money, but be prompt!

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Film Centre, 630 9th Ave., Studio 259, New York City

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Are You Always Excited? Fatigued? Worried? Gloomy? Pessimistic? Constipation, indigestion, cold sweats, dizzy spells and sex weakness are caused by NERVE EXHAUSTION. *Drugs, tonics and medicines cannot help weak, sick nerves!* Learn how to regain Vigor, Calmness and Self Confidence. Send 25c for this amazing book.
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Don't envy the allurement of lovely lips—it is yours with Phantom Red Lipstick. Phantom Red adds fascinating, youthful glow, preserves the natural texture of the lips. Creamy smooth—dainty—lasting. In moderne red-and-black enamel case, $1.00; Junior, 50c. Same in Canada.



SEND 10c Send this adv. and 10c for Vanity Size PHANTOM RED Lipstick and Make-up Guide. (Another 10c brings dainty model PHANTOM RED Rouge Compact.)
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No more sagging, flabby breasts. My home treatment will quickly give you a full firm bust. I have helped thousands of flat chested girls and women develop a beautiful feminine form. Ugly, sagging lines disappear just by the simple application of my rich, luscious PRESCRIPTION CREAM. **The results are truly magical.**

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It offers you
160 pages of stories
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Of an all-star cast of authors

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Sax Rohmer
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Ellis Parker Butler



Twenty cents a copy

Published Monthly

A Confidential Guide To Current Releases

Continued from page 69

"Noah's Ark"—Warner. A spectacle of more eye than ear interest, unsurpassed in its Deluge scene. Modern sequences culminating in a hopeless tangle in the World War, which fades to the biblical sequences, where the same characters appear. George O'Brien, Dolores Costello, Guinn Williams, Noah Beery.

FOR SECOND CHOICE.

"General Crack"—Warner. All dialogue. Technicolor sequence. John Barrymore's talents and voice given to trivial story and dialogue, yet his first talkie proves he is most romantic figure on the screen. Reckless soldier leads Austrian army to victory, acquires fickle gypsy bride, Armida, and then the archduchess, Marian Nixon, whose hand is soldier's final reward.

"Sky Hawk, The"—Fox. All dialogue. Terrors of Zeppelin raid on London pictured in exciting episode showing how a soldier branded as yellow got the raider and saved his good name. The girl believed in him anyway. John Garrick, Helen Chandler, Gilbert Emery, Billy Bevan, Daphne Pollard, Joyce Compton.

"Nix On Dames"—Fox. All dialogue. Simple, human story of vaudeville folk, directed by men who know their subject. Partners let a girl come between them, in spite of vows. Picture excellent through acting of Mae Clarke, Robert Ames, William Harrigan, Maude Fulton.

"Halfway to Heaven"—Paramount. All dialogue. Human touches and flashes of good acting make this film stronger than usual Buddy Rogers picture. Love under the circus tent. Paul Lukas the rival you'll like, Jean Arthur, Nestor Aber, Helen Ware.

"Marriage Playground, The"—Paramount. All dialogue. Charm of Edith Wharton novel eludes the screen. Story of unhappy lot of seven children and wives of rich man. Mary Brian, Fredric March, Lilyan Tashman, Kay Francis, with background of wise-cracking kids, barely reminders of the book.

"Vagabond Lover, The"—RKO. Singing, dialogue. Rudy Vallée disarms critics by not acting at all. Enchanting crooning for female ears. Absurd story strings his songs together. Marie Dressler tries valiantly to save picture with comedy. Sally Blane is the heroine.

"Taming of the Shrew, The"—United Artists. All dialogue. Laudable pioneering effort to bring Shakespeare to the screen, as it shows that the bard is palatable to average fan. Mary Pickford in slapstick-comedy rôle, Douglas Fairbanks the bullying *Petruchio*. Innovation more important than their vocal art.

"Kiss, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Silent. Commonplace story made glamorous by Greta Garbo, beautifully produced and directed. It is about *Irene*, married to a business man, but in love with another, Conrad Nagel. Lew Ayres is the youth who thinks he is the other man, Anders Randolf the husband.

"Romance of Rio Grande"—Fox. All dialogue. Warner Baxter in glamorous but not gripping story, yet capably acted. Has earmarks of old-time Western, in railroad-building yarn. And there's Mona Maris, besides Mary Duncan and Antonio Moreno.

"Love Parade, The"—Paramount. Dialogue, singing. Maurice Chevalier's second film, story of long-drawn-out duel of the sexes, a romance in song. Music not quite haunting, but bright touches in narrative, in spite of much repetition of main note in love scale. Jeanette MacDonald, Lupino Lane, Lillian Roth.

"Condemned"—United Artists. All dialogue. A convict's lark on Devil's Island, with Ronald Colman as prisoner loved by Ann Harding, as the warden's wife. Meant to be melodrama, and has tense moments, if taken seriously. Principals excellent. Louis Wolheim, Noah Beery.

"Seven Faces"—Fox. All dialogue. Paul Muni's versatility as character actor exploited by playing septet of characters. Grease paint smothers inspiration found in "The Valiant." Aged caretaker of museum dreams his wax figures come to life. Marguerite Churchill warmly natural. Russell Gleason.

"Footlights and Fools"—First National. All dialogue. Colleen Moore surprises with musical-comedy film with unhappy ending, in rôle of French singer whose love affairs and marriage become so difficult she heartbrokenly steps aside from the whole business. Fredric March, Raymond Hackett fine support.

"Big News"—Pathé. All dialogue. Story of reporter accused of murdering editor, but real criminal is exposed. Good until dictaphone is introduced. Robert Armstrong, Sam Hardy, Carol Lombard in fine characterizations.

"Marianne" — Metro-Goldwyn. All song and dialogue. Marion Davies excellent in her first talkie, in spite of slow action, and her acting is brilliant. Scene laid in France, after Armistice. Lawrence Gray sings engagingly. Cliff Edwards and Benny Rubin funny.

"Salute"—Fox. All dialogue. Best of the Annapolis pictures. George O'Brien excellent in first talkie, natural, pleasing voice. Runs into football climax. Frank Albertson, William Janney, Joyce Compton, Helen Chandler, Rex Bell.

"The Unholy Night"—Metro-Goldwyn. All dialogue. Screen début of Roland Young, in mystery story replete with horrors, about murder of surviving members of a regiment. Mr. Young intelligent, with whimsical wit. Dorothy Sebastian, Ernest Torrence, John Miljan, Philip Strange, Richard Tucker, Natalie Moorhead.

"Three Live Ghosts"—United Artists. All dialogue. Fine acting rather than romantic thrills, starring Beryl Mercer as a shrewd, human character, who wants to turn ex-soldier over to the police for reward. Charles McNaughton, Claude Allister, Robert Montgomery, Joan Bennett.

"Jealousy"—Paramount. All dialogue. Last appearance of the late Jeanne Eagels, in a picture whose story is weak for the gifted star. Miss Eagels is arresting, intelligent, individual. Story of fatal jealousy of her husband for her former lover. Fredric March is the husband, Halliwell Hobbes the lover.

"Flight"—Columbia. All dialogue. Thrilling airplane maneuvers, two marines, and a cute nurse in a picture that is good—if the roar and dip of planes satisfy. Jack Holt, a hard-chewing leatherneck, is too shy to make love and loses Lila Lee to Ralph Graves. The dialogue is adolescent.

"Gold Diggers of Broadway"—Warner. Singing, dialogue. Musical comedy in Technicolor, with faint plot woven in about man who tries to save a kinsman from a chorine, and falls for one himself. Winnie Lightner's clowning saves the show. Lilyan Tashman also good. Conway Tearle, Nancy Welford, Ann Pennington, William Bakewell.

RECOMMENDED—WITH RESERVATIONS.

"This Thing Called Love"—Pathé. All dialogue. Much gabbling in so-called sophisticated vein, about nothing in particular. Man and girl marry without benefit of love, and there's endless complication. Constance Bennett, Edmund Lowe, Zasu Pitts, Carmelita Geraghty, Ruth Taylor.

"Untamed"—Metro-Goldwyn. Dialogue. Jungle girl brought to what movies call civilization—life trimmed with wild parties, plenty of dancing daughters, fights between rivals in evening clothes, et cetera. Joan Crawford, Robert Montgomery.

"South Sea Rose"—Fox. All dialogue. The torrid Lenore Ulric more at home as hula dancer, yet flaws in acting, directing, and costuming make you gasp. South Sea girl in prim New England. Charles Bickford, Kenneth MacKenna.

Information, Please

Continued from page 102

SARAH MCLAUGHLIN.—See answers to HELEN and VIRGIE.

DIPPY OVER DICK.—Well, he's being starred now, and that should make you happy. He was born in St. Paul, Minnesota, September 1, 1899, attended St. Thomas College, and the University of Pennsylvania. He was enlisted in the Royal Flying Corps, was once a newspaper man, then an athletic instructor; and worked in the Texas oil fields. He is five feet ten and a half, weighs 160, has blue eyes and brown hair. He has no fan club, forbidden by Paramount, but Jack Jennison, 1515 Orizaba Street, Long Beach, California, conducts a heavy correspondence with other Arlen fans. See AFREDIGHTI.

EDNA RUDKIN.—All the way from New Zealand. That is a long way for a question or two to travel. William Powell was born July 29, 1892. He is six feet tall, and brunet, with blue eyes. He is divorced from Eileen Wilson; he has a son, William David, aged four. Official heights are always measured without heels. Alma Rubens is five feet seven, as is Jetta Goudal. Betty Blythe is half an inch taller. Marion Davies and Josephine Dunn are five feet five, Dorothy Mackaill half an inch shorter. Mary Astor and Garbo are five feet six, Milton Sills is six feet one and a quarter.

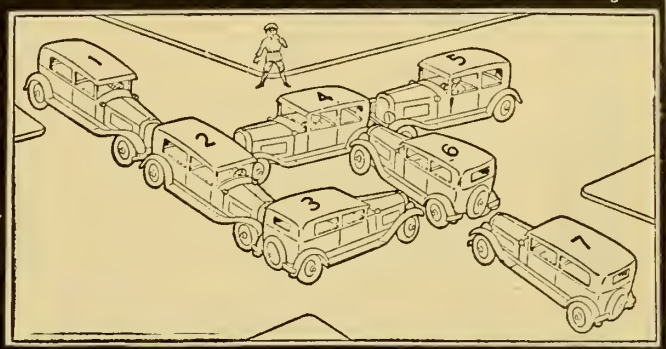
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over to the "What the Fans Think," which has the same address as myself and the rest of PICTURE PLAY.

SUE ROGERS.—To join the Davey Lee club, write to Florence Freeman, 5061 Kenmore Avenue, Chicago.

H. OF L. A. and NAN.—Greta Garbo came to America in 1926. John Gilbert is thirty-two and his wife a few years older. Ina Claire is of Irish descent—her real name is Fagen.

A TALKIE FAN.—One of the questions that stumps me these days is whether a star does his own singing. Those haughty producers won't tell; occasionally the secret leaks out. May McAvoy's name is pronounced with the accent on the *Mc*. Paul Lukas and Nick Lucas are not related—notice the difference in spelling.

JACKLAND DEAN.—Of course I'll tell you what you want to know. That's the kind of guy I am—the man who always tells. Marian Nixon uses her real name. She was born in Superior, Wisconsin, October 20, 1904. She was a vaudeville dancer before going into movies in 1922. She was married last November to Edward Hillman, Jr. Her first husband was Joe Benjamin. Arthur Lake was born in Corbin, Kentucky, and was on the stage before his film career began in 1925. That's his real name. I understand he was recently married, but I missed the announcement, and don't know to whom. Bessie Love is married to William Hawks. Her latest picture is "Good News."

BILLIE GIRL.—So you toss me a bouquet? You should see how gracefully I catch it! But after that remark of yours, "my questions are always fully answered," I hate to admit I don't even know Lupe Velez's home address. Monte Blue plays opposite her in "Tiger Rose." Lupe plays the part of a wild, little French Canadian. I should guess that Lupe is very interested in her fan mail. She's interested in everything.

JEAN WILLIAMS.—Your favorite, Janet Gaynor, was born October 6, 1906. I'm so sorry, but her biography does not list the names of short comedies she played in previous to her big success. Mary Brian was born February 17, 1908. She has hazel eyes. Dolores Costello was born September 17, 1905.

A JOHNNY DOWNS' FAN.—And it's pretty hard to keep fanning some one you never even see, isn't it? He is now playing in vaudeville, as he is too big for "Our Gang" comedies. I don't know his age, nor where he can be reached.

QUESTIONNAIRE.—Do I answer all the questions I receive? Well, of course, I can't know everything, but I do try hard. But never in the "next issue." The magazine requires about three months to print. Since stars receive hundreds of letters every week, it would take their entire time to answer them—then when would they make films? I'm delighted that you should want to become a "member of the Picture Oracle," only it isn't a club. We are just clubby by nature, that's all.

BETTY ARNOLD.—Thanks for writing. Yes, I found out that John Mack Brown is married.

JOE T.—PICTURE PLAY has only enough stars' photographs for its own use. We couldn't attempt to send them to fans. Barry Norton's next film is "The Command to Love." See JACKLAND DEAN. Marian Nixon is now appearing in First National films. Write her at that studio.

RUDOLPH FREDERICKSON.—So you don't see how I can answer all those questions? Sometimes I don't see myself, and sometimes I rebel, and think I just won't. Miriam Seeger is too recent a player to be listed in my file, and all that Paramount could tell me about her is that she was born in Indiana, has brown hair and blue eyes. "Fashions in Love" was her first picture; she was previously on the stage. Anita Page was born August 4, 1910. Loretta Young's new film is "The Man," though I imagine that title will be changed. Greta Nissen is five feet four and a half tall. She is on the stage. I suppose Barry Norton's fan mail is taken care of—probably not by himself.

THE WONDERER.—I make my living off wonderers. Philippe de Lacy has played in too many films for a complete list here. Those for 1928-29 were "Mother Machree," "Broken Mask," "Four Devils," "Napoleon's Barber," "Redeeming Sin," "Square Shoulders," "Four Feathers," "Royal Rider," "Marriage Playground," "General Crack," and his forthcoming one is "Sarah and Son." Write him at Paramount studio.

DILYS OWEN.—Even though you ask many questions, I can't mind when you do it so charmingly and throw such nice posies. The leads in "Down to the Sea in Ships" were played by Raymond McKee and Marguerite Courtot. Incidentally, Clara Bow made her first hit in this film. Jack Hoxie and Fay Wray played in "The Wild Horse Stampede." My cast of "The Broken Wing" is missing. No, James Hall did not play in Buster Keaton's "College." You may have him confused with Grant Withers. Buster Keaton's leading ladies were: in "The General," Marian Mack; "The Navigator," Kathryn McGuire; in "Battling Butler," Sally O'Neil. Lionel Barrymore is six feet tall. He admits to a birth date on April 28th—but that's all. Alice Day doesn't give her age; she is about five feet two and very blond. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., is blond with blue eyes, six feet tall and weighs 165. Jean Hersholt was born in Copenhagen, July 12, 1886. He has brown hair and blue eyes; five feet eleven, weight 185. He is married and has a son, Jean, Jr.

JEAN.—Your bombardment of questions is rather a light one. Evelyn Brent's portrait was PICTURE PLAY's cover for September, 1928. By this time you have doubtless seen the story about her in the issue for February, 1930. She is Mrs. Harry Edwards. Yes, I have met her and think she is strikingly beautiful and much more chic than Hollywood stars usually are. I don't think she has relatives in the films, except her husband, who is a director, and her ex-husband, B. P. Fineman, a supervisor for Paramount.

SALLY.—You're another one who tries to make this department look like a cut-out page from the phone book. However, here goes (a few don't give ages): Jacqueline Logan, born Corsicana, Texas, November 30, 1902, gray eyes, auburn hair. Dorothy Revier, Oakland, California; blond hair, gray eyes, five feet four and a half, weight 125. Phyllis Haver, Douglas, Kansas, January 6, 1899, blue eyes, blond, five feet six, weight 126. Dione Ellis, Los Angeles, blue-eyed blond, five feet three, weight 110. Carol Lombard, Fort Wayne, Indiana, blue eyes, blond, height five feet two. Edmund Lowe, San Jose, California, light-brown hair, blue eyes, six feet, weight 170. Robert Armstrong, Saginaw, Michigan, November 20, 1896, brown hair and eyes, weight 165, height five feet ten and a half. Ian Keith, Boston, February 27, 1899, blue eyes, brunet, five feet ten, weight 155.

Addresses of Players

Richard Arlen, Esther Ralston, Mary Brian, Neil Hamiltou, Warner Oland, Ruth Chatterton, Florence Vidor, Clara Bow, Chester Coukliu, Clive Brook, Charles ("Buddy") Rogers, Gary Cooper, James Hall, William Powell, Evelyn Brent, Doris Hill, Nancy Carroll, Jean Arthur, Olga Baclanova, Jack Oakie, Kay Francis, David Newell, Jack Luden, at Paramount Studio, Hollywood, California.

Greta Garbo, Leila Hyams, Bessie Love, Edward Nugent, Gwen Lee, Ramon Novarro, Norma Shearer, John Gilbert, William Haines, Lon Chaney, Renée Adorée, Marion Davies, Robert Montgomery, Ray Johnson, Karl Dane, Dorothy Sebastian, Lionel Barrymore, Charles King, Raymond Hackett, Wallace Beery, Raquel Torres, Joan Crawford, Nils Asther, Conrad Nagel, Josephine Dunn, Anita Page, Buster Keaton, John Mack Brown, Lewis Stone, at the Metro-Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, California.

Vilma Banky, Ronald Colman, Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, Norma Talmadge, Chester Morris, Gilbert Roland, Don Alvarado, Lupe Velez, Dolores del Rio, and Mona Rico, at the United Artists Studio, 7100 Santa Monica Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

Colleen Moore, Jack Mulhall, Alexander Gray, Bernice Claire, Billie Dove, Richard Barthelmess, Dorothy Mackaill, Corinne Griffith, Alice White, Ian Keith, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., at the First National Studio, Burbank, California.

Merna Kennedy, Hoot Gibson, Laura La Plante, Barbara Kent, Glenn Tryon, Ken Maynard, Joseph Schildkraut, at the Universal Studio, Universal City, California.

William Boyd, Robert Armstrong, Alan Hale, Jeanette Loff, Carol Lombard, Ann Harding, Helen Twelvetrees, and Russell Gleason, at the Pathé Studio, Culver City, California.

George O'Brien, Edmund Lowe, Earle Foxe, Janet Gaynor, Kenneth MacKeuna, Dixie Lee, Mona Maris, Fifi Dorsay, Charles Farrell, Victor MacLaglen, Lois Morau, Frank Albertson, Farrell MacDonald, Marguerite Churchill, Paul Muni, Lola Lane, Paul Page, Louise Dresser, David Rollins, Sue Carol, Warner Baxter, Sharon Lynn, and Mary Duncan, at the Fox Studio, Western Aveuue, Hollywood, California.

Edna Murphy, John Barrymore, Al Jolson, at the Warner Studios, Sunset and Bronson, Los Angeles, California.

Sally Blane, Hugh Trevor, Bebe Daniels, Betty Compson, Olive Borden, and Richard Dix, at the RKO Studio, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Allene Ray, 6912 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Robert Frazer, 6356 La Mirada Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Patsy Ruth Miller, 808 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, California.

Robert Agnew, 6357 La Mirada Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Dorothy Revier, 1367 North Wilton Place, Los Angeles, California.

Julanne Johnston, Garden Court Apartments, Hollywood, California.

Malcolm McGregor, 6043 Selma Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Jackie Coogan, 673 South Oxford Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Ivor Novello, 11 Aldwych, London, W. C. 2, England.

Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Mouica Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Anna May Wong, 241 N. Figueroa Street, Los Angeles, California.

Eileen Percy, 154 Beechwood Drive, Los Angeles, California.

Herbert Rawlinson, 1735 Highland Street, Los Angeles, California.

Forrest Stanley, 604 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, California.

Gertrude Astor, 1421 Queen's Way, Hollywood, California.

Lloyd Hughes, 616 Taft Building, Hollywood, California.

Virginia Brown Faire, 1212 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Johnny Hines, Tec-Art Studio, 5360 Melrose Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Theodore von Eltz, 1722½ Las Palmas, Hollywood, California.

William S. Hart, 6404 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Estelle Taylor, 5254 Los Feliz Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

Pat O'Malley, 1832 Taft Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Ruth Roland, 3828 Wilshire Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

Gilda Gray, 22 East Sixtieth Street, New York City.

Barry Norton, 855 West Thirty-fourth Street, Los Angeles, California.





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BRIDE OF THE REGIMENT, with Vivienne Segal (First National); **CHASING RAINBOWS,** with Bessie Love and Charles King (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer); **DIXIANA,** with Bebe Daniels (Radio); **HELL'S ANGELS** (Caddo Productions); **HOLD EVERYTHING,** with Winnie Lightner and Joe E. Brown (Warner Bros.); **MAMMY,** starring Al Jolson (Worner Bros.); **NO, NO, NANETTE,** with Bernice Claire and Alexander Gray (First National); **PARAMOUNT ON PARADE,** all-stor revue (Paramount); **PUTTIN' ON THE RITZ,** with Harry Richman (United Artists); **SALLY,** starring Marilyn Miller (First National); **SONG OF THE WEST,** with John Boles and Vivienne Segal (Warner Bros.); **THE VAGABOND KING,** starring Dennis King, with Jeanette MacDonold (Paromount); **THE ROGUE SONG,** with Lowrence Tibbett and Catherine Dale Owen (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer).

EGBERT FEB 25 1930

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PICTURE PLAY

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MAY 1930

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THE TRUTH ABOUT YOURSELF

see page 16

BARBARA KENT

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. STREET AND SMITH PUBLICATION

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FOX MOVIETONE

MONTHLY

Picture Play

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Monthly publication issued by Street & Smith Publications, Inc., 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York City. Ormond G. Smith, President; George C. Smith, Vice President and Treasurer; George C. Smith, Jr., Vice President; Ormond V. Gould, Secretary. Copyright, 1930, by Street & Smith Publications, Inc., New York. Copyright, 1930, by Street & Smith Publications, Inc., Great Britain. Entered as Second-class Matter, March 6, 1916, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879. Canadian Subscription. $2.86. Foreign, $3.22.

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NINO MARTINI ✲ DAVID NEWELL
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WHAT could be more interesting than the authentic narrative of a figure well known on the screen, written by himself? Not an ordinary "confession" story deliberately concocted to startle by its bold revelation of sordid details in the early life of a favorite, but a lively autobiography of character and charm. Describing the childhood of the subject, his leaving a quiet country home to seek his fortune in the city, and his adventures in the studios, it is a story that in its essentials is typical of many. For to-day the youth of the country is drawn to the city as never before. Best of all, it reflects the buoyant humor of the writer, whose position on the current screen gives his story intimate values found only in the conversation of a friend one knows well.

Who the writer is must wait as a surprise for June PICTURE PLAY. You will enjoy reading this unique feature as much as we enjoy offering it to you. Watch for it!

His Honor the Mayor of Toluca

THAT'S Richard Arlen's title—didn't you know? He's the mayor of Toluca Lake besides being the favorite of many and many a fan, and Charles Farrell, Arthur Rankin, and Belle Bennett hold office in the same community. In next month's PICTURE PLAY Margaret Reid describes these off-stage rôles of players you all know, and a more engaging picture of civic power and pride has never been written. You'll love it.





"Papa spank!" sounds like an admonition—and a threat—doesn't it? Well, it is! For it is implied in many a warning given players when they are insubordinate, temperamental, or whatever it is that causes stars to behave to their employers like willful children. Samuel Richard Mook recalls some punishments dealt out to rebellious stars, and tells how they took their figurative spankings. It is amusing and illuminating.

Next month you will learn all about Hollywood's blacklist and why some erstwhile favorites don't get the breaks that should be theirs by right of past performances. All in all, PICTURE PLAY for June will live up to its new reputation—that of being the only magazine of its kind.

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GEORGE ARLISS *in* "THE GREEN GODDESS"

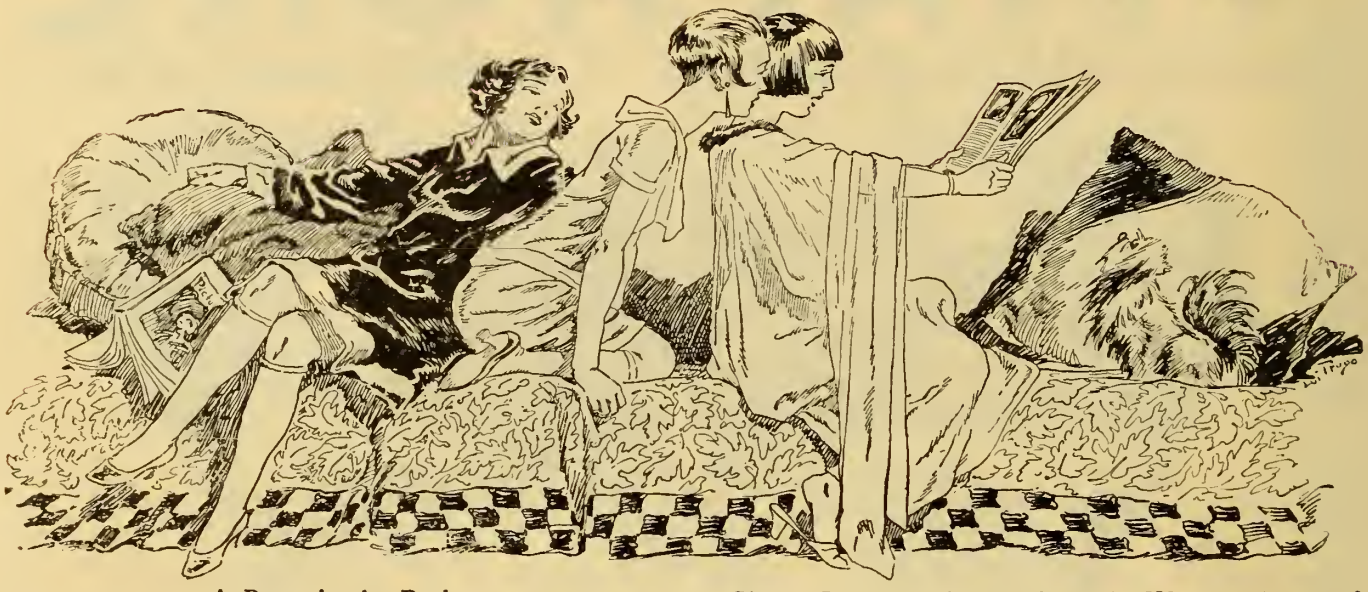


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What The Fans Think



A Beam in the Dark.

THE poor, deluded fans and admirers of Ramon Novarro ought really to be eternally grateful to Gene Charteris for kindly showing them a light as they stumble along in the darkness. Here is a clever person who has assumed the self-imposed task of pointing out that the popularity of Ramon is not due, as is erroneously supposed, to his personality, excellent acting, or good looks, but to the persistent publicity and praise of his press agent.

Really, in reading this piece of amazing information, I received a huge shock; and when I realized how deceived I had been, I nearly forgot to have my tea.

I presume that from this day the same may apply to any star of repute; the appreciation of audiences, together with box-office revenues, are of no account.

I feel quite sad to think that I, for one, have been living in a fool's paradise; my eyes evidently need an optician's attention; the screen has lied; my judgment is warped. Ramon is not the handsome, clever, charming hero I believed him to be. He is not entitled to the admiration I bestowed upon him, because his press agent has said all these things about him. Ah! Woe to me!

I have a book full of articles praising Ramon. They are all written by his admirers. I hope they haven't been bribed or mesmerized by the wicked press agent.

Take comfort in this, Gene Charteris: Ramon's admirers in this country are legion!

Ramon is accused of becoming adipose in his recent picture; it is considered the height of rudeness, in this country, to be personal.

It is pretty evident that Gene views Ramon through prejudiced and jealous eyes. Perhaps Ramon's fans could dislike just as violently and discover microscopic faults in Gene's film favorite, should he have one. Remember "one man's meat is another man's poison."

MAUD DARLEY.

York, England.

Questions and Answers.

I earnestly recommend that "What The Fans Think" be renamed "Wonder What The Fans Think With?" and that the letters be examined by a mental specialist.

First, can Alice White act, or should she be burned at the stake? Give the kid a hand, fans. How *can* she act, if you give her the gate? If you don't like her, stay away from the theater.

Should Baclanova be cast from the Woolworth tower? Answer:—How many of you can pronounce her name properly?

Do talking pictures give popular favorites the gate? Sit down and think what made them popular.

Should Gary Cooper be hamstrung for loving a girl who is full of life, and was born in another country? Answer:—Give your own loved one a good look.

Must we cast Mary Pickford to the swine, because she developed poor judgment at her age? Answer:—All exempt from foolish deeds rise and sing.

English people, especially those who are so aggressively English, please remember that if you do not like a certain film, there is no one at the theater door to drag in the poor, unsuspecting fan. One pays and walks in. And remember producers give English players quite prominent rôles in American films, and that we consider such actors as Clive Brook and Ronald Colman top-notchers.

MRS. JOHN M. FINN.

1473 S. Belmont Avenue,
Indianapolis, Indiana.

For the Sake of Peace.

I am highly amused by the fan criticisms. Perhaps by considering a few questions we may avoid a civil war, which seems to be growing more imminent monthly.

1. Do the players select pictures in which they appear? Do not directors select actors nearest the type?

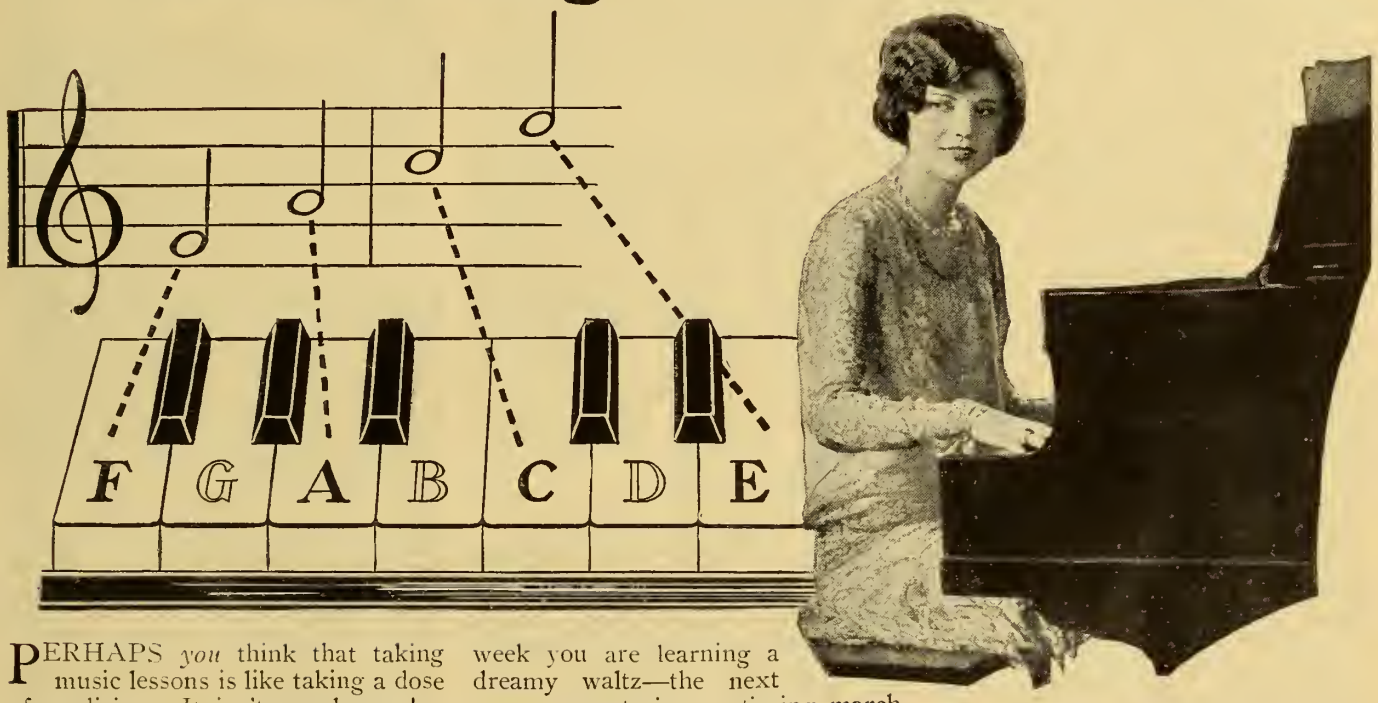
2. Do stars use their own interpretations of rôles? Is not the actor governed by the director, author, scenario editor, sound mechanic, lighting expert, and many others, after which he expresses whatever small bits of individual interpretation he may have left?

3. Is not acting experience acquired in the same way as other vocations, each step higher being a new beginning, and having an entirely new scope of experience to acquire?

L. M., of Beach, North Dakota, suggests seeing one's favorites and avoiding players one does not like. A very good suggestion. However, I find people I dislike very interesting. Nothing is so broadening and educating as the development of that happy trait known as toleration. I have not yet found a perfect human being, and do not expect to. Sympathetic criticism inspires; unkind criticism suppresses; and the director is the one to criticize. Each to his own talent, and so much more glory to the versatile ones.

[Continued on page 10]

To those who think Learning Music is hard-



PERHAPS *you* think that taking music lessons is like taking a dose of medicine. It isn't any longer!

As far as you're concerned, the old days of long practice hours with their horrid scales, hard-work exercises, and expensive personal teacher fees are over and done with.

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And you're never in hot water. First, you are *told* how a thing is done. Then a picture *shows* you how, then you do it yourself and *hear* it. No private teacher could make it clearer or easier.

Soon when your friends say "please play something" you can surprise and entertain them with pleasing melodies on your favorite instrument. You'll find yourself in the spotlight—popular everywhere. Life at last will have its silver lining and lonely hours will vanish as you play the "blues" away.

New Friends—Better Times

If you're tired of doing the heavy looking-on at parties—if always listening to others play has almost spoiled the pleasure of music for you—if you've been envious because they could entertain their friends and family—if learning music has always been one of those never-to-come-true dreams, let the time-proven and tested home-study method of the U. S. School of Music come to your rescue.

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Continued from page 8

Freedom of speech is excellent, but surely it is to be expected that good judgment will be used as well. A *thinking* people who "seek elegance rather than luxury, and refinement rather than fashion," to quote Channing, would take pride in courtesy, kindness, tact, gentleness, and constructiveness.

Refined people are not interested in personalities of the stars. They are interested in what the stars endeavor to express, and give them credit for being as human as themselves. In a recent PICTURE PLAY, one of our finest stars asserts he never reads his criticisms, because he has been hurt so often. He is conscientious and has worked hard to please his public. His real fans extend their sympathy. KLAIRE ROBINSON.

2522 Charlotte Street,
Kansas City, Missouri.

A Hint to Ramon.

"Forbidden Hours" has just been shown in England. The whole film was a driveling mess. Obvious "Student Prince" sets were used, the film was cut, and in the long shot of the wedding scene Shirley O'Hara, whose part was entirely cut out, was easily recognizable. If any one but Ramon Novarro had been in it, my friend and I would have laughed. As it was, we were on the verge of tears.

I thought "Romance" and "Across to Singapore" were bad enough, but, compared to "Forbidden Hours," they are fine films, while "A Certain Young Man" becomes a positive masterpiece.

If I hadn't seen "The Pagan" I should be frantic. As I have, and realize it is a glorious film, I am hopeful. I *know* that, if given a fair chance, Ramon will more than recover any ground he may have lost.

And because I love Ramon so much I shall find some fault with him, in the hope that he will see this and take the hint.

Ramon, it *is* maddening to see you not looking your best. You are getting very careless with your make-up. You *don't* look so nice with your hair hanging over your eyes; you don't look your best when looking like a whipped puppy, and, Ramon, please don't join John Gilbert in ignoring the powder bowl on your dressing table. A hero's shiny nose looks just as bad as a shiny heroine's.

It is only because I admire Ramon so much, because he is my chief interest in life, and because I want him to look and be at his best, that I am writing this.

ONE OF HIS FANS.

London, England.

Out With "Stage English."

Though there has been much discussion about voices, I really believe that a natural voice wins. An affected voice is hard to understand, and this broad "a" pronunciation should be out. Sincerity means so much more. One of the most sincere actresses is Dorothy Mackaill. She did some splendid acting in "The Love Racket," and she is so wholesome and real. I always enjoy her performances. Lois Wilson is another who is refined and cultured, without being affected. I always think of Lois as a thoroughbred.

The stage players being brought to the screen are both likable and not likable. Among those who are really deserving of acceptance into the ranks are Claudette Colbert, Nancy Welford, Alexander Gray, Ruth Chatterton—without her affected voice—and Walter Huston. I don't think Charles King can act worth a cent, and his singing is very poor. Winnie Lightner is vulgar and disgusting, but is no doubt appreciated by almost every one, because quality does not count much on the screen.

In a recent letter I defended Alice White. Shortly after that I received a personal, hand-written letter from Alice, saying she reads "What the Fans Think" every month, so you slammers can see how your silly, inane remarks probably hurt. If Alice had only put down her home address, I would have written to her, telling her how much I appreciated her writing to me, but she gave only the studio. I'm still for her one hundred per cent.

I've always insisted that I dislike Greta Garbo, yet lately I've been seeing her pictures. She's such a strangely fascinating creature. I like her calm and detached air, and especially her disregard for public opinion. "The Kiss" is fine. One reason is that it is silent. The players really *act* and move, and not just stand around throwing speeches all over the place. It was a tremendous relief from the many song-and-dance features we have to endure. Greta is excellent without John Gilbert, and it is to be hoped that they remain apart.

(Miss) MARION L. HESSE.

154 Elm Street,
Elizabeth, New Jersey.

Throat Muscles Explained.

Imagine me on my trusty steed, with my pen for a good old sword, galloping to the rescue of Ramon Novarro. Who said chivalry is dead? Now, I am not going to get angry and call the people names who are saying things against him. Oh, no, I'm just going to get down to the truth and ride over the bunks.

In the first place, all stars must employ press agents to keep their names before the public. Mr. Novarro can be no exception. He has to safeguard his career by employing a good publicity man. As for his ego, show me a male that hasn't it! A man must have a certain amount of ego to enable him to believe in himself and succeed in life. Of course, there is such a thing as exaggerated ego, too. But if Mr. Novarro were of the latter type, would he worry about making a success on the operatic stage as he has the screen?

Some one remarked that Mr. Novarro is getting too fat around the neck and face. My dear, that isn't fat. It's just plain muscle. All opera singers develop their throat muscles for powerful notes, so that with constant training these muscles enlarge much more than the normal size. GEORGIA MITCHELL.

P. O. Box 433, Redondo, California.

If the Gods Are Kind.

All my praise and admiration is for Greta Garbo. I may be wrong, but I think she's wonderful! I admire her in private life for her singular, independent mode of living, her scorn of popularity parties, her love for simplicity and solitude.

As the actress, Miss Garbo applies herself and concentrates so deeply one feels he is witnessing an actual revelation in the life of some one—seeing episodes that neither started nor finished with the particular scenes portrayed on the screen. Few actresses have that ability. Miss Garbo portrays her rôles so understandingly that she can invoke sympathy or even admiration for an ordinarily despicable character. Her sensitive face can register accurately and convincingly any phase in the gamut of emotions. Her carriage is artlessly graceful and, to me, her personality is fascinating.

Without her, John Gilbert is uninteresting, nor will he bring us the old thrill until they are cast together again. Her fragile loveliness and her truly marvelous ability to portray passionate love need the support of a man of Gilbert's type. Nils Asther is too Oriental; all of the others seem stupidly inadequate. At any rate, there is no one who can look at Greta so adoringly, so palpitatingly, as Gilbert.

I hope the gods will not defer the day too long when we shall see them together again—the ideal combination, the perfect lovers. ELAINE C.

Asbury Park, New Jersey.

The Quality of Mercy.

The kindest letter we have read in PICTURE PLAY for five years is that of Irene Sekely in the February number.

Miss Sekely is perfectly right when she says that PICTURE PLAY readers write cruel and insulting letters about the stars. At times I have positively choked over some of the insults and criticisms hurled at some inoffensive actor or actress.

I have my special favorites, like every one else, but there is no one on the screen I do not like. They work hard and give their best. That is all that can be expected of any one.

Why fans are so curious about stars' private lives is a mystery to me. One says that since a certain star divorced her husband she no longer cares to see her act. Another star was dropped from favor because she did not send a fan her photo. I like to receive a photo as well as anybody, but if I did not get it—well, I'd think just as much of the star as I did before.

I have written to one star for her photo four times, each time inclosing a quarter. I have never had a reply, but I still think she's a marvelous actress, and I see all her pictures at least three times.

Those fans who are tired of reading about Lupe Velez should realize that Lupe has a vast army of fans who are *not* tired of her. Why do these people read articles about her, or go to her pictures, if they do not like her? The same applies to Alice White's critics. Alice is a clever and sincere actress in my opinion, and I'm not one of her fans, either.

If I have to knock some charming star to be a fan, I don't want to be one.

I would like to bestow a few bouquets here. When I asked Chester Conklin for his autograph he put down his traveling bags, took off his gloves, and wrote this in my album: "To Winifred Evans. Just for fun. Chester Conklin."

He was so darned nice about it I didn't know what to say.

Estelle Taylor's fans will be delighted when they hear her sing. And she's one of the most charming stars I've met.

WINIFRED EVANS.

233 West Eighty-third Street,
New York City, New York.

Gene Charteris Answered.

It was with much surprise, and even greater amusement, that we read the letter of Gene Charteris concerning Ramon Novarro. As a rule, these letters are written with intelligence and understanding, but in this case both qualities are sadly lacking.

"Egotism! Self-sufficiency! Exalted opinion of himself!" How could *any* one with any *real* knowledge of Mr. Novarro make such ridiculous statements? Outside of having seen most of his pictures, it was our rare privilege to meet the charming, truly unaffected Ramon last summer.

Among the stars in Hollywood, Mr. Novarro alone lacked the self-sufficiency and egotism that charactertized so many other players with whom we came in contact. As unprejudiced moviegoers, we can only say, unbelievable as it may seem, that Mr. Novarro's press agents *have not even done him justice.* He has a fascinating personality, a keen wit, and incredible versatility. Mr. Novarro's press agents, though lauding him, have painted him as a Greek god, aloof and out of place in this modern age. As far as his appearance goes, this is true. He is an Adonis, but his aloofness extends only to his ideals, which are beyond modern comprehension. But the man Novarro is a good mixer, a clever entertainer, and a genial, likable chap. LORNA AND VERA.

New York City.

Anita Page Upheld.

Just what does Betty Harrison mean when she says Alice White can get a *better* boy friend than Buddy Rogers? Don't think that I dislike Miss White, because I don't. But how can *any one* dislike Buddy Rogers? He is my idea of an honest-to-goodness fellow. He has everything that I admire. I wish that Betty Harrison would explain just what she means. If she doesn't like Buddy, she ought to tell us, if she can, what she dislikes about him.

I feel as though Buddy were a friend of mine, although I have never seen him, except in pictures. Never would I let any one say anything about any of my friends. Therefore, I will permit nobody to say anything against Buddy.

Now, to correct J. E. R., who talks of half-clad girls. Listen, J. E. R., those girls don't pose half clad because they want to. Their directors demand it. If they refuse, they are called temperamental. Imagine Anita Page posing half clad because she wanted to. Preposterous! KATHLEEN BAILIE.

37 Eighth Avenue,
Haverhill, Massachusetts.

More Success for Gilbert.

Replying to the letter written by seven fans from Shreveport, Louisiana, I wish to inform them that their opinions, fortunately, are not every one's. John Gilbert is the one and only Gilbert, regardless of who plays opposite him. I like Greta Garbo's acting, but she cannot make or break John Gilbert. I have followed his rise to stardom, and in my own little corner "discovered" him long before he became so popular. Now that he has, I wish him more success and plenty of it.

My opinion is that if an actor is liked by his fans, they will go to see his picture, regardless of whether it's a good picture or not.

In every city we find persons who can never be serious unless it is about something concerning themselves. They make fun of old and crippled people, jeer at young lovers, and ridicule motherhood. Nothing is sacred to them. They go to a show and spoil the evening for other people. We try to ignore them, but they are present at every gathering. I hope the seven from Shreveport are not in this class, but if they are, I consider my time and postage wasted—you can't teach a fool anything. BEATRICE CARROLL.

Care of General Delivery,
Fairmont, West Virginia.

Rally Round Ramon, Boys!

Gene Charteris is suspected of writing that letter about Ramon Novarro just to see the fur fly. All right, I'll scratch a bit!

Any one who saw "The Pagan" and thought Ramon "fat and foolish" must have had a stomach-ache or a hangover when he wrote the letter! It is hard to believe that the easy-going joyousness and childlikeness of the half-caste boy, and above all the exquisite love scenes, could pass over any one's head. The New York critics have usually been lukewarm to Novarro, but at "The Pagan" they woke up. And to make Gene's implication that Ramon is on the downward path even sillier, his letter appeared about the time "Devil-May-Care" was registering a smashing hit. It is amusing to a real, old-time, dyed-in-the-wool Novarro fan to see some of the critics learning what we've known for years—that Ramon is one of the most attractive and able actors on the screen.

As to whether he is conceited or not, I don't know any more than Gene. But I question it very much. I can't see it in his face or manner, but I do see a great deal that appeals to me and evidently to many thousand others. E. H.

New York City.

A Floral Shower.

The remarks of J. E. R., of Brisbane, Australia, about Lupe Velez made me very angry, for I am a devoted fan of Lupe's and certainly think that she deserves more credit than J. E. R. gave her. What does he mean when he refers to Lupe Velez's love for Gary Cooper being "cheap publicity"? When you are in love, doesn't it give you a grand and glorious feeling? Wouldn't you like to shout to all the world how much you love your "So-and-so"? Then just imagine Señorita Velez, fiery, primitive, emotional. She is the type that cannot keep silent in her love affairs.

Also, J. E. R., I believe you belong to the 1890 era, because you are shocked at seeing half-clad girls on every second page of the magazines. These are modern times. If a girl has a pretty leg and a lovely figure—well, why not photograph them to best advantage?

A hundred bouquets to each of the following: Bebe Daniels, who rates one hundred per cent for her beautiful singing and acting in "Rio Rita." John Boles, ditto. Ramon Novarro, whom some one has falsely termed fat. Janet Gaynor, for her charming acting in "Sunny Side Up." Marion Davies, for her cuteness in "Marianne."

Two hundred bouquets to Charles Farrell, who Clara A. Bell says was homely, stupid, dull, and unconvincing in "Fazil."

Three hundred bouquets to a girl who deserves them—Greta Garbo. What other actress could wear her hair the way Greta does and get away with it?

To Marie Johnson: I certainly agree with you when you say Vilma Banky is exquisite, wonderful, perfect, adorable, and angelic. She is all that and more.

JINNY.

Altoona, Pennsylvania.

"See the Stars *Act.*"

If the talkies had been the standard all these years, and the silent pictures were just now making their début, every one would be for the silent pictures. All the great European stars would be brought into popularity; and our own stars would be praised—for now we could have pantomime!

The foreign players would be heralded as artists that we could now have before us, since the talkies had been succeeded by the artistic silent films. Our own stars would be lauded, because we could *see* what they were doing, instead of guessing at most of the dialogue.

It is just the newness of the thing, that's all. The orchestra players right in the theater, the fine music—not this shrieking canned music—the acting, and most of all the dear old subtitles—what a hit it would all be with the public! One would never have to worry about missing some wisecrack or important dialogue. In mystery stories, one would *know* what the solution was, whereas, in the talkies, it is often so incoherent that one leaves the theater wondering what it was all about and wishing there were subtitles to explain it.

With the advent of the silent films, after years of nothing but talkies, it would be advertised that now one could enjoy the program as well on the back seat as on the front seat, as the strain to understand the voices was now eliminated. One could relax and be thoroughly entertained by the wonderful new art, silent pictures!

Down with the talkies!

V. W. B.

Dallas, Texas.

Cool and Stimulating.

I agree with Dick Peabody that Ruth Chatterton is the most outstanding actress on the screen to-day, and I know many others who think likewise. Her voice is indeed perfect. May the Chatterton pictures be numerous and frequent. Needless to say, they will be good.

Basil Rathbone is also one of my favorites, although I have seen him in only one picture, "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney." I was disappointed to learn that his second picture was to be "The Bishop Murder Case." Besides being accustomed to seeing William Powell as *Philo Vance,* I think Mr. Rathbone is better suited to a more romantic part. Given the correct rôles, I believe he would be the greatest idol on the screen. I should like to see him in "The Command to Love."

Not long ago I saw a highly entertaining picture, "This Thing Called Love," with Constance Bennett and Edmund Lowe, which I rate as one of the three best talkies I have seen. In my opinion it was flawless. Constance Bennett's beauty, charm, and sophistication are indeed stimulating, although she does look, to quote her own words from the picture, "as cool as a ton of ice." I can just see the stacks of fan mail pouring in upon her when that picture is seen everywhere. I hope I shall have the opportunity of seeing it again, and many more of its type. The screen needs more sophisticated comedy-dramas and fewer spectacular revues.

An actor whom I admire very much, and who seems to have had no lucky breaks in the past two years or so, is Ralph Forbes. I can't understand why some studio doesn't sign him and give him some sympathetic rôles. He would be a great hit. Besides being very pleasing as to face and figure, he is a capable actor—witness his performance in "Beau Geste." Recently I saw him in "Lilies of the Field," and his voice is even better than I had expected. I should like to see him in a picture with his wife, Ruth Chatterton. LLOYD TREVOR.

Kirkwood, Missouri.

Cherchez la Femme.

A certain young man took his pen in hand and thought: "What shall I write about? Something that will stir up a hornet's nest among the fans, that will put my name on their lips, give me much attention. What star shall I pick on? Ah, Ramon Novarro!"

So Gene Charteris wrote a stinging letter and sent it to "What the Fans Think." There are just two conclusions to put on

your opinion, Mr. Charteris. First, that you are so jealous of Ramon's success, good looks, and irreproachable character that it has warped your mind; secondly, that you are a big bluff, a publicity seeker, and an egotist of no mean ability.

Perhaps you have a big nose, a mouth the size of the Grand Canyon, and a disposition like a lemon, and every time your girl friend sees Ramon she tells you of your faults, thus giving you a Novarro complex.

If memory serves me right, some time ago that enlarged ego was expressed in some caustic remarks on Novarro or Clara Bow. Creating sensation seems to be your hobby, but be consistent, Gene, be consistent. You proclaim your dislike of Ramon, yet, as his pictures are released, you stand in line at the box office. And you'll do the very same thing for "Devil-May-Care." Ramon is great in that. You will say so, too, but not out loud. G'wan, be yourself! Don't think of Gene Charteris all the time. I'm in the ring. All we need is the referee. Let's go!

K. O. Wright.

San Francisco, California.

The Way of a Star.

What a department! I can hardly wait for Picture Play to appear to read "What the Fans Think." This controversy over whether to pay for photos is more than interesting. It would cost an ardent fan a fortune to pay a quarter for every picture he wanted. On the other hand, the cost will make him limit his collection to stars he really admires.

My requests for photographs have been very limited, and, although I have been disappointed not to have heard from Jane Winton, Lewis Stone, and some others, I have been more than rewarded by Anna Q. Nilsson, Claire Windsor, and Mary Pickford.

About seven months ago a friend sent me a photo of Joan Crawford, which I forwarded to her with a request for her autograph, asking her, if she could not do so, to please return the picture. I registered this and have the return receipt, signed for her by Frank Anderson on May 27, 1929. I have yet to get the picture back, signed or unsigned, and it is certainly a disappointment, to say the least.

I sincerely admire Joan and her work, so, even though I was not rewarded in the return of my picture, I suppose we can't have everything.

Gertrude Hoffman.

Miami Shores, Florida.

Those Big Broadway Ingénues.

Why don't the producers cast players who can really do something in the rôles of theatrical stars? Was there ever anything sillier than Leatrice Joy as a cabaret singer in "A Most Immoral Lady" or Billie Dove trying to dance?

There's nothing so graceful as good dancing, and nothing more ridiculous than a player who cannot quite impersonate song-and-dance entertainers. I think the worst of all was Arthur Lake, in "On With the Show." He seemed so thoroughly miserable trying to fake, that it was almost as pathetic as it was inexcusable.

Now that some of the big Broadway ingénues are in pictures, I hope we shall see some real dancing, not stalling and faking, and that producers won't force players to make spectacles of themselves impersonating stage stars. Marilyn Miller, in "Sally," and Marie Saxon, in "Broadway Hoofer," show how dancing should be done. John Arran.

12 St. Luke's Place, New York City.

Schildkraut's Genius.

Is it necessary for theme songs to be introduced in every picture? Take "The Cock-eyed World," for instance. Will some one please, please, tell me why that film needed a theme song? I think it was very unnecessary, and I know that many fans agree with me.

Universal gets the chiffon ear muffs for two of the rankest films I ever saw, namely, "Broadway" and "The Mississippi Gambler," which was only a vain attempt to save money on another poor film, "Show Boat." Joseph Schildkraut raves about his genius and how arty he is. I suggest that he learn to act before he makes any more rash statements. The former film was about a little one-horse cabaret, but did they film it like that? No. They attempted an epic, and then they faw down on the job, and it go blotto.

And why this sudden rush of stage players? Of them all, only about six are worth seeing twice. I would choose Kay Francis, Walter Huston—a very fine actor—Ruth Chatterton, Raymond Hackett, Claudette Colbert, and one or two others. Personally, I would rather listen to Clara Bow than Ruth Chatterton, and Dick Arlen than Robert Montgomery.

The talkies are fine. I like them a lot, but in the small towns they are ruining the taste for movies at all, due to the terribly cheap line of no-good baloney they serve us as a substitute for vaudeville. I often wonder if it does them any good to displease patrons. I shouldn't think so. Paul Grubbs.

498 Delmar, Springfield, Missouri.

Her Salary Tells.

Why all this raving about Alice White? Give the poor girl a break, fans, and let up on the criticism. Constructive criticism is beneficial, but when it comes to arguing over whether a star is dumb or not—well, most of us haven't met Miss White, and therefore we are not qualified to judge. Any girl of Miss White's age who can pull down her salary certainly is not dumb!

I know how hard it is to do your best work when you know that, no matter how well you do it, some one is going to find fault and criticize you. The stars are only human. Just because they win nation-wide acclaim and popularity in their profession is no reason why they should be subjected to the criticism of every Tom, Dick, and Harry in the country! So lay off Alice White!

Ira J. Gilbert.

2317 West Tenth Street,
Duluth, Minnesota.

More "Glorious Nights."

Why this unfairness to John Gilbert? I had no inclination whatever toward laughter during the love scenes of "His Glorious Night," nor did any one else at the time I saw the picture, except in those scenes which, I am sure, the director and performers intended to provoke laughter.

Poor Rip Van Winkles! They've been asleep all these years and have never seen a comedy-drama. I mean those so dumb as to think John Gilbert's love scenes funny when they were supposed to be serious. Hearing words of love spoken from the screen is something new; perhaps that is why Jack's picture seemed ridiculous.

Why don't these critics leave John Gilbert alone long enough to take note of Clive Brook? In "Charming Sinners" he did nothing but pace around and mutter through clenched teeth. No one in the audience understood a third of his lines. I think he must have been trying to imitate John Barrymore. And although Ruth Chatterton's voice is mellow and her composure perfect, she lisps. Not on every word containing the letter "s" or "z," but occasionally there is a defect in her enunciation.

John Gilbert is not the first great star to shelve a picture. Why all the excitement? I'm sure he can become accustomed to the talkie devices. There's nothing wrong with his voice.

Come on, Jack! Give us some *more* love scenes like those in "His Glorious Night." Marguerite Wright.

411 Lindsay Street,
Chattanooga, Tennessee.

"His Glorious Nightmare!"

I like everything about Picture Play—hold everything—except Fanny the Fan, and she is my pet hate. I don't even bother to read her any more. She is getting sillier and sillier each month. When she hasn't anything particularly interesting to say, why not just cut her out—to my mind she wouldn't even be missed. You have the fairest reviewer of any movie magazine—Norbert Lusk. You and me both about John Mack Brown, Mr. Lusk.

I like the talkies. I'd have several kinds of fits if I thought for a moment the silent pictures would come back into vogue. They are too *dumb* for me. One great blessing the talkies have brought about is the elimination of the persons who read and reread subtitles. I have felt like committing murder when I have had to listen to such a person.

I hope the powers that be do not inflict John Gilbert's grinning mug on us much longer. And that goes for Catherine Dale Owen. Here in Ottawa, Canada, it was pretty cold the day I saw "His Glorious Night," but I was positively chilled through after seeing the picture. John's face is getting so fat, too. I think the title should have been "His Glorious Nightmare"! My, wouldn't he welcome Greta Garbo again!

Dorothy Hawkins.

35 Delaware Avenue,
Ottawa, Canada.

"Pipe Down, Mamma's Boy."

Calm down, Gene Charteris, calm down! If you're so het up you can't cool down a little, come down to Chicago. We need a little warmth after the blizzard we've just had.

For cryin' out loud, what did Ramon Novarro do to you? Who's conceited? Ramon Novarro? Never! He doesn't know *how* to be conceited. It looks to me as if you are conceited yourself, because you know so much about it. What do you know about him that proves his conceit? Nothing at all. Perhaps people who have met him will prove to you he isn't.

If Ramon was any fatter the critics would be the first to notice it. If his personality were gone, why would one critic write, "There's no other on the screen quite like Ramon"? Believe me, our critics know their onions, and I didn't see any complaints in their reviews.

If you think he's *that* bad, why in the name of common sense go to see him? You're just as bad as, if not worse than, Joan Perula. So pipe down, mamma's boy, pipe down!

Sweet Genevieve.

Chicago, Illinois.

Lupe's Other Victim.

I read in February Picture Play that some one said that Gary Cooper has "It." He has! I had the pleasure of seeing him

when he visited Lupe Velez down here, and he is a grand-looking man. Lupe is my ideal actress. Ever since I first saw her I loved her. And I had the pleasure of meeting her, too. I wish every one in the United States could see her as I did for two months. I think she is the prettiest, peppiest thing I've ever seen, and not a bit high-hat, as I thought she would be. I saw her not less than twenty times, and each time I liked her more.

JINX.

Tampa, Florida.

Gene's Occult Powers.

The letter from Gene Charteris certainly made me angry. It seems to me that the person who wrote that letter is just asking for trouble, and he's going to get it!

What does he mean by saying Ramon Novarro is "a slightly portly actor, very conceited and self-sufficient"? Ramon Novarro is not a bit conceited. Rather, he is too modest. Also, if Gene thinks Ramon is getting fat, he'll next be telling us the same about Gary Cooper. I've seen all Mr. Novarro's pictures, and I think he is neither too fat nor too thin. That "unbecoming roll of fat about his face and neck" is not worth mentioning, for it's not there.

As for Ramon Novarro's acting, he has had few good rôles since "The Student Prince," except in "Devil-May-Care" and "The Pagan." I wonder how Gene Charteris would have acted in "The Pagan," if he thinks Novarro's acting foolish. He is the only person, to my knowledge, who didn't enjoy the picture and think Ramon did well.

Coming back again to Mr. Charteris' idea of Ramon's "exalted opinion of himself," is he a mind reader, that he can tell what an actor thinks of himself? That idea couldn't have come from magazines or newspapers, because there is nothing in them to indicate that Mr. Novarro is conceited. How, then, did Mr. Charteris form his opinion? I would be greatly interested to have an answer to *that*.

E. R.

Northampton, Massachusetts.

Fanny the Fan Unjust?

Fanny the Fan deserves a large brickbat where it would do the most good, for her exaggerated and unjust criticism of Janet Gaynor's singing in "Sunny Side Up." It is noticeable that Fanny is prejudiced against Miss Gaynor for some unknown reason.

Miss Gaynor did admirably for her first attempt in this new field, and we all know that she does not profess to be an opera singer.

I get as much pleasure out of reading criticisms of the stars, when they are justified, as I do out of praise, because I like to compare my opinions with those of others.

H. G.

St. Louis, Missouri.

Attention, Gilbert Fans!

Seven fans of Shreveport, Louisiana, voice their opinion of Gilbert without Garbo.

I quite agree with them. John Gilbert was a "flop" in "His Glorious Night," and Catherine Dale Owen was absolutely impossible. She may be prettier than Garbo, but there is only one Garbo, and no Catherine Dale Owen or any other would-be Garbo can take her place. The love scenes in this picture were really comical.

Now let's hear from some more Gilbert fans.

LIL ROBERTS.

Houston, Texas.



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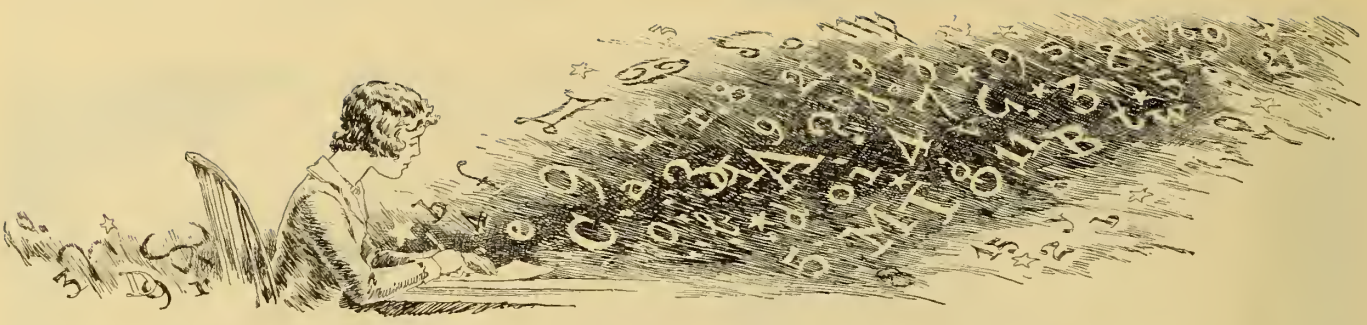
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The Mystery

In this fascinating new department will be found Besides examples of its influence on the lives of service to our readers

By Monica

YOUR name—your own name! How intensely your life is bound up with the vibrations of the sound of it! Your mother whispers it to you, when you are a frightened child in the dark, and you sigh with relief as you slide off into the land of dreams. A crowd shouts it, in admiration and delight, and the echo of its syllables reverberate in rolling thunders of applause. A lover murmurs it, and the letters of it mingle with the rustle of young leaves and the far-off note of a bird and the beat, beat, beat of your own heart that is like the pounding of the sea.

What's in a name? This very personality through which you express what is you, the symbol of all the vibrations that you attract to yourself out of the surrounding world. Wealth is in it and bankruptcy, talent and nonentity, activity and health and sickness, beauty and spiritual understanding and all their counterparts. Most of all, there is in it the story of love.

When all is said, the vibration in a man or a maid that draws another to it, or that reaches out for love, is only one form of the infinite activity that forms the broken quicksilver into perfect, quivering little globes of light and that shapes the curve of each rolling planet. It is the activity that twinkles in a million fireflies on a summer night and that also lights the sun. There is no other power than it, to unfold out of a sprout from the dark, wet earth the petals of a rosebud one by one, to wind the hair of a baby's head into curls of pale gold, or to blaze into the personality of a man who can make or break a world.

This infinite activity expresses itself symbolically through numbers, for mathematics alone is pure science, the science of relationships, unadulterated by any material application.

Of all forms of vibration sound is the most potent, nor can the human ear select what it will and will not hear. There is the harsh clangor of tools that tells in its broken, strident tones of labor and material effort. There is the rhythmic pur of machinery revealing the harmony of the spirit that has entered into the body of steel. The chirp of a sparrow and the roar of a waterfall are equally the vibrations of sound. Music, the final apotheosis of sound, through which pure mathematics sings its eternal harmony, brings to mortal ears an echo of the divine music of the spheres.

Is it any wonder, then, that personality itself should find expression in sound, the very sound by which it is labeled from birth? What is it, barely whispered by a passer-by, that echoes at once in our consciousness, though the street be filled with an overwhelming din? What is it, spoken in a thousand varying intonations, that arouses in us every emotion, be it anger, pity, tenderness, resentment, love? What indeed, if not the sound of our own name?

We are so accustomed to it that we never stop to analyze the vibrations that it actually sends to our ears, but accept it as our double in the world of the senses. Our awareness of it as being our very self is what gives it power over us, and yet most of us do not know that this power exists. The name has a sound, and the sound is symbolized by letters, and the letters carry with them the vibrations of the numbers to which they correspond.

There is nothing more fascinating than to study humanity by seeking out the meaning of its names. Love slips away from one girl, surely, persistently, and yet she is all that is lovely and sweet. Men buzz about her, a few woo her, but time after time she finds herself again alone. Then suddenly she may be happily married, with all her earlier troubles cleared away. On the other hand, some young man will reveal unusual intelligence and great ability, make money successfully for a few years, and see no reason why he should not continue to do so. Yet, without warning, he is suddenly on the down grade. No struggle seems to do him any good, and at last he is broken, done for, and neither he nor any one else can understand why. But it is all written in the letters of their names.

It is my aim, in this department, to give you an idea of the meaning of your life as revealed through your name. I shall tell you a little of the past, and you will know that it is the truth. Then I shall make you understand the present, and when this is done you will have to admit that what I say of the future must be equally true. You may wonder of what use it can be to know a certain future. It is indeed of great use, for you are not controlled by some outside power that forces you into a definite path, but only by your own nature, of which you are so grievously ignorant.

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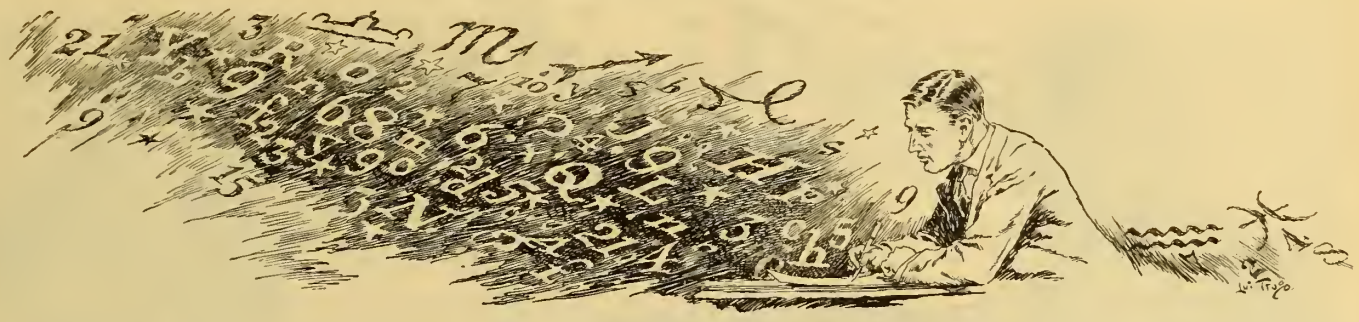
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Of Your Name

an explanation of the science of numerology. stars, you too can put it to the test. This unique is described below.

Andrea Shenston

WHAT STARS' NAMES TELL.

YOU have a magnificent name, dear Greta Garbo! You are full of love, full of sensibility, full of imagination. You vibrate with responsiveness to beauty to your very finger tips. Your number at birth is the Six of beauty, of love, of art, of Venus. Thus you project to others and you seek for yourself loveliness. Music affects you profoundly, and the absence of harmony in any aspect of life makes you ill.

On the divine or spiritual side of life you have a marvelous imagination and great sensitiveness. Often you are all emotion, and you are easily affected by the emotions of others.

Your material success will always be more than enough to satisfy you, as outer satisfaction is not what you seek. One is the number of no effort, no striving, of willingness to accept what comes and make the best of it. But in your name this unresisting One is balanced by the Fives elsewhere, that indicate great activity, intelligence, and justice by the Nine of mastery and success. Thus the One here indicates not weakness but a contented spirit due to an understanding of life in the universal sense. You realize life as a whole, and yourself as one of the channels through which it must express itself.

Your love of beauty, your power of expression, your sensitive imagination make you watch the ocean with tears in your eyes for its magnificence and for pain that you cannot take the whole ocean into your arms and pour it forth again, transformed by you.

The total for your name and birth, number Nine, represents the most powerful vibrations in life, and fuses your other qualities into a blaze that few know of but yourself. To you it often seems as if it must consume you. You seek to hide it, but in spite of yourself you dominate your surroundings even when you hardly care to do so, and no one understands just how you succeed.

You can master yourself as well as others. You are able to take understanding and intelligence and expression and fuse them into a lovely, unified piece of work.

There is no indication in your name of positive originality or independent creation. You are no hidden novelist or dramatist, but your heart is the heart of a poet.



Greta Garbo, you know how to wear the velvet glove. Keep on wearing it, and keep the hand firm within it.

From one end of your life to the other you exhibit great mental and physical activity. In your work, your art—for in your secret soul it is an art, no matter what lesser aspects it may have to take on—you express more than any one demands of you. You live up to your own demands. You understand what you have never experienced in this present life, for your soul was born experienced. You will never hold fast to a job for the sake of money, although you may seem to do so, but in that case the truth will be that your own power has brought others to the point of giving in to you. Nor will you even think of marrying for money or position. Love is your dream, and you wonder why it takes so long to attain it.

During the first five years of your life you were particularly noted as a very generous little girl. If you had an apple you looked for some other baby with whom to share it. You

were also very proud, and to be humiliated was your worst punishment. You learned a great deal, between the ages of five and ten, from the difficulties that arose in your home, and your earliest recollections of sensing some of the mysteriousness of life date from then. During this same period you fell ill with a rather serious digestive trouble, and you also had a slight accident to the head or shoulders.

In the years from ten to fifteen you became very intuitive, and could sense many things in dealing with people and situations that were not put into words. To many you seemed as wise as any woman of twenty-five. This intuition, coupled with your native intelligence, stood you in good stead around the age of seventeen, when your charm raised you to an unexpected pinnacle.

Before you were twenty you had a very exciting love affair. You thought, as all girls would, that it was true love, and your warm heart and lively imagination would have led you into marriage were it not for the fact that the longer things went on, the more trouble appeared.

During these past four years another man has become dominant in your life, blue-eyed, with a complexion more light than dark, a man full of activity. But he was not for you, and if you had married him more trouble than ever would have come upon you.

No matter how successful you may have been in some ways, the past year or so has been the unhappiest period of your life. Wherever you turn you find trouble, not of your own making but by some kind of sickening fatality. Others may not know it, but you do. You often wonder why your heart should be torn to pieces because of people who, no matter how sweet their friendship, cannot be the one most important in the world to you.

A woman with your lovely birth number, number Six, can win love whenever she wishes, but she cannot command her own heart to love. Many are satisfied with taking, but you want to give. So you will not be too sad on learning that you have still about five years to wait before you meet the man who will fulfill all the desire of your soul. You will have more than one offer of marriage before that, but I hope you refuse.



Photo by Ball

Whatever you do, Richard Dix, do not expose yourself needlessly to danger.

This man whom you will so profoundly, so spiritually love will be tall and fair, full of artistic perception, and his spirit will blend with yours in a way you have never known until then, for the two of you will meet when your own life is dominated by the only letter in the alphabet that indicates divine love. You will have the choice between two or three at that time, but there will be no doubt in your heart as to the only one you want, and nothing in the world will keep you from him. With him you will be happy for many, many years.

The difficulties that you are struggling with at present will disappear in about a year, and from then on your name carries great success. There is one point at about fifty when a good deal of unhappiness will come to you, but not in regard to your career. And no matter what happens, the wonderful numbers that you have throughout your entire life will overcome all temporary misfortunes and give you abiding satisfaction.

Whatever you do, never for the sake of love or pity, or because of a desire for peace, allow any one to dictate your way of life. If you do, you will be acting against your own nature, and everything will go wrong. You know how to wear the velvet glove. Keep on wearing it, and keep the hand firm within it. Live up to the wonderful promise of your name, no matter how lonely or discouraged you feel at times, and you will be really great. Now you are successful, but success is outward, greatness is inward. You have the strength to bear it and it will be worth while.

The latter part of your true name is strewn with art, love, and power, and when you add the letters of a marriage name to it these letters will be moved backward to the age when a lovely woman is even lovelier than in her youth, and a greater power than she could ever have been before.

When your soul was looking for a new home and telling your parents what name it wanted to be called by during this latest visit to earth, it certainly was an optimist, wasn't it, Richard Dix?

How much trouble did you think you could stand? Struggle and effort and broken hopes, and again a

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Do And Dare

This motto, capable of infinite interpretation, is evidently a guidepost in the careers of the girls pictured on this page.

Dorothy Jordan, left, still a bit new to the ways of Hollywood, wraps herself closely in rare, old leopard, but it won't be long now——





As shy as a chipmunk is Raquel Torres, right, and as coy.





Anita Page, above, may or may not read "What the Fans Think," but evidently she agrees with those who compliment her on her figure.

Joyce Murray, left, coos over her cougar, for she says she never wore a warmer fur.



Sally Starr, right, half conceals and half reveals her—er—fondness for muskrat.

They've Hit

Of the many stage players who have invaded the established themselves with the fans, while others ones speak for themselves, and with

By Samuel



Photo by Dyar

If the fans don't like you, all the ability in the world won't help, says Ruth Chatterton.

OF the hundreds of Broadway actors who hit the rails for California in the gold rush started by the talkies, only a few have hit the bull's-eye of popular favor. While the majority of them have returned to New York, or are struggling to keep their noses above the water line, these few go serenely on their ways from film to film.

One wondered just what these élite, so to speak, had to offer the screen that the others had not. But it was difficult to find out. Each of them modestly disavowed that he, or she, had brought anything exceptional to the screen, and it took a great deal of wheedling to get even a theory out of them as to the reason for any *possible* success.



Photo by Richee

Fredric March was lucky in being one of the first stage actors to appear in talkies.

Fredric March enjoys one of the most pronounced successes. He came to notice in "The Wild Party," and received favorable reviews for his work. Personally, I thought his acting merely ordinary, and let it go at that. When "The Studio Murder Mystery" was produced, and he earned honorable mention again in a minor rôle, I began looking for him. It didn't take long to find him, either.

In "Paris Bound" he gives one of the most finished and suave performances yet seen on the screen. And he has followed it quickly with "Footlights and Fools" and "Jealousy." These have been succeeded by "The Marriage Playground," in which he is thought to do his finest work. It is hard to pick a "best" from these characterizations, but all are performances of which any actor could be proud.

"The only way I can account for any pronounced success, if I've had any," says Freddie, "is the fact that I happened to be in on the ground floor. I was playing on the stage in Los Angeles at the time the talkies came in, and they signed me among the first. I've made more pictures than most of the other stage actors, and the public has had a better chance to become acquainted with me. It isn't that I'm any better than the others—it's just that I've been luckier.

"Another reason, possibly, is that my rôles have permitted me to do a little acting. Where many of the Broadway players have done only straight ingénues or heroes, I've had an opportunity to put a little characterization into my work. Does that solve anything for you?"

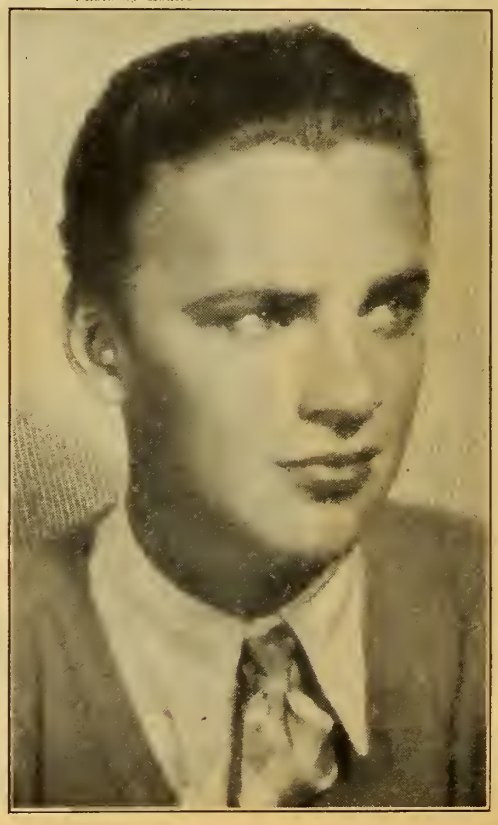
"No," said I, "it doesn't."

A little research disclosed the fact that Freddie, after playing a season in New York under Belasco's management, joined the famous Elitch Gardens Stock Company in Denver. There he had a chance to play leads, juveniles, old men, heavies, and what have you? This was followed by a few other New York appearances and a season with the Theater Guild's first touring company.

Aside from an exceptionally pleasing voice, looks, and ability, Freddie has had unusually varied training. I believe that, as much as anything else, is responsible for his success. Oh, yes! He's still young, too, though he has acquired considerable experience already.

Two striking rôles gave Raymond Hackett's talking career a splendid start.

Photo by Louise



The Bull's-eye

celluloid realm, why have some triumphantly have remained only shadows? Nine of the lucky becoming modesty explain their success.

Richard Mook

Another outstanding success is Ruth Chatterton. Curiously enough, in New York in all the years she was a star, Miss Chatterton appeared only in very light plays, "The Rainbow," "Daddy Long Legs," "Come Out of the Kitchen," "Moonlight and Honeysuckle," and others of the sort. She essayed only two serious rôles, in "Mary Rose," poignant and wistful, the other, in "La Tendresse," heavier. And there was also a brief revival of "The Little Minister."

Coming West, she made one silent picture, about the time the talkies descended upon us, and was signed by Paramount.

In contrast to her stage work, every one of her pictures has been deeply emotional, with the exception of "Charming Sinners" and the more recent "The Laughing Lady."

Miss Chatterton can advance as the only possible cause for her success, the timeworn "personality" reason. "I honestly think," she said, "in pictures the public takes to a personality, or they don't. If they don't, all the ability in the world won't help you, and if they happen to like you, ability is largely superfluous. I believe Gloria Swanson, Clara Bow, Mary Pickford, or Richard Barthelmess would have been just as successful on the legitimate stage as they have been in pictures."

This bears out the contention of many fans.



Photo by Fryer

Kay Francis says that she was fortunate in getting rôles that Lilyan Tashman was too busy to play.

Robert Ames says that being natural is his best asset on the screen.





PICTURE PLAY'S readers showed unusual interest in Robert Montgomery from the first.

"Then how," I asked, "do you account for the fact that so many people who have been successful on the stage have not been successful in the motion-picture field?"

"The public didn't happen to like their personalities. In the theater they come to witness a performance. They admire your work and go home and forget about you. In the movies they come to see your work and take you home with them, figuratively. You become one of the family. And they don't want any one in the family whom they don't love. The relationship between a picture player and the public is much closer than between a stage star and the public.

"If I've been successful, it's only because I've either succeeded in making the public feel sorry for me in my pictures, or because I've made them love me."

She and Fredric March play together in "Sarah and Son." I watched them shoot one of the most poignant scenes I've ever witnessed. If the whole picture keeps to the high standard set by this scene, you won't wonder why these two have clicked in a large way.

Chester Morris, who played on the stage in "Crime," "Yellow," "Whispering Friends," "Fast Life," and "The Home-towners," has the most novel explanation of any for his success. He credits it all to the direction he has had.

"It was never more forcibly impressed upon me than in the case of the first two pictures I made," he avers. "In 'Alibi,' whenever I'd get too ambitious, Roland West would say, 'Pipe down. You know you're



Elliott Nugent says the camera picks him up as he really is, an advantage not every newcomer enjoys.

right up against the audience in pictures, and you don't have to project your voice and personality across the footlights and the orchestra pit.' The result was that I got pretty good notices.

"In 'Fast Life' I was playing the same rôle I had played on the stage and the director, thinking I knew what I was doing, let me have my way about everything. The result was terrible, because I played it as I would have on the stage, and it should have been much more repressed. I didn't know a thing about screen technique, you see."

Having said his say, Mr. Morris smeared some mascara over his recently clipped head and went back to emoting in "The Case of Sergeant Grischa." Herbert Brenon is handling the megaphone, so if direction is what Mr. Morris needs to give a good performance, this picture should put him in the Hall of Fame. He will get plenty of it this time.

Kay Francis attributes any success she has had to the fact that she and Lilyan Tashman are the only women playing their particular type of rôles—well dressed, sophisticated women—usually vamps. "There were too many of these parts for Lilyan to play them all, and I got the overflow in the first place. If I'd started out being an ingénue, I'd have been one of a thousand, and most likely I'd be back in New York by this time."

Kay is one of my pet weaknesses and whatever the reason she's clicked, here's one who is glad to give the little girl a great big hand.

Robert Montgomery is the likable young chap who delighted fans in "So This Is College," "Three Live Ghosts," and "Untamed." His later picture is Norma Shearer's "Their Own Desire."

Bob is one of those modest youths who is always afraid of being thought conceited. After a great deal of coaxing, he finally said, "Well, if I've been any more successful than most actors, I guess it's because I take the work more seriously.

"You see in New York a long contract is almost unheard of nowadays. Most of the crowd from Broadway came out here with long-term contracts and six months' options. They were drawing a pay check every week, and if the company didn't make them work for it, that was O. K. with the actors. They'd go out and play golf, or ride horseback, or swim, or play tennis, or something of the sort. The fact that they weren't being seen didn't bother them.

"I know, because I felt the same way. But I had sense enough to realize that I knew nothing about this business, and that if I were going to make a success of it, it was up to me to find out. So now when I'm not working I spend most of my time around the studio studying the mechanical end of the business.

"I've fiddled around in the sound room so much, that I believe I could handle a mixing panel right now. I spent about a week in the cutting room learning that end of it, so that if my scenes are not properly cut I can argue intelligently about it. I've tried to learn camera angles, costuming, and anything else that will be of help to me. Acting itself is the smallest thing that enters into an actor's success.

"When I finish a picture, I go into the casting office and ask what they've lined up for me next. If they haven't anything, I pester them so much that they finally cast me in something to get rid of me.

"So you see if I'm any farther along the road than most of the stage actors, it's only because I've given a little more thought and study to the business than they have—and not because I'm any better at acting."



Photo by Louise

Benny Rubin entered pictures with proper humility and did as he was told.

A few years ago Robert Ames was probably the most popular, and generally conceded to be one of the best, of the younger leading men on the stage. He played the leads in two Pulitzer prize plays, "Icebound" and "The Hero."

Following marked success in the East, Bob came to Hollywood and made a few pictures, the most noteworthy being "The Crown of Lies," with Pola Negri, and "Three Faces East." He was splendid in them both, but for some unfathomable reason, despite his excellent notices, he didn't go over the way he should have. He returned East until the talkies came along.

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Chester Morris attributes his success to direction.

Photo by Fryer



Blond—But Not Light

One has only to consider Ann Harding's life to know that her pastel beauty masks the fighting spirit of a general's daughter.

By Margaret Reid



Photo by Alexander

Ann Harding chose to be a stenographer at $12.50 a week rather than remain inactive at home.

ANN, the exquisite Harding, of "Paris Bound," "Condemned," and "Her Private Affair," is a stage import without a broad "a" to her name. Drawing-room drama does not necessarily mean, to Ann, an Oxford accent. Ann speaks American. *But*—and here's where we have you, little children of the silent screen, who nasally plead for "naturalism"—she speaks it through her throat, rather than nose, and her delivery of lines is the acme of naturalism attained through rigid training.

Contrary to the prevailing idea among local die-hards, it takes long practice to be natural. Any camera or microphone will tell you so. The pristine youths and maidens, to whom technique is a droll term covering everything they can't be bothered to learn, are the scene chewers and microphone breakers. Behind every performance which gives you the impression of looking into real life, there are many years of study and mastery of craftsmanship. Here, the invaders from the stage have a distinct advantage—a sort of background. Look at Ann Harding, one of the best things ever brought about by the talkies.



Miss Harding turned her back on Broadway in order to gain experience in a stock company.

It is a pleasure to look at Miss Harding, anyway. Vigor and intelligence done up in pastel shades, she is a beauty without benefit of make-up. No cosmetics decorating her fair skin, pale-pink lips, and blond eyelashes and brows, it is only after some minutes of adjustment that one realizes the chiseled perfection of feature.

Also apropos to the ensemble is her mode of living. A big, rambling house set in rolling gardens, in Van Nuys, a hitherto unimportant village twenty miles out of Hollywood, is her home. Shared by Harry Bannister, her husband, and a very small and blond Jane, addressed by her parents as "Pink," steep hills and a broad valley form their view.

"Grass," Ann cries, "real trees—not props! A sky without smoke over it! Roses in January!"

Exiles from New York shudder at her delight. She can see olives and oranges growing. She can sit in her sunny garden and hear no traffic but the passing of birds.

"Neighbors, if there were any, would probably think me mad. I go to pieces every morning at the sight of flowers growing and goldfish in a pool. And it isn't a park! I can walk on the grass and pick flowers without trembling before signs warning me not to. Years of living in hotels and twentieth-floor apartments have made me a fool for nature."

Thence to the nursery. Little Jane is dumped in the garden of a morning and brought in at night, each day becoming huskier and happier and pinker. Harry and Ann putter about the garden, planting and pruning all wrong, but sublimely content. Fearing that if allowed to continue, she will reveal herself as in the pay of the Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce, the old reportorial instinct rears its head and urges, "to the point."

Born in Texas, an unlikely cradle for an embryo *Mélisande* of a person. And, of all things, an army girl. Her father was an officer, later a general. Military life is nomadic, and Ann saw a good bit of America.

"The glamour of army life," Ann says, "makes a pretty tale, if you like fiction. I am an officer's daughter. So is my mother. I'd have it in my blood, if any one would. But I've seen army conditions at too close range."

In Washington there were no adequate accommodations, even for a general's family. Ann, with her mother and sister, was established in a New York apartment.

"I was at the age that demands activity. And there was nothing to do. There wasn't enough money for theaters or concerts all the time. After a few months of miserable idleness, I decided to work and make a great deal of money. So I looked in the want-ads for suggestions, and got a job with the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company, apprentice stenographer, at $12.50 a week.

"That was swell, but the sudden contact with the world went to my head. I developed pretentious ambition. The idea of rising rapidly to the presidency of my insurance company I discarded. I was meant for greater things. So I decided to be a scenario writer, using this as a wedge to becoming a director and reforming the movies."

Entering the office of Harry Durant, at that time head of Paramount's reading department, the extravagantly blond seventeen-year-old interrupted his bored greeting.

"I want it understood in the beginning," she informed him, "that I am not a silly girl looking for a chance on the screen. I'm not an actress and have no inclination to be one. What I am here for is to get work in your reading department."

Somewhat dazed and annoyed at having been denied utterance, Durant shoved a book into the hands of this voluble ingénue. "Here, take this. Prepare a synopsis. Good day."

The joke, if he meant it as such, was on him. Ann wrote a synopsis of the book, turned her work in and received other assignments. The additional five dollars and the impending glory of her literary career gave her impetus. Her work at the Metropolitan offices done, she remained after hours to type her synopses.

After a few months, the long hours and confinement began to tear at youthful nerves. Ann had no beaus, no frivolities. Gravely earnest though she was, this lack of amusement made natural inroads on her contentment. A craving for immediate excitement got the better of her.

"The most abandoned thing I could think of was to go down to Greenwich Village, to the Provincetown Players, tell them my name was Ann Harding—which it wasn't—and ask for a job carrying a spear."

Susan Glaspell's "Inheritors" was being cast, and a man who was looking over the assembled applicants pointed Ann out to the playwright. "That'll do for one of your giggling girls." Ann flinched. Was this, then, the impression she gave? However, attracted by the idea of doing something among young people, she returned next day. Jasper Deeter, the director, noticed her. Retaining her after the others had left, he asked her to read a certain portion of the script. Ann read it and was deeply humiliated to find herself weeping at the end.

"I decided then that I was either a darn fool, or an actress. And finding out which would be worth the effort. The part I had read was that of *Madeleine*, a grand rôle. Deeter, Heaven knows why, thought I could do it. In the midst of rehearsals I suddenly discovered that *Madeleine* was a pacifist. Indignant and seething with army traditions, I voiced my disapproval and was ready to leave, when Mr. Deeter took me in hand. During the three days in which he talked to me, with infinite patience and wisdom, I think I grew up. It was my first actual education, the first revelation of a broad world outside my own narrow track."

Her stenographic job abandoned, she still retained her synopsizing, but devoted most of her interest to the new work, for which she received $35 a week.

The eyes of Broadway managers are constantly on little-theater movements and, after the opening of "Inheritors," Ann received five offers. She grabbed the first one, before they all should vanish into mist. This was the lead opposite James Gleason, in "Like a King," at a $100 a week!

"The Gleason play was to open in the fall. I realized that if I was to take up acting as a trade, the least I could do was learn something about it. Stock is the grade school of the theater, so I joined Jessie Bonstelle's

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It is such vistas as this that cause Ann Harding and Harry Bannister to exult in California and the movies.

A Kick and a Kiss

Edmund Lowe finds both in a day's work, which provides such a grand outlet for nervous and emotional steam that no suppressions have a chance to seethe inside him.

By Ann Sylvester

DID it ever occur to you that actors, as a class, should be the most emotionally and mentally healthy people in the world?

Neither had it occurred to me, until Eddie Lowe—sometimes called Edmund—happened to bring up the subject, expound it and whip it into a good argument one day as we sat around, between the shooting of scenes of "The Bad One." We were in Eddie's dressing room. Strictly speaking, the room was formerly Lily Damita's boudoir on the United Artists' lot, lent to Lowe for the Del Rio film. But I don't think it was any left-over influence from Lily that started talking about complexes, suppressions, et cetera. No, I'm sure it wasn't.

It was Eddie's own contageous vim and vigor, as much in evidence as though he had not just rounded out a year of strenuous and diversified rôles, with barely a two-day vacation between them. It's Eddie's own fault that he has to be so many characters, so varied in type—the suave gentleman of the drawing-room, for such sprightly offerings as "This Thing Called Love"; the brassy lads of the marines for the less-genteel attractions, like "The Cock-eyed World." Before he finishes one cussing characterization, he is polishing up his broad vowels for the next talkie on his schedule.

"Don't you ever," I inquired out of respect for my own reactions, "take time off for a nervous breakdown?"

Not that he betrayed any symptoms. His collar was open, and his face was as ruddy as an athlete's. There was even a zest to his voice. And there I sat, so tired of it all.

He said, "I don't know the meaning of nerves."

I sighed.

"The trouble with most people," he went on, "and the things that tire them most are not their duties, but the many things they feel they *cannot* do. Those psychoanalyst people call them complexes and suppressions. They're tremendously important."

I sniffed. I've never believed in that sort of thing myself.

"Wait a minute," admonished Eddie, who was warming to his subject. "You've probably investigated as little in that direction as the next person." Which is true enough, but I've seldom let my ignorance of a matter interfere with any argument I might have.

"But complexes and suppressions are by-products of this civilization," I insisted. "We can't go around doing what we want to do. Just because I feel like screaming is no license to open my mouth and scream!"

"Of course you can't," agreed Eddie, planting his feet comfortably on one of Lily's upholstered chairs. Oh, well, maybe they'll get her another one. "But *I* can! That's the reason I've always believed that an actor can lead a very healthy life, emotionally and mentally." I didn't need to prod further. I knew by his comfortable attitude that he was off on a pet idea.



Photo by Miehle

Unrealized dreams come to the surface in acting, says Eddie Lowe.

"You say that when you feel like screaming, you can't. But I'm luckier. I can!

"Take my average day. It's bound by a studio fence. But the earth and the stars and the sea cannot bind the emotions involved. For instance, if I am portraying a nervous man I cannot act as many nervous men do. I cannot repress myself and let the steam in me explode in a nervous breakdown. I have to give out the physical *externals* of nervousness. I must pace the floor and wring my hands and, yes, even scream. That is because acting is an expressive, rather than a repressive art.

"Before you say it, I know you are going to call to my attention that that is only play acting. It has no bearing on my real life, will be your argument.

"But you're wrong. Letting off steam, whether we're only pretending or really mean it, is letting off steam nevertheless. It keeps one toned down and normal.

"I remember one morning I became annoyed at my tailor. He had butchered a suit of a material I was particularly keen about. I could have kicked him! But I didn't. Instead I came to the studio, and in the course of the day's work I kicked Victor McLaglen. Of course the plot called for it. But I got that kick out of my system, anyway. See what I mean?"

In spite of myself, I had to admit there might be something in what he said.

"I believe there isn't anything I have ever wanted to do, that hasn't at one time or another been expressed in the rôles I play. And don't forget that we live a great part of our lives in our imaginations.

"One minute we fancy ourselves as a dashing man of the world. Tiring of that, we may see ourselves in some entirely different background—in my own case those profane, swashbuckling soldiers of 'What Price

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Exalted

They are the first qualifications for royal rôles in
sumed by stars who in real





Vivienne Segal, above, a Broadway prima donna, as the haughty and harried Italian *Countess Mariana,* in "Bride of the Regiment," made her screen début in "Song of the West."



Lowell Sherman, opposite her, famed for portraying rakes and royaltics, was the Austrian *Emperor Leopold II,* in "General Crack," and a good time was had by all.

Marion Harris, right, the vaudeville singer, was the French *Countess Louise,* in "Devil-May-Care," with the poise of true aristocracy.

Marie Dressler, lower right, is Lillian Gish's mother, *Queen Beatrice,* her kingdom being Dalmatia, in "The Swan," and her hauteur being that of the ruler of the universe.



And Serene

the movies, and it's surprising how easily they are as-
life are anything but that.







George Arliss, above, rules a tiny, imaginary kingdom in the Himalayas as the *Rajah of Rukh,* in "The Green Goddess."

Catherine Dale Owen, above him, fits well the popular conception of a Russian princess of the old régime in "The Rogue Song," with her tiara and ermines and bisque beauty.

Allen Prior, right, well known in Broadway operetta, comes to the screen as the Italian *Count Beltrami,* opposite Vivienne Segal, in "Bride of the Regiment."

Last, but not least, Maurice Chevalier, left, salutes with the snap of Sylvania, of which he is both count and prince in "The Love Parade."



Over the

By The Bystander



Photo by Brown

Lina Basquette is much more effective in vaudeville than she was in pictures.

AND that is probably the last time that any male star will be so foolish as to have Constance Bennett play opposite him," Fanny the Fan announced with gusto, as she walked in on the heels of an argument over "Son of the Gods."

"It is just as well that Dick Barthelmess didn't get back from Europe in time for the opening," she rattled on, glancing around the Ritz to see if there was any one amusing present, or only Peggy Hopkins Joyce. "Even if her rôle was a little silly, she looked so lovely and acted with such poise that she overshadowed every one else. She was the big attraction of the evening, both on the screen and in the audience. And one thing I like about that girl is that she seems unconscious of crowds staring at her."

I must have looked incredulous.

"Oh, you've heard that story, too," she accused me, and then proceeded to tell her version of it.

"Well, after all, can't a girl have a little row with her family, without everybody getting excited over it? Evidently she and her father aren't on the best of terms, but who ever was on good terms with him for more than five minutes? Richard Bennett can hardly get through a performance on the stage, without taking time off to bawl out the audience, so I think it is safe to assume that he practices on his family. Anyway, the night of the opening, Constance stopped in the lobby to speak to friends, and who should be standing a few feet away but her father! They both looked away as if they'd rather not see each other, and then, realizing that a lot of newspaper people were staring and buzzing, she went over and spoke to him. That's all there was to that!"

Maybe so, but onlookers got the impression that the encounter was about as friendly as an Equity meeting.

"I am really deeply indebted to Constance Bennett," Fanny went on gleefully. "I've won two bottles of perfume and a copy of a suppressed book betting with people who claim to have known her when, on what picture she made her début in."

"'Cytherea,'" I said in a tone of authority, just to show that I have a good memory.

"And you're wrong, too," Fanny announced in triumph. "Why didn't you wait and bet with me? She made her début long before that, when she was just a youngster. She played in a picture made by Daniel Carson Goodman called, if I remember correctly—and I don't usually—'What's Wrong With Women?' I think Hedda Hopper was in the cast, too. Constance was awfully good in it, and that was a lot more than the producer expected. He engaged her because she had such exquisite clothes. As he was making the picture on the proverbial shoe string, it was a great help to have players who distracted attention from sets. Women in the audience were so busy looking at Constance's Paris creations, that they didn't notice that the sets looked like what was left after an auction.



Photo by Duncan

Constance Bennett is the season's sensation.

"She could have been a star at any time during the past seven years, had she been interested. It is only since her marriage went on the rocks, though, that she has cared about a career. It isn't the money that attracts her; her ex-husband is supposed to have settled a million on her.

Teacups

Fanny the Fan gives her approval to globe trotting, scans a few innovations, and takes up a newcomer or two.

"Now don't be disagreeable," Fanny cautioned, "and say she ought to retire in favor of some girl who needs the money, or give her salary to charity, or anything like that. After all, what is the income from a million to a girl who comes from Paris with twenty-five trunks, a maid, a secretary, and several cases of phonograph records? Besides, I *like* to see her on the screen."

As if that settled the argument!

"Pathé finds it profitable to lend her to other producers, so they have postponed the production of 'Lipstick' for a while. She has been lent to Warners for 'Three Faces East.'"

Somehow, I never think of that as the title of a picture. It has always been my nickname for an elderly actress who had her face lifted with spectacularly unsuccessful results.

"There's Pepi Lederer," Fanny announced, having finally found some one among the late arrivals on whom to focus her interest. "She's Marion Davies' niece, you know. Used to play bits in Marion's pictures occasionally, but now she's on the stage. All Marion's friends turned out on the opening night. Oh, well, not *all*—the theater wouldn't hold them. Pepi is in Ruth Selwyn's 'Nine-fifteen Revue.' So are Paul Kelly and Diane Ellis. But neither of them has enough to do.

"Not that anybody cares, I suppose," Fanny rattled on, "but I am all in favor of European travel. Look at Pepi, and see how smart looking and poised she is! And you should see Kathleen Key."

I was prepared to do something about that at once, but Fanny held out a restraining hand.

"You're too late," she announced, with an unpleasant note of triumph in her voice. "I meant to tell you that she was in town, but Kathleen and I got so busy that I quite forgot. She left for Hollywood today."

So I had to console myself by hearing about her secondhand.

"Do you realize that she has been in France over a year?" Fanny asked, just as if it didn't seem longer than that.



Clara Bow went to Boston in disguise.

Photo by P. & A.



Photo by Manuel Freres

Kathleen Key has finally renounced Paris for Hollywood.

"She has improved marvelously. I can't just explain what the improvement consists of. It is just whatever it is that continental living does to our small-town girls by way of giving them a high polish. Kathleen has lost none of her reckless, high-spirited humor, but she has acquired dignity.

"It isn't the sort of dignity that hangs heavy over a festive occasion. It's just for everyday wear. Twice it looked as though we might be arrested for disturbing the peace. Once was at a matinée of 'June Moon,' when they sang 'Should a father's mortal sins blight the life of babykins?' and our shouts resounded through the theater like Lawrence Tibbett hitting a high note. The other time was at the dog show, when a judge became so enraptured looking at Kathleen that he almost awarded the blue ribbon to her moleskin coat!

"Kathleen didn't make many pictures in France—she was too busy having a good time. But luckily she made one of the early Movietones for Fox before she left, so there isn't any uncertainty about her voice recording well. A little matter of weight reduction has to be attended to before she starts working, but that won't take long."

Optimistic, Fanny is.

"Oh, yes, it can be done easily," Fanny assured me glibly. "Look at Winnie Lightner. She has



Photo by Fraser

Jillian Sand came over from England to play opposite Will Rogers.

taken off seventeen pounds in a few weeks. She's so proud of it she calls up Helen Kane daily to jeer at her just as she steps off the scales.

"Winnie plans to play a few weeks in vaudeville, and then the Warners are to back a show for her with the idea of filming it later. You might just as well get over your aversion to vaudeville; there are some big weeks ahead for film fans."

I dare Fanny or any one else to get me into a vaudeville theater to see any one but Clayton, Jackson, and Durante. And I like them better served in night-club surroundings.

"You missed seeing Lina Basquette at the Palace," Fanny told me, and she seemed surprised that I refused to break down and cry about it.

"Really, you would have liked her," she insisted. "She is much more effective on the stage than on the screen.

"You really ought to go to see Ricardo Cortez," she persisted. "He is doing a dramatic sketch. And Anita Stewart is coming East with her singing act."



A royal welcome awaits Jimmy and Lucille Gleason in New York.

I was still unconvinced, but when she told me that James and Lucille Gleason were on their way East to appear at the Palace, that was different! Who wouldn't go anywhere to see them? If there is a more popular couple anywhere, don't tell me. I'd rather not know about it.

When "The Shannons of Broadway" was released in New York, dozens of old friends wired the Gleasons, "Come home, all is forgiven." No one blamed them because the picture wasn't good. No one ever blames the actors when a Universal picture is feeble. Even the recording angel, I dare say, just tries to find room for a few more black marks against the officious Mr. Laemmle, Jr., and his gentlemen of the affirmative.

"Have you seen Clara Bow?" Fanny demanded. "She looks marvelous. She's thinner and she looks childlike and bright-eyed, as she did two or three years ago. I wish she would go back to Hollywood and get to work. I'm so tired of seeing those sickening news photographs of her and Harry Richman!

"The latest rumor about them is that they are not to marry. At least, not for a long time. It seems there is a no-marriage clause in Clara's contract, and while her agreement expires after one more picture, she hopes to sign a renewal. Rumor has it that Paramount will insist on that clause if they give her a new contract.

"Ever since the novels, 'Ex-wife' and 'Ex-husband,' became popular, Clara has been called 'Ex-it' girl. She will have to go back to work and show them whether she is or not.

"She and Harry Richman went up to Boston to the opening of a play, wearing disguises and making a great fuss about keeping their identities secret. When no crowds gathered trying to guess who they were, they told the reporters. But even then no one appeared to care. The public seems to have a curiously callous attitude toward Harry Richman.

"I don't quite understand it, because to me he has what you might call an interestingly offensive personality. Most public figures are so coached by their press agents, that they sound like parrots, but Richman retains his individuality. You may not like it, but at least it is different. If he does marry Clara, I can't help wondering if he will turn around at the altar and announce how much the ring cost, and how much he paid the minister!

"Richman is supposed to go back to Hollywood and make more pictures, but I suppose that will depend on the reception of the first one. Fanny Brice thought *she* would make several pictures for United Artists, but it seems there is some difference of opinion

about that. I've heard that she meant to sue Mr. Schenck, because he doesn't want her to play in his studio any more. And the first picture she made for him hasn't even been shown yet!"

Sometimes Fanny seems to take fiendish delight in telling bad news. She is so loyal to the old motion-picture favorites that she crows over their slightest success, but anything short of a triumph on the part of a stage star finds her ready with a funeral wreath to hang on their film career.

She insists that almost any girl in pictures would have been better in "Hit the Deck" than Polly Walker, and you can't put up much of an argument about that. But, after all, Polly Walker never caused any flag-raising, or dancing in the streets, by her work on the stage. She would have appeared to much better advantage in her first film if she hadn't played opposite a comedian as young as Jack Oakie, and if she hadn't tried to dance. Maybe it would have been better if she hadn't gone into pictures at all. She and eight or ten others, whose names I will supply on request, in an envelope marked "What Every Casting Director Ought To Know."

"Something will have to be done," Fanny interrupted my reverie, and just when I was disposing of some serious problems, too. "There's another girl dressed all in black and white. Every one says that Paris designers insist that no smartly dressed woman will wear anything but black and white this year. And just as Technicolor pictures have become general, too! What are the producers going to do about it? Waste Technicolor on black-and-white clothes, or have the players ignore fashions?"

Purely a rhetorical question on Fanny's part. She knows perfectly well that producers pay little attention to style edicts at any time. While the rest of the world has long since discarded sequins and beads, and gone in for dull-finish silks, when a producer pays for satin he wants it to shine!

"I can't understand why Universal let Fox beat them to showing pictures on the new, wide film," Fanny observed idly. "Obviously it was just what they needed for Paul Whiteman. Although from what I hear the Whiteman picture doesn't need anything. It has everything now but a troupe of trained seals."

Suddenly Fanny's face brightened.

"I almost forgot to tell you," she announced with breathless interest. "I've met Jillian Sand! You don't seem excited, but you would be if you met her. She's delightful. She's——" Fanny groped in vain for a word.

"She's the English girl Fox signed to play with Will Rogers, in 'So This Is London.' She came over just a week ago, and now that she has left for Hollywood there's a great, big gap in New York. She's like that. After you have known her for five minutes you wonder how you ever got along without her.

"She's very tall and slender, moody and intense looking one minute, and all animation the next. She dances awfully well, speaks five languages, and never would the least imaginative casting director expect her to play a gushing ingénue. She is too crisp and dashing.



Ginger Rogers is all that her name implies.



Photo by Studio Baltimore

Polly Walker failed to get any flag-raising ovations.

"When I met her, I didn't really expect to notice her at all, because she had an engaging Pekingese named Christopher Columbus, who kept me busy defending the sleeves of a fur coat. She may have thought that it was a strange custom of these barbaric Americans to sit on the floor and whoop over the antics of a dog, but if she did, she didn't betray her feelings. You know I can't be bothered with people when there's a dog around. But in spite of the terrific competition of Christopher, I found myself getting interested in her.

"She was on the stage in London for a while playing all sorts of women that you wouldn't meet socially. She wouldn't play ingénues, and as she is much too young for character rôles, there was nothing for her but lost ladies. Then she went in pictures, and loved them.

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The Movie

The third installment of our realistic story of starts work and finds some much-needed happi

By Inez

Synopsis of Previous Installments.

MONICA MAYO, winner of a prune-recipe contest, arrives in Hollywood, hoping to break into the movie game while on the prize tour. Joy Laurel, school acquaintance, now a star, believes Monica represents a newspaper and takes her in hand, getting work for her as extra the first day and taking her home with her, secretly expecting large returns in publicity for her condescension.

Joy talks so much of herself Monica cannot correct the error the few minutes she sees Joy alone. They go to a picture opening, and to a party afterward, where Monica sees many celebrities. She believes all the friendly words sincere, and thinks she is getting on. Monica and Joy meet Cleghorn, the prune king, who personally gave Monica her prize money in New York, and Joy learns the truth. She takes her from the party, and sends her away next morning, Joy's secretary maliciously directing her to the expensive Elysée.

Monica rushes out to a shop she has heard Joy mention and buys, on credit, some slightly *passé* clothes. Then she meets Booth Carlisle at the Montmartre for lunch. He boasts of his work and contacts, and leaves her when he learns she is not a writer. At Central Casting Bureau she runs into Bunny Tompkins, an extra she has met, who introduces Danny Jordan. She learns that Joy is losing ground. Danny takes a deep interest in Monica, and promises to help her, when she will not consider going back home. Monica gets the second thrill of the day when she is called for extra work.

PART III.

IS LOVE GREATER THAN SUCCESS?

MONICA started for the B.-G. studio a little anxiously. Her first day as an extra—what would it mean? Some one of importance might see her and give her a good part at once. Or she might only get lost in the crowd!

She couldn't afford to take a taxi, that was certain, so she began to walk, remembering a corner somewhere near the Elysée where everything seemed to happen. There she could find out where she could get a bus.

She walked and walked under the hot sun till her head ached and her feet felt like lead. At last she got to a street where there were shops as well as residences, and turned into a drug store. She'd need make-up, and she might be able to get some information.

The girl who sold the grease paint, powder, lining, and eyelid shadow was most helpful.

"Don't buy mascara, dearie. You may have to cry, and it'll run. Cosmetic's much better," she urged, "and take brown eye-shadow—blue won't photograph. Want some dry rouge? You can dab it under your chin, or on your cheek bones, or anywhere you want to take off flesh. You'll have a shadow instead of a bulge. Not that you need to take off any," she added, inspecting Monica's face sharply. "Let's see—three shades of grease paint—want a rabbit's foot to blend with?"

Monica did. She also wanted a make-up box.

"Well, we've got these new ones, for four dollars," the girl told her. "but we've got some second-hand ones for one fifty that we bought from folks that gave up and went home. Better take one of these, then you won't look so much like a beginner. The stars mostly keep their stuff in an old candy box. Marian Nixon uses one that's ready to fall to pieces."

"How did you know I was a beginner?" Monica asked.

"Oh, we learn to spot 'em. What? The B.-G. studio? Walk down here a block, to the corner of Cahuenga and Wilcox, and you'll get there all right. Oh, you're welcome to the advice—we all give lots of it free, but it won't help you any."

Monica started out, somewhat cheered, and feeling very professional. She forgot herself completely an instant later, at the sight of a girl beside a stand piled high with cardboard boxes, which, according to the sign above them, contained lunches.

The girl was very small, very pretty—Monica had decided by now that all girls in Hollywood were pretty. She was singing. Presently she broke into a dance, a complicated dance, which she did expertly.

Monica, approaching slowly, was greeted with a friendly grin.

"Hullo! Lunch?" asked the girl, pausing in the midst of her dance.

"I don't know. I'm going to the B.-G. studio, and I don't know how to get there, or whether to buy a lunch——"

"Oh, you'll eat in the lunch room," the girl said quickly. "I'll get you out there. Just a minute." She stepped to the curb and raised one hand like a traffic policeman.

A car paused in its swift flight, not quite stopping.

"B.-G.?" the girl called.

"Nope—Universal!" shouted the boy who was driving.

"Well, better luck next time. What do you like—a sedan or a roadster?" the girl asked Monica. "Come over here with me. You'll have to jump it on the fly." Two girls rushed past and leaped into the car she had hailed, though it was in motion. Ready hands reached forth from within and hauled them to safety.

"But this isn't the kind of thing I——"

"Sure, I know. But everybody does it here. B.-G.?" the girl shouted to another driver, whose car already seemed full. "All right. Scoot!" and she rushed Monica to it and pushed her in. "Take good care of my child, Jeems, me man," she urged the driver. "Don't let her work late."

Monica, glancing back, saw that she had gone into her dance again.

At each important corner she saw other girls selling food, supposedly, but all intent on doing something else. Some danced, some sang, and one was doing a series of cartwheels.

"Why do they do that?" she asked of the girl who sat beside her.

"Trying to get into pictures," she was told. "It's a swell way. Betsy, the girl who shoved you in here, works most of the time. She's a grand dancer."

"Worked in 'The Broadway Melody' and 'Broadway,'" contributed another girl, who was sitting on the floor.

Monica's reception at the studio was quite unlike the one she had received as Joy Laurel's guest. Now she was on sufferance, and when she saw how hard it was to get in, she glanced with pity at the people who evidently were trying to crash the gate.

The dressing room to which she followed the other girls was not as large as she had expected, and it seemed to be too full for her to find even a corner. She stood behind the row of girls seated at a long mirror, until one of them turned to say, "What's the matter, dearie? Waiting for a chair with your name on it?" and moved over to make room for her.

Many of the girls already had their make-up on, and were merely changing their clothes. And when each one had finished, she packed her belongings into her little leather case and locked it, and kept it in her hand, even when she left the dressing room.

Racket

Illustrated by Modest Stein

an extra girl's climb, in which she ness in the tinsel of Hollywood.

Sabastian

"New here?" asked the girl who had made room for Monica. "Watch your stuff. I lost my shoes once—only pair I had."

Talk, talk, and talk; every one was talking, yet every one seemed to hear what everybody else said.

"They're starting a Spanish picture on the Super-X lot," one remarked. "Wish I'd got into it—then I wouldn't have to diet. They like 'em round for Spanish films."

"Say, I worked four months on a Spanish one last year—guaranteed four days' work a week—ate all I wanted, and it took me three months without a day's work to take off what I gained," volunteered another. "Not so good!"

"A Spanish picture at the Super-X lot? I wonder—I'm a Spanish type—I'll bet Central made a mistake and should have sent me there."

The girl on Monica's other side half rose, then sat down again, her lovely face drawn with fear, the fear that a precious engagement, perhaps an opportunity to break into something better than extra work, was slipping from her grasp.

"They're using a ballet in this one; probably they'll stick you into that," a girl near her said. A familiar voice! Monica craned her neck, and an instant later was talking to Bunny Tompkins.

"Hullo! Say, your make-up's wrong," Bunny whispered. "Natalie Hughes is the big number in this opus, and she uses dark grease paint. Use the same stuff—I did—then the lights will pick you up better, and you'll photograph the way she does."

"Swell chance any of us will have of showing to-day. We'll be just part of the herd," another girl remarked sarcastically.

"She's been out here six years and never got anywhere," Bunny told Monica. "Never yet seen herself on the screen."

The chatter ran on and on. These girls seemed to know all the latest, most intimate gossip about every one in Hollywood. Somebody told about a tennis tea at Matt Moore's house; some one else knew that Frances Dade, an unknown, was to be Ronald Colman's leading woman in "Raffles."

The rest of the day was a long nightmare to Monica. Hours and hours of waiting for something to happen, with no place to sit. The unbearable heat of the lights,



Danny sat down beside Monica, sending tingling thrills through her. "I've had you in my heart always," he said passionately.

the faintness that reminded her that she had eaten but little breakfast, all added to her wretchedness.

Bunny tried to make things easier for her, and so did another girl, whom Bunny introduced as "My housemate, Gabrielle Varre, only everybody calls her Gay."

"Better get yourself some false eyelashes," Gay told her. "Don't laugh—I mean it. These lights will burn your own to nothing. All the stars use 'em. Heavens, I used to think it was hot in the studios, but in these sound-proof rooms it's a try-out for Hades."

Noon came. Monica had rushed with a crowd down a narrow, muddy street, and pushed and shouted at the entrance to a realistic copy of a mine opening, while the men who, according to the story, had been trapped below, were carried out. At first she felt rather foolish shouting "My husband! My husband!"

Soon she realized that nobody was paying any attention to her, and she entered into her work with such zest that the assistant director yelled, "Hey, you girl in the red shawl, pipe down! You're yelling so loud we can't hear anybody else. And you lens louses around the entrance there—move around, even though you don't face the camera. We want a rumble of voices. All right—now we'll shoot it!"

Monica ate in the studio lunch room, which was so hot and crowded that even the joy of sitting down was small compensation. She got a plate of beans and a cup of coffee, both lukewarm, and when she left half the beans Bunny finished them.

"They say we'll work late; that means a free meal at eleven o'clock," she told Monica. "Grab some sandwiches and take 'em home with you!"

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Up from the Top

You can find any number of stars who have worked their way up from the bottom, but Marion Davies is the only one who has come up from the very top.

By Malcolm H. Oettinger

THERE was a time when a story on Marion Davies might have been called "Poor Little Rich Girl." She was a young, beautiful girl thrust into important pictures, with nothing to recommend her save blond hair, a dimple, and a pretty figure.

To-day she stands on her own feet. She has grown into the reputation that was foisted upon the public, ready-made.

Probably no one ever was introduced with a more ill-advised burst of nation-wide publicity. Marion Davies was simply one of dozens of decorative "Follies" girls chosen as picture material. The decision included instantaneous stardom—the one thing in the world that even our native efficiency has failed to make instantaneous.

Marion Davies was labeled "star" and advertised in a big way; her productions were impressively mounted, her casts stellar in quality, her pictures heralded months in advance. Despite all this hippodroming, the public decided that Marion was not a star. The campaign continued, and through it all the girl herself studied, worked, and grew in artistic stature: she acquired poise and naturalness; she became a believable sort of heroine. She has never risen to the stardom achieved by Garbo, Swanson, or Talmadge, but she has come a long way from the "Follies."



Cosmo News Photo

Marion Davies says it isn't easy to live on $10,000 a week in Hollywood.

Her last few pictures have been distinct steps forward, establishing her definitely as a comédienne of parts.

"Show People" started the Davies wave of favor. It was an adroit burlesque of Hollywood, with a capital caricature of Mae Murray. "When Mae asked me why I did it, I told her it was meant to be Gloria, and Gloria told me she thought it was a marvelous take-off on Mae," Miss Davies explained to me.

"The Coed" carried on neatly, with "Marianne" and "Not So Dumb" advancing the blond Marion even farther into popular favor.

She is a good-looking girl, with a pleasant manner. She undoubtedly has everything she wants, yet she does not give the impression of being spoiled.

Marion has worked her way up from the top. This reversal of the usual procedure has not made her less interesting. You may find prominent enough actresses any day who have worked their way up from the bottom; it is a rarity to discover one who has come up from the top.

Marion Davies was deposited at the top of the heap and then it was her task to justify that eminent position. She has made a commendable fight, all things considered. Not unaware of the critical attitude toward her work, she made haste to improve. Her progress has been deliberate, rather than meteoric. And now she is seriously considered as a screen actress, something that was denied her for years.

Meeting Marion Davies is not unlike visiting the famous *Café de la Paix,* where you may see all Paris pass before you.

An afternoon in the Davies apartment brought to light the mother of "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes"—Anita Loos; the director of the suaver Menjou pictures, Harry d'Arrast; the beautiful Claire Windsor, in New York for a fling at vaudeville; Eileen Percy, once a "Follies" dancer, later a Fairbanks heroine; and Louis B. Mayer himself. It seemed that William Fox was in an adjoining room, but that must go under the heading of hearsay.

Miss Davies was called to the phone repeatedly. Would she pose for Nikolas Muray at twelve the next day? Did she receive the message from Lily Damita? Would she be one of a committee to greet Esther Ralston at the station next afternoon? ("I've never even met her!" said Marion.) Could she inspect the gowns that were ready? The bell was as insistent as a xylophone solo.

Then her lawyers were at hand with some deeds to be signed. "It sounds important," said Marion, "but it's an awful nuisance. You see, I invest in real estate. And the papers always have to be signed and sealed."

Anita Loos was in and out—she had just arrived from Europe, and she was on the point of leaving for Hollywood. "We want some laughs," she explained. I suspect she may have had an idea for a Davies comedy.

In "Marianne," Miss Davies did a delightful imitation of Chevalier. I told her that I liked it.

"Well, the funny part of that is we made it as a last-minute thought. Those impersonations were run off in about two hours the last day of shooting. I didn't think they'd stay in, but after the preview they stuck.

"It struck me as odd to be cast for *Marianne.* There was Adorée, a real French girl, right on the lot. And Damita could have been had. But they assigned the rôle to me. I didn't know a word of French and I had to learn the lines parrotlike. An old Frenchman was my teacher. He was a darling. But he certainly had to work to drill that French into me."

Despite rumors, there is no stammer to the Davies speech. This has probably disappeared with the newly gained poise, which in turn may be directly traced to the successes of her latter-day career.

"Of course there is only one mimic," said Marion. "Elsie Janis. No one can compare with her. I think

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Photo by Ruth Harriet Louise

WITH each new film, nowadays, Marion Davies marches gayly on to greater success, though time was when her films were as dull as they were costly. Malcolm H. Oettinger's interview opposite reveals the human, delightful girl Marion is to-day.



FRANK ALBERTSON, just twenty-one, is the happiest youth in Hollywood to-day, because he is recognized in the dual capacity of a corking dramatic actor and a light comedian, both sympathetic, unaffected, and soon he is to sing in "Spring Is Here."



PARAMOUNT has shattered the chains that bound Claudette Colbert to the stage, and now she is free to give her lovely voice and gracious presence to the victorious screen. There's no need to mention money, because her acting is priceless.



IF you saw Norma Talmadge's first talking picture you are rejoicing over her future on the audible screen, for speech does not rob her of her sincerity or diminish her skill. She will give generously of her gifts to "Flame of the Flesh."

Photo by Irving Chidnoff

THERE just isn't anything these days that stands in the way of a clever, sympathetic, and at times distinguished performance by Norma Shearer, who gives society pictures a new meaning and whose heroines become one's friends. Her next will be "The Divorcée."



Photo by Ruth Harriet Louise



Photo by Preston Duncan

THOUGH fortune has been fickle to George Duryea since "The Godless Girl," he has kept faith with the fans who recognized his sincerity and earnestness in that picture by not deserting them, and never fails to give an admirable performance.



Photo by Clarence Sinclair Bull

WE rise to say that Anita Page is not just another ingénue. Anything but! Her understanding of acting is mature beyond her years, her performances are lessons in finesse, and she is utterly natural. Hurrah for the home girl!



Photo by Harold Dean Carsey

ALAS, there's a crumpled rose leaf in every Eden! With Billie Dove it was too much love and devotion from the husband she is now divorcing. She tells opposite why she desires freedom and explains what she wants most in life.

Billie Quits Her Doll's House

After six years of idyllic happiness, Miss Dove closes the door on married life and sets out bearing aloft the torch of independence. Why did she do it and where is she going? In her own words you will find the answer—perhaps.

By Madeline Glass

THE DOLL" has abandoned her home and husband. Like the heroine of Ibsen's play, Billie Dove has walked out into night, guided only by the candle of her independence. She refuses longer to be an object of protective solicitude and perpetual masculine guidance. In future Billie will paddle her own canoe. At least that appears to be her present intention.

The practice of protecting women is a fine old custom that most of us deeply appreciate. We women like to be given courteous consideration by men; we like to be looked after. In charitable moments we politely ignore the fact that modern masculine protection is but a refined version of ancient domination. Protection against the seamier side of life, when practiced within the bounds of reason, assists women in developing their truest and most admirable qualities, yet, when carried to an extreme, such treatment weakens both character and mentality. Possibly Billie saw, or imagined she saw, the handwriting on the wall.

For six years Miss Dove has been given the most loving, whole-souled protection by her director-husband, Irvin Willat, who adores his beautiful wife. He granted her every wish, managed her business, shouldered her burdens, showered her with attentions, and lavished on her his undivided affection. Yet they are now separated, and a divorce will soon follow.

Thousands of neglected and overworked wives will say, "What a fool! To give up such a husband to follow a will-o'-the-wisp!" Yet there is no common meeting ground, no parallel, between the life of Billie and the lives of the great army of wives who, perchance, admire her from their seats in neighborhood theaters. The difference, bluntly speaking, is financial.

Billie's beauty and ability provide her with an enormous income. Her financial independence makes it possible for her to dictate the terms of her matrimonial affairs. The affection and attention which many wives crave in vain became to her a source of emotional satiation and she decided, in her polite and gentle way, to end it.

"We have parted with no hard feelings," Billie tells one. "I wouldn't for the world have Irvin charged with any fault. We have only the kindest regard for one another."

Under the circumstances one can only wonder what grounds Miss Dove offers as an excuse for divorce.

Myrtle Gebhart, who was on a location trip with the Willats at the time of their honeymoon, told me recently of their consuming affection for each other. Ordinary amenities assumed the proportions of ceremonies between them. The adoring bridegroom downed the sirupy coffee which Billie had abstractedly prepared, without noticing the nauseating sweetness of it, a signal victory of emotion over matter. Newlyweds could scarcely have started life together with a richer supply of affection, yet it was not enough. Or perhaps it was too much. Many a marriage entered into purely from the standpoint of convenience has proved more lasting and satisfactory than this one.

True, Billie is again free—free to carry her candle of independence and artistic ambitions out into the world, to develop her character, presumably, and expand her career. But her husband is melancholy and bereft.

At the time when Billie packed her toys and abandoned her doll's house, Irvin was in New York on business. It was the Christmas season and he could not endure the thought of spending the holidays away from his wife. So he made a quick trip to Hollywood by plane, arriving on Christmas Eve—to find his home dark and deserted.

"You spoke truly," said he to a friend of mine who had predicted his loss when reading his fortune in cards. "You said I would lose what I valued most in life—and I have."

From Billie's point of view, however, the separation is for the best.

"We had reached a position where we felt that it was not best to go on together. There was no quarrel. I simply feel that I can best express my talents if I am dependent upon my own resources. I am not pleased with the work I have been doing—I want to make better pictures. Many of the stories given me have been weak and conventional. I want to develop and improve my work. I want to do character parts.

"When this contract expires, as it will soon, I will sign one that permits me to choose my stories."

These remarks were not delivered in oratorical sequence. They were, indeed, hyphenated by periods of hesitation and reluctance. Billie does not enjoy discussing her affairs at this particular time. Still her astonished fans will feel that they should be given some explanation of the radical step which she is taking.

"I always want," says she, naïvely, "to be happy. That is what I try always to be. I try to plan my life in such a way that I will always be happy."

"I suppose you always try to look into the future?" I asked.

"I look into the future, but not too far ahead," said she. "If one looks at the big things *this* far ahead"—indicating a distance with the tip of her vermilion-nailed forefinger—"one misses many smaller things in *here*," she explained, tapping the

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Billie Dove and Irvin Willat when in love's sweet thraldom.

Barriers Burned

What has Ronald Colman done with his aloof interviewers alike, he now reveals himself as a quips and quirks. And what he doesn't

By Samuel



Photo by Alexander

Ronald Colman's only fault, according to William Powell, is short-gripping his racket.

I'M getting important. The other morning I got a wire from the editor. "'Condemned' is a hit. Get your man."

Being both terse and accurate, but thinking to make the chief feel important, too, I wired back, "Right. Who's the man?"

Back came a terser wire. "Ronald Colman, stupid."

After many futile attempts at meetings, I was finally ushered into the Colman presence. "You don't like interviews, do you?" I began brightly.

"Not particularly," replied Mr. Colman, with equal wit.

"Why?"

"Well, there is just so much copy in each of us. After that, no matter which way you slice it, it's still boloney."

"Sez you," I amended devoutly.

"Sez I," affirmed Mr. Colman.

"Well, I'm not so hot for them, either," said I, "so that makes us even."

"Ah, well, the interview's over already!" And he rose hopefully.

"Sit down!" I thundered in Buddy Rogers' best "River of Romance" manner. "You are accused of being a recluse. Are you?"

"No, suh! I have a large, a very large circle of acquaintances. I might say, in fact, I *will* say, I've met almost everybody out here, but I don't know them intimately. I have a small circle of friends whom I do know intimately, and I see a great deal of them—Dick Barthelmess and his wife, Bill Powell, the Clive Brooks, the Ernest Torrences and——"

"What do you do when you're together?"

"Oh, when Dick and Bill and I get together we sing."

"Umm. What do you sing?"

"'Old Heidelberg,' 'Sweet Adeline,' and others."

"Why do you sing *those* songs? It sounds suspicious." Mr. Colman squirmed uncomfortably.

"Am I getting too personal?" I inquired sympathetically.

"Just a little," Ronnie murmured.

"Well, that's all right," I said soothingly, "it'll get worse as we go along."

"Thanks, old fellow, that's *mighty* white of you."

"It's all right, old man," and I waved my arm in a grandiose manner, light-heartedly upsetting a tumbler by my elbow. "What do you do for exshitement—excitement?" I asked, picking up the empty glass in a heavy-hearted manner.

"Oh, I play tennis some, and go horseback riding a bit, and motor a bit, and yacht a bit."

"Any good at tennish?"

That whimsical quirk in his eyebrows, for which he's famous, started quirking. "Well, there have been complaints about my game. To tell you the truth, Herbert Brenon had a tournament recently. I was eliminated in about the third round, but through some fluke, Bill Powell got a good partner and won a cup or something. Dick and I were quite worried about it, but finally Dick mustered up courage, and asked if it was all right for us to continue calling him Bill, and he said he thought it would be all right for the time being. It goes to show you what a topping fellow Bill is. Success never changes him a bit."

"It certainly doesn't," I responded warmly, remem-



Among Ronald's best friends are Mr. and Mrs. Clive Brook.

Away

ness? Long the despair of fans and whimsical, humorous fellow given to tell about himself his friends do.

Richard Mook

bering how Mr. Powell, a few days before, had maneuvered himself into a position at the table where he could see all the blondes in the lunch room, and left me facing the wall. "He's just as he's always been."

"Now, about this yacht," I went on in my best reportorial manner, although all those empty tumblers strewn over the floor were slightly disconcerting, "is it yourn?"

"No. That's one extravagance I haven't."

"H'm. Are you extravagant?"

"About small things."

"What do you consider small things?"

"Well, I have a comparatively small house. If I had ten million dollars—which I haven't—I still would not want a home in Spain, and another on the Riviera, and another on the Hudson, and five motor cars with four chauffeurs."

"How many cars have you?"

"Just one—a roadster. If I want to take friends out at night I call up the limousine place and rent one. Say! What the devil's the matter with you?"

"I'm sorry," I said apologetically, "but the shock of meeting a grade-A star who has only one car and no chauffeur is too great—I'm afraid I've swallowed my Adam's apple."

"Too bad, old man, too bad!"

"We're getting along famously," I said. "Now, just a few things more. What do you read?"

"Oh, biographies, books of travel and poetry. I'm not much of a novel reader, unless it's something that every one recommends."

"Ever read 'The World's Illusion'?"

"Yes. I was crazy to do it in pictures for a time, but there are some books, like that one and 'All's Quiet on the Western Front,' which seem almost perfect as they are—too perfect to try to picturize them."

"Do you read books with one eye on their possible picture value?"

"No! Never!"

"What! Never?"

"Wel-ll, hardly ever!"

"Who selects your stories?"

"Mr. Goldwyn and two or three of the other executives and I usually get together. In the case of 'Condemned,' for instance, I wasn't altogether sold on the story, and they told me if I insisted, they would abandon the idea of filming the book. But they were all so keen about it I felt that when it was a case of four against one, my judgment must be wrong. So we made it, and now I'm all imbued with their enthusiasm."



Clive Brook's daughters rate Ronald Colman the second best star on or off the screen.



Richard Barthelmess tells a story to prove that Ronnie has no sense of humor.

"I see. Well, thanks. I guess that's all."

"Thank *you*," said Mr. Colman, imperturbably.

That "Thank *you*" of his sounded dirty, so I went out to see Dick Barthelmess. When you want the lowdown on anybody in Hollywood, you go to see his best friends and start praising him. At first the friends are just as enthusiastic as you are, but if you keep it up long enough, the old pep wears off and what they tell you about their friends is *plen-ty*.

"Colman's a swell fellow, ain't he?" I boasted.

"Great!" sez Dick.

"Lives like nobody's business, I s'pose?"

"He lives like a gentleman, if you know what I mean."

"Sez you!" sez I, taking it on the chin.

"Yes, sez I," sez Dick. "He has simple but appetizing meals, well served, his home is livable and not a museum, and he wears clothes that are in good taste."

"No sense of humor, I'm afraid. The English never have," I said, thinking it about time for the first fine frenzy of appreciation to have worn off.

"Now," said Dick eagerly, "now you *have* said something. Last fall when he returned to England, there were about three thousand women at Paddington Station to meet him. He didn't tell me about it in any spirit of braggadocio, but more in a tone of wonderment that so many people could be interested in him.

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Stilted

That's what you can never say of "Our Gang," and least of all in talkies, even though they do step high and fancy.



Farina, left, a little insecure in his footing, wishes he were back on the set where he is more certain of himself.

Jean Darling, right, the eternal coquette of "Our Gang," pretends that she's afraid of a fall just to fool 'em.





Pete, right, is not to be outdone by the juveniles.



Mary Ann Jackson, above, just can't help being a comédienne even when in doubt of which foot to place before the other.

While "Wheezer," right, littlest member of the happy crew, is the only one who seems really sure of himself and his enjoyment of the gang's revival of an old-time sport.



Thirty-five Minutes To Go

In the short space of time granted an interviewer Mae Clarke upsets a few traditions, springs some surprises and relates the story of her life.

By William H. McKegg

THEY say one must be born to acting. By "they" I mean that variegated segment of the public revolving in, on the fringe, or outside of, the theatrical world.

To the players' way of thinking, it may be true. But in pure fact, it is apple sauce. The pictures, or movies, or cinema, or kinema—whichever name appeals to you most—is one of those branches of art wherein players come and go. Some rise to inspiring heights, yet few are of theatrical families.

Nevertheless, it is commonly thought that one must be born with the gift to act.

Whereupon I point to Mae Clarke.

When I saw "Big Time" on the screen it seemed that I had walked into the lair of the Greek muses of comedy and drama—so very human was the acting of Mae Clarke and Lee Tracy. They were real!

An attaché of the Fox publicity department gave me various details of Miss Clarke's life prior to her coming to Hollywood. Glancing over the résumé, it was surprising to discover that *la* Clarke had not come from a theatrical family. Outside of the fact that her father was an organist in a theater in Atlantic City, that her mother had once had a hankering for the stage, no theatrical strain was in Mae's blood.

Well, no doubt you saw "Big Time." Do you not agree that Mae Clarke, with none of that old Hollywood cuteness and posturing, delivered the artistic goods and won her fans?

In "Nix On Dames" she was even better. And that is saying a lot. *La* Clarke has become picturized. In this second film, the camera man lighted her advantageously. She is not beautiful. Nevertheless, all drawbacks are enhanced to assets. From now on it should be interesting to see how one not born to acting can soar to the heights.

More than a week passed before I was granted an appointment. To my chagrin, it was for Saturday afternoon. I had to give up an operatic performance of "Zaza." Perhaps that was as well, for having seen Geraldine Farrar in the rôle one has seen perfection.

"Anyway," I consoled myself, "I am about to meet a person who surely has no traits of the ordinary player."

On Saturday morning I was informed that Miss Clarke was being taken to the football game by her husband.

With "Zaza" lost, my expected interview gone up in smoke, the afternoon was spent in disappointment.

"However," I moaned, "she was not born to acting, and she has not had time to acquire any Hollywood ideas. She won't keep me waiting; there will be no old gags during the interview."

The day arrived. Gliding like an aspiring soul to the gate of St. Peter, I slid across the lobby of the Roosevelt Hotel, took up a phone and asked for Mrs. Lew Brice.

Such is *la* Clarke's private name. She is married to Fanny Brice's brother.

In spite of that, she was not at home. Nor did she arrive until fifteen minutes later.

I was lifted up to the tenth floor and rang at her door.

Miss Clarke's very businesslike mother bade me sit down. Then the actress herself appeared. Light-brown hair, brown eyes—both shining—give her a fresh-air appearance. A green ensemble accentuated this.

There is a frankness and breeziness about Mae Clarke that made me like her—even if I had lost my "Zaza."

She made no allusion to the postponed first interview, nor did she apologize for being late for the second. I was led to surmise that on both occasions something bigger had cropped up. And who shall say she did not act natural about it?

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Mae Clarke is a graduate of night clubs and vaudeville.



Acting, says Miss Clarke, can never be taught.



Photo by Jones

Mary Nolan carefully turns out the lights when leaving a room.

Thrift's The Thing Now

The players are as intent on saving now as they were on spending more than all their salaries in the past, and managers are being employed to hold the purse strings.

By Myrtle Gebhart

"MAY I have a piano, please?" Mrs. Robert Armstrong begged. "I want to take lessons, and I've run across a wonderful grand worth eighteen hundred that I can get for sixteen."

"Well, I can't find a thing in this year's budget about grand pianos," the calm financial manager replied. "Besides, if the salesman offers it to you for sixteen hundred, it's probably worth all of thirteen. Now the study allowance can stand the *rental* of a piano for a while."

The Armstrongs still have the sixteen hundred dollars.

Hollywood, in the throes of an economy spasm, is on allowance!

Many players have put their financial affairs in the tight-fisted hands of managers. Bob Armstrong has to get by on fifty dollars a week, Neil Hamilton has a similar amount for car upkeep and pocket money, Zasu Pitts, being a thrifty soul, manages nicely on twenty-five. Robert Ames is given fifty when not working and twenty-five when busy, because idleness means golf and entertaining friends at luncheon.

While in her manager's office, I overheard instructions to charge repair bills on a well-known actress' car against her personal account. "She wants a new coat," he mused. "But motors are contrary. Too bad, isn't it?"



Photo by Louise

Carmel Myers buys cheap gloves, because she loses them, anyway.



Charles Rogers does not have to be reminded to watch his checks.

Photo by Richee

The Armstrongs had been accustomed to week-ending frequently in San Francisco, signing checks that amounted to three hundred dollars. Soon after being put on financial rations by the watchdog of their treasury, they asked for this amount. The request was refused. Being good sports, they hopped into the car and dusted the highway on Bob's fifty-a-week allowance. Why not follow the manager's suggestion and let their friends entertain them for a change? They discovered inexpensive hotels and restaurants and returned with exactly twenty-two cents, but elated over the best time they had ever had.

The twenty thousand dollars annually, the sum a star of yesterday listed in bankruptcy proceedings as essential for clothes, dwindles considerably with a steady hand at the helm of the stellar ship. Salaries have shrunk. The days when Tom Mix's seventeen thousand weekly capped pyramiding emoluments are

remembered now in awe. Competition has reduced stipends and fear has launched Hollywood's present fad, its first sensible one.

A few years ago the idea was to wear success gaudily. Social rating was gauged one season by diamond bracelets; then deeds to property were fashionable gifts in the family. Expensive glassware and china were next. Luncheon and bridge-tea talk buzzed. "My dear, the ash trays and knickknacks in Corinne Griffith's home are cut from blocks of crystal—everything backed with Lalique—but you must see my gorgeous rose glass."

For a while it was sleek imported motors, Hipsy-Susies and Rolls-Roughs, Spitzens and Upstarti-Crashinis. Again, palatial estates, homes served by as many as nineteen employees, with private golf links and canoe courses. There were yacht spasms, airplane fads, a dozen costly hobbies, the dual purpose of which was personal enjoyment and public proclamation of wealth.

Intersticing these displays were the seasonal panics, when overproduction was followed by drastic retrenchment and high-salaried stars became option orphans. After each flurry there came another sunburst of success, the show-off of a town gone nouveau riche.

The grand climax was reached when the talkie hysteria toppled thrones and threatened the entire structure of the picture business. The film capital thrives on self-dramatization. Uncertainty, however, had more foundation than mere rumor and a lapsed contract or two. The batteries of Broadway marched through weak, hastily thrown-up defenses and seemed about to establish an army of occupation.

The scare struck deeper than the tensity which, in one form or another, always charges the Hollywood air. Commercial experts frown upon nonsense. Actual danger suggests future economy. Besides, Hollywood has had money, now, long enough to become accustomed to the glamour of it.

J. S. Rex Cole, vice president and general manager of the Equitable Investment Corporation, and several others managing actors' incomes, are the only "no" men in Hollywood.

Equitable is cashier and bookkeeper for thirty-five movie people, among them being Charles Rogers, Robert Armstrong, James Gleason, Warner Baxter, Patsy Ruth Miller, Joan and Constance Bennett, Clive Brook, William Boyd, Kay Johnson, and others, including directors and executives. It considers what is essential to public appearance, trimming off flounces of mere form or habit, and adapts its general rules to the income, status, and peculiar circumstances of each individual client's career and life.

"Some prestige must be maintained. We do not curtail expenses that the actor's employer or agent considers necessary," Mr. Cole explained. "Salary checks are mailed directly to us. We take care of income taxes, pay all bills, including household, clothes, and clubs, giving the client a pocket allowance. He has no checking account. We render a monthly statement and our books are audited. The actor's savings are invested in conservative stocks and bonds. We never buy on margin. Our aim is to make only a reasonable interest for him, and to safeguard his funds.



Photo by Archer

Lila Lee finds an apartment cheaper than a house.



Photo by Thomas

Her financial manager got Helen Twelvetrees a job and helped clear up her debts.



Rod La Rocque has a board of directors to make him keep in step.

"The actor is seldom a good business man; he is unfamiliar with investment situations and fluctuations. He is overcharged by the stores. Shrewd salesmen cater to his ego. A ridiculous notion has prevailed that he must live on a grand scale. His good nature is easily influenced. He agrees to outlandish propositions. If he is our client, he doesn't have to say 'No.' We say it for him.

"Some have made their money so quickly that they have not become adjusted to the higher financial plane. I have seen an actor fuss about an overcharge of two dollars, and blithely sign a check for five hundred to purchase some foolish thing. A thousand dollars and ten thousand are the same in the comprehension of many. Figures become unreal when speedily earned; they merely know that they are becoming wealthy.

"Many divorces are caused by the recklessness bred by sudden possession of too much money by those untrained to conserve it. We have been able to stop a number by restricting the costly life which leads to domestic troubles.



Eddie Quillan keeps up an old Scottish custom.

gifts cut to three hundred discovers that he loses no real friends thereby—and he saves money. A girl earning a large salary who finds herself owing fifty-two debts amounting to fourteen thousand dollars—to cite an instance—is grateful when we pay her bills and enable her to live comfortably, without outsiders knowing. This particular actress had exhausted her credit. When we took charge, we notified the Retail Credit Association, assuming responsibility for her indebtedness and approving certain types of future accounts. Her credit was restored immediately. We gave her one hundred dollars a week as allowance. The second week she reported having spent but eleven dollars!

"We make it a game, appealing to their sportsmanship. They are easy to get along with, though occasionally diplomacy is required. We try to let them think they make the decisions which we suggest."

The Equitable office is the scene of dreams, quarrels, and tears both of disappointment and gratitude. There worries are lifted and new courage is born. In March, last year, a well-known actress came to the office and listed a forty-thousand-dollar equity in an eighty-thousand-dollar house, a lot of equal value, unpaid, and a twenty-five-thousand-dollar total of debts. At the end of the year she was clear, and had forty thousand dollars in the bank.

Members of the firm and advisers are experts on taxes, insurance, law, and recognized investments. Four hundred and fifty thousand dollars constitute the minimum annual business.

Mr. Cole cogitated upon what manner of enterprise might succeed in Hollywood. Through banking associates he had made friends in the picture colony. Beneath his pleasant personality is a firm determination, both being traits which win the liking and respect of actors. Inasmuch as the general idea seemed to be getting money out of the movie crowd, why wouldn't it be novel, he wondered, to start an endeavor which would aim to save them money? Surely, there would be no competition in *that* field! Besides, he believes in service—when it is businesslike. So he broached the scheme to Warner Baxter five years ago. Warner is still a client.

Charles Rogers is Equitable's only client not on restricted allowance. He

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We cannot hedge them too much; when they begin to chafe, we relax and present a bonus for being good.

"We allow a generous clothes budget, a wardrobe being an actor's asset. We never scrimp on anything pertaining to health and sensible recreation. If a client wants a boat, or to join a golf or riding club, we O. K. it instantly, except in unusual circumstances. We encourage dancing and singing lessons, anything that increases his value to his employer. When ill, he must have the best medical attention, though we manage to cut charges. A doctor who rated a stellar appendix at fifteen hundred decided it was only a five-hundred-dollar one when told to charge the bill to us.

"A staff of servants, however, we deem senseless extravagance. As a rule, we say, 'When you have one hundred thousand dollars saved, you may have a chauffeur. Drive yourself.' Only a two-hundred-thousand-dollar man rates a valet. Generally we do not believe in ownership of homes. James Gleason is our exception. He writes at high speed and feels more settled, less nervous, in his own home. Time being an important element, he has a secretary and a chauffeur.



Monte Blue goes wild only on things for his home.

"We oppose home owning, unless it will make a discontented person happier. Taxes are high. Though property may increase in value, the house depreciates. The kind of home an actor thinks he must have is too expensive for one whose high salary probably will last only a few years. It is a rendezvous for too many parties. It is cheaper to rent than to own. We allow a forty-thousand-dollar home only when a man is earning one hundred thousand, is likely to continue at that pace for some time, and is in good financial condition."

Mr. Cole, a genial but decisive fellow, continued outlining the program which has restored Hollywood to solvency and savings accounts. "We say to the players, 'When a producer calls you in to sign a contract, does he care what make of car you drive? Do the fans patronize your pictures because you buy gin for the leeches who flatter you and impose upon your generosity?' They see the wisdom of that stand.

"A man who has his fifteen hundred dollars customarily spent for

Robert Armstrong saves a great deal under the supervised budget system.

Photo by Alexander



Around The Clock

Constance Bennett follows the hours with one change of costume after another, all befitting the chic *mondaine* and all expressing her intimacy with Paris.



Even when she is anticipating a pull with the dentist you will find Constance Bennett, below, perfectly appointed. For the operation she wears a tan wool-crape frock, with exaggerated cuffs and collar of beige fox, and a brown *cloche*.





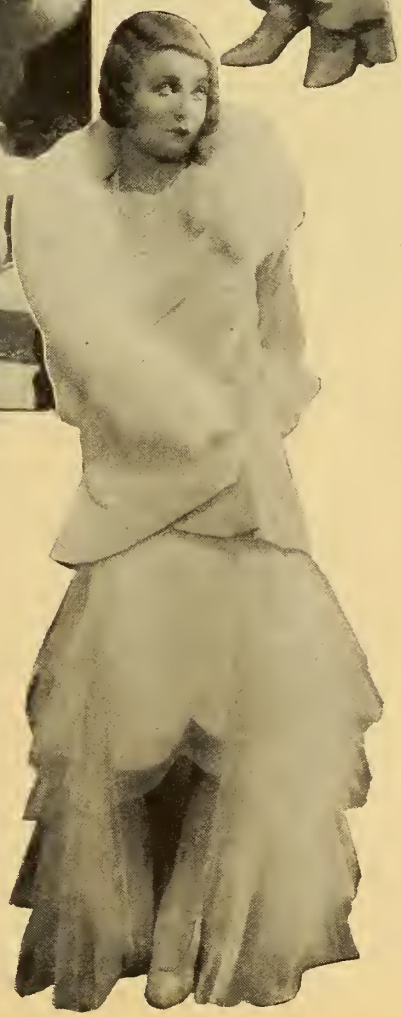


For a stroll before tea Miss Bennett, upper left, wears an early spring coat of black velvet, with natural-blue fox encircling the neck and following the curved front line, her helmet toque draped with a harem veil.

Canceling an appointment is beautifully done, upper right, in a frock of dove-gray crape, a circular bias flounce relieving a straight-line skirt, while narrow bands of chinchilla adorn neck and sleeves.

Beginning the day, left, in a negligée of petal-pink chiffon satin, enriched with plentiful applications of écru Aubusson lace, isn't so hard on Connie.

For an informal evening Miss Bennett, right, wears white satin with side panels of gauzy tiers extending to the floor, and a cocktail coat of white panne-velvet collared with white fox.





Ruth Roland keeps up with the times pending her return to the screen in "Reno," a talkie.

Hollywood High Lights

By Edwin and Elza Schallert

Close-ups of the news and gossip of the studio colony related breezily and with gusto.

OVERNIGHT sensation! Thus is Lawrence Tibbett nominated in Hollywood. He's the most popular idol that the talkies have so far discovered, and one of the biggest since Rudolph Valentino.

The women are captivated by his virility, rather than his good looks. And that's quite as it should be. It's been a long, barren period since sheer, honest-to-goodness virility has manifested itself on the silent and audible screen to such an extent. Particularly since the talkies, audiences have been obliged to listen to sweet tenors and would-be baritones croon their sentimental ditties about nothing at all.

The women members of "The Rogue Song" audiences have repeated their visits to the Chinese Theater in Hollywood three and four times in many instances. One woman confessed to us that she had gone ten times to see and hear Tibbett. Even the stars have bought return tickets time and again, and wires have been received by the theater management from Galli-Curci, Carrie Jacobs Bond, and other famed names in the musical firmament.

The daily papers ran advertisements claiming that Norma Shearer attended the picture eight times; Colleen Moore, five times; Cecil B. DeMille the same number; John McCormack, the famous tenor, four times; Ramon Novarro and Clarence Brown, the director, claim a similar record; and to mention but two more, Greta Garbo and Jack Gilbert both attended three times.

Favorite With Men.

More than Valentino during his days of success, Tibbett has the men on his side. They admire his powerful voice. They like his manliness and vigor and the fact, too, that he is not handsome.

Will the country go Tibbett-crazy? That is what everybody is asking. Or will his triumphs be confined only to the larger cities?

Certainly, this star has made it appear that most men on the screen were singing like ninnies, and his musical understanding should be of great benefit to the artistic quality of the melody picture.

The airs in the "The Rogue Song" and the story itself were scarcely average, but he made them seem serenely brilliant.

The greatest public demonstration of approval for Tibbett occurred when he gave a Los Angeles song recital. People literally stormed the auditorium. The audience filled every seat and also the stage behind the singer. Only John McCormack and Galli-Curci have been able to draw such attendance heretofore.

What's more, the house was packed with picture stars, a large number of whom had doubtless come to listen and to learn how to use their voices. What with encores and everything, the concert lasted far beyond the usual hour for such events—additional testimony to the favor won by Tibbett.

The Melodic Hegira.

Music is becoming the thing of overwhelming importance in the colony. More and better composers are flocking to the Coast, not only from the East, but also from Europe.

The list of foreigners comprises Oscar Straus, who wrote "The Chocolate Soldier," Franz Lehar, responsible for "The Merry Widow," and Emmerich Kalman, who composed "The Spring Maid," "Sari," and others.

On one set for the operetta "Viennese Nights," written by Sigmund Romberg, composer of "The Desert Song," there was a symphony orchestra, a gypsy band and a jazz band all working together in happy harmony. Producers are nothing if not lavish now in the employment of musical talent, just as they used to be opulent in hiring mobs of extras for spectacles.

Romberg's operetta is waxing unusually highbrow, for it is to incorporate a tone poem played by an orchestra of ninety pieces. The principal rôles are sung by Alexander Gray, Vivienne Segal, and Walter Pidgeon. People like Jean Hersholt, Bert Roach, and June Purcell are in the supporting cast. In "Bride of the Regiment" Myrna Loy, Louise Fazenda, Ford Sterling, and Lupino Lane played the subsidiary rôles to a group of singers.

A good voice will almost make a career in Hollywood these days, provided it is coupled with some stage experience.

Honors *à la* Mode.

Ceremonies to signalize the arrival of Oscar Straus were characteristic. This Viennese composer is a venerable gentleman, who appeared just a trifle lost amid alien surroundings, and—shall we say it?—that garishness which usually attends all Hollywood receptions of the great and near-great.

He was tendered a luncheon at the First National studio, and while the guests ate, his own tunes were played as a tribute to his genius. Straus evidently didn't like the tempo at which some of the numbers were taken, for he would occasionally endeavor to catch the attention of the leader of the orchestra, and himself beat the time with his hand.

This made the luncheon considerably interesting, especially for the musical experts who were present.

Values In Names.

Autograph seekers have grown to be the bane of stars' lives at premières and other public functions. They cluster around the bright ones, requesting their signatures on programs, memorandum books, and even bits of dirty-looking wrapping or newspaper.

The stars are very agreeable about it all, and sign their names until their arms ache. Sometimes the same person will come back two and three times to procure signatures during a single evening. and the purpose of this was learned, and also great amusement caused, when one young urchin in front of a theater shouted to another who was looking at the procession of arriving stars:

"Hey, you, I'll trade you three Alice Whites for one Mary Pickford!"

Poll-Parroting Victorious.

First blood in the conquest of foreign markets with foreign-language talkies made in Hollywood, has been drawn by Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy. They are a hit in the Spanish city of Barcelona, where their film "Night Owls," called "Ladrones" in its Hispanic version, has been exhibited.

The two funny men spoke their lines poll-parrot fashion, and the reports were that though the Spanish was not especially rhetorical, it was exceedingly amusing, and the Barcelona audience laughed their heads off.

Laurel and Hardy are now endeavoring to wiggle their palates around French and German syllables, and while the strain is terrible, as far as they are concerned, the results are said to be most laughable.

Their first German picture is called *"Gluckliche Kindheit."* Some astute translator declared that this was a synonym for "Brats" in English, although we had always thought it meant "Joyous Childhood."

Buster Keaton is another comedian who will become linguistic. He is making his current comedy, "Free and Easy," in Spanish. Buster will also poll-parrot his way through the dialogue.

Chaney Grows Hispanic.

Another actor who isn't going to be behindhand in entering the group of linguists is Lon Chaney. Ever since it has been decided that he is to talk in pictures—or rather, since he himself consented, he has been studying Spanish. Indeed, his instructor is with him almost constantly.

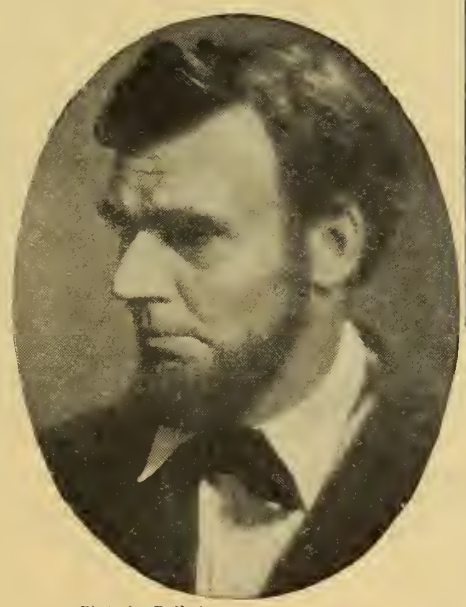


Photo by Bulloch

Walter Huston as the Great Emancipator, in D. W. Griffith's "Abraham Lincoln."



Photo by Ball

Gloria Swanson's new picture is "What a Widow!" a sparkling comedy, with sartorial embellishments.

Popularity of stars like Keaton, Chaney, and Laurel and Hardy abroad is the explanation for their anxiety to become proficient in other tongues besides English.

The succumbing of Chaney to sound pictures leaves but one star unconverted—namely, Charlie Chaplin. Charlie is determined to be silent in his next picture, "City Lights," and it will be a great test of his popularity.

Only one star in the whole firmament can afford this risk, it is believed—and that star is Chaplin. What he will be able to do after that is very much of a question. Many believe that he will be able to talk successfully, if he cares to.

Really, Chaplin's voice is very pleasant, even while marked strongly with an English accent. He can use it in the drawing-room, when he is amusing his friends, with great versatility.

The last of the silent camp may yet give in.

Pauline "Parlays" French.

Speaking of foreign-language pictures reminds us that they have been kind to another girl, who has endured a long run of bad luck. This is Pauline Garon. Pauline tried in every way to impress producers with her talkie talents, especially by engaging in several stage appearances. For all her efforts, the producers refused to recognize her possibilities.

Now Pauline's knowledge of French has greatly aided her. She obtained a rôle in the version of "The Unholy Night" in that language, in which Jetta Goudal also played, and for which Metro-Goldwyn brought to this country the noted actor, André Luguet, from the Comedie Française.

A Cosmopolite's Soirées.

The most dazzling and interesting parties these days are given by Zoe Akins, the writer of plays. She is a cosmopolite in her taste, and succeeds in bringing together people from a great variety of lines of work. She radiates congeniality and cleverness as a hostess.

We met Zoe first at a party given by Theda Bara, and she has been the delight of our lives ever since. Her most recent social excursion was a dinner in honor of the composer, W. Franke Harling, one of the best who has come West. On the guest list were such stars of the stage and screen as Lenore Ulric, Jobyna Howland, Gary Cooper, and Lupe Velez, besides the singer, Mary Lewis, Jesse L. Lasky and various others prominent in the newer life of filmdom. The William Gibbs McAdoos were also present.

High lights of the party, which lasted until the early hours of the morning, as Zoe's *saengerfests* usually do, were Mary Lewis tossing off *Musetta's* waltz from "La Bohème," with gay abandon and numerous gestures, Lupe Velez singing just enough to reveal a promising voice, and our hostess herself, who possesses generous physical contours, doing brilliant burlesques of Lenore Ulric, in "Lulu Belle," and also a gorgeous impersonation of another guest, Dorothy Arzner, Hollywood's lone directress, going into conference.

It goes without saying Harling's playing of his own compositions, particularly excerpts from his operetta "Deep River," were a delightful contribution to the evening's pleasure. Mrs. Harling also sang some of her husband's compositions.

Cold-blooded Humor.

Here is the latest one on a motion-picture producer. It pertains to blood transfusion, of which there have been several recently affecting picture players, among them Mabel Normand and Zelma O'Neal, a newcomer.

Miss Normand's treatment helped her momentarily in her fight for health at a tuberculosis sanitarium, but she began to sink and died February 23rd.

Miss O'Neal was given the treatment following an operation for appendicitis. Her husband, Anthony Bushell, was the donor of the blood.

But, regarding the lighter aspects, some wag said that producers were a cold-blooded lot and "Do you know why I happen to know?" he inquired. "A friend of mine, an actor, had a blood transfusion and because he was valuable to his company, the producer offered his blood for the operation. And what do you suppose happened? The actor froze to death!"



The life of the lot—that's what the Paramount boys and girls call Lillian Roth.

Photo by Dyar

Married In Haste—

Three or four days of turmoil, and then sweetness, light, and the victory of young romance!

Such is the record of the elopement of Loretta Young and Grant Withers. They are husband and wife and have set up housekeeping in Hollywood. And—they are apparently very happy.

Loretta's mother, Mrs. George U. Belzer, opposed the hasty marriage, and Loretta's sisters, Sally Blane and Polly Ann Young, were not too favorable. It looked as if the wedding would be annulled, and it seemed as if the bride and groom were themselves consenting to this outcome.

Just a few days afterward, though, they decided that they loved each other too much to endure the separation, and took an apartment together, with the result that mother finally gave them her blessing, and so Loretta is now Mrs. Withers.

Grant had an exciting sequence of events happen to him during the period. He was sued for extra alimony by his first wife, their marriage having been annulled several years ago, and was also badly shaken up in an automobile accident. Grant is twenty-four years of age, Loretta, seventeen.

Jeanette Is Sought.

Jeanette MacDonald is in demand. Her pleasing presence and pretty voice, as disclosed in "The Love Parade," were instrumental in winning her favor. A recital tour is even being talked of for her, especially since Tibbett's name apparently means such big box-office receipts due to his success in pictures.

Miss MacDonald is the featured singer in "Bride 66," the Arthur Hammerstein production. She replaces Lois Moran, who was to have taken this rôle. Other members of the cast are John Garrick, Joseph Macauley, Robert Chisholm, Joe E. Brown, Zasu Pitts, Carroll Nye, and Max Davidson.

Where, oh, where, are our good old movie names?

Welcome, Old-timer!

Milton Sills is making a comeback. He is a Fox star for a single picture, "A Very Practical Joke." Dorothy Mackaill is playing opposite him. They were together just before Sills had to discontinue filming his new picture "The Barker."

It would be impossible to relate in detail the reasons for Sills' long absence. He has been away for fully a year and a half.

In part, the reason was attributed to his income-tax troubles, which caused him no end of worry, and finally led to a nervous breakdown. He spent most of the time in the East in the Adirondacks and part at his home near Beverly Hills.

The siege not only to his health, but also to his personal fortune, was long and serious. However, he looks very much himself again, ascribing his well-being to plenty of rest and outdoor exercise.

His wife, Doris Kenyon, who has been doing concert work, is also planning a return to the screen.

Vicissitudes of Queen.

Will "Queen Kelly" ever be finished? Cynics say, "Oh, yes?" at the mere mention that it will be. Gloria Swanson affirms, too, but with a positive inflection.

"Queen Kelly" has cost her backers and herself $700,000—and no work has been done on it in more than a year. One or two other directors essayed to continue the picture, after Erich von Stroheim had ceased his endeavor.

Meanwhile, Gloria has gained her conquest in "The Trespasser" and now contemplates following this with the film "What a Widow!" Gloria is doing this picture, pending the writing of music for "Queen Kelly" by Franz Lehar. She wants to sing in each picture now.

It is estimated that the total cost of "Queen Kelly" will be over a million and a half dollars, but what's that in comparison to the four millions of "Hell's Angels," another one of Hollywood's ill-fated ventures?

The Beauteous Evelyn.

All Hollywood is eagerly awaiting the arrival of Evelyn Laye, the musical star, who is a New York sensation in "Bitter Sweet." Miss Laye is lovely and refined, with a most attractive voice. Much has been written of her already in "Over the Teacups."

Our one and only glimpse of her was in a film test, which Samuel Goldwyn has shown us with great pride. It wasn't an elaborate test—in fact, it simply showed Miss Laye in an afternoon frock standing before a piano and singing.

For all that it was informally managed, her screen appearance made a charming impression, because of her sweetness and naturalness. Her voice, too, is easily one of the best so far heard.

Miss Laye is expected to come to California this summer. Some difficulty is being encountered in obtaining just the right story for her, as her sponsors are exceedingly concerned about the nature of her first effort.

We understand Miss Laye wants to remain in America only for this one production, as she is not entirely happy in this country.

Barrymore's New Lead.

Joan Bennett is the choice. She will grace John Barrymore's picture "Moby Dick," a talkie echo of his famous "The Sea Beast."

Barrymore usually selects delicate and *spirituelle* girls for his pictures, and he has the final say.



If gossip is right, Cupid's diary records the reunion of Lois Wilson and Richard Dix, in "Lovin' the Ladies," with hearts and flowers.

Dolores Costello naturally could not appear opposite her husband, because of an interesting event that has just occurred in the Barrymore household. It will probably have occurred before this is published, and no plans have been made as yet for Miss Costello's return to the screen.

War and Peace.

A fist fight and a reunion! So goes it with Jack Gilbert!

Jack's adversary and pugnacious combatant was Jim Tully, writer, and the reunion, which occurred about the same time as the battle, was between the star and his wife.

Details of the Gilbert-Tully fray have already been pretty widely broadcast, and there is scarcely any need to repeat them here. Gilbert was hit a bad blow that knocked him down, but he would have been up and at it again had not friends separated him and Tully from each other. The battle started, it seems, because of Gilbert's antipathy toward Tully over an article written by the latter several years ago.

The fight took place almost a week before news of it leaked out, through the newspapers. It's amazing how filmland can keep a secret at times.

Evidence of Harmony.

When Jack and Ina began occupying separate residences, Hollywood was certain that discord had developed between them; when, after the Tully fracas, the two stars went together to Palm Springs, the colony was assured that all was well between them again.

Mebbe so!

A Venerable Victor.

Honors go to the actor, and the word "actor" should really be capitalized! Critics voted "Disraeli" the best talking film of 1929, and it was doubtless principally on account of the performance by George Arliss. The results were obtained from a poll of 331 newspapers, and 40 fan and trade publications, by the *Film Daily* Year Book. Other topnotch productions, according to this vote, were "Broadway Melody," "Madame X," "Rio Rita," "Gold Diggers of Broadway," "Bulldog Drummond," "In Old Arizona," "The Cock-eyed World," "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney," and "Hallelujah." Not a single silent feature was on the list, though a few were shown. The few fans who mourn the passing of silent films find no consolation here.

Mature players are certainly enjoying their innings, if this is any criterion. Arliss is distinctly of that type, and certainly youth and young love had very little part in any of the other films considered favorites. The hits scored by Tibbett and Maurice Chevalier recently indicate that the public is favoring more adult stars.

Continued on page 100

Looking Down

It's because the players have balconies in their
out for a dreamy look over the



Nancy Carroll, above, has a balcony that is quite different from the rustic touches of some of the others.



Lois Wilson, left, has one of those cozy porches, in her Beverly Hills home, that you hate to leave.

Rosetta and Vivian Duncan, below, can look out upon the sea from their Santa Monica home.

Kay Johnson, below, has a balcony that certainly was not designed as a Romeo and Juliet setting.





on the World

homes, many of which are on hillsides, and coming landscape, how can they help it?



Lupe Velez, right, in a charming corner of her rustic home in Laurel Canyon.

Bernice Claire and Alexander Gray see the real desert at Palm Springs from their hotel balcony.



Aileen Pringle, above, welcomes you to her home at Santa Monica.

A study in high lights and shadows —Fay Wray, below, at her home.





Taps for the Valiant



Cameo and seven of her puppies at their birthday celebration, all interested in the naughty one who bolted.

Photo by International

A tribute to some famous dogs of the movies who have retired from active service, or who have been forgotten by all but their masters. By all means read this warmly human story of humble players who were truly servants of the public.

By A. L. Wooldridge

There's a long, long trail a-winding
Into the land of my dreams—
Where the nightingales are singing
And a white moon beams.

I DON'T suppose Rin-Tin-Tin knows that song of Stoddard King's which was so popular in war days. But I'll wager that even now, while his eyes are seeing as through mists and his movements are becoming slow and a bit difficult, he would try to learn to sing it if Lee Duncan, his master, really told him to.



Cameo acted with Glenn Tryon, in "Daddy Goes A-grunting."



Photo by Hartsook

Pal was an aristocrat among dogs.

For Rin-Tin-Tin's days are about numbered. The contract under which he worked many years for Warner Brothers was allowed to lapse a month or two ago, and the celebrated dog which has caused millions of children as well as grown-ups to thrill at his work in pictures, was taken home too tired to do much more. In fact, younger dogs were called in to perform the strenuous stunts required for the story. Rin-Tin-Tin was doubled!

I wonder if, during his drowsy, dreaming hours, this old master of dog pictures ever lives over again the days when fire snapped in his eyes and his long, lithe body quivered in the tenseness of his dramas? Of course he knew nothing of what each story was about. But he sensed that something important was happening when all eyes of a company focused upon him, and his master snapped commands which must be obeyed implicitly and without delay. Rin-Tin-Tin knew when the cameras were grinding, and no human ever tried harder to act his part when the time came.

I think one of the most remarkable dog scenes ever filmed was in "The Lighthouse by the Sea," when Rin-Tin-Tin climbed a spiral stairway into a tower carrying a lighted torch and applied the flame to the lighthouse lamp. Dogs ordinarily are afraid of fire, but "Rinty" had his orders that day. He had been shown how to carry the blazing torch without singeing the fur from his back, or burning the sight from his eyes. So he tried it. With his master's voice encouraging him, he mounted the steps and kept on until he completed the act.

If you think you can get *your* dog to carry a burning torch, just try it! Then take your hat off to Rin-Tin-Tin.

The last picture he made for Warner Brothers was "The Ivory Trail." He did his best, but the old spring and the old reaction to commands were missing. When the picture was finished, Rin-Tin-Tin looked pathetically at his old associates in the studio as though trying to say, "I'm sorry, fellows.

I did the best I could. But somehow I don't seem to get around as well as I did." Presently he was in his master's car on the way to his kennel beyond Beverly Hills. He may be used in a picture now and then, but his heyday has passed.

Out of pictures recently have passed virtually all the great dog stars, and many of the other animals which won fame during the years when such productions were popular.

Strongheart, first of all canine stars, passed on in June last year following an operation. He was thirteen years old and was owned by Jane Murfin, the scenarist. Strongheart was trained in the kennels of the Berlin police, and his brothers and antecedents did heroic work during the World War. When brought to America, he won fame in "The Silent Call," and subsequently made "Brawn of the North," "Strongheart," "The Love Master," "White Fang," and "North Star."

"The Love Master" was a love story in which Strongheart and his mate, Lady Jule, carried the romantic rôles. They returned from location at Banff, Canada, with their household increased by ten puppies.

Strongheart's last days were devoted principally to disciplining one of the most outrageously active lots of young sons a dog ever possessed. They appeared to delight in tormenting their illustrious father until he turned to give a few of them some big lickings. Until he was afflicted with stomach trouble, he gloried in his strength and in a fight. But like Rin-Tin-Tin, he lost his vigor as old age crept on, and the end came peacefully at Mrs. Murfin's ranch.

Riding into Los Angeles in a trolley one day last November, I read an item in a newspaper which caused a little tug at the heart. A friend, I read, had died. I clipped the story from the paper and stuck it in my pocket. This clipping I carefully preserved. It said:

A tired old dog fell asleep in the sunshine yesterday—and did not answer when they called him.

Pal is dead—Pal, the famous bull terrier.

He died at the Tujunga ranch of Harry Lucenay, where he had spent the last two years, dozing in the sun, wandering leisurely about—rather slowly these last few months, for he was fourteen years old.

It was in 1921 that Pal played his first rôle before the camera in a Wallace Reid picture. Popularity came quickly, and he was starred in the Pal Comedies, made by the Century Film Company, in which he proved himself a real actor. Some of the players who made their first appearances in these comedies are stars in their own right now—Esther Ralston, Alice and Marceline Day, and others.

Pal played with many of the stars. More times than a few, he stole the show.

The Hollywood Post of the American Legion gave Pal a silver medal in recognition of his work. Harry Lucenay, a member of the post, gave Pal a "costume" of a bandaged leg; Pal promptly staged a touching limp, took a basket in his mouth, strolled down Hollywood Boulevard, and collected $1,100 for the Legion's endowment fund.

Pal's son, Pete, the big bull terrier with the black circle around his right eye, is a regular member of "Our Gang."



Pete, son of Pal, is a member of "Our Gang."

Jiggs, the educated chimpanzee, retired from the movies to enter a zoo.





Don Alvarado, standing, supported Rin-Tin-Tin, the star, with Leo Willis.

Pal was *my* friend. He was an aristocrat. He knew manners. I met him one day on the Universal lot a moment before he was to jump from a third-story window into a net, as the building collapsed in flames. He seemed to know me when I saw him after that, and one day, through his master, invited me to call that evening. For two hours he did his best to be entertaining. He performed all his tricks and showed me all he had learned in the studios and was doing splendidly, until Pete decided to hog in on the proceedings. Very resignedly, Pal went to one side of the room and lay on a rug, while his son took the spotlight. But through his understanding eyes Pal was saying:

"All right. Let that roughneck waddle through his fumbles. He's just a comedy dog. But remember, if he shows any intelligence at all, he got it from me."

Then he stretched out and feigned sleep while Pete did his stuff. Pal didn't seem to think much of it. Presently he snoozed, then snored. Pete was disgusted.

Another celebrated dog which soon probably will hit the long, long trail is Cameo, the amazingly intelligent terrier owned by Hap Ward. Cameo, too, is growing old.

Continued on page 105



Advised to break his contract, Rudolph Valentino remained off the screen two years.

When Friends

**At one time or another all the stars have listened
Some careers have been jeopardized by it, some
in the nick of time by a**

By William

DELIVER us from friends!" ought to be included in the nightly prayers of the stars.

The things that many of the players have suffered from their friends' good intentions are not likely to be forgotten soon by them. In fact, any Hollywood Madame Roland could say, "Friendship, what follies are committed in thy name!"

But to get down to facts.

As soon as a player achieves any degree of success, he is certain to be besieged by well-meaning friends, all of whom desire to instruct and guide him in the way he should pursue his career. Of course these friends have the best intentions—but have we not been told that hell is paved with good intentions? When the path gets too rocky, the player, if he is wise, steps off and makes a detour.

The pity of it is that many of the stars do not leave the path their kind-hearted friends make for them, until it is too late.

Perhaps one of the most pitiable examples was the late Wallace Reid. Friends crowded around him and never left without getting what they were after. The Reid home was always gay with friends. They all declared that Wally was a great fellow—a prince. They called themselves his true friends. His interests were theirs. In fact, so interested were they that they ruined his career, and brought his life to a tragic end.

Then there was Valentino. As every one knows, his second wife, Natacha Rambova, possessed great power over him. What she said was law. With a friendly hand, Natacha set out to guide poor Rudy's career. He followed her advice in everything. He broke away from Paramount two years before his contract was to expire, and was consequently kept off the screen for that length of time.

Perhaps one of the most ill-advised steps Valentino took was when he was persuaded to go on a dancing tour which advertised a beauty clay. Nevertheless, Rudy and Natacha danced their way in a long series of one-night stands. Still under Natacha's friendly guidance, Rudy made "A Sainted Devil" and "Cobra." Both were failures.

Valentino's death was sudden. Maybe it was the best thing that could have happened to him, under the circumstances.

In the meantime, Natacha Rambova, now the proprietress of a gown shop in New York, is best known as one of Valentino's wives.

Another example from the old Lasky lot is Mary Miles Minter. Mary's mother made her position for her, if no one else did. Her mother was her best friend. Mary was persuaded that she must always appear and act like a little girl of sixteen, even though sixteen had come and gone. Mary took this friendly advice. Not only did it spoil her career—for her last pictures, and those that were never released, were sickeningly sweet—but it also ruined her reputation when Mary was unfortunately entangled in Hollywood's greatest scandal. This revelation made her "little-girl" pose ridiculous. But it was not all her fault. Mary did what her mother told her, for was not Mary's mother her best friend?



Gloria Swanson was coached in the proper thing to do, with disastrous results.

These examples are perhaps the most tragic, where the stars and their friends who guide them are concerned. More often than not, a star's friend will make him ridiculous. And that is worse than tragedy.

In her early days of stardom, Gloria Swanson took it for granted that she should be the same *grande dame* in satin off the screen that she was on it.

At that time Elinor Glyn took Miss Swanson in hand, and taught her what Madame declared to be "the proper thing." It was all in friendship. Instead of being impressed, people made Gloria the butt of their jokes.

Strangely enough, when Gloria married the Marquis de la Falaise de la Coudraye she had a good chance to be impressive as a real *grande dame*, but she dropped all her former pretensions

Are Enemies

not wisely but too well to friendly counsel. destroyed altogether, and some have been saved declaration of independence.

H. McKegg

and became very natural, intelligent, and diplomatic. I doubt if Gloria would let any friend guide her destiny to-day.

I can't say whether Mary Philbin has some friend steering the course of her career. If she has, she ought to give the friend his or her *congé*. We have been told more than once that Mary is so innocent and childlike, that she doesn't know what life is all about. She is secluded and sheltered from all worldly realities.

This has always seemed rather strange to me, when I recall that Mary played in "The Merry-go-round," and had to enact somewhat torrid scenes with Norman Kerry and the late George Siegmann, which were enough to startle any one out of shrinking innocence.

Has Mary Philbin gained by being secluded and sheltered?



It is a fact that on the set electricians and others never bother to think before they speak. Profanity is rarely if ever absent from any lot. And Mary

Ungallant men friends have talked too much about Alice White.





Photo by Brown

Betty Bronson's career suffered a setback through too much elfishness.

has been under the direction of Erich von Stroheim who, as every one knows, never fails to get wound up during the taking of a scene.

I have no doubt that Miss Philbin is a sweet young thing; that she is, to a great extent, really secluded from Hollywood film circles. But the chief thing to remember is that it would be much better for Mary were she represented as a sensible young woman. She was—or is—engaged to Paul Kohner. Perhaps now she will break away from friendly advice and guidance, and assume a more mature and natural personality.

Betty Bronson is another who was hedged in on all sides by friends. Every one of them wanted to regulate her every move. She should do this, she should not do that. Betty's mother supervised her every waking moment.

It was supposed to be necessary for Betty to be always the elfin *Peter Pan*. This became very tiring. Mrs. Bronson also had very definite ideas about general conduct. On the set if she saw an extra girl smoking a cigarette, she made it her business to signify her disapproval. Betty did not smoke, so no one else should. Prance about and be elfish, but not natural. So eventually Betty became a free lance.

While in New York, after a trip to Europe, she met Elinor Glyn. Madame suggested the sort of clothes Betty should wear to gain a new and more helpful personality. And returning to Hollywood, Betty followed her good friend's advice. I chanced to see Miss Bronson one day in a shop. Her dress was plain, almost dowdy, and it reached nearly to her ankles. It was overly quaint.

Therefore, I was not surprised to hear that she has broken away from all outside friendly



Photo by Hesser

control, and lives in an apartment of her own. From now on, Betty should regain her position on the screen and do something striking.

If any one has suffered through her friends it is Alice White. Alice's gentlemen friends have been so ungallant in their comments that Alice has suffered.

That any cavalier would be so unchivalrous is to be regretted. But so many young men did this, that people put two and two together, as people will, and Alice derived no benefit from their calculations.

Alice, of course, goes her own way, chin in air. The pity is that her gentlemen friends of the past have been so ungallant. Is there no Sir Lancelot alive these days?

Possibly Joan Crawford regrets having had so many friends after her arrival in Hollywood. When she would perhaps otherwise have remained at home, she was coaxed out by her gay companions. Joan was a good sport, they all vowed. So she was seen nightly here and there, and soon became known as the "Whoopee Girl" of Hollywood.

Hollywood friends care little for a player's reputation. Had Joan broken away from hers, possibly she would have saved herself much embarrassment later on.

Marion Davies does not suffer from friends—except that she has to spend more of her income than is necessary in entertaining them.

The Davies home at the beach is like a good-sized hotel. And, like a hotel, it is always crowded with guests.

Of course Miss Davies has some real friends, the Talmadges and such, but she also has many worthless ones who, without any means of support, sponge on her bounty. Marion feeds them all, and never denies them a place to sleep.

Marion Davies' kind-heartedness is well known. She has done more good than many others. Her numerous hangers-on know this and get their innings. Or trimmings.

Another domicile which has been constantly invaded by friends is that of James Cruze and his wife, Betty Compson. Their Flintridge château is famous for its hospitality to all travelers who may come.

Recently the bliss of the Cruzes was about to be shattered. Jimmie got fed up with always having so many friends in the house. Betty, I was informed, liked company, and encouraged large gatherings. Mr. Cruze laid down this ultimatum—no more crowded houses. Miss Compson said she'd entertain no small company. Thus the rift occurred.

Finally Betty realized that she had been imposed upon for five years by steady visitors, who all but smashed up the Cruze-Compson love nest.

In some cases, I don't know whether the stars should be blamed, or the friends. Of the two, I think the real evil is the friend rather than the stars' susceptibility to imposition. That is why the players should pray to be delivered from them. That is, if any of them pray.

"Mother knows best" was Mary Miles Minter's boomerang.



Joan Crawford couldn't resist being the life of her friends' parties.

Too many friends nearly shattered the marriage of James Cruze and Betty Compson.





A Confidential Guide To Current Releases

WHAT EVERY FAN SHOULD SEE.

"Devil-May-Care" — Metro-Goldwyn. Dialogue and song. Dashing, tuneful Napoleonic comedy, with Ramon Novarro at his best, and again singing with charming skill, as if the songs belong in the story. Bonapartist falls in love with royalist girl, and what they do about it. Dorothy Jordan, Marion Harris, John Miljan.

"Hit the Deck"—RKO. Dialogue and song. Technicolor sequence. Rousing entertainment with songs and Jack Oakie, who walks away with the picture. Good for tired musical-comedy fans. A sailor named *Smith* stops at a port, captivates a girl, and then is found again among all the *Smiths*. Polly Walker, Ethel Clayton, Wallace MacDonald, June Clyde, Marguerita Padula.

"Sally"—First National. All dialogue, all Technicolor. Light-hearted entertainment, beautifully photographed, with Marilyn Miller excellent in speech, dance, and song. *Sally*, a waitress, is "discovered" by producer, and then she's high-hatted and all that. Joe E. Brown, T. Roy Barnes, Ford Sterling, Jack Duffy.

"Mighty, The"—Paramount. All dialogue. George Bancroft as a gangster who sees the error of his ways through love of a good woman, the climax being worked out by unusual sequences. Esther Ralston in screen farewell. O. P. Heggie, Warner Oland, Raymond Hatton, Dorothy Revier, Charles Sellon.

"Laughing Lady, The"—Paramount. All dialogue. Ruth Chatterton at her best, as divorced wife whose husband's lawyer flays her until she is stung to turning the tables. Comedy-drama, civilized lines. Clive Brook and cast of good players.

"Hell's Heroes"—Universal. All dialogue. Three bad men take charge of baby of a dying woman on the desert and undertake to carry it out of the wilderness. Utmost realism portrayed by Charles Bickford, Raymond Hatton, Fred Kohler.

"Virginian, The"—Paramount. All dialogue. The Western classic splendidly done, with Gary Cooper, the real rancher, achieving new heights of expression through eloquent voice. Richard Arlen perfect as *Steve*, Walter Huston fine as *Trampas*, Mary Brian a pleasing heroine.

"Sacred Flame, The"—Warner. All dialogue. Magnificent performance by Pauline Frederick, perfectly recorded. Her gifts greater than appeal of story, a somber, after-the-war tale revolving around cripple. Conrad Nagel, Walter Byron, Lila Lee. Thoughtful spectator will like it.

"Paris"—First National. All dialogue. Technicolor. Irene Bordoni in tuneful spectacle, at times happily funny, with songs interspersed in story of prim New England clashing with gay Paree. Miss Bordoni brings new type to screen. Jack Buchanan, engaging comedian, and Louise Closser Hale add to comedy. Zasu Pitts, Jason Robards.

"Shanghai Lady"—Universal. All dialogue. Real hit for Mary Nolan and James Murray, in melodrama with original situation, well developed. Girl falls in with criminal, and they save each other. Fine acting makes emotion believable. Anders Randolf, Wheeler Oakman, Lydia Yeamans Titus, Yola d'Avril, Mona Rico.

"Show of Shows, The"—Warner. Musical, all Technicolor. The most gorgeous of all screen revues, with imposing list of seventy-seven stars, such as John Barrymore, Beatrice Lillie, Nick Lucas, Chester Morris, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Jacqueline Logan, and one wishes for more from most of them. Kaleidoscope of color, beauty, and entertainment.

"Disraeli"—Warner. All dialogue. Technicolor finale. One of the great stage plays intact, with George Arliss in the title rôle. Plotting to acquire Suez Canal interwoven with love story, excellently acted, make it outstanding picture. "Dizzy" brilliantly portrayed. Joan Bennett, Anthony Bushell, and Doris Lloyd good.

"Rio Rita"—RKO. All song and dialogue. Technicolor. Bebe Daniels triumphs in singing rôle, with glamorous settings that surpass stage spectacle. Good story, nicely unfolded. Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey supply real comedy. John Boles sings his best songs so far. Also Dorothy Lee, a newcomer.

"Welcome Danger"—Paramount. Part dialogue. Harold Lloyd makes you laugh all through, with time out only for breathing—and some speech by Mr. Lloyd. His voice suitable. *Harold* runs down a Chinese villain in his own way. Barbara Kent naïvely charming. Noah Young funny as policeman.

"Fast Company"—Paramount. All dialogue. Baseball comedy that provides capital entertainment, even if you are not a fan. Jack Oakie registers as superior actor, funnier than ever. Evelyn Brent is chorus girl, also at her best. Richard Gallagher, Sam Hardy, Gwen Lee.

"They Had to See Paris"—Fox. All dialogue. Will Rogers in one of the most entertaining films ever made. Humorous study of newly rich family on holiday. Irene Rich beautifully portrays the wife, Marguerite Churchill the daughter. Ivan Lebedeff is the nobleman, but not the villain. Fifi Dorsay.

"Lady Lies, The"—Paramount. All dialogue. Intelligent, smart, modern picture, free of elocutionary taints. A kept girl refuses to give up rich widower, even if she has come between him and his children. Walter Huston and Claudette Colbert excellent. Fine touches by Charles Ruggles and Betty Garde.

"Dynamite" — Metro-Goldwyn. All dialogue. Cecil DeMille's first experiment in talkies brilliantly effective. Moviesque plot, embellished with fine acting and photography and intelligent dialogue, becomes convincing, even if about coal miner and society woman. Kay Johnson's début perfect. Charles Bickford, Julia Faye, Conrad Nagel, Muriel McCormac, Leslie Fenton.

"Hollywood Revue"—Metro-Goldwyn. All singing and talking, some Technicolor. Highly entertaining kaleidoscope of songs, dances, and skits, with an impressive list of stars. Like a glittering stage revue, with no story, yet not a dull moment. Marion Davies, Marie Dressler, and Albertina Rasch ballet take honors.

"Hallelujah"—Metro-Goldwyn. All dialogue. An epic in its true meaning in the portrayal of the ups and downs of a cotton-belt Negro family, as the film reveals the inner life in striking interpretations. There has never been a film like it in the dramatic sweep of a simple plot. All Negro cast directed by King Vidor.

"Cock-eyed World, The"—Fox. All dialogue. An explosive, profane, and rather vulgar, but highly diverting, continuation of the amorous adventures of *Top Sergeant Flagg* and *Sergeant Quirt* of "What Price Glory?" The war over, new affairs are found to blossom in the tropics. Victor McLaglen, Edmund Lowe, Lily Damita, El Brendel.

FOR SECOND CHOICE.

"Her Private Affair"—Pathé. All dialogue. Ann Harding as the wife blackmailed for letters written before marriage. Old trick from the "Villain, unhand this woman" age. She shoots the villain because he won't unhand the letters. Harry Bannister, John Loder, Arthur Hoyt.

"Locked Door, The"—United Artists. All dialogue. Another 1930 film based on the boarding school code of 1875. Directors should read *Real Love Magazine* and get wise to the modern fiction lady's inner life. Barbara Stanwyck, Rod La Rocque, William Boyd, of the stage, Betty Bronson, Zasu Pitts.

"Night Ride"—Universal. Dialogue. Stage newcomer, Edward G. Robinson, gives fine performance in contrast to overacting of Joseph Schildkraut, as reporter who takes gangster for a ride. Barbara Kent and the late Lydia Yeamans Titus.

"Seven Keys to Baldpate"—RKO. All dialogue. Richard Dix under new management, in mystery yarn that takes place in old hotel, with people bobbing in and out, all over a bet. Miriam Seegar, Margaret Livingston. Dix does some good acting, but picture only so so.

"Navy Blues"—Metro-Goldwyn. All dialogue. William Haines in rôle fresher than ever, opposite Anita Page as the girl who stands for more wisecracks than any one on record. Billy a

[Continued on page 118]



The Screen
By Norbert Lusk

Frank Albertson and Kenneth MacKenna are only two of many reasons why "Men Without Women" is unusual.

STARK, grim, tragic, "Men Without Women" is intensely human, alive and altogether exceptional. It will retain its place among the best pictures of the year, no matter how strong competition may be in the months to come. I urge you to see it.

Though roughly classified as the picturization of an undersea disaster, it is a great deal more. It is not the horror of seeing men trapped ninety feet below the surface that holds the spectator; it is the skill of the director, the writer of the dialogue and the actors that inspire applause. For all have united to make each of the men a living person whose reactions to the pity and the peril of the moment are startlingly real. It is, then, a picture of characterizations rather than narrative. But there is no lack of action, nor is love interest missing. It is not embodied in a visible heroine, however, but is actually the motivation of the picture. For the nominal hero, *Chief Torpedoman Burke*, has sought escape from bitter memories of a lost love. It caused him in the end to sacrifice himself for a young ensign whose life lies before him.

Kenneth MacKenna, often seen in negative rôles, here comes into his own as *Burke*. He is magnificent. And for Frank Albertson, too, the picture is a revelation of unsuspected talent. Far from being just another juvenile comedian, albeit a pleasing one, he proves himself, as the ensign, an actor of poignant depth and irresistible sincerity. Others in this remarkable picture are Paul Page, Warren Hymer, Walter McGrail, Farrell MacDonald, Stuart Erwin, George LeGuere, Ben Hendricks, Jr., Warner Richmond, and Charles Gerrard. Not one of them could be bettered.

The Suave *Rajah of Rukh*.

With "Disraeli" voted the best picture of the past year, it stands to reason that its successor, "The Green Goddess," will attract attention. For it, too, is a stage success of George Arliss and was, in fact, played by him in the silent era of the screen. Therefore it comes to the talkies as anything but a novelty to those who have seen it in its former incarnations. Familiarity with the subject rubs the glamour off anything, and in the case of a story it makes suspense impossible. This, then, is not a critic's picture, but one intended for those who have never seen Mr. Arliss as the suave, cunning, and merciless *Rajah of Rukh*.

The unaccustomed spectator cannot fail to derive a great deal of enjoyment from it, even as the seasoned one acknowledges the surpassing skill of the English actor. The rajah's kingdom is in the Himalayas, where three British flyers, *Major Crespin*, his wife, and *Doctor Traherne* land when their plane meets with an accident. They are received hospitably by the rajah, whose delicate consideration, however, gradually disappears as he makes known to his guests that he intends to execute them to avenge the death of his brothers at the hands of the British government. He alters his ultimatum to the extent of offering *Lucilla Crespin* immunity at the price of her —shall we say love? At any rate, he's thoroughly a devil, according to the code of melodrama, but my sympathies are always with the best actor in any cast, so I was again rather sorry to see the delightfully fiendish rajah go down in defeat before virtue and a timely rescue. It will thrill you to see how this is brought about.

Again George Arliss achieves technical brilliance in "The Green Goddess," with H. B. Warner.



Mr. Arliss is, as you must have surmised, superb in a rôle wholly unlike his *Disraeli*, and H. B. Warner and Ralph Forbes are all right as the other men. Reginald Sheffield, as the rescuer, has a voice that should place him in the company of Ruth Chatterton and William Powell, and Alice Joyce is the major's wife, as she was in the silent version.

Only One of His Kind.

"Seven Days' Leave" is inspiration on the part of director and players. It is a touching, honest, and finely wrought amplification of Barrie's one-act play "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals." Though devoid of boy-and-girl love, a villain, or any of the accepted ingredients of a satisfying picture, it is one of the best ever produced.

in Review

A critic survives a month of pleasant surprises to sound the trumpet, bestow the laurel, and toss bouquets galore.



Prepare to shed a tear for Beryl Mercer and Gary Cooper in "Seven Days' Leave," and you'll mop up a quart.

Honors go to every member of the cast, with major laurels to those who play the leading rôles, Beryl Mercer and Gary Cooper, the latter presented as a full-fledged star for the first time.

The story is simplicity itself, but unusual in the extreme. Just an old charwoman who, embarrassed when her friends boast of boys at the front, invents a son of her own. He happens to be real, however, and comes to see her for the purpose of exposing her deception. Gruffly taking her to task, he gradually succumbs to her sweet innocence and gives her a grand time in London while her envious friends stare pop-eyed at the round of pleasure she enjoys. One of the exquisite moments occurs when *Kenneth,* about to depart, proposes himself for adoption. He is killed at the front, leaving his "mother" sad but proud of her hero.

There is nothing to say about the perfection of Miss Mercer's portrayal of *Mrs. Dowey.* It is a glorious example of acting keyed to vibrate the toughest heart-strings. But as Mr. Cooper is still new to talkies, it is timely to give an opinion of his rapidly maturing power.

There is at least two reasons for his preëminence on the screen.

Here is a man who in perhaps a dozen pictures has never departed from the standard he set for himself in his very first, "The Winning of Barbara Worth." He has underacted, and underemphasized every part he has played. Accidental? No! He has been directed by six or eight men of different viewpoints, experience, temperament. Yet he has never been influenced by any one of them, nor has he ever given a "bad" performance in the sense of permitting a false gesture or intonation to creep in. He is absolved of the charge of always being himself by the fact that no other player has ever succeeded in being himself to the same extent. All have shown the results of poor direction, of faulty judgment, of blurred characterization at one time or another. Or have permitted themselves to overemphasize mannerisms, or certain marks of individuality, when they chose to do so. But not Gary Cooper. He can never blame a director for anything, nor is he one to try, for he is curiously superior to direction in its broadest meaning.

Of technique as it is known in Hollywood he is unaware, or indifferent. He has never made an effort to obtrude himself, to "steal" a scene, or even to make a point except by suggestion. Always he has kept to the proportions of his part both as a whole as well as in individual scenes.

Actually Mr. Cooper stands as the lone exemplar of a new style of acting, as far removed from the Biograph school as "The Rhapsody in Blue" is unlike "The Blue Danube." And that opens the way for reminding oneself of the second of one's reasons for Mr. Cooper's preëminence. It lies in the sound of him—his speaking voice.

It is absolutely a natural voice. His use of it is natural. Untrained in even rudimentary elocution, his speech belongs altogether to the screen and the intimacy of it. On the stage it would be lost, not because of lack of volume, but because of inexperience in public speaking. In this, however, is discovered the strongest appeal of Mr. Cooper's voice. There is not a single sign of self-consciousness. Not even the excusable self-consciousness of one who has a point to make and proceeds to do so. Or even a desire to be heard distinctly. Mr. Cooper's speech is spontaneous, but never glib; agreeable in tone, but never musical; distinct enough, but never precise. It is perfectly suited to the short dialogue that comes his way. And last, but not least, he, as an amateur, has a gift that often is never acquired in years of experience



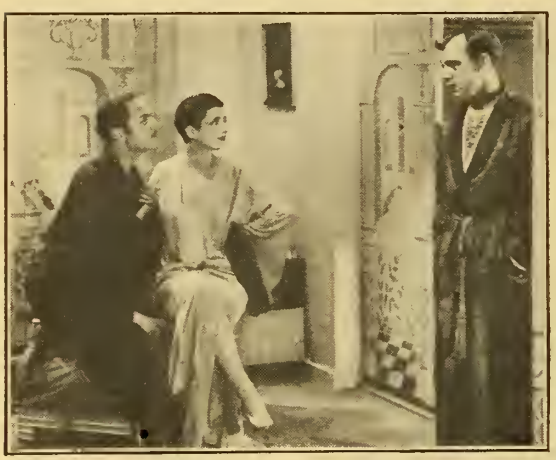
Lillian Roth and Dennis King are at home in the romantic surge and sweep of "The Vagabond King."



"The Rogue Song."



"Puttin' on the Ritz."



"Street of Chance."



"Cameo Kirby."

on the stage: that of causing his words to seem like thoughts overheard, not lines committed to memory.

Romance, Poetry and Beauty.

You haven't seen a musical romance until "The Vagabond King" is revealed to your delighted eyes. This is written without reservation, for mine have seen them all and it surpasses the best of them. First, because it is a fine picture and would be so without musical embellishment. This means it has a story of substance and adult emotions, brilliantly acted by players who express themselves in language instead of words of one syllable.

They are characters in a spectacle that moves stirringly, constantly, with never a moment of empty pageantry, though the beauty and sumptuousness of palace chamber, throne room, and rose garden are always evident.

Photographed entirely in Technicolor, more subtle use of the process is achieved than in any other picture. For instead of rainbow hues, color is used to express the mood of each episode in this romance of *François Villon*, vagabond poet of fifteenth-century France, and the niece of *King Louis XI*. Incidentally, for the benefit of those with good memories, it should be noted that the picture follows more closely the play "If I Were King" than the operetta whose title it bears. But Rudolph Friml's musicianly score and haunting airs are used with splendid effect, and the picture emerges as a musical offering with the dignity and credibility of drama. Yet this is not to imply that it is tainted with the stigma of highbrow, for it is not. Only, of course, the story of the vagabond who is made marshal of France by the king, with the gallows his fate after seven days of power and plenty, is scarcely of the current "Oh, yeah?" school of dramatics.

Nor is Dennis King, as *Villon*, of that tribe of actors. He is instead an artist, whose portrayal of *Villon* is worthy of the best in the theater. Both in song and speech his voice is arresting, vibrant, and charged with meaning. He is youthful and magnetic, though he doesn't resemble your favorite juvenile by any means. But then you can't find *Hamlet* and Buddy Rogers combined. Equally fine is O. P. Heggie, whose *Louis XI* is a masterpiece of cunning senility and querulous humor.

Warner Oland, Lillian Roth, and Arthur Stone are thoroughly at home in this distinguished company, but Jeanette MacDonald, as the king's niece, is not. She is a symphony of pastel beauty and she sings prettily—a rare enough combination—but her speech is shallow though commendably distinct. But alackaday, when she mounts the scaffold to offer her life for *Villon's* she does so in the tones of a precise schoolgirl asking for a strawberry sundae with an extra coating of marshmallow. This being the climax of the picture, and a moment fraught with spiritual exaltation, it is not triumphant for the actress.

When the Welkin Rings.

There are no two ways of considering Lawrence Tibbett, the operatic baritone, who makes his film début in "The Rogue Song." Either you like him vastly, because of his vim and vigor—not to mention his truly magnificent voice—or you find these very qualities rather disturbing. For Mr. Tibbett makes the welkin ring when he sings, threatening to shatter the microphone in the outpouring of his powerful voice. But it is music—don't forget that—and not merely the vocal ardor of an artist who wants to be sure of getting over in a big way. He gives plenteously of himself, both in song and speech, to "The Rogue Song." In fact, so dominant is he that the picture fades into comparative unimportance and the supporting players become, in retrospect, dim shadows, though they are wraiths of rainbow hue, for the picture is photographed entirely in Technicolor.

It has pre-war Russia for its locale, Mr. Tibbett playing *Yegor*, a bandit who gives rather than takes, for one sees him commit no depredations, but often hears him say, "Wouldn't you like to hear a little song I made up about you?" And no one says him nay. Attracted to a beautiful, chilly princess, he realizes the gulf that separates them. But on learning that her brother is the betrayer of his sister, he kidnaps *Vera*, takes her to the mountains and makes her love him until they are torn apart for an unhappy ending.

Catherine Dale Owen, who is making a reputation for herself in portraying blue-blooded reluctance, is the princess. And the thought came to me, "Why, she's Lorelei Lee, with the face of a Burne-Jones angel!" And I couldn't get it out of my mind, for she is that beautiful. Florence Lake is *Yegor's* sister, and Laurel and Hardy impose—I won't say contribute—comic relief. Now I reconsider it, it isn't comic, either.

The Sphinx Speaks.

The voice that shook the world! It's Greta Garbo's, of course, and for the life of me I can't decide whether it's baritone or bass. She makes it heard for the first time on the screen in "Anna Christie," and there isn't another like it. Disturbing, incongruous, its individuality is so pronounced that it could belong to no one less strongly individual than Garbo herself. Yet it doesn't wholly belong to her, but seems to be a trick of the microphone in exaggerating what in real life probably is merely a low-keyed voice slightly husky. But hear it for yourself. Possibly the sound equipment in your theater will give it different and pleasanter tonal values.

In choosing *Anna Christie* for her audible début, the Swedish star attempts one of the most difficult rôles in the contemporary theater. The part is almost a monologue, a test for an actress experienced in speech, a brave feat for one who is not. And Garbo makes a magnificent effort, a gallant fight against great odds. She emerges not quite victorious, but crowned with laurels, nevertheless, for her courage. For she can do no wrong.

The story of "Anna Christie" is unlike any of Garbo's former pictures. Its ruthless frankness will perhaps jar those who look for her as a glamorous lady pining for love. Here she wrestles with it. A street walker, she comes to live with her father, captain of a coal barge, who fondly believes his *Anna* is innocent. And so she seems to *Matt,* a stoker who is hauled aboard the barge from a shipwreck. *Anna* fights the love she feels for him, because of her hate for all men, and her father fights him for trying to take his daughter away. When the conflict of wills reaches its height, *Anna* bitterly flings the truth about herself at them. In the end *Matt* decides that nothing matters but their future together.

Charles Bickford is *Matt,* an ideal choice, and George Marion again is the father of the silent film, as he was of the stage original. But Marie Dressler gives the outstanding performance as *Marthy,* a sailor's sweetheart of unlimited experience.

When Is a Star?

Harry Richman, the boy of Clara Bow's dreams, makes his screen début in "Puttin' on the Ritz." Though nominally the star, he is the least attractive member of the cast and is made more so by the support of Joan Bennett, Lilyan Tashman, Aileen Pringle, and James Gleason, all of whom unite in taking the picture away from him so wholeheartedly as to cause you to believe that any one of them could have done it single-handed. Mr. Richman is said to be at his best as an invisible singer on phonograph records, though he is not miscast as a vaudeville singer who becomes successful, opens his own night club, humiliates his fiancée and gives friends of his lean days the ritz.

For this, you see, is yet another of the stories about the private lives of stage performers. It contains nothing startlingly new except some extremely clever staging, notably in the number exploiting the song "Puttin' on the Ritz," by Irving Berlin, and a charmingly imaginative visualization of characters from "Alice In Wonderland" in Technicolor. This is extraordinarily good, with Joan Bennett a most delectable *Alice.* But the story is just routine, with nothing that hasn't been seen many times before, including a character who presumably atones for his shortcomings by alcoholic blindness. But this at least achieves a happy ending, for it stands in the way of Mr. Richman's marriage to Miss Bennett.

In Fairness to Mr. Barthelmess.

The art of Richard Barthelmess having eluded me of late, it seems only fair to those of his fans who resent my lack of enthusiasm to submit a brief report of "Son of the Gods," that the amenities may be preserved and my impartiality established. [Continued on page 96]



"Anna Christie."



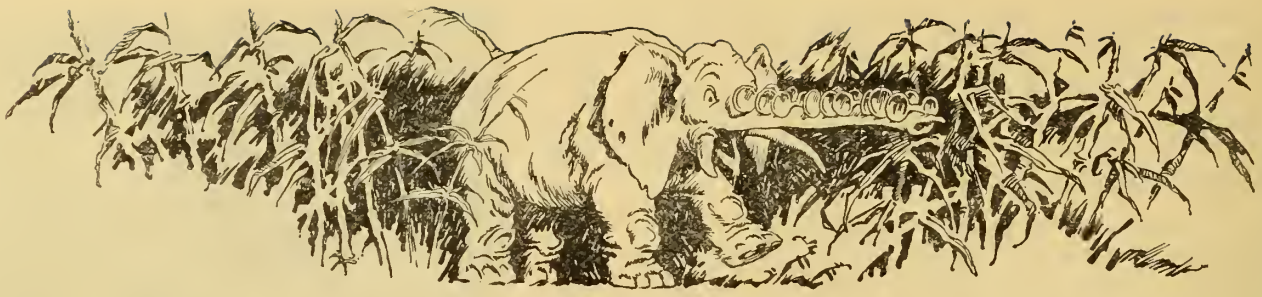
"Son of the Gods."



"New York Nights."



"Their Own Desire."



The Stroller

Some observations one usually doesn't hear about Hollywood and its people.

By Neville Reay

Illustrated by Lui Trugo

THE hectic art of previewing motion pictures for magazines and newspapers has become a dizzy run-around calling for the ingenuity of a Scotland Yard investigator.

This headlong dashing to a distant theater to get an advance glimpse of a bad picture is scarcely worth the effort expended by the reviewers. But it is typical of Hollywood. All one needs is a rumor and away go dozens of glaring-eyed reporters to trace down, with fanatical fury, anything from a secret preview to who killed William Desmond Taylor.

Hollywood has been so moral that it had to dig into the closet and rattle a few old bones to convince the world that it is really a wicked place. Having rattled the bones it threw a twelve, as is usually the case, and for only a brief moment was the preview chase lessened. If one wished to introduce the honorable game of snipe hunting here, it would be taken up with an avidity which would leave every one holding the sack and waving a lantern aloft, squawking like a male preview to its mate in the effort to decoy a little preview into the Hollywood region.

Nothing is more secret than a secret preview—unless it is an opening night at the Chinese Theater.

Hollywood producers get their biggest thrill out of being a small group who know something that the majority doesn't know. So, naturally, their previews are very secret. To find out if a picture meets with approval, this battle of wits(?) is begun by the inspired previewer—usually a producer.

He calls a number. "Got the place?" he asks. "San Bernardino? Let's run the stuff at five thirty o'clock. That'll get us there in time for the party."

Then, in one case I know, the picture was packed into a car with all the pomp surrounding the taking of a gangster for a ride. Curtains were drawn and mufflers pulled up over faces. Then the car sped out of the studio and dashed away.

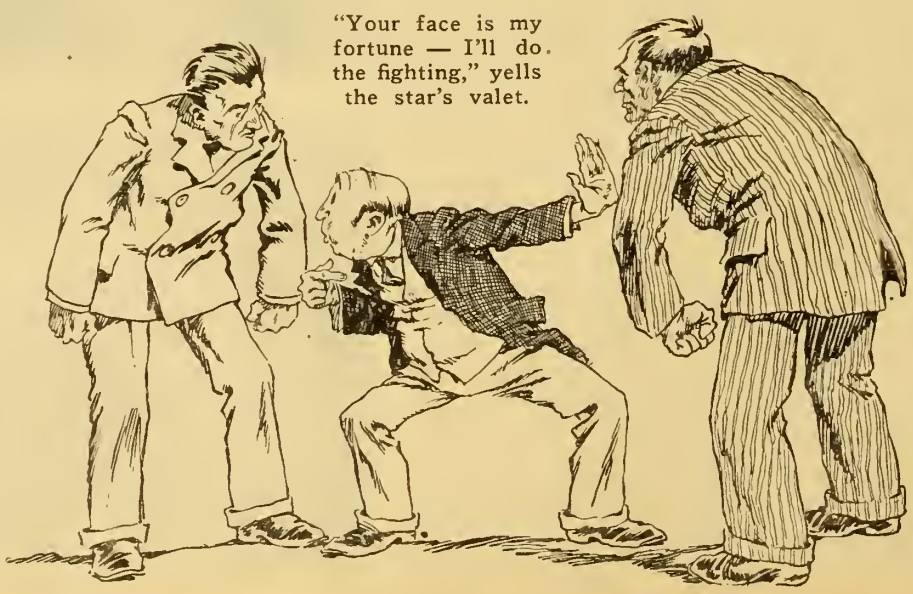
The studio gate was closed for fifteen minutes so no employees could follow in their cars. There were big doings in Hollywood. The child was kidnaped and spirited away without a pursuer.

About half an hour later, the prohibition squad caught up and, with sirens shrieking, stopped the car and made a search.

A ten-minute argument convinced the nimble wits that the cases contained Hollywood film, not bathtub gin. "But somebody told me you were running something to San Berdoo," puzzled the cops as they drove away.

The preview? Ah, yes. The projection machine made Sonya's singing sound like a neighing equine in a Ken Maynard talkie. And the projection operator let the voices vary in volume from the soft words of a director promising to make the little girl a star, to the bellowing of a hog-calling contest. The players stumbled along all right for a while, started to shout, and then fell victims to mechanical laryngitis.

"I'm glad we brought the picture sixty miles out, with such terrible projection," said the director. "We've certainly got a lot to change before we are through."



"Your face is my fortune — I'll do the fighting," yells the star's valet.

Then it was over and the little group left the theater. The lobby was packed with people. The director recognized some one. Then another and another. Every reviewer from Hollywood was there.

"A fine preview," said the producer, "and as secret as a star's divorce."

"How do you suppose they found out? I'll ask one. Say, Jack," called the director, "how did you find out about the preview? Who told you?"

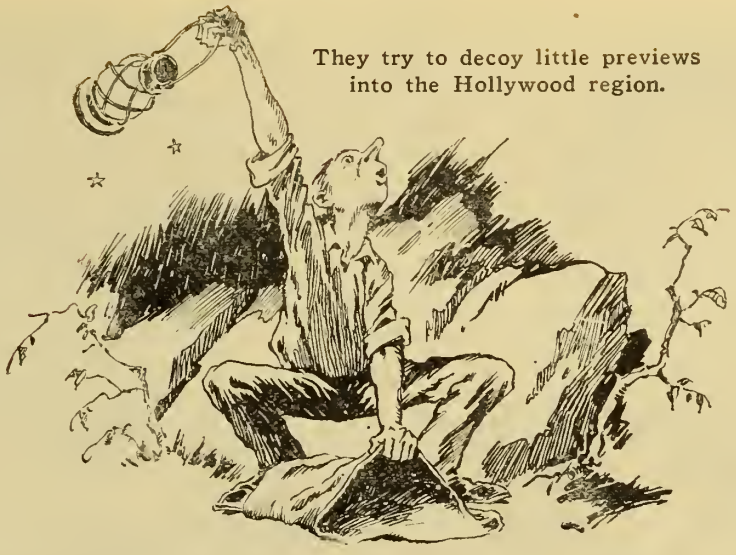
"No one."

"Then how did you get here?"

"Followed you."

"But I might have been going to spend the week-end with my Aunt Alice. How did you spot the preview?"

"Since you insist—it was mostly by smell."



They try to decoy little previews into the Hollywood region.

Rudy Vallée, the radio voice, is very angry. He made a picture called "The Vagabond Lover"—you know, just one of those things.

He went into a theater in New York to see a picture. Not his own, by chance. But his was coming next, and there was a trailer for it with a big, luring title, "Men Hate Him—Women Love Him!"

Rudy is reported to have gone to a high executive and objected, "That's only half true."

To which the executive is reported to have replied, "Yes, and we'd never agree on which half it was."

The mobbing of screen celebrities by townspeople along the personal-appearance routes has blossomed out again.

Or maybe it never died out. I've been away from the hinterland for so long. But I do remember seeing a crowd of harpies chasing Eugene O'Brien down an alley after a matinée, intent on tearing him limb from limb for souvenir purposes.

Stories are trickling in on Esther Ralston's trip.

She came out of a theater—was confronted by a swaying mob—men and women rushed up. They pinched her arms and legs to see if she were real. Then they poked her in the face. Following which they started tearing off her lace dress. One man grabbed her hand and nearly tore her arm off trying to strip off her glove. By the time police arrived she was almost down to her step-ins. And just as she was bundled into her car, a great Amazon slapped her on the back so hard she knocked the girl's breath out.

I have often read that the reason for stars is that the public likes to hero worship and create demigods. Either we are losing our ideals, or else the stars should consider themselves lucky that they were not Olympian deities.

Once upon a time—last week—a Hollywood refraction expert hit upon a special kind of lens for projecting film upon a screen and eliminating the slight distortion due to the angle of throw.

This is very technical, but one must be versatile. You see, at present films are projected so that the players are stretched upward. This new device made the screen show the players in the exact proportions of the photographed film.

Well, anyway, the inventor thought he was about to become a millionaire overnight. So they tried it out. The only result was that the audience complained that the cast was entirely too fat, and they couldn't get excited over the romance of sideshow freaks.

But a new field is opened by which the projected images may be distorted in all possible ways, as the mirrors do to you in the laughing gallery at the county fair.

Then the producer can knock down salaries with his threats.

"If you don't sign this new contract we'll make you look so fat your Aunt Jemima will hide your picture." Or, "If you sign we'll stretch you out so your fat won't show."

Then our entertainment will be dependent on the whim of the producer and we will be seeing casts of toothpicks or dumplings, with an occasional normal when we have an all-contract cast. The possibilities of vengeance are limitless.

According to a magazine writer, a press agent is one of two things—a nuisance or a help.

He sits in on interviews and, if the star talks out of school, promptly "kills" the writer's big scoop by declaring it too scandalous to print. Often the interviewer plumbs a phase of the star's past which is new and hot. But with the press agent there—you just can't start probing forbidden depths. [Continued on page 110]



Some of the best interviews have been between press agent and writer, while the star snored on the couch.

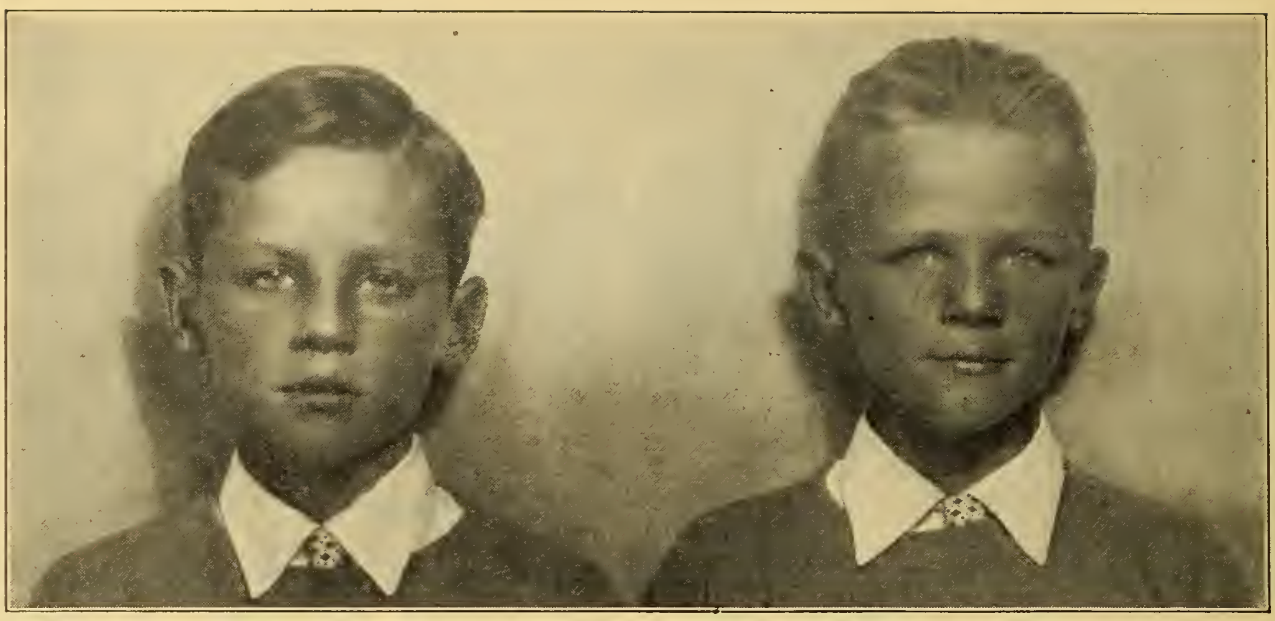


Photo by Louise

Lawrence, Jr., and Richard, the twin sons of Lawrence Tibbett, the singing star.

Are The Stars

Some of the players try to shield their children Gloria Swanson tells why in this article which takes

By Elza

LAST month I told how some of the players are rearing and educating their children, and introduced several of the very youngest generation of Hollywood. In this article I shall show what kind of parents some more of the stars are, and offer photographic and verbal evidence that will help you decide for yourself the question asked in the title above.

Gloria Swanson has long been recognized as one of Hollywood's most devoted mothers, and also most austere in the matter of "protecting" her children from the eyes of the world.

She has never had them photographed for publication and says she never will. What's more, knowing Miss Swanson, one may depend upon it that her determination will be fulfilled.

She exhibits a zeal for privacy that is so sincere it is almost touching. She feels that the less her daughter Gloria II, now ten years old, and her adopted boy of eight, are discussed in print, so very much the better for them. She believes that her children belong exclusively to her private life, that publishing their pictures in newspapers and magazines robs them of their individuality, that she herself would be a selfish mother by attracting attention to her children, insomuch as it would seem that she was trying to relive her life in theirs through publicity.

Miss Swanson will discuss at length her adamant attitude on these points.

The children are very companionable. Little Gloria, I am told, looks more like her famous mother every day. They attend the Beverly Hills public school, which is rated an exceptional institution in the lines of progressive education. They both take piano lessons and Gloria plays Mendelssohn's "Spring Song" in commendable fashion; they have a number of dogs as their pets. They romp and play and eat and live as any normal children.

Miss Swanson hopes very soon to take Gloria abroad for her education, in a convent in France, or one of those lovely, private schools in Switzerland, where, to quote Miss Swanson, "little Gloria may get away from the constant reminder that her mother is a famous actress, and where she will not be asked questions as to whether I am tall, or whether my hair is brown."

In defense of Miss Swanson, I must report that she explained to me that she does not mean to be grumbling about publicity. She added that if she did not like the movie business, she would get out of it, and that she resented having her private life discussed with the public by photographic evidence, or the written word.

"The first time I held my baby after she was born, I thrilled with the feeling of possession. That emotion be-



Hedda Hopper's son, Bill, is fourteen and in military school.

Photo by Louise



Lila, left, Helen, and J. Charles hold their father, Charles King, to a long count.

Good Parents?

from publicity as part of their elaborate care, and the reader into the real home life of Hollywood.

Schallert

comes stronger in me from year to year. And I am willing to fight to the last to protect my children."

Miss Swanson's attitude is not typical of Hollywood. Most of the parents feel that it is placing too much emphasis upon the children by making so much ado about them.

However, there are two young actresses who share Miss Swanson's viewpoint on the matter of protecting their private lives. They are Nancy Carroll and Joan Bennett, both of whom are mothers of daughters. Miss Carroll's child, Patricia, is three. Miss Bennett's daughter, Adrienne, named after her maternal grandmother, is a year and a half old.

Both Miss Carroll and Miss Bennett, who by the way, is the daughter of Richard Bennett and Adrienne Morrison, well-known stage players, are young women. Miss Carroll is, in her pictures, the college boys' sweetie. Maybe it detracts from their box-office appeal to have it known that they are mothers. But isn't this an old-fashioned viewpoint in this day and age? Does a matinée idol still have to conceal from the public—or try to—that he is married, because the knowledge of that fact makes him lose feminine admirers? Isn't this an echo of the dim, distant past?

On the matter of privacy—just what is it? Birth, death, marriage, divorce. These are vital statistics. They belong to the public.



Jack Mulhall, Jr., will doubtless give the future juveniles something to worry about.

They are printed in the newspapers every day of the week. Is not privacy rather a quality of heart and soul, which no one, not even husband, wife, family and, above all, the public, may share, lest they shatter it, if not destroy it?

I should like to illustrate with two extremely fond fathers. One is H. B. Warner and the other Charles King. The Warners have three children, and so have the Charles Kings. Mrs. King was of the stage in musical comedy, and is a cousin of George M. Cohan. Cohan's mother was the great influence in Mrs. King's life. She spent her girlhood under the Cohan roof, and it must have been a wonderful one, for the spirit of home was kept alive there, and also the tradition of the theater.

There are two girls in the Warner group, Joan, age ten, and Lorraine, aged eight. Harry, Jr., is six. A most unusual family pact is kept between Mr. and Mrs. Warner, that neither will at any time go away on a trip without one or two of the children. One of the parents always keeps the home fires burning, provided the entire family can't be together. The Warners have never broken their vow, and only a few times have they been able to spend their vacations together with the three children.

Being professionals of the stage many years before pictures claimed Mr. Warner, they anticipated the irregularities that were bound to come in their lives owing to the exactions of their calling.

When Joan was eight and a half her father took her with him to Europe. The year before Mrs. Warner took Lorraine to New York. And just a few months ago it was Harry's turn to go somewhere, so he accompanied his father to Honolulu.

"Just once," Mr. Warner confided to me, "I tried going away and leaving all the children with Mrs. Warner. She urged me to go to Lake Arrow-



Richard Barthelmess now forbids pictures of Mary Hay Barthelmess. Have a heart, Dick!

head, just a few hours out of Los Angeles. I did. And I nearly died of homesickness. The vacation sent me back home a wreck. It was the unhappiest respite I ever attempted to enjoy."

The Warner girls will finish their educations in Switzerland. "I am a firm believer in giving young women the dignified, old-world training that they get in those finishing schools," their father said. "My son will get a first-rate schooling and then be turned out into the world. If he wants to follow acting, as my father and I did on the stage, well and good, provided he has unusual talent, and will go into the work, as two generations of Warners did, by knowing their classics. But I shall not encourage him if the stage is at as low a literary ebb as it is to-day. Then, by all means, I would urge him to take up carpentering, or any work that is honest, sincere, conscientious labor—and respectable, and to stick to it.

"My daughter, Joan, is already trying to act. She came into dinner the other night magnificently made up as a Spanish *grande dame*. If her talents run toward acting, I shall bring them out and help direct them. I shall take her through the lives of the great artists and actresses; I shall encourage her to love Shakespeare; I shall take her to Paris over the very ground where I spent my student days."

Charles King and his wife also trot their children with them all over this country and Europe. There was so much controversy over taking them to New York last winter, on account of school work, and the weather, that they finally decided they would go alone and leave the children with the nurse. Lila is nine, Helen seven, and J. Charles four.

Mrs. King contends her husband spent so much money telephoning from all points East, that they might just as well have taken all the children, plus the nurse, with them. That was only from the monetary standpoint. As to the personal reproaches King made himself, his wife never wants to go through the experience again.

George Bancroft has a charming daughter, Georgette, of twelve summers, who is almost a twin of her father in looks. Mrs. Bancroft was of the stage, having played in stock for twenty years. Georgette attends Urban Seminary and speaks French well. She takes dancing and riding lessons, and demonstrates her prowess in the latter almost every Sunday on long rides with her father in Brentwood, where they live. Brentwood is a beautiful suburb between Los Angeles and the sea.

Zasu Pitts and her children also live in Brentwood. Tom Gallery, Zasu's husband, was formerly in pictures and is now a manager of players. Little Ann is seven, a lovely, quaint child. Donald Michael, also seven, is the little boy Barbara La Marr adopted from a foundling home in Texas three years before her death.

Zasu kept Donald during Barbara's final illness, and after her passing adopted him legally.

Photo by Dyar



George Bancroft's daughter, Georgette, twelve, has her riding, dancing and French lessons already.

Zasu Pitts, with her daughter, Ann, and adopted son, Donald Michael.

Photo by Stuche



A picture of Barbara is on the little fellow's dresser, and he refers to her as his "Mamma who went to heaven."

Richard Barthelmess' little girl is five. She is named Mary, after her mother, Mary Hay, of musical comedy. The present Mrs. Barthelmess has a son by a previous marriage, of the same age.

Mr. Barthelmess does not favor pictures of his child, either, and makes a plea for privacy.

The Chaplin boys, who are in the custody of their mother, Lita Grey Chaplin, are four and five years old. Charles, Jr., is the elder, and Sydney the younger.

Enid Bennett's and Fred Niblo's children are Loris, Peter, and Judith. Lovely names of lovely children. Loris is eight, Peter is four, and Judith is one and a half.

Hedda Hopper's son is handsome, stalwart, and fourteen. His name is Bill, and he goes to military school.

The Victor McLaglen children are nine and six and a half years old. Andrew is the elder. Sheila shows marked musical talent, which she probably inherits from her mother's side, as Mrs. McLaglen's father was an accomplished pianist. Andrew is the shining light of his father's life. The two of them ride whenever possible on Sundays through the bridle paths of Beverly. Andrew has a white pony.

Sheila and Faith Brook often have tea parties. Faith is the seven-year-old daughter of Clive Brook. Clive, Jr., is three.

Stan Laurel has a daughter two years of age, named after her mother, Lois. Eleanor Boardman's daughter is one year and a half old. Alice Joyce has two daughters, Alice Moore, aged thirteen, the daughter of Tom Moore, Miss Joyce's first husband, and Peggy Regan, aged seven.

Hobart Bosworth has a son of nine years. Lupino Lane's boy is ten. Colonel Tim McCoy has four children, two boys and two girls. Will Rogers has two boys and a girl; Will, Jr., is eighteen and Mary is fifteen. Doris Kenyon and Milton Sills' son, Charles Kenyon Sills, is nearly two years old. Lewis Stone has a daughter nearly eighteen. Lon Chaney's son is twenty-three. Winifred Westover's and William S. Hart's son is seven. Leatrice II, daughter of Leatrice Joy and John Gilbert, is five. Buster Keaton's boys, Joseph and Robert, are seven and five, respectively. Tom Mix's daughter, Thomasina, is six. Ernest Torrence's son is about twenty-three.

William Powell has a son named after him, William David Powell, who is four. Alan Hale has two children, a boy and girl. The boy is twelve. John Boles has a boy and a girl, of six and eight years, respectively. Lila Lee's and James Kirkwood's son is five years. Mae Murray's and

Continued on page 107



Photo by Keystone

The cute youngsters of Enid Bennett and Fred Niblo are named Loris, Peter, and Judith, the latter being the baby.



Gloria Lloyd, Harold's little girl, has her own tiny house.

Warner—As He Is

A friendly microscope is focused on the character and career of Mr. Baxter, with some little-known facts revealed for the first time.

By Margaret Reid

HE looks like a banker—and is best known for his Latin rôles. Of sober, Anglo-Saxon lineage, he yet brings to such rôles as *The Cisco Kid* an understanding and fire. An anomaly only explained by what must be histrionic talent.

Talent he indubitably possesses. Even at ten years of age he was conscious of its existence. Discarding a desire to become a street-car conductor, his interests were transferred to the stage for no tangible reason.

His mother, sole custodian since the death of his banker-father a few months after Warner's birth in 1893, disapproved of her son's greedy taste for books on actors and theaters. She sought to interest him in the pleasures of school in Columbus, Ohio. Little Warner meekly acquiesced.

Through grammar and high school he was the backbone of their numerous dramatic societies—acting, directing, and glibly writing songs, plays, or sketches, as the occasion demanded. He developed a singing voice and, before his graduation from high school, had attained some repute as an entertainer.

Finishing high school, his mother wanted him to go to college and Warner wanted to go on the stage. Impasse. So Warner became a salesman of farm implements.

His persistent ambition was no secret from his friends. They thought he was a trifle crazy. A man should have a business and play acting was no business. Nevertheless, when a friend heard of a possible opportunity, he gave Warner the tip.



Warner Baxter was once a salesman of farm implements.

Dorothy Shoemaker, of erstwhile vaudeville fame, was sending out a desperate S O S. Her partner had fallen ill on Saturday night. Miss Shoemaker was to open the following afternoon. Warner's friend had met her and to him, as well as every one else, she confided her quandary. The friend suggested Warner. Miss Shoemaker was willing to take "anything," and sent for him, postponing her opening.

The eager salesman of farm implements was hired on Sunday, learned two songs and the "business," and went on Monday afternoon. And remained with the act for two months, laughing reminiscently at the memory of plows and binders.

Mrs. Baxter found out. Maybe she still thought the stage no place for ambitious young men. Maybe she thought Warner had no place on the stage. There were domestic storms. And Warner was put in charge of the branch of the Travelers' Insurance Company in Philadelphia.

Insurance irked him considerably. He resigned abruptly, drew his savings out of the bank and invested in a half interest in a garage in Tulsa, Oklahoma. The garage died a swift death and there was Warner in Tulsa, a most illogical place to be. An even more illogical place to be when completely broke.

Convinced that business was not his *métier* and, safely removed from the shocked eyes of his mother, Warner set out for Texas. In Dallas he forced his way into the North Brothers stock company. Salesmanship gave him entrée. Because he happened to be a good actor, he stayed for two years, doing juvenile leads. Later graduating to leading man, at the then neat salary of thirty dollars a week.

Out of this munificent pay, he accumulated another bank roll and, bidding grand farewell to the stage, set out for moving pictures.

Arrived in Los Angeles, he set to work storming the citadel that was to be his next conquest. But something had gone wrong. For six months he canvassed the studios, but the studios showed no interest. Finally convinced that the movies, like business, were out of his line, he retreated to native ground.

The Burbank stock company was then one of Los Angeles' leading theatrical enterprises. Warner had no difficulty in effecting a contract. As leading man with Burbank, he remained in Los Angeles seven years, making no further assaults on the cinema suburb eight miles out of town. Remained, indeed, until Oliver Morosco sent him to New York for a rôle in "Lombardi, Ltd."

Rehearsals introduced him to Winifred Bryson, of the same cast. On the day the show opened Miss Bryson became Mrs. Baxter. And Miss Bryson is still Mrs. Baxter.

After several New York appearances, Warner returned to Los Angeles as leading man of the Morosco company. Because a capricious fate likes to order affairs that way, this time old Mountain Movie came to Mahomet Warner. Scarcely had he begun activities in the Morosco Theater, when Elmer Harris sought him out and insisted that he play opposite Ethel Clayton, in "Her Own Money."

Trying to dovetail his film début with rehearsals for "A Tailor-made Man," gave Warner eighteen-hour days for several weeks. Demands for his services to the movie public came hot and heavy after his initial appearance with Miss Clayton. After a while he gave up the stage entirely.

Followed a period in which the Baxter physiognomy graced more pictures than could possibly be listed, without crowding out advertisements for parlor games, *brassières,* and floor varnishes. During this time it was the

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Photo by Philip Newberg

Warner Baxter is a stickler for neatness and order; he can't tell a funny story, and he is never too preoccupied to be considerate of any and every one. But these are only a few of Margaret Reid's discoveries opposite.



Ramon's Song

Again Mr. Novarro's singing will charm and thrill in "The House of Troy."







At top of page Ramon Novarro, as *Ricardo,* is wounded in a duel with Herbert Clark, as *Octavio.*

John Miljan, above, interrupts the forbidden love-making of Mr. Novarro and Lottice Howell, as *La Goyita,* a notorious dancer.

In the oval, center, is seen *Ricardo* entranced by the siren's dancing.

Dorothy Jordan, above, who was the heroine in "Devil-May-Care," again charms as *Carmina,* the girl chosen by *Ricardo's* father for him, and Mr. Novarro and Herbert Clark become rivals.

Ramon Novarro, below, introduces David Scott, as *Ernesto,* to his friends at "The House of Troy," a students' boarding house.



The Love Of *Louanne*

She's Dorothy Mackaill, in "Bright Lights," so it's no wonder there's plenty of the tender passion.



Photo by Elmer Fryer

Miss Mackaill, left, as *Louanne,* is the dancing star of a Broadway revue, who becomes engaged to a millionaire's son, only to discover that he is a coward.

Miss Mackaill, right, wears many costumes as sumptuous as they are daring, and dances her way through innumerable spectacular numbers until tragedy stalks back stage.



Photo by Elmer Fryer



Frank Fay, center, whom you remember as master of ceremonies in "The Show of Shows," is *Wally Dean,* also of the revue, who silently adores Miss Mackaill.

The scene, below, is one of the stages in the progress of *Louanne* from obscurity in South Africa to fame on Broadway.



Her Strange

Corinne Griffith and Grant Withers, in "Back Pay," cause amazement and bring the







Corinne Griffith, above, as *Hester,* is permitted by her protector to marry Grant Withers, as a blind ex-soldier, to make his last days happy.



Corinne Griffith, above, as *Hester Bevins,* leaves the dreary home in the town where she was born, refusing the love of the poor young fellow who wants to marry her, and soon wears chinchilla without benefit of a husband.

In the center is seen Miss Griffith, as *Hester,* back home in the simple, unsophisticated days before beginning her worldly career.

Miss Griffith, right, as *Hester,* rides on her bicycle to the poor place she calls home, but dreads to look at the scene of so many dreams that never came true.

Marriage

become husband and wife under circumstances that peace that passeth understanding.



Miss Griffith, above, visits the hospital where Grant Withers, as her girlhood sweetheart, is a patient whose days are numbered.







Corinne Griffith, above, as *Hester,* emerges from a bath to greet a masculine caller who is all eyes for her charming disarray.

Miss Griffith, in the center oval, portrays a moment of indecision in the life of a heroine who usually knows exactly what to do.

Miss Griffith and Mr. Withers, left, in the days of the idyllic courtship which later inspires her to marry him out of pity, little dreaming what the consequences will be.



Always Merry

That's the prescription for every ers in "Let's Go Native," seem to ing up





Jack Oakie, at top of page, left, as *Voltaire McGinnis,* a former taxi driver, leads the ensemble in a song and dance aboard the ship bound for Buenos Aires.

David Newell, above, as *Chief Officer Williams,* and Jeanette MacDonald, as *Joan Wood,* are principals in a budding romance under the tropic moon.

Jack Oakie, James Hall, and William Austin, left, are stokers in this madly merry tale of a group of sophisticates cast up on a fabulous island.

Jack Oakie, lower left, is the object of amorous advances from Kay Francis, as *Constance Cooke,* an heiress.



Below is seen the aftermath of a shipwreck as it occurs in musical comedy, with James Hall, left, Jeanette MacDonald, Kay Francis, Jack Oakie, and, in the distance, William Austin.



And Bright

musical comedy, and all the play-have succeeded admirably in liv-to it.







At top of page, right, Miss MacDonald, Mr. Oakie, and Mr. Austin are received by "Skeets" Gallagher as king of the island, formerly of Brooklyn.

Kay Francis, above, finds no difficulty and little pleasure in adding James Hall to her suitors.

Mr. Austin, Mr. Hall, Mr. Newell, and Mr. Oakie, right, come to the rescue of Miss MacDonald.

Eugene Pallette, at bottom of page, right, informs Miss MacDonald, as *Joan Wood,* the bankrupt heroine, that he has come to dispossess her.

James Hall, below, as *Wally Wendell,* introduces Mr. Oakie, as the taxi driver, to Mr. Austin and Mr. Newell.







"The Big Pond"

Maurice Chevalier's new picture is the story of an impoverished Frenchman who comes to America and beats big business at its own game.



Of course, *Pierre,* above, wins the devotion of Elaine Koch, as *Jennie,* a little maid-of-all-work.

Mr. Chevalier, at top of page, as *Pierre Mirande,* kidnaps Claudette Colbert, as *Barbara Billings,* an heiress.

Miss Colbert and Mr. Chevalier, right, in a close-up.







Pierre, above, is lodged in a workmen's boarding house as part of the discipline meted out by *Barbara's* father, but Andrée Corday, as the proprietress, sees to it that he lacks nothing.

At first resented by his fellow boarders, *Pierre,* left, wins them with his inimitable songs and mimicry.

Blame Hollywood For This

A clever observer of feminine fashions explains wittily why the movies are responsible for the trailing draperies, flounces, frills, and furbelows of the new mode.

By Elsi Que

HOLLYWOOD, subtle in so few things, is subtly to blame for the awful 1930 feminine fashions which have descended like a blight on a world still staggering from the pajamaphobia epidemic of last summer.

Strangely enough, the pajama distemper didn't originate in Hollywood, and wouldn't have caused a ripple there had it done so. Strollers along its boulevards are daily treated to much weirder sights than gentlemen determinedly parading in their *robes de nuit*.

The disease was confined to a comparatively small area along the Atlantic seaboard, and while virulent, usually ran its course in from twelve to twenty-four hours, at the end of which period the victim was either out of danger, or in jail.

It wasn't the heat, it was the timidity, that checked man's ineffectual gesture toward sartorial freedom at almost the very moment when woman was deliberately relinquishing the joys of brevity and simplicity in dress.

The midsummer fashion conferences in Paris saw the casting of the die. It was during those fateful, mysterious gatherings of the world's foremost designers that the autocratic thing known to all women as the silhouette was born. Hollywood is to blame—in two ways—for the monstrosity that came into being late in August, first by suggestion, second by reaction.

For a number of years now the fashion capital has been competing with the film capital in the matter of style setting. But whereas Hollywood may suggest, Paris must agree before a fad can become a mode. It was the screen girls who shortened skirts almost to the vanishing point a few seasons ago; but, as always, Paris had to put the stamp of approval on knees before the *haut monde* would accept them. After Parisian designers had deftly appropriated the idea, it mattered not whether knees were knock, bow, elephantine, or chopstick—so long as they were exposed they were fashionable.





Sally Starr, above, succumbs completely to the "delirium trimmings" of the new styles.

Helene Millard, left, helps the vogue of trailing skirts.

Anita Page, right, disguised almost beyond recognition in a smart three-tiered frock.

We are given to understand by no less an authority than Howard Greer, Hollywood fashion expert, that certain actresses subject to fits of "delirium trimmings"—we mention no names—are actually responsible for the trailing draperies, pinched-in waists, flounces, frills, and furbelows that mark the 1930 "sillyhoot." If this be true, and if there is room for a conscience in the craniums of these traitors to their sex, may they suffer the tortures of Elizabethan corsets before their guilt is expiated!

Mr. Greer bitterly deplores this reversion to comic-valentine styles, as all true lovers of beauty and line must deplore it. But our own view is that he, like so many Hollywoodians, is inclined to attach too much importance to the vagaries of the film town.

I believe that Paris has chosen this season's fashions for a satirical revenge on Hollywood and all Hollywood stands for—youth, freedom, and defiance of convention. The old town on the banks of the Seine will always have the last word. Driven to desperation by mutton demanding to be dressed as lamb, the *couturières* of Rue de la Paix have flamed into revolt. They have sounded the tocsin against the boyish figure, the athletic stride and the close-cropped head, and Hollywood has meekly fallen into line.

Not only is the cushioned *femme* to be given a break in the next few years, but the tall, statuesque beauty is hailed once more as the ideal type.

Undoubtedly Greta Garbo has influenced this change to some extent. Arriving as she did at a moment when cute flappers dominated the screen, the long, languid Swede scuttled the flapper ship with her first predatory glide across our ken. There was no effort involved in it. Greta didn't lift a finger to confirm or defy the prevailing belief that girls must be little and cuddly to be attractive. She simply walked on—and stopped the show.

Sick unto death as we were of gin-guzzling, nicotine-redolent cute kids and

Continued on page 115



Orgies You'd Love To Find

They exist mostly on the screen and in the imagination of those who have never attended parties of the movie folk, reports a pilgrim who was completely disillusioned after two months of fruitless effort to find some high-powered whoopee in Hollywood.

By Radie Harris

Illustrated by Lui Trugo

I SUBSCRIBE to the book club. I know my cigarettes blindfolded. I play bridge moderately well, and swear a good game of golf. I have lunched with Mary Pickford and call Buddy Rogers by his first name. And yet I hide my face and confess my shame. I am not "the life of the party." Nor am I what Emily Post would term a social success. And it's all because of Hollywood. Yes, Hollywood which has proved such a stepping-stone to some, was the means of my downfall. List to my sad tale.

Last summer I set out for the land of the rave and the home of the spree, with a purpose. Believe it or not, it was *not* to go in the movies. Rather was it to bring back a report to the ladies' uplift society on "Hollywood Orgies, and How They Are Staged." And since the nearest I ever got to an orgy was on the nineteenth day of the eighteen-day diet, you can imagine that it was no easy job for me.

The first person whose aid I enlisted was Patsy Ruth Miller. Pat hails from Missouri, so I was sure she would appreciate my desire to be shown an orgy. And, besides, Pat was engaged to Tay Garnett at the time, so the rest of the male population was in circulation again. Pat was very sweet and said, "Sure, come up this evening. I'm throwing a little party. Eddie Sutherland will call for you at eight o'clock."

Eddie Sutherland! Louise Brooks' and Marjorie Daw's "ex," and no one's present. How thrilling! I put on my best gown, the one I caught cold in the last time I wore it, and waited for Eddie to call.

He arrived driving his own car, and although the traffic wasn't very heavy, he kept both hands on the steering wheel. I guess he was thinking about the next picture he had to direct, because I didn't even have to adjust my make-up by the time we arrived at Pat's house.



The stop-and-go system of grabbing a bite and rushing to the next house does not apply to Laura La Plante's home.

Lots of other people were already there—Helen Ferguson, Lois Wilson, Lila Lee, and twelve men, none of whom were actors. I mean they *actually* weren't, and I was so disappointed I could have wept, only it would have spoiled my yellow frock—yellow spots so!

Every one was playing bridge, and there was a place for Eddie and me at Pat's table. I played pretty badly, because my mind was concentrating on the orgy. Pat must have sensed my uneasiness, because as early as eleven o'clock she suggested that we stop. I waited breathlessly for the orgy to begin. It did. Ice cream and cake was served, and then every one kissed each other good night, because it was late and they had to get up early next morning.

"But, Pat," I cried, "you promised me an orgy!"

"Darling, you would have had it," was Pat's unsympathetic retort, "if you played better bridge. I won $2.50, and if that isn't an orgy, I'd like to know what is!"

The next day was Sunday and Bebe Daniels invited me down to her beach house. At first I didn't want to go, as I felt that if her place were near the water it would have to be a clean orgy. But everybody said I was cuh-razy not to accept Bebe's invitation, because they are so rare that only a couple of hundred are issued each week. So on these grounds, plus the fact that I really am fond of Bebe and didn't want to disappoint her, I accepted.

Now Bebe has such a gorgeous place—forty rooms, but it's a home—and Bebe herself is such a stellar attraction that she plays to s. r. o. every Sunday.

The afternoon of my quest for an orgy, I spotted among the brilliant assemblage Buster Keaton and his wife, Natalie Talmadge; Louis Wolheim and his frau, "Skeets" Gallagher and bride, Bert Wheeler and the missus—it's simply amazing the way husbands in Hollywood travel around publicly with their wives. According to the society columns, it just isn't being done any more!—Beatrice Lillie, Ben Lyon, and many others.

I found Bebe undressed in a sun-tan bathing suit. You know the kind—marvelous for the feminine skin and wonderful for the masculine eyes. She was stretched on the sand, breathing deep of California's golden sunshine. So were Rubye De Remer, Norma Talmadge, Ben Lyon, and others. It looked like airing day at Saranac.

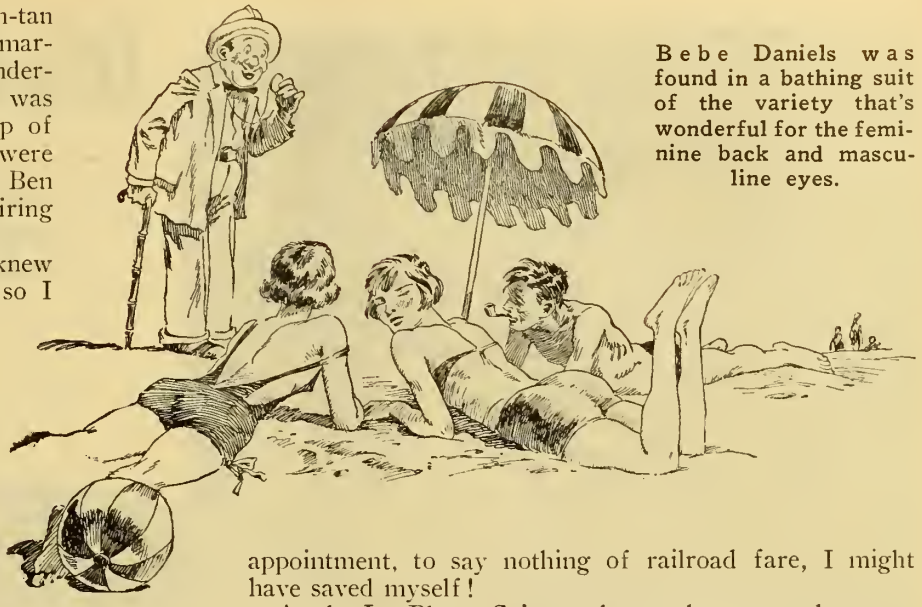
Bebe invited me to join them, but I knew I was much too restless to lie still, so I begged off with the excuse that I had just bathed the night before—Saturday—and, besides, my bathing suit was too old-fashioned. It had a back to it.

"But I'll have an orgy, instead," I whispered confidentially in Bebe's ear.

"What flavor?" piped up Buster Keaton, the eavesdropper.

"Purple, of course," said I.

"Razzberry!" said Louis Wolheim.



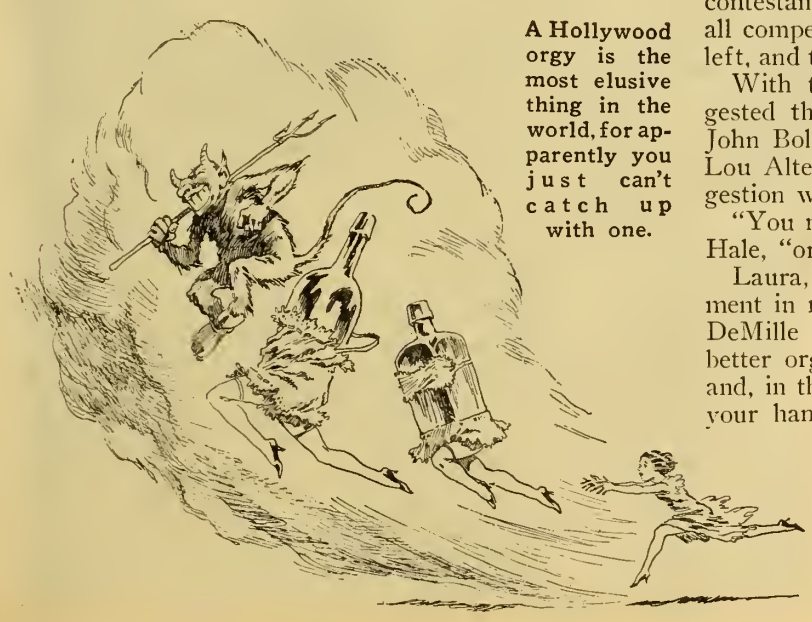
Bebe Daniels was found in a bathing suit of the variety that's wonderful for the feminine back and masculine eyes.

Bebe seemed quite agitated. She drew me off into a secluded corner. "I think it is only fair to tell you," she began. "You see I have two beach homes, an apartment in town, a mother, a fiancé and the title rôle in 'Rio Rita,' but I haven't any *orgies*. I know how disappointed you must be after your 3,000-mile trek out here in search of one, and I only wish I could coöperate with you, but, unfortunately, the only orgy I've ever seen in Hollywood is in Webster's dictionary."

And so saying, Bebe left me to go back to her guests for some contract bridge, while I growled all the way on the return trip to Hollywood.

However, being possessed of an optimistic nature—the result of boarding-school days at dear old Calhoun—rah! rah! rah!—I refused to become disheartened or thwarted in my purpose. And so when, a week later, Laura La Plante invited me down to her beach house, I accepted trustingly.

Laura lives ten miles north of Malibu, in an entirely different direction from Bebe, and as I sped along the wide, open road in her crimson car, I hugged myself with the thought that this was the road that was to lead me to bigger and better orgies. Alas, for such optimism! Would that I had known then what I know now, instead of letting experience be my teacher. What bitter disappointment, to say nothing of railroad fare, I might have saved myself!



A Hollywood orgy is the most elusive thing in the world, for apparently you just can't catch up with one.

At the La Plante-Seiter *ménage*, the stop-and-go system is not employed. You know the racket—just stop in for a minute, until the food is consumed, and then go on to some one else's home. At Laura and Bill's you are invited for the whole day, and "you" doesn't include half of Hollywood, but just a small gathering of friends.

On the day of my pilgrimage, the charmed circle included Joseph Schildkraut and his wife, Elise Bartlett, John Boles and his wife, Marcelite, Shirley Mason and her husband, Sidney Lanfield, Alan Hale and his wife, Gretchen Hartman, Lou Alter, and various members of the La Plante-Seiter clan.

"How about a little whoopee?" suggested Alan Hale, the jester.

I was so excited at this unexpected turn of events that I couldn't answer, but just nodded my head in vigorous affirmation.

And then what do you think happened? You'll never guess—not if you live to be as old as my Aunt Symphrosia—so I'll tell you. Every one assembled in the living room for target practice! Honest Injun, cross my heart!

Alan Hale's idea of whoopee was to see who could hit the target in the eye with the best score! When it came Shirley Mason's turn, Alan brought her a step-ladder so that she could stand up with the rest of the contestants, and when it came John Boles' turn, we were all compelled to leave the room. John swings a wicked left, and the result is more or less disastrous to onlookers.

With this revel soon exhausted, Elise Bartlett suggested that we eat, and Shirley Mason suggested that John Boles sing, and Joseph Schildkraut suggested that Lou Alter play, and I suggested an orgy. Every suggestion was seconded but mine.

"You mustn't be too suggestive, little girl," said Alan Hale, "or we won't be allowed to play with you."

Laura, angel that she is, saw the tears of disappointment in my eyes, and offered to take me to see a Cecil DeMille picture in the morning. "You'll see a much better orgy there, darling, then I could ever show you and, in the meantime, here is Joseph Schildkraut to kiss your hand and John Boles to drive you home. *"Que voulez-vous le plus encore?"*

Of course it was very disappointing.

The following evening was Lina Basquette's dinner party. Lina and Peverall Marley, who were married last year, travel around with the younger married set. And

Continued on page 116

It's Not Speed

The horse-and-buggy business still and a few standpatters in the cow antique forms of transportation prove and



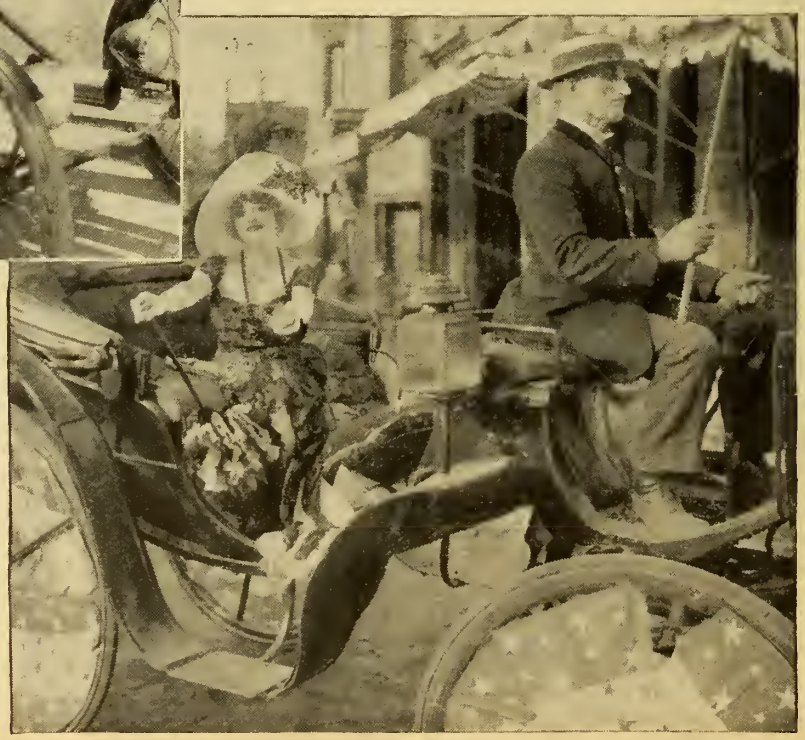
Children may still be told that ostriches hide their heads in the sand when you approach, but never do they behave that way when Sally Starr, above, visits the bird ranch.



Olive Golden, above, the missionary in "Trader Horn," gets a ride in a buggy that hasn't much speed, but ample control.



Reformers sometimes call the automobile a menace to modern youth, and here's the evidence, with Louise Fazenda, above, embracing that handsome and daring boulevardier, Clyde Cook, in a frightfully intimate manner right out where all the world may see.



Helen Morgan, right, revives in "Applause" a bit of the old days when burlesque had some entertainment value and advertised it with a parade.

That Counts

exists for the benefit of the movies and potato countries, and even more valuable aids to film romance now then.



It ain't the 'eavy 'aulin' as 'urts the 'oofs of George K. Arthur, above, in "China Bound"—he's squawking because he has to turn his back on Polly Moran and Josephine Dunn, and he wouldn't trust Karl Dane as far as he could sling him by the pigtail.



Going buggy riding with Carroll Nye, above, as the young master in "The Squall," caused poor *Nubi*, Myrna Loy, to lose her happy home.





Going hay riding is an old Irish custom, it seems, for everybody knows what to do, especially James Hall and Colleen Moore, above, in "Smiling Irish Eyes."

Gary Cooper and Richard Arlen, left, are front-seat candidates for teacher's pet while filming "The Virginian," but Mary Brian tells them to run along and study their lines, as a good little schoolmarm should.

Gosh, What

Did it ever occur to you that some of the stars ago, and that you never can tell what they may description of them as they were—and as

By Willard



Greta Garbo made her American début as a full-fledged vamp.

THESE film stars! Just now we have no more idea what Laura La Plante, Joan Crawford, or Alice White will be doing two years hence than we have of the present activities of the man in the moon!

It is not too much to say that Miss La Plante will be a portrayer of wicked adventuresses, Miss Crawford be languishing in tragedies, and Miss White chasing fireflies through country lanes.



It wasn't long ago that Colleen Moore was just another ingénue.

It is actually impossible to tell what screen actresses, whom we think we have nicely catalogued, will take a notion to do. They are launched on careers as lily-white maidens of virtue and charm, only to enter a new phase of their careers some time later in characterizations of black indiscretion, such as never before darkened our fair screen.

So, too, does the newest foreign vamp, heavily gilded with all that is French, turn into a Vilma Banky before she or the public can realize it. So do not become too enthusiastic over the manner in which some new damsel is heralded through the portals of Hollywood. She will very likely not be that way always.

If some one would show films of Colleen Moore in some of her rôles of five years ago, you would either say it was a very poor impersonator of the comical Colleen, or that it was some kind of practical joke. Nevertheless, it is a fact that the sprightly Miss Moore, who has been fairly bubbling over in a series of near-naughty-but-nice bits of hilarity of late, was not so long ago hobbling about on crutches, or pining away over nothing at all.

We cannot imagine her doing anything but frisking her impudent way through laugh festivals, and we may be truly thankful that she no longer enacts the forlorn rôles of yesteryear.

When Dolores del Rio was first presented to the American public, it was as a vamp. Had Miss del Rio been allowed to continue indefinitely in similar rôles, she probably would have gone the way of other movie sirens, and never would have blossomed into the brilliant actress revealed in such films as "Resurrection," "Ramona," and "Evangeline."

Her first three rôles, in "Joanna," "High Steppers," and "The Whole Town's Talking," were those of conventional women of the world, and do not deserve to be classed in her repertoire of triumphs.

A later rôle for Fox, in "The Gateway of the Moon," a decidedly kittenish part, did not stand up very well beside "Ramona" and "The Trail of '98," her other releases of that time. Here is an actress who, although a foreigner, belongs in the category that includes those other distinguished ladies of the screen, Irene Rich, Alice Joyce, and Florence Vidor. She should be cast in dignified, dramatic films, so her talent will not be wasted and her prestige endangered by inane rôles such as she had at first.

Aileen Pringle began her career as a heavy-lidded Glyn heroine.



A Difference!

you know to-day were very different a few years choose to be in the near future? This colorful they are—should be read by every fan.

Chamberlin

Certainly the Pauline Starke of to-day is not the tearful Pauline who limped through sick-sister rôles a few years past. Remember poor, wretched Pauline in plaid aprons, sometimes wan and ill, often lame, blind, or dumb? Any of a score of afflictions were heaped upon the pathetic Miss Starke. She lived in constant fear of death in garrets, in tenements, anywhere there was a corner to crawl into, tearful and alone with those crutches of hers.

Pauline Starke wrung more than one tear in such rôles, and to make matters worse, in one of her pictures there was a poor, sick Irish mother who died in the third or fourth reel, in the person of Colleen Moore!

Then, too, Miss Starke had a weakness for Kentucky mountain tales, in which she scampered timidly through the wildwood, arrayed in homespun creations. In fact, she made one of these not so long ago, "Sun-up," with Conrad Nagel as the barefoot boy.

These Blue Ridge epics were often quite as tearful as the others, as far as Pauline was concerned; the little hill girl standing in the cabin door, watching the sun that always set on the other side of the mountain. Those were the days when sentiment brought tears instead of giggles.

But is Pauline Starke now whimpering and suffering as of yore? Indeed, no! She has changed completely, and has abandoned cabins and tenements for modernistic apartments, and homespun for glittering sequins. Any one who saw her in "Dance Magic," "Women Love Diamonds," and "Man, Woman, and Wife," glimpsed a scintillating woman of sophistication, toying with men and jewels. Once in a while she is given rôles ranging from old-fashioned, through antique, to ancient and prehistoric, as, for instance, in "Captain Salvation," and "The Viking," while in "Streets of Shanghai" she was a missionary braving bandits in China. She can still cry and cringe, but for the most part Pauline has modernized materially, and her entire manner has changed from one of downtrodden despair to chic nonchalance. And five years ago we never would have believed Pauline Starke would ever become a member of the polished dilettanti!

Likewise Bessie Love. Her erstwhile rôles, though similar in a way to those of Miss Starke, were more juvenile, with Bessie wearing rompers and ribbons, with childish charm. She excelled in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" rôles—homely, gingham-clad girls. She lingers in the memory as hanging up sheets on a clothesline and stepping in the clothespin pail.

There was always a mongrel dog to act as Bessie's pal and confidante; and a nice, straightforward young man at whom she



And lovely Laura La Plante used to be plain and pudgy.



Beautiful Pauline Starke spent years limping through sick-sister rôles.

Harking back to the DeMille bathroom era, this is Leatrice Joy as she was then.



Gosh, What A Difference!



Dorothy Mackaill used to be colorless until comedy electrified her into a sparkling personality.

annoyingly colorless and lifeless. Miss Mackaill used to do snobby, dramatic rôles in which she wore unbecoming coiffures and sat about awkwardly. She had a peculiar way of making love by staring rather crossly at the gentleman of her choice, and then poking her face out like an ostrich. She seemed particularly unpleasant in "The Crystal Cup," in which she wore mannish attire and a boyish bob.

Then Dorothy discovered the genial Jack Mulhall who proceeded to tell her a funny joke she had not thought of hearing, and brought a nice, genuine smile to her indifferent countenance. Her dreadfully disarming chill was banished, and Dorothy is now almost on a par with Marion Davies in the art of clowning. She gets funnier in every picture. Praise be to Jack Mulhall, who introduced to us the real Dorothy Mackaill, a jolly girl we didn't know existed.

Even the Garbo has changed. The Garbo, the one and only exponent of subtle lure. She was introduced to a waiting America as a white-hot siren in Ibáñez's "Torrent." But when we look back at that Garbo who first illumined our screen, how disparagingly cold she seems! And to-day's Greta, whom we proudly point to as our own special brand of smart parlor-heater, is so much more the chic, the *svelte,* the worldly siren than was that frankly clumsy foreigner, who, when she made her first appearance, wore unbecoming clothes, who had not learned the rudiments of graceful carriage, nor the art of make-up. [Continued on page 114]



Bessie Love in her bread-and-butter days.

waved while leaning on the window sill. Sometimes poor, little Bessie was in an orphan asylum, one tragedy which Pauline Starke somehow escaped. And now we have a new and intriguing Bessie Love, the Bessie of "The Broadway Melody," "The Idle Rich," and "Hollywood Revue." She is still as girlish and irresistible as ever, but more delightfully gay and modern.



Dolores del Rio made a decidedly wrong start as a vamp.

Sometimes actresses whose screen reputations are molded into conventional vamp rôles find that they possess talent for farcical humor. They then proceed to combine comedy with their already-developed sex appeal, and play vamps with a smart sense of humor, only occasionally becoming serious. Lilyan Tashman, Gwen Lee, Dorothy Sebastian, and Margaret Livingston, are a few who have accomplished this.

These girls all started on careers of painted sin, intent on marriage spoiling and husband stealing. Then they decided it would be more fun to do their sinning with a sprinkling of humor. So they left the heavy vamping to Baclanova and a certain Miss Loy, and look what they did for every one concerned!

Dorothy Mackaill's bright sense of humor was not discovered until lately. It has certainly electrified this actress who used to be, in my opinion, rather

If you met her *now*, you'd know her..



BESSIE LOVE, in "Chasing Rainbows," a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture

Technicolor has painted her true image . . . as radiantly beautiful as the warm Hollywood sunshine finds her . . . youth aglow in her cheeks, her eyes and hair. What a thrill you receive when Technicolor transports your favorite stars from shadowland to *life* . . . when the vapory blacks and grays disappear and a rainbow of living color rests upon the screen. Technicolor captivates your eyes, your imagination. It brings you *real* men, *real* women . . . *just as they are* . . . with Nature herself mixing the colors.

SOME OF THE TECHNICOLOR PRODUCTIONS

BRIDE OF THE REGIMENT, with Vivienne Segal (First National); **BRIGHT LIGHTS,** with Dorothy Mackaill (First National); **DIXIANA,** with Bebe Daniels (Radio Pictures) Technicolor Sequences; **GOLDEN DAWN,** with Walter Woolf and Vivienne Segal (Warner Bros.); **HELL'S ANGELS,** with Ben Lyon (Cadda Productions) Technicolor Sequences; **HIT THE DECK,** with Jack Oakie and Polly Walker (Radio) Technicolor Sequences; **KING OF JAZZ,** starring Paul Whiteman (Universal); **MAMBA,** with Eleanor Boardman and Jean Hersholt (Tiffany); **MAMMY,** starring Al Jolson (Warner Bros.) Technicolor Sequences; **PARAMOUNT ON PARADE,** all-star revue (Paramount) Technicolor Sequences; **PUTTIN' ON THE RITZ,** starring Harry Richman (United Artists) Technicolor Sequences; **RADIO RAMBLERS,** with Bert Wheeler, Robert Woolsey and Dorothy Lee (Radio) Technicolor Sequences; **SALLY,** starring Marilyn Miller (First National); **SHOW GIRL IN HOLLYWOOD,** with Alice White (First National) Technicolor Sequences; **SON OF THE GODS,** starring Richard Barthelmess (First National) Technicolor Sequences; **SONG OF THE FLAME,** with Bernice Claire and Alexander Gray (First National); **SONG OF THE WEST,** with John Boles and Vivienne Segal (Warner Bros.); **THE ROGUE SONG,** with Lawrence Tibbett and Catherine Dale Owen (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer); **THE VAGABOND KING,** starring Dennis King, with Jeanette MacDonald (Paramount).

Technicolor
is natural color



The Sensational Talking Picture TRIUMPH of the Celebrated Beauty

VILMA BANKY

By Special Arrangement With Samuel Goldwyn

Gorgeous, glorious, glamorous Vilma Banky, famous star of many notable screen successes, now brings the full flower of her beauty, the full mastery of her art—to this great talking picture written by the famous American playwright, Sidney Howard.



A LADY TO LOVE



Like a flame in the dark, her youth and beauty light up the lonesome years of a middle-aged, tender and romantic Italian. He represents to her a haven of refuge from a drab, poverty-stricken existence. Then Youth calls to Youth—and a tense, enthralling, heart-rending drama develops, laying bare the human soul as only the master hand of a famous playwright like Sidney Howard can do. A drama replete with tender love interest—a story you'll always remember! With Edward G. Robinson and Robert Ames, directed by Victor Seastrom.

THE METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER CO. THE GREATEST STAR ON THE SCREEN

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

"More Stars Than There Are in Heaven"

Kibitzer

These players illustrate the habits of a pest which has flourished in the studio since the infancy of the movies.



Ivan Lebedeff, right, impersonates the kibitzer who offers unwanted suggestions to Bernice Claire and Alexander Gray in their game of cube blocks.

Robert Emmett O'Connor, below, gets all the thrills of a checker game by interrupting Jack Mulhall and Kay Francis with his advice.







Walter Pidgeon, above, himself a most tactful man, just can't let Vivienne Segal and Allan Prior indulge in chess between scenes, without balling things up by playing the game for them.

The kibitzer was brought to the screen, too, in the picture of that name, with Harry Green, left, playing the inveterate interferer and Neil Hamilton and Mary Brian victims of his awful habit.

Continued from page 33

Monica, repairing her smudged make-up in the dressing room, wondered how she could ever stand the place even till five. Gay, working beside her with a huge powder puff, tried to cheer her up.

"You'll get used to it," she said. "Pretty soon you can rest even standing up. Tell me—do you think I'm a French type? I took this name when I got here, because French types were good then, but now with talkies you've got to have an accent to match, and mine's pure Iowa. But the casting bureau has me down as French, with this name——"

"Have you ever done anything besides extra work?" Monica asked.

"Oh, yes, I've got on fine. Been here five years, and I had a part in 'Sunrise,' and I worked all through 'Evangeline.' I was in 'The Love Parade,' too. I'm trying to save money for dancing lessons, now. They train girls at the studios, but I can't seem to get in on that, and so many chorus girls come out from New York that there isn't much chance, unless you know something to start with."

They waited and worked and waited all afternoon. They had dinner and reported for work again. By that time Monica told herself that if she ever got out of that studio, she'd never enter another. No longer was there any thrill about the situation, now that the novelty had worn off. No longer did she feel a little tingle of excitement when the assistant director shouted, "All locked up?" to the sound mechanism men, and then, "Let's go!"

This would be just one more movie. People would go to see it, and wander out of the theaters where it was shown, finding fault with it, never even suspecting the heartaches and backaches that had gone into its making.

Monica heard one man saying to another, "They want me to change the story and write in a cabaret sequence!" She heard the distracted little script girl wail, "But I had all those scene numbers straight this morning!" She heard a man some one said was a cutter remark to the director, "That scene'll be rotten, but shoot it if you must!" and the director followed him, grumbling. Some one told her that if Natalie Hughes didn't make good in this film her contract wouldn't be renewed, and Monica, catching sight of the girl's face when she forgot not to look worried, remembered reading once that Miss Hughes got $1,000 a week, and envying her.

That evening Monica was given a baby-size doll to carry, as she, and a dozen other girls similarly burdened, staggered down the street, with airplane motors at the end raising a wind against which they could hardly stand. They rehearsed it endlessly before the director decided not to shoot it after all. By the time she was dismissed, she was too tired even to take off her make-up.

"Get your face clean before you go to bed!" Bunny warned her. "Got to keep that schoolgirl complexion if you want to last out here. Even the stars fight for it. Norma Shearer dieted for a year, and got her skin so she didn't have to use even powder, and then everybody only thought it was some new kind of make-up. How you going to get home?"

"I don't know," Monica answered wearily.

"Well, we could take her in the car, Gay. And say"—she lifted her eyebrows at her housemate, receiving a nod in reply—"how'd you like to live with us?" she demanded of Monica. "The girl we had with us gave up yesterday and went home. It'll be lots cheaper than any other way you can get along. We've got a shack in Laurel Canyon—they built it ages ago for a Western, and the star bought it and used it when he wanted to hide from bill collectors. We chip in on meals and things, and we've got a box on wheels that we get around in."

"I'd love to do it," Monica told her. Even now, tired and disheartened though she was, she wished that she were going back to work the next morning. The lure of the studio had caught her.

These other girls had gone through more than she had and had hung on. Gay, who was as lovely as Norma Talmadge, and looked like her, too, might not have done much, but she'd stuck it out. And the slogan of the extras popped into her mind—almost anything might happen any day!

"We'll come for you to-morrow about five," Bunny told her when they had bounced and jounced to the Elysée, "unless by some miracle we both work."

Monica had forgotten all about the prune canning company, to which she owed her trip West, but there was a message at the Elysée for her to phone them in the morning. Begrudging the time it took, she went to their office and found that they didn't seem to know just what to do with her. They took photographs of her with a lot of canned fruit, and with the president of the company handing her a check. They seemed relieved when she didn't expect them to do anything else for her.

"What will you do with those pictures?" she asked the publicity man.

"Send 'em to the papers that ran this contest which you won," he answered.

Publicity! Monica's eyes shone.

"Would it help if you said I'm in pictures?" she asked.

"Sure! What you working in?"

"Well, I was in Joy Laurel's 'Spendthrifts of Love,' and I've started 'Her Only Way,' with Natalie Hughes," Monica told him.

"Fine! I'll run 'em both in. That's pretty quick work when you've just been here a few days."

Monica went home, and slipped into the Elysée's charming dining room for luncheon. A pretty little waitress, who seemed to know all the people who chatted back and forth so gayly, was talking with a man at the next table.

"You ought to be in pictures," he told her, as Monica began her grapefruit cocktail.

"I am," she answered, laughing. "I got twenty-five dollars yesterday for doing a bit."

When she came to Monica's table again, Monica turned to her eagerly.

"How did you get into pictures?"

"Well, a lot of big people come here—Bernie Fineman and Tom Geraghty and Carey Wilson, and some of the directors and stars, occasionally. If they know of a part they think I can play, they help me get it. Then I get another girl to take my place here while I'm away."

"But if you've got a start like that, why don't you just do picture work?"

The girl smiled ruefully. "I know too much to give up a steady job in this town," she answered. "You will, too, when you've been here longer."

A group of women came in just then, most of them not particularly interesting looking. One, apparently the hostess, made up for the others, however. She was slender, blond, beautifully dressed. They sat down and began to talk noisily. A pretty girl, whose face looked vaguely familiar to Monica, promptly rushed over and spoke to them. Two others, whom Monica recognized excitedly as Marceline and Alice Day, came hurrying in from the lobby to greet them.

"Who are those women—directors' wives or something?" Monica demanded of the little waitress.

"Oh no, they're much more important than that. That blond one is Beulah Livingstone, Corinne Griffith's press agent. She knows absolutely everybody out here, goes everywhere, and the things she *does* for people! They say she had more than anybody else to do with launching Lois Moran, back in New York. She was with the Talmadges for years.

Continued on page 94

The Long And Short Of It

The question being, when is a man tall?



Mervyn LeRoy, the director, left, makes a game of tiresome rehearsals, with Ivan Linow, the Russian giant.





Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., above, is a giant compared to twenty-three-year-old Harry Earles.



Dorothy Mackaill, above, poses for the tallest man in the world, R. E. Madsen, so she can have some airplane views of herself to send home.

Daphne Pollard, left, looks up to Frank Fay and, though broken-hearted, smilingly congratulates him on winning her rival in "Bright Lights."

John Loder, right, takes his orders from George Sherman, assistant director, but is rather skeptical, probably because the little fellow doesn't wear plus fours.



Continued from page 92

The others are writers. They're on fan magazines and newspapers, and believe me, they're big people in this town!"

Monica ordered two desserts and an extra pot of coffee to have some excuse for staying and watching them. Would they come to interview her some day?

She spent the afternoon packing, and weeping as she packed. All the high hopes she had had when she moved into this charming place—how fast they had gone glimmering into nothingness! Once crying, "Oh, I can't give up!" she ran to the telephone and tried to reach some of the people she had met with Joy. But the results were the same as they had been before: she talked with secretaries who said the people she wanted to talk with were busy.

Bunny and Gay arrived, with much tooting of an asthmatic horn, promptly at five. Monica went down to the lobby, and longed to turn and run when she saw them. Gay was posing, a little too obviously, and Bunny might have stepped off a comedy set five minutes before.

"Sorry to wear this get-up," she apologized. "But I heard of a part I might get, so I spent most of the afternoon walking around where the casting director would see me—I knew he'd be home to-day. He did see me, too, when he came out to his car, but he didn't ask my name. Now, come along. From riches to rags, darling, that's your slogan. Have any trouble giving up your apartment? I told you you wouldn't; there's always a rush for rooms here. Careful with that trunk!"—to the porter. "Put it into the car easy, or the bottom will fall out. It did last week."

The other people in the lobby were smiling, and Monica, blushing hotly, caught up a hat box and ran out to the car, just as Booth Carlisle sauntered in from the tennis courts. That was the last straw, to have him witness this awful scene!

The house in Laurel Canyon was certainly a shack. It clung precariously to the side of the canyon, and Monica, trudging up the long flight of steps leading from the road, wondered why on earth she'd ever said she'd come here.

"Open your bags, quick!" urged Gay, when at last they had transferred all the luggage, as well as a huge box that had been in the car. "Oh, my dear, a green evening gown! Why'd you buy green? Yellow photographs much better. Still, if you ever get a chance to do Technicolor it'll come in handy. Let's see." Hastily she slid out of her frock and into the green dress. "Look, Bunny, stick a couple of pins in here—that's right; it'll just fit. Oh, Monica, what's that? A tea gown? You can do it over into two evening gowns, easily."

Bunny was sidling about before the mirror in the blue suit Monica had worn on the train. Gay was deftly reshaping a felt hat. At sight of Monica's face she laughed.

"Clothes are community property here," she said. "You might go into the bedroom and see if we have anything you like. We make our clothes over after we've worn them once in pictures, so that they'll photograph differently. And see what I've got ——" She opened the huge box and dragged out lengths of silk and satin. "Marvelous, aren't they? I got them at some auction. We can make gorgeous things out of these. Oh, Monica, Exotique perfume! Sniff it one last time, honey. Probably you'll never see it again."

Monica laughed. Even if this wasn't the Elysée, living here should be fun.

Never before had she seen anything like the little living room. It was furnished, Gay told her, with things they had begged from various property men.

"That gilt chair was in 'Madame Sâns-Gene,' with Gloria Swanson," she announced. "And the chaise longue may be a bit wabbly, but it appeared in 'The Sainted Devil,' with Valentino. We inherited both of those. We got the portières ourselves. I think they came from 'Saturday's Children,' and the simply elegant couch on which you'll sleep, as well as the rug, did their bit in one of Buddy Rogers' first screen appearances."

"And the books—don't forget the books!" cried Bunny, rushing over to the well-filled shelves that lined one wall. She took out one and handed it to Monica who discovered, to her amazement, that it contained nothing but blank paper. "The kind they always use in movies," Bunny explained. "Publishers' dummies, or something. Now I've got to get dinner. It's my turn this week, and I went down to the market this morning and bought everything that was cheap. We're having company in your honor, Monica. Bill Hewitt—he's an assistant property man—and Phil Morton—he's an assistant camera man—and Danny Jordan."

Danny Jordan! Monica's heart leaped.

He came, with the other two, in time to help with dinner. Monica, setting the table, was announcing that she could find only three forks as he came in.

"Oh, we brought our own," he told her, coming straight to her side. She smiled up at him, feeling, somehow, that that was where he belonged.

Dinner was a hilarious meal, but beneath all the wisecracks ran an undercurrent of seriousness. Monica could not help contrasting the talk with what she would have heard at home from the same kind of group. All these people talked movies, movies, movies.

"Cecily Wayne bleached her hair so's she'd be good for colored shots—you know, they always like silver blondes—and she has so much work she's nearly crazy," said Phil.

"Guess I'll bleach mine," announced Gay seriously.

"You won't be a French type any more, honey," he told her, and leaned over to kiss her on the cheek, quite impersonally.

"Makes me sick, the way they keep importing these musical-comedy stars for sound pictures!" sputtered Bunny as she poured the coffee. "Dames with double chins who look old enough to be the hero's mother, and can't sing so very well, either. They make one picture, and it's a flop, and they go home with their trunks full of money and get high-hat about Hollywood in interviews forever after!"

"How do you like Hollywood by this time?" Danny asked Monica, under cover of the general talk.

"I don't know. It's so—well——"

"Frightening?" he supplied gently. "Don't let it get you. Remember, every morning when you get up, that the best break you ever had may come that day. That's what's kept me going. Even in times like the one when I'd been promised a big part opposite your friend, Joy Laurel. I had about two dollars at the time, and maybe I wasn't excited! Then, though everybody else wanted me, she didn't. Said I wasn't the type."

"Look at what happened to Zasu Pitts!" Phil was exclaiming. "Got a starring contract and spent a lot of money, and then the company went blooey, or something! And look at her now—right at the top!"

"She's grand. I worked with her once, and she was awfully sweet to me," contributed Bunny. "Who's going to wash the dishes?"

"Come on out to the porch," urged Danny, taking Monica's arm. "I want to talk with you."

They went out to the tiny porch. Above them twinkled the lights of the stars' homes, from which Los Angeles could be seen, but only the blackness of the canyon stretched beneath them. Danny dragged an old wicker couch to the railing, and sat down beside Monica, close enough so

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Rugged Heroes

Where are the collar-ad males of old?



Robert Armstrong, above, and Walter Huston, below, represent the new type of leading man.



Charles Bickford, above, lends the he-man touch to "The Sea Bat."



Lawrence Tibbett, left, registers more virility in "The Rogue Song" than was ever achieved by any of the old horse-opera stars.

Will Rogers, below, in "So This Is London," is as plain as an old shoe — and you like it.





The Screen In Review

Continued from page 67

Mr. Barthelmess' rôle is that of *Sam Lee,* a young man who has been reared by a Chinaman as his son. Wherever *Sam* goes he finds that discovery of his supposed Mongolian blood is held against him. He takes a party to a night club and the girls, though of the gold-digging persuasion, become indignant and rude on learning that *Sam* is Chinese. A society girl pursues him until he admits his love for her, but when at last she learns what he has been trying to tell her about himself, she publicly horsewhips him.

Rejected on all sides, *Sam* returns to Chinatown, embittered, lonely, and bent on showing no mercy in his financial dealings with the white man. Then the heroine, tossing in delirium, is soothed by *Sam's* presence at her father's urgent plea. When she recovers she apologizes for the horsewhipping and says that she will marry *Sam* no matter what. The climax yields the assurance that *Sam* really is a Caucasian, his Chinese foster father having acquired him as an infant in a crisis.

The picture is well directed and handsomely produced. Constance Bennett is interesting as the unsympathetic heroine, and Frank Albertson is refreshingly buoyant as a college boy.

Mr. Powell Surpasses Himself.

Think of all the notable performances William Powell has given, then prepare for him to exceed them all. In "Street of Chance" he achieves this record with consummate ease and brilliance. He is a delight to watch and listen to, for his pantomime is timed to a hair's breadth and his voice to the subtlest inflection, yet there is no least effort discernible. He is truly of the screen's aristocracy.

His rôle is that of a gambler, "*Natural" Davis,* whose code is strict honesty in all his dealings. True, he orders the murder of an enemy, when the latter is exposed in an attempt to double cross him. Aside from this, *Natural* is a man of honor according to the set in which he moves. Devoted to his wife, solicitous of his younger brother, he might be said to give his life for his ideals. For in trying to prevent his brother from becoming a gambler like himself, he resorts to trickery at cards, is detected and shot.

It is the direction and acting that lift the picture far above the ruck of underworld melodramas. It becomes an absorbing and distinguished exhibit by reason of John Cromwell, the director, and the responsiveness of Kay Francis, Jean Arthur, Regis Toomey, and Brooks Benedict. But Mr. Powell dominates the cast.

Marion Mounts Another Rung.

Lives there a fan with risibilities so dead that he doesn't think Marion Davies is the crowned queen of comedy? If such a mortal exists he had better not read this. It will be gibberish to him. For it is unrestrained praise of Miss Davies' "Not So Dumb," the talkie version of "Dulcy," which Constance Talmadge played in the dear, dead silence of long ago.

Perhaps you remember *Dulcy,* who cornered all the known bromides and used every last one of them in trying to help her fiancé swing a big business deal. Unwittingly she makes an awful mess of things until she reaches such heights of chattering dumbness, that she actually aids her man in coming to terms with big business.

Miss Davies plays with rare skill this heroine who reminds every one of some girl he has met. To those whose observation is extensive *Dulcy's* remarks will seem a composite of many conversations overheard in theaters, manicure shops, and restaurants. It is as unerring as a phonograph record of a certain type of blundering glibness.

Make no mistake about the picture, however. It is quietly amusing and is not an uproarious farce.

Besides Miss Davies' stellar performance, there are capital exhibits by Elliot Nugent, Raymond Hackett, Franklin Pangborn, Julia Faye, William Holden, Donald Ogden Stewart, Sally Starr, and George Davis—a lot of names, but each stands for a definite unit in a most entertaining whole.

Dead Days Beyond Recall.

Another dandified gambler plying his trade on a Mississippi steamboat. You saw him in "Mississippi Gambler" played by the inimitable Joseph Schildkraut, and in "Show Boat," too, played again by Mr. Schildkraut. Now he reappears in "Cameo Kirby" and again unknowingly fleeces the father of the gel he loves, this time with frequent songs. He wins not only cash from *Colonel Randall,* but the ancestral plantation as well. When he claims it he is confronted by *Adele Randall,* whose love turns to hate.

Isn't that enough to know of the plot? I think it's more than is good for you, or the picture. The latter is beautiful to the eye. There is a certain melancholy charm in this picturization of Southern life of a bygone day, but that's all.

J. Harold Murray, of musical comedy, sings finely the sentimental songs alloted to him, and he is an attractive figure. But the rôle, or his acting of it, is too studied to carry much conviction. Norma Terris, well-known as a singer, is not permitted to be heard except in the cloying Southern accent of *Adele.* Douglas Gilmore, Myrna Loy, Charles Morton, and Robert Edeson play capably the other rôles, but do not succeed in making the picture more than tolerable.

Out of Storage.

Charlotte Greenwood, you may remember some years ago in "Baby Mine," with Karl Dane and George K. Arthur. She is an eccentric comédienne of musical comedy, best known for her long service as the star of "So Long Letty" all of fourteen years ago. Now the piece is brought to the screen as Broadway's gift to the peasants, with Miss Greenwood still the star. She is unique and genuinely amusing, with methods of funmaking quite unlike the familiar antics of any one else. She has a good voice, too, and knows how to put over her wisecracks like nobody's business. But the picture is rather too antique to be excitingly funny, or even worthy of the star.

When you are told that it concerns two married couples who decide to exchange partners to clear the air of bickerings, you have it all. This was thought just too daring for anything outside of musical comedy a generation ago. At present it is tame and rather silly and would be tedious except for the nice people in Miss Greenwood's support. Those who do best are Claude Gillingwater and Bert Roach, while Patsy Ruth Miller and Grant Withers, than whom there are none nicer, are not at home in musical comedy. The picture, then, is just fair, and one hopes Miss Greenwood will be seen again in something better.

Miss Shearer Goes Ahead.

Gently and with no strain, Norma Shearer is proving her mettle in each succeeding picture nowadays. "Their Own Desire," her latest, is quite unlike "The Trial of Mary Dugan," or "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney," but Miss Shearer is equally at home and she captures the mood of a young modern with skill, charm, and easy conviction. Her emotional moments are exceptionally skillful and her comedy is equally so. All in all, a performance to be proud of.

The picture, too, though not devastating, is interesting and suspense is nicely sustained. It depicts Miss Shearer as a daughter loyal to both parents, though her father has left her wining mother for another woman, who though no younger, is a more cheerful companion. Naturally

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Wheedling The Muse

She's so elusive sometimes that proper atmosphere is an inducement.





Gus Edwards, above, said he was frightened into writing that Lon Chaney song in "Hollywood Revue."



Nacio Herb Brown and Arthur Freed, above, are assisted by Sally Starr, for "Singin' in the Rain."

Roy Turk and Fred Ahlert, below, working on a "Marianne" song.

Martin Broones and Al Boasberg, center, went collegiate to compose for "So This Is College."

Fred Fisher, below, found inspiration in Joyce Murray for a love song in "So This Is College."





The Mystery Of Your Name

Continued from page 16

You cannot by any will power change your whole nature, for that can only grow through the long and slow experience of many, many successive lives on earth. But you certainly can, by a clear knowledge of its most important vibrations in this particular term of existence, act in such a way as to give the desirable vibrations the most freedom and curb the undesirable ones to the best of your ability.

To receive this information about yourself, you must send me your full name and the complete date of your birth, year and all, on the coupon found on page sixteen. Be sure to use printed letters, made with pen and ink, so that I shall be able to read them perfectly.

Do not, under any circumstances, give me any changes your parents, your friends, or yourself have made in your name since birth, in spelling, by nicknames, by new names, or otherwise. And be positive that the *year* of birth is correct as well as the day of the month.

You may hate the name Elizabeth, and have been called Betty ever since you can remember, but don't send me any Betty or Beth or Bessie if you want to know the truth. Unless you send me the Elizabeth, I shall not only have to read the name you substitute for it, which will be wrong, but the whole combination of your name will not be correct.

Include every middle name you were given *at birth*. I cannot possibly tell if you leave it out, but without even one of them, if you should have two, the reading will not be true. And if you sign only an initial for a middle name, I can tell at once that what you have sent me is incomplete and shall not do anything with it. Even the change of a single letter in the spelling will ruin everything, so if your parents originally called you Janet, Janet it must remain, although you may have written it Jeanette ever since you could write. And of course stage and pen names mean nothing to me.

A married woman must give her full first, middle, and maiden names, as explained above, and add her husband's last name in parenthesis, even if she is widowed or divorced, as for instance, Anne Elizabeth Harbord (Mills). You must make this clear to me. A widowed or divorced woman, in giving her married name may also explain, if she cares to, whether she still uses that name at all, or has legally taken back her maiden name.

A man's name, as far as it is the original label of his identity, of course never changes by any arbitrary dropping or taking up of another name. The first one is the only one that matters, his name at birth. That is what I must read.

Three or four of the most interesting readings will be published in this department every month, and the rest will be mailed direct to the senders in the *self-addressed, stamped envelopes that must be sent with the coupons.* Do not send any money, for there is no fee. This is a service to our readers.

What Stars' Names Tell

Continued from page 18

struggle to build something on the old foundations, or to set up entirely new ones are written in every letter of your name. But you do build again, with a new wisdom, since the difficulties inevitable in the Fours that you bear more than once are for construction as well as for destruction.

Circumstances and people have a great influence over you, and when you do not like the influence you have to put forth all the will power you possess to escape it.

In your professional life this sensitiveness is a great asset, as it actually makes you live in your rôles. Sometimes you are able to express perfectly what you feel, and when you are unable to do this it makes you furious. You are always falling in and out of love, and women like your company immensely, but you have never since made, or in your heart of hearts cared to make, the impression you did make on a tall, brown-haired girl when you were about nineteen, nor have you forgotten the impression she made on you.

The total number for the material side of your life is Four, the number of many burdens and much discouragement. Your fortunes go up and down with startling suddenness, and just when you feel that you have fought your way to a new security something happens, somebody makes an unexpected move, some outside consideration breaks things up again.

When you have no trouble of your own your warm heart makes you go out and look for somebody else's burdens to carry.

You were such an active little boy when you were about five, that you must have dashed into the path of some vehicle and been badly hurt through the middle of the body. Up to the age of fifteen you kept the house messed up with all kinds of mechanical experiments and your mother worried with the ideas, many of them very much worth while and surprisingly mature for you, that were always popping up in your head. By the age of seventeen you were in love with every girl in sight, and some two or three years later you had the serious love affair that I have already spoken of. You have never loved another girl in the same way since, but losing her was the push that drove you to independence.

For about four years after that you had a very hard row to hoe, and were near death at least once, with a number of other complications that worried you more than mere illness could. But you put all your energy, imagination, and will power to work and pulled yourself out of that hole slowly, step by step.

One thing that nearly stopped you permanently was that you were very ill again, this time with pneumonia or a similar chest trouble, at about thirty. Once more you began climbing, burdens or no burdens, and the past five years have brought you a new insight into life, a sense of the meaning that there must be in man a desire to find the whole of which you are a part and a reason for all that you have had to overcome.

There will be great mental activity, power, independence, and intuition in your life right up to the age of fifty, but not without those gaps, now and then, that make you feel as if the ground had completely given away.

Hold on with all your might, for your path is still the path of construction. The old inhabitants weep when a house is torn down, but unless it does come down there can be no new mansion erected in its stead.

Whatever you do, do not expose yourself needlessly to danger. This is not fear—it is good sense. For during the middle-thirty years of your life you attract danger as a magnet attracts steel, and for you all its effects are intensified.

The best thing that you ever did for yourself, quite unconsciously, was to take the name of Richard. No stage or pen name can wipe out the reading of a birth name, but it sometimes does add to it, as has been true in your case, for it has given you a force and an insight greater than before. Use it when your imagination tends to run away with you; hold fast to it when complications pile up on you, and you will continue to build, more successfully than before, the little room that you are in the infinite palace of life.

There's Hope

Though invalided in wheel chairs, one look at the faces of these players and you know they'll recover.



Vilma Banky, left, in "A Lady to Love," speeds the recovery of Edward G. Robinson.





One of the best scenes in "The Trespasser," above, is when Kay Hammond, as the wife, visits Gloria Swanson and Wally Albright, Jr.

Buddy Rogers, left, in "Young Eagles," is an aviator whose convalescence is brightened by a visit from Jean Arthur.



Paul Weigel, in robe, left, is given good advice by Broderick O'Farrell.



Vivien Oakland, right, in "Back Pay," keeps a glowing eye on the future when she shall be strong enough to give the old wheel chair a kick and send it flying to the storehouse, where it belongs.

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the girl and her mother consider her as the destroyer of their home and a person to be despised. It is no wonder, then, that when the girl discovers the young man she loves to be the son of the other woman she breaks her engagement. Of course they are brought together again, but by no means illogically.

Robert Montgomery, as the hero, gives excellent reasons for his popularity with the fans, and Lewis Stone is, as usual, plausible as the father, even to the extent of causing one to cheer his preference for Helene Millard instead of Belle Bennett.

Norma Talmadge Shines.

One of the last stars to adopt speech on the screen, Norma Talmadge becomes one of the best. In "New York Nights," a program picture, she entirely succeeds in a sincere, rather moving portrayal. Enough, certainly, to assure her presence among the leaders on the screen for some time to come, for her voice has great possibilities of development.

The picture is not extraordinary, but it is interesting. The heroine, married to a shiftless song writer, sticks to him in spite of his peccadilloes until he exceeds the limit of a wife's endurance. Then she turns a receptive ear to the long-denied pleas of a gangster czar. Though smothered in the luxury he provides, she remains triumphantly virtuous. Who says that crooks aren't chivalrous—and patient? In a rumpus at the end the gangster is killed off and husband and wife are united.

John Wray, of the stage, is conspicuously fine as the so-called bad man, but Gilbert Roland, as the husband, is beyond his depth in speech.

Another "Stella Dallas."

After eight years' absence from the screen, Winifred Westover comes back in "Lummox" with a characterization that is in many ways superior to the ordinary run of films. Her return for so sincere a study of a kitchen drudge is a triumphant chapter in her own life, besides.

Under Herbert Brenon's direction, Fannie Hurst's *Bertha, the Lummox* is made touchingly real by Miss Westover, who plods from kitchen to kitchen, until she is old and labeled undesirable, secretly keeping an eye on her boy all the while. The scrub girl who has ideals, but no luck, is made convincing through her silences and restrained talk, a habit of human beings in distress that remains yet to be discovered in many studios. *Bertha* learns that her son is a success, and finds a bit of happiness at the end.

The cast includes Dorothy Janis, Ben Lyon, William Collier, Jr., Edna Murphy, William Bakewell, Sidney Franklin and several others, all of whom do well.

The Title Doesn't Tell.

If you know your Joseph Conrad you will find cause to cavil at "Dangerous Paradise," which is based on his novel "Victory." But if you consider it only as a photoplay you are sure to find it as interesting as I did, with more substance to the narrative and richer characterizations than existed in any previous attempts to bring Conrad's works to the screen, of which, there have been several, including Ronald Colman's "The Rescue."

It transpires in the tropics, of course, where Nancy Carroll, as the heroine, a member of a girls' orchestra in a resort called by courtesy a hotel, is subjected to the persecutions of both the proprietor and the orchestra leader. *Axel Heyst,* played by Richard Arlen, inhabits a neighboring island, whence he has fled from life and where he is thought to have gold concealed. Attracted by Miss Carroll, he turns from her when he believes she is immoral, but she comes to him in order to escape her persecutors. Comes also *Mr. Jones,* a robber, and his two henchmen bent on making away with any obstacle that stands between them and the treasure. In the resulting conflict Mr. Arlen and Miss Carroll realize their love and the villains are routed.

A trite story in the telling, but incisive direction and fine acting give it values not found in a summary of the plot.

Big, Bigger, Biggest.

"Happy Days," a big revue, is chiefly notable for the bigness of the screen on which it is shown, though an attempt has been made to vie with the enlarged size of the screen by using all the Fox players. They comprise a truly big cast, but none stands out, though the Grandeur screen certainly does. It's enormous—nearly twice as long as the ordinary screen and six feet deeper. The increased scope is splendidly effective in outdoor scenes and in ensembles requiring many people, as in the chorus numbers of "Happy Days." Otherwise it rather detracts from those scenes in which only a few persons appear, by lessening the intimacy to which we are accustomed. But no one can hold it against William Fox being the first to film an entire picture in greater dimensions than any producer has employed before.

Since no one is the star of "Happy Days," either in prominence or performance, one need only mention the cast to discharge his duty. And for certain of the players there is indeed safety in numbers! Some of the more familiar faces are Janet Gaynor, Charles Farrell, Frank Albertson, Richard Keene, Dixie Lee, Victor McLaglen, Edmund Lowe, El Brendel, Sharon Lynn, J. Harold Murray, Paul Page, Will Rogers, David Rollins, and Majorie White. And there are many, many others such as James J. Corbett, Ann Pennington, and William Collier, Sr.

Hollywood High Lights

Continued from page 55

Lillian's Double Elected.

She was a double for Lillian Gish in the old days; she is D. W. Griffith's leading woman now. This briefly is the record of Una Merkel, a clever stage actress, who is playing in "Abraham Lincoln."

Miss Merkel used to "stand" for Lillian Gish—that is she was employed to pose in place of the star on the set while the camera was being focused for a scene—while "Way Down East" was being made. Her talents, if she displayed any, were not discovered then.

Later she entered theatrical work, and made a hit in a comedy rôle in "Coquette." Griffith saw her in this play, and determined that she was just the girl to appear as *Ann Rutledge,* heroine of Lincoln's first romance, whose death caused him the deepest grief.

Miss Merkel's rôle is short, but extremely important in the film.

A Miniature Marriage.

Sentiment occasionally assumes some very novel aspects in the film colony, and Mildred Lloyd may be credited with an original idea to celebrate the seventh anniversary of her marriage to Harold.

She started the day by having five-year-old Mildred Gloria don wedding garb and march in to her father on the arm of a neighbor youngster of about the same age. The little groom was attired in a dress suit, while the miniature bride wore a long white dress and veil, and carried a bouquet.

It afforded Harold a very unexpected thrill, and might prove a good idea for other wives to try on their husbands.

Do, Re, Mi

It's hard drilling, even beyond this stage.





Louis Graveur, noted tenor, above, would naturally talk music with Ramon Novarro, his pupil, now one of the real talkie voices.



Herbert Stothart, above, gives Catherine Dale Owen a lesson from music he composed for "The Rogue Song."

Bessie Love, left, is always on time for her music lesson with Lillian Sloane.

Gus Edwards, below, tries to coax a higher note from Joan Crawford in coaching her for a test.



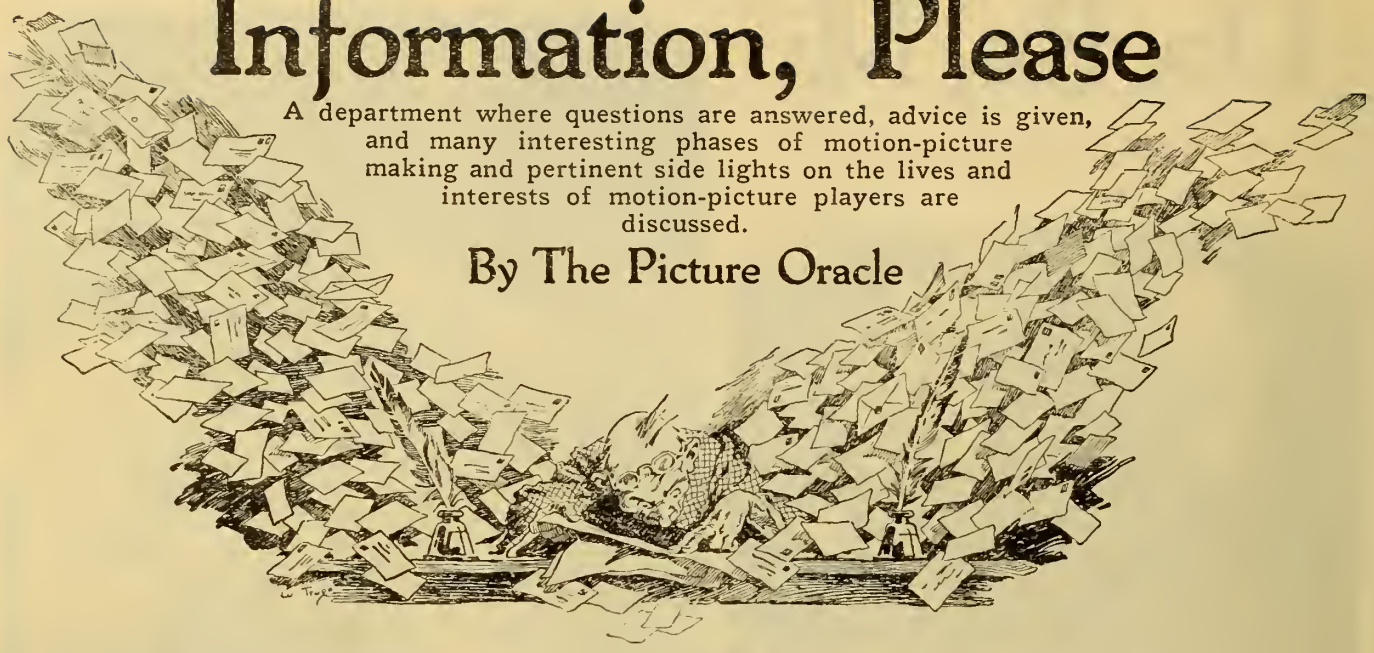
Robert Montgomery, below, is coached daily in speech and song by Margaret Zebe Cowl.



Information, Please

A department where questions are answered, advice is given, and many interesting phases of motion-picture making and pertinent side lights on the lives and interests of motion-picture players are discussed.

By The Picture Oracle



CYNICAL.—What an offer! If I can read your letter without buying new glasses, you'll give me credit! But I need credit only when I buy something. As to what fan clubs are for, I think they are organized to complicate my work. If you join a fan club, it means, I take it, that you exchange letters with other fans glorifying your favorite star, and sometimes you receive a monthly bulletin. Anita Page formerly gave her height as five feet two. Now she's grown an inch. As I've never met her, I can only take her word for it. Clara Bow is five feet three and a half, weight 110; Nancy Carroll, a half inch shorter and weighs 111. John Boles is six feet one and weighs 180; Norma Shearer, five feet one, weight 118; Grant Withers, six feet three, weight 200. As to the width of John Boles' shoulders—I hope you haven't got me confused with his tailor! I don't know of any stars with birthdays on June 21st.

ESTHER.—Sharpen my wits and my pencil, you suggest! My wits are just an old razor blade ready for Grand Canyon, and I don't use a pencil! I understand that S. George Ullman, Hollywood, California, Valentino's former business manager, will send out photographs of the star for a quarter. Natacha Rambova has a very expensive gown shop in New York. Richard Barthelmess does his own talking on the screen. Helene Chadwick seldom appears on the screen any more, but has a part in Paramount's "Men Are Like That." The Moore brothers do not give their ages, but I should think their order according to age would be Matt, Owen, Tom. Owen was married to Mary Pickford and then to Kathryn Perry. Tom's ex-wives are Alice Joyce and Renée Adorée. I think Matt is a bachelor. Yes, I found out about Mary's leading man in "Daddy Long Legs."

JAMES PATHE.—Do you have *serials* for breakfast? Robert Montgomery is another stage player whom the talkies went out after. He was born in Beacon, New York, May 21, 1904, and went on the stage like any other stage-struck young man. He is now with M.-G.-M. There is no fan club in his honor. If you wish to organize one, write and ask his permission, get some of your friends to join, and ask for other members through the movie magazines. It means writing lots of letters. The hero in "Show Boat" was Joseph Schildkraut, formerly of the stage. He was born in Vienna, October 9, 1896, and is the son of Rudolph Schildkraut, also an actor. Joseph is married to Elise Bartlett. No, Laura La Plante did not do her own singing in "Show Boat." Eva Olivotti was the songbird.

BETTY.—Whoops, you're brimming over with questions, you say. Whoopee isn't made with questions. Olive Borden was born in Norfolk, Virginia, July 26, 1907. She's played in about thirty pictures. Her films for the past year were "Love in the Desert," "Gang War," "Eternal Woman," "Half Marriage," "Dance Hall." Her new one is "Society Sinners." She doesn't give her home address.

A REAL SOUTHERN GIRL.—You are all het up over stars you dislike, aren't you? You might be surprised, but I have practically nothing to do with the "Who's Who" of popularity. All the stars you knock bring in vast money at the box office, and therefore in their pay envelopes. That's all they ask!

MAGAZINE READER.—Who's been feeding you rumors? They're as indigestible as mince pie, too! Vilma Banky was born near Budapest, Hungary, January 9, 1903. She uses her real name, and so does Gloria Swanson. Gloria was never in a dancing troupe—especially in Germany! Pola Negri's real name is Appollonia Chalupez. She was once a star in the Russian Imperial Ballet.

M. J. C.—Thanks for the information. In "Janice Meredith," *George Washington* was played by Joseph Kilgour, *Philemon Hennion* by Olin Howland, *Squire Meredith* by Maclyn Arbuckle. The cast does not name the players of the other rôles you ask about.

FRANCES CARTER.—M. J. C., above, writes that in "Janice Meredith" the *Colonel Brereton* you ask about was played by Harrison Ford. He is listed in the cast as *Charles Fownes,* the name under which he came to the colonies.

CURIOUS FLORRIE.—Do I think Jeff will ever grow as tall as Mutt! That depends on whether he eats his spinach. Janet Gaynor's new film is "Happy Days." She is five feet tall, as is Bessie Love.

AN OLD FRIEND.—Yes, Valentino had small eyes and his hair was thin, but what of that since he was charming? Josephine Borio is Italian, which probably means that the talkies have stopped her screen career. Joy Alvarado was born before her father became famous, so I didn't record the date. John Barrymore's films for the past three years are "When a Man Loves," "Beloved Rogue," "Tempest," "Eternal Love," "General Crack." Conrad Nagel made an extraordinary come-back with the talkies. He is mildly popular.

LUCAS ARCIAGA.—PICTURE PLAY considers itself reproached. Occasionally the address list at the end of "Information, Please," is omitted for lack of space. Such things cannot be helped. I don't know where Junior Coghlan can be reached, as he doesn't work very often these days. Janet Gaynor was born in Philadelphia, October 6, 1906; Charles Farrell, in Walpole, Massachusetts, in 1902. June Marlowe was born in St. Cloud, Minnesota, November 6, 1905. Address her at Universal. Agnes Ayres was born in Chicago in 1898, and first rose to fame as the heroine of two-reel O. Henry films. Her first husband was Frank Schuster, and then she married S. Manuel Reachi, from whom she is now separated. She has a little daughter.

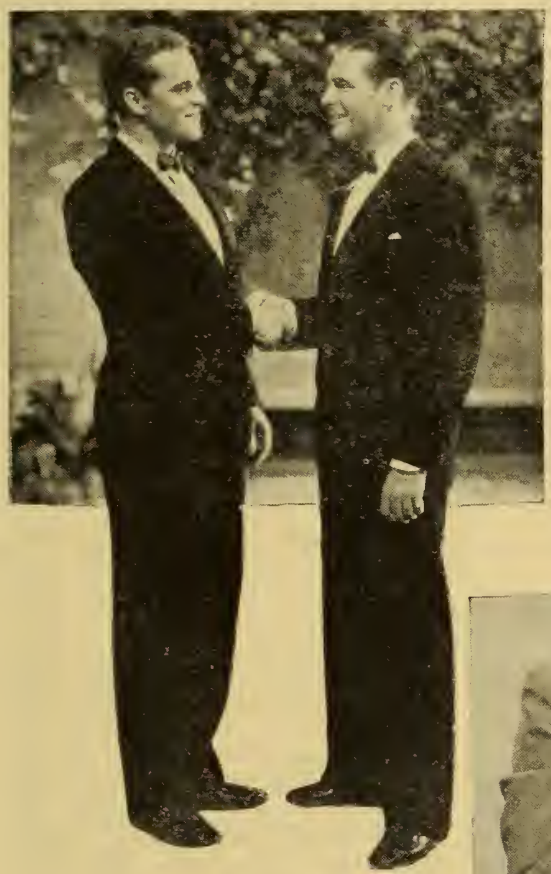
KAY.—Did I know I had a sense of humor! Find me the man who doesn't think he has one. And the one who thinks—and talks—the most about it is the one who has the least. Yes, Lloyd Hughes is still around; he's in a talkie, "Love Comes Along," opposite Bebe Daniels, and also in a James Cruze production called "Society Sinners." Yes, Tom Douglas of the stage played inconspicuous rôles in movies years ago. The third college boy in "Why Leave Home?" was Richard Keene. Betty Compson really played the violin in "Street Girl"; she was a professional violinist before going into movies. David Rollins has many fan clubs. Martha Schnierer of 5643 North Spalding Avenue, Chicago, claims that hers is the official one, whatever that means.

MISS AASE E. BAY.—All the way from Denmark to learn about Gary Cooper! He was born in Helena, Montana, May 7, 1901. His new film is "Civilian Clothes." Address the Gary Cooper Fan Club at 1252 North Alexandria Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Continued on page 119

In Name Only

Well-known players are brought together because of sharing the same patronymic, but there the similarity ends.



Alexander Gray, the baritone, above, left, gives Lawrence Gray, the comedian, the glad hand when Larry comes to the studio to look him over.





Eddie Nugent, center, left, incorrigible funster, puts dignified Elliot Nugent up to joking about the name they have in common.

Anita Page and Paul Page, below, had nothing to do with their well-liked name —it was chosen by the studios for them.





Gwen Lee, at top of page, and Sammy Lee, dance director, seem not too happy over their implied relationship.

William Courtenay and Inez Courtney, above, make the best of a slight difference in spelling.

Barriers Burned Away

Continued from page 45

"Later my wife and I went to Honolulu, and Colleen Moore and her mother were on the same boat. When we docked the schools declared a half holiday, and the papers came out with big headlines, 'Ten thousand people at pier to greet Barthelmess and Colleen.' I cut it out and sent it to Ronnie, with a note saying, '*Three* thousand at Paddington! Ha! Look what a *real* star gets!' Back came a cable reading 'Ten thousand people! I didn't realize Colleen was so well known.' But, of course, *you* wouldn't call that humor."

I went over to Paramount to see Mr. Powell. "Hey, Bill!" I said in my most familiar manner, thinking if I made him feel we were three old cronies, and knew all about each other's weaknesses, he would speak freely. "What do *you* consider Ronnie's most outstanding characteristic?"

Bill mixed a sardine, some cream cheese and one or two other things together and while he ate he eyed me fishily and speculated. Finally he got his mind off that blonde I mentioned a while ago, and turned to me. "Well, I should say it was a habit he's got of shortening his grip on a tennis racket to take a sideswipe at a ball, when he knows perfectly well he shouldn't."

Greatly encouraged, I went on. "And next to that."

"Well, next to that I should say his most outstanding traits are honesty, dependability, and compatibility."

"Compatibility?"

"Yes. I think when you can go camping time and again with a man, without his wearing on your nerves, he's pretty compatible."

"Camping? Do you——"

"No, we *don't* cook our own meals. We've passed the Boy Scout stage, where we like to build fires and roast potatoes. And I can't see that sleeping under a pup tent, when we can afford a hotel, would add anything to our enjoyment. But to get back to the subject, I'm always ready to start off with Ronnie, anywhere, any time we're both free. That says something, doesn't it?"

These eulogies were getting on my nerves. Lord knows, nobody ever talked about *me* like that. Finally, in desperation, I went to Barrett Kiesling, who dispensed Colman's publicity for a year. If there is one person in the world who has no illusions about the gifted, it's an ex-publicity man.

"Don't get me started about Ronald Colman," said Barrett, "he's an obsession of mine. I handled him for a year, and liked him better at the end than I did when I started. He's a peach in every sense of the word."

"Yeah, I like him myself," I said, getting into step.

I still complain, however, that nobody ever talked about *me* like that, but then I'm not Ronald Colman. There's only one of him, and if you don't believe me, ask his friends.

They've Hit The Bull's-eye

Continued from page 22

The first talkie he made was a short, "The Confession." It was this picture that got Lionel Barrymore his contract as a director. Without trying to take any credit from Mr. Barrymore, I believe it was Ames' acting, more than the directing, that put the picture across.

Bob accounts for any success he may have had simply because he's natural. "I don't stress every word I utter just to 'point' it. I give the audience credit for a little intelligence. I talk as I do in real life, and I've never gone in for an English accent and broad a's.

"I've never made any compromise with the theater and I won't with the screen. If I go to see a play or a picture, and I think the people in it aren't natural, I lose interest and either walk out, or go to sleep."

Many people in filmdom aspire to be called "regular." Bob Ames is one of the few people I know who has earned it. He hasn't compromised with life any more than he has with his work. I know him very well, and I am convinced that he does the things he wants to do, regardless of what people think of him. They can take him or leave him, and that's that. It's the thing that's put him across on the stage, and it's the thing that will put him across in pictures.

Raymond Hackett scored one of the biggest successes of the stage contingent in "Madame X" "The Trial of Mary Dugan," and "Footlights and Fools." He attributes his success to luck primarily, and personality secondarily.

"It had never occurred to me," said Raymond, "that I am what could be called 'successful.' I was signed up, assigned parts, played them, and got my check every week, and that was all there was to it. I was extremely lucky in getting two good rôles to start off my screen career. After you get good parts, if you're any kind of actor at all, you can't miss. Geraldine Farrar used to say that success was five per cent ability and ninety-five per cent personality. Maybe that's it, although I hate to suggest that I am one of those 'personality plus' boys, like the hoofer in 'Broadway,' for instance."

Elliott Nugent, who comes to the screen with a string of Broadway successes to his credit, both as actor and author, comes nearer, I believe, to stating the reason than any of them.

"If some of the Broadway people have failed to click, it's because the screen has distorted the personalities you've seen across the footlights, and if I've been more successful than some of them, it's because I've been fortunate in having the camera pick me up as I really am. I've been lucky, too, in having parts that fitted me. My first picture was 'So This Is College.' The part was a little different than any I'd ever played on the stage, where I'd been what we call 'unconsciously humorous.' That is, a dumb guy who said funny things without realizing himself that he was funny.

"In 'Kempy,' I played the same part I'd played on the stage, so I was at least on familiar ground. Dad and I wrote the play and we also prepared the screen adaptation. We were given a free hand with it, so it wasn't mishandled.

"I also played in 'Dulcy,' the stage version of 'Not So Dumb.' I played a different rôle than I play in the picture, but I had the benefit of having been associated with the production for over a year, and had had a chance to study all the parts."

Benny Rubin, whose most pronounced success was in "Marianne," comes from the vaudeville stage. And like Ames, his motto is "Be yourself."

And this about winds things up. Of the hundreds brought from New York, these are the only ones who can be said to have scored a bull's-eye, although there are possibly half a dozen more who may, when more of their films are shown.

Take your pick of the reasons they assign for their success and be thankful we've got this handful. You can always count on them for exceptional performances and can console yourself with the thought that their discovery has compensated, in a measure at least, for the countless banal and indifferent portrayals offered by other stage luminaries.

Taps for the Valiant

Continued from page 59

Her eyes have lost their luster and she occupies her time these days looking after her household, which consists of an octet of the busiest, most obstreperous and most tantalizing bits of terrier puppies that ever came in a respectable mother dog's way.

It can't be very long now until Cameo will go. Her master has bought a plot of ground in the Los Angeles Pet Memorial Park, where some day her little body will be buried. The plot is close to that which holds all the remains of Kabar, the Doberman Pinscher, which was the favorite among Rudolph Valentino's eleven prize dogs. Kabar went into decline after Rudy's death, and eventually died of a broken heart. At least, that is what the keeper said.

Waddles, the duck which played in Mack Sennett comedies for nearly fifteen years, died in Louise Fazenda's back yard last year. Bob, the tawny lion which helped Lon Chaney make "He Who Gets Slapped," passed on to the happy hunting grounds of jungle cats a little more than a year ago. The entire lot of twenty-six lions owned by Universal were sold to a circus at Macon, Georgia. Jiggs, the chimpanzee seen in many Universal pictures, is now the property of a San Diego, California, zoo. Brownie, the black bear which worked alongside of Jiggs, has been transferred to a permanent home in Swope Park, Kansas City, Missouri.

Use of animals in pictures has slowly waned the past few years. There was so much trickery in the work with them that the public came to the point where it did not believe what it saw, in many cases. Then talking pictures, with an almost complete reversal of style, left little for any animals, except dogs, to do. Even the little cow ponies which did so much to put thrills in Westerns, have passed on. Bill Hart's "paint hoss" still lives, however, in retirement on his master's ranch near Newhall, California. But he never again will be seen in pictures. He belonged to another era.

So if Rin-Tin-Tin, in the sunset of his life, can look back and recall the famous animals which have come and gone during his long career, he would be justified in turning his big, gray eyes toward their graves and expressing in his speechless way:

There's a long, long night of waiting
Until my dreams all come true,
Till the day when I'll be going
Down that long, long trail with you.



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Up from the Top

Continued from page 34

the most superb thing I've ever seen is Elsie's imitation of Beatrice Lillie. I'd love to do an imitation of Lillie in a picture, but after seeing the Janis version, I haven't the nerve!"

Another enthusiasm proved to be Jimmy Durante. The Davies party had visited the Durante night club after the theater the evening before.

"New York's the only spot in the world for fun," said Marion. "It's the pace that kills, but it's such a pleasant death. We see about half of a show—dinner ends at ten—then do the late places. I must look a fright. No sleep. Much dashing about. But there will be plenty of rest back in them thar hills."

No star has started more pictures and shelved them after a week or two than has Marion Davies. You read one day of the casting for "The Five O'Clock Girl." A week later stills appear showing the big strawberry festival in natural colors. More mimeographed sheets report progress on the shooting. Then one bright morning, just as you are wondering when "The Five O'Clock Girl" will be released, you are advised by underground sources that the story has been abandoned. "Rosalie" will be filmed instead.

"Rosalie" got further than her predecessor. "Rosalie" was actually completed. But you will see no more of "Rosalie" than you saw of "The Five O'Clock Girl." When these things are questioned at headquarters, unconcerned smiles answer. A shoulder is shrugged, and the topic is changed. So it was up to Marion herself to explain, if she would.

"Why are so many of your pictures started and shelved?" I asked. "Is it because the breaks were bad, or because you are highly critical of your own work?"

What would have been a delicate subject with many a star became a simple conversational morsel in Marion's deft hands.

"Lots of pictures should be shelved after a week's shooting," she said. "You see, a supervisor has to watch over the destinies of four or five units at once. And he really can't tell how good or bad a thing is in the making. But I'm fortunate enough to have a special unit, in a way, and when we make a weak start, we simply call a halt and try for something better. If all units could proceed on this basis, I think you'd find pictures increasingly better."

A messenger arrived bearing tickets for the Lily Damita frolic, "Sons o' Guns."

"Imagine! Eighteen dollars for a pair!" said Marion.

"What possible difference could that make to you?" I demanded. "Money means nothing, does it, when you're on top?"

"Of course it means something," replied the blond Davies. "Living is expensive. Before you know it, you've spent more than you planned to spend. Then you have to figure where it's coming from."

Restraining my impatience in what I like to think was a genteel manner, I requested her not to chaff me further.

"I'm deadly in earnest," Marion assured me. "You think I get a lot of money in pictures. Well, I do, but I spend a lot. When you stop to consider, it's not hard to see where it all disappears.

"You must live up to that income. You must give bigger parties, you must spend more on clothes, you must splurge in keeping with your income tax. And if you think it's easy to live on ten thousand a week, in Hollywood, you're mistaken."

"Not So Dumb" is the Davies version of "Dulcy," directed by King Vidor, and Marion was satisfied that it panned out well in celluloid.

Although a strong advocate of the talking picture, she harbors no desire to speak out in public. California will continue to count her among its lavish hostesses, and Marion will continue to devote herself to the great god Film, struggling along the while on ten grand a week!

THE NEW VOCABULARY

"Where have you been, my turtle dove?"
Growls the bloke to Mary.
"What's it to ya? Pipe down! I love
A swell bozo—my Gary!"

"Sez you!" says he. "Sez I!" she yells.
"Oh, yeah?" sneers Mary's beau,
"You fickle dame—I'm *through* with gels!"
"O. K. by me, big boy—now gao!"

JAMES ROY FULLER.

Billie Quits Her Doll's House

Continued from page 43

intervening space. "It makes me happy to be nice to people, and so I try never to offend any one. I should be unhappy if I did."

While Miss Dove's attitude may be based on personal motives, you'll have to admit that it is practical. Popular opinion tacitly assumes that it is the soft, lovely, delicate type of womanhood which needs protection. Maybe so, maybe not. It has been my observation that these little ladies can do pretty well for themselves. Nor is this intended as an attempt at cynicism; it is the natural result of unchangeable social relations.

The fragile-looking Lillian Gish is in reality a person of uncommon strength, mentally and physically. It is possible that Miss Dove possesses the same quality of strength that distinguishes Miss Gish. It is also possible that this phase of Billie's character, which has long been submerged in husbandly solicitude, will be her histrionic salvation. Thus far Miss Dove has done little to justify her position among the stellar lights. Her histrionic traditions have consisted chiefly of a temperament to match her name, a lovely face, and a sumptuous figure draped in silks and furs. And her producers have seen to it that she is given rôles in keeping with her traditions.

Billie declares that she wants to play colorful, naughty ladies. Hoping to be helpful, I suggested *Tondelayo,* in "White Cargo." But Billie raised her hands in protest at the very thought of portraying a mulatto vixen. Just the same, I insist that the idea is a good one. Such a characterization would make the Dove fans sit up and take notice.

Stories of Miss Dove's beauty have not been exaggerated. Her mouth is the most perfect I have ever seen, and her eyes, clear and hazel, are memorable. Oddly enough, in a city where dyed hair is more prevalent than that of natural color, Billie allows her prematurely gray hair to remain frankly gray.

She is a charming young woman, gay, affable, and intensely feminine. She eschews both tobacco and liquor and, despite her newly attained and much-prized freedom, she will, I predict, continue to use the word "cute" as her strongest superlative. Incidentally, she is unique in being able to call a man a fool and make it sound like a fond caress. So far as I have been able to learn, William Haines is the only one who has resented Billie's epithet.

Her nearest and dearest friends are not within the profession. Billie's husband has invested her money for her, and when her career is over she means to retire gracefully and spend considerable time abroad. Billie expects such a carefree life in the society of her friends to bring her happiness—and it is very likely that it will. Whether or not her devoted ex-husband will fare as well remains to be seen.

At any rate, Billie's venture will be interesting from the "freedom-for-women" viewpoint. Perhaps the success or failure of her course will throw additional light on the subject of personal liberty and careers. However, the beauteous Billie will not be able to remain long unmarried and, in the end, the moral of her story probably will be lost in the gay rainbow hues of her lilting career.

Are The Stars Good Parents?

Continued from page 73

Prince Mdivani's golden-haired boy is three, and looks exactly like his mother. Claire Windsor's Billy is approaching nine. Agnes Ayres' merry-eyed daughter is four.

And now for the new babies. Raymond Hackett's is a junior and was born last June 28th. John Mack Brown's daughter is eight months old, and is named Jane Harriett, after her two grandmothers. Chester Morris' son, Brooks, was recently struggling with his first bacon to celebrate his eleventh month. And Ann Harding's daughter is close to a year and a half old.

When her baby was five weeks old —five weeks, mind you!—she had her traveling with her from Chicago to New York, stopped off there for a week, then went to Philadelphia, then back to Chicago, and after that a return trip to New York, and finally all the way across the country to Los Angeles.

The matter of keeping milk bottles sanitary, and all the difficulties of traveling with a tiny baby, did not frighten the cool, courageous Ann. If the big baby specialists could see her beautiful child, with glowing, vital health, they would take back all their fancy theories about how a baby should be reared.

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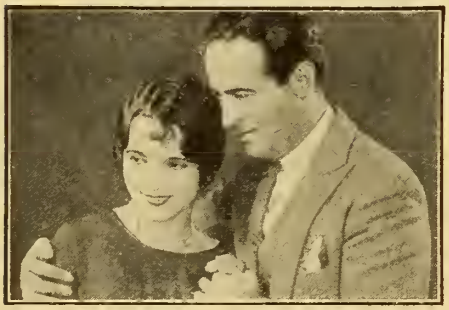
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Warner—As He Is

Continued from page 74

custom of critics to mention him as "adequate." A damning word which worked its influence despite his popularity.

By a trick of circumstances, it so happened that this actor, through whose stage career had run a constant strain of well-defined characterizations, was cast solely in rôles which required only a manly, well-tailored shoulder over which the lady might flicker her eyelids at the camera. Warner philosophically gave up his attempts to instill a vestige of life into the rôles—or rather the rôle, since each one resembled its predecessor so closely that even their scenarists couldn't tell them apart.

"The Great Gatsby," "Aloma of the South Seas," and *Allesandro,* in "Ramona," were the only brief flares in which indication of his talent was given. After "Ramona," and even previous to it, his career suffered inevitable reaction from the long line of mediocre vehicles. Demand for his appearance slackened. Engagements decreased in number, the intervals between them lengthened. Boulevard opinion ventured that he was through.

He was looking around for a likely business interest, when Raoul Walsh, in the midst of directing and acting "In Old Arizona," suffered the accident that cost him the sight of one eye. The picture was half finished and represented too much money for dismissal. Irving Cummings was substituted as director. The only remaining difficulty was a substitute for *The Cisco Kid,* which Walsh had been playing.

Walsh himself suggested and—when objections were raised—insisted on Warner Baxter for the part. Executives demurred. A Walsh argument is belligerent. He won. Warner was signed and hastily thrust into the waiting production.

The release of "In Old Arizona" established Warner, in one fell swoop, as one of the most important personages of the sound era. Signed, immediately after, on a long-term contract, he is one of Fox's most dependable offerings to hungry exhibitors.

Unlike most of his confrères, Warner has been given new power by the microphone. His screen personality, through the kind offices of the sound track, has acquired new strength. The audibility of his excellent voice has given him, besides added charm and vigor, a variety which was not his before. *The Cisco Kid* was followed by the somber artist of "Through Different Eyes," the reckless adventurer of "Behind That Curtain" and the Jekyll-Hyde character of "Such Men Are Dangerous."

With the advent of talkies, Warner feels his first active satisfaction in his work. In silent pictures, feeling himself insentient clay for the too omnipotent director, he concentrated his interest on the pay checks. Now that the director's function necessarily ceases with the interlock of the sound camera, and the actor is freer to work out his own characterization, Warner delights in the pleasure of independent creation. It has become, at last, work in which he can take intelligent pride.

Having a good head for business, despite his dislike for its routine, he is financially secure. He invests cautiously. The stock market disaster passed him by. He owns three houses—one in the Wilshire district of Los Angeles, another at Malibu Beach, and a lodge in the San Jacinto Mountains.

His friends are, in the main, not picture people, but men prominent in business circles. William Powell, however, is an intimate, and for his work Warner has deep admiration.

He plays a fast game of tennis, but golf bores him. He has a sincere love for music and plays the piano rather well. Mastery of the guitar is a talent he reveals sheepishly.

Having a frank liking for good clothes, his wardrobe is extensive. Apparently permanently well groomed, he always gives the impression of having stepped fresh from the attentions of a valet. Which he hasn't. Hovering servants make him nervous and he prefers to do things for himself. He employs a chauffeur for his two cars, but generally takes the wheel himself.

Almost a fanatic for system, he is miserable unless everything is in its exact place. Flawless order and neatness is his desire. He is careful of his belongings and likes his affairs and life in general to be equally tidy. One manifestation of this, gratefully received in a community of dramatically delayed entrances, is his unerring punctuality—at all times and for all occasions.

A gourmet by nature and connoisseur by practice, he is an authority on strange cooking, odd recipes, and delicacies. He is particular about the appearance and quality of his food, and keenly enjoys a skillfully prepared meal. He has an unac-

countable aversion to apples and even dislikes to see others eat them. An accomplished cook himself, he is locally famous for his *chili con carne.*

A serious conversationalist, he is not witty, but likes to be among people who laugh a good deal. He would love to be able to remember funny stories, but no matter how earnestly he tries, he always tells them wrong. Although not brilliant, he is, nevertheless, charming to a considerable degree. Never rude, never in too great a hurry for courtesy, he sincerely likes people and to talk with them.

He loves the normal existence and regular hours of screen work as contrasted to the stage. His life is quiet, full, peaceful. He is devoted to his mother, who has passed from resignation to intense pride in his career, and to his wife, whose ill health resulting from her heart trouble is his one anxiety.

Although he is not "one of the gang," after working hours, he is a favorite in the colony. Lacking in pyrotechnics of personality, he is recognized as a sincere, unassuming and thoroughly likable person.

The Movie Racket

Continued from page 94

that his arm brushed against hers, sending little, tingling thrills all through her.

He sat there silent for a while then, almost as if he had been speaking to himself, he said, "I'm glad you didn't go back home. I was just about ready to give up myself, when you came along."

"But you—you hardly know me," stammered Monica.

"I've had you in my heart always!" he answered, so vehemently, so passionately, that she glanced up at him. For an instant they did not move. Then, slowly, as if drawn by some irresistible power, they drew closer, and Danny, bending down, put one arm around her, and pressed his lips to hers.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MABEL NORMAND'S LAST CALL

After a long fight against tuberculosis in a sanitarium at Monrovia, California, Mabel Normand succumbed on February twenty-third. Her passing will be regarded sadly by every fan as well as all the studio colony. Those who remember her in the heyday of her fame look vainly for her equal as a comédienne, and those who knew her personally know they will never find all her traits combined in another.

REGRETS!

"We'll call for you in Jim's new car"

...her heart leaped as she read the invitation

...but the calendar said

NO



"I WOULD love to come BUT—

She can't accept, and she can't explain. Her friends mistake it for indifference.

And those days she must be absent from the office are ruining her chances for promotion.

What a pity there are still some girls to whom the calendar is a tyrant! Girls who meekly submit to suffering, regularly as the months come 'round.

"It's Nature," they say. But it *isn't.* The painful part is neither natural nor necessary. Not even discomfort need be endured. To women who have discovered Midol, what used to be a trying time has become an incident.

Midol is a marvelous medicine; it is the product of specialists, for a specific purpose. It is quite different from the sundry tablets you see advertised for all sorts of aches and pains. It is not a narcotic, so it's perfectly harmless. But it is effective *because it acts directly on the organs affected.* In less time than any cure-all could commence to work at all, Midol has ended the pain completely! The usual time for complete relief is five to seven minutes!

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You will find Midol in any drug store. Harmless little tablets to take with a swallow of water. Packed in a trim little metal case so slim that it tucks in smallest purse or pocket. Midol costs fifty cents, but performs a service worth five dollars! And proof that Midol "takes pain off the calendar" is *free* to those who make prompt use of this special coupon:

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To the girl who is a stay-at-home certain days of every month—and to every woman who is a periodical sufferer—the makers of Midol offer a *free trial case* (in a plain wrapper) to prove that all such pain is needless. Just mail this coupon to MIDOL, 34 Ericsson Place, New York. (P.P.-5-30)

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A new discovery now actually peels them off harmlessly, and they're gone for good, *not covered up as with paint and powder.* It's the most amazing, yet simple way of getting rid of skin blemishes and making yourself more beautiful and youthful-looking you ever read of. And it's all explained in a new treatise called "BEAUTIFUL NEW SKIN IN 3 DAYS" which now is being mailed to readers of this magazine ABSOLUTELY FREE. Send no money, just name and address and you will receive it by return mail, in plain wrapper. If pleased, simply tell your friends who may also wish a clear, new, spotless skin and youth-like complexion. Address, Marvo Beauty Laboratories, Dept. A-81, 1700 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Don't delay; write now!

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MARY TITUS
105 East 13th Street, Dept. 517, New York, N. Y.

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The Stroller

Continued from page 69

On the other hand, a press agent is a help when the star is so stupid that there is nothing to write about after a painful two-hour session of cross-questioning, with "yes" and "no" answers. Then he gags up a story for the writer which will sell the interview.

This interviewer told me that most of his interviews are press-agent gags. In fact, some of the best interviews have been between publicity man and magazine writer cloistered in the star's dressing room, while the worshiped one noisily slept off a bad night on the sofa in the room.

It has been years and years since every magazine and picture supplement has been full of Sennett bathing beauties.

But Mack Sennett is becoming locally famous again, this time for a bevy of pigs.

He rented sixty-four pigs from a farmer to use them in a picture. When the time came to return them there were eighty, the report says. And the farmer asserted that the producer was so taken in by the beauty of his pigs that he failed to return the eighty, so he filed suit in the local courts.

Now the newspapers are photographing Mack Sennett's famous bathing pigs for the roto sections.

Lowell Sherman and his director, Michael Curtiz, were having an argument on the set.

Words were flying thicker, faster, and hotter from moment to moment.

Both Sherman and his antagonist were enjoying the battle. The actor's valet stood quaking in the background. Several times he started forward as if to speak. Finally mustering his courage, he stepped between the two men and looked at Sherman with appeal in his tragic eyes.

"Mr. Sherman, let me fight for you. Your face is my fortune."

Conducting a column of gags and gossip is becoming a national enterprise. Every newspaper has one. So have the magazines.

Well, there aren't that many original gags in the world. Plagiarism has set in. If one columnist gets a good gag another will use it a month later. No gag is a good gag until two or three famous satirists have used it.

But the business has become so competitive that some columnists steal their own ideas and print them every four or five months, figuring that public memory is shorter than a Manx cat's tail.

Here's one that's on its way to lasting fame.

Julius Cæsar wrote, "All Gaul is divided into three parts." But Arthur Cæsar, the writer, came to Hollywood and it has been stated that if Julius had known Arthur he would have written, "All Gaul is divided into one part."

In one of those apartments, in one of those apartment houses, a chess game was in progress.

An excited audience was watching the superintellects. The chess set was a little incomplete, but they were using gin-bottle stoppers for pawns, and the horses heads had been bitten off the knights. But that didn't matter.

They were discussing pictures.

"There are so many new jobs since sound pictures, that they haven't had time to find titles for them all. There's the mixer and the recorder and the interlocutor and the sound engineer, and the guy that sits in the projection room all day listening to sound track to see if it's satisfactory —say, what do they call him?"

"Why not," asked Jay Strauss, "call him the sound-track walker?"

Searchlights for big public displays had their origin in Hollywood.

Every time a theater or meat market has a first night, huge sunlight arcs are flashed against the sky. Then like moths the public flocks to see what it's all about.

Theaters use them for previews, and social lights flash the beacons on open-house nights. There is now an intricate system of colored lights for announcing home parties.

Blue means bring the girl friend. It's safe.

Green means stag only.

White means cops invited.

Red means for the bootlegger to make another delivery.

Orange means newspaper writers may assemble.

Then there are color combinations the most noted of which is black-and-blue—party's over.

The producers' association has sent out a manifesto telling the studios to lay off the smart cracks on Boy Scouts.

It said, "We must have pictures and we must have Boy Scouts. So give them a break."

To which reply was made, "But we're all Will Hays' little Boy Scouts."

Blond—But Not Light

Continued from page 24

stock company in Buffalo. When I arrived, they took a fancy to my hair. I begged Miss Bonstelle to conceal the hair and find out if I could act."

After a summer in stock, Ann returned to New York and opened in the Gleason show. And very shortly thereafter closed again.

"I had never gone job hunting in the theater, and I wanted to be sure of doing it right. In the army, when one went calling, one always wore white gloves. I still owned a pair, but they were in my dressing room at the theater. I went down for them, crossed the stage to my room, got the gloves, crossed back and went out. A man came running after me and called me in again and gave me a job."

The director handed her the script and peremptorily began giving her instructions.

"Now here you discover you are alone. And you scream."

Ann firmly handed him the script. "I'm sorry, but I can't scream. I'm not the screaming type, and I wouldn't know how to produce a scream. Besides, this girl is madly in love. I've never been in love, and I couldn't project something I know nothing about."

All of which served only to strengthen the director's decision. Ann's protests were of no avail. She was signed and put into rehearsal. The play died in Baltimore before reaching New York.

"By now I was convinced that the stage was my *métier*, although I was still an appallingly bad actress. But I liked the work, and I wanted to do it well. So back to stock I went, determined to learn how. This time Miss Bonstelle promoted me to ingénue. Ben Lyon was juvenile at the same time, a darling, and a corking actor."

How many, one wonders, of our little ladies of the screen still consider themselves novices after having played leads? Even if they did admit discrepancies, how few would admit them to the extent of going out and learning to correct them—not overnight, but over a period of years?

Turning her back on Broadway and the offers she continued to receive, Ann devoted her energy and intelligence to study. Advanced from ingénue to leading woman, the work was grueling, the hours long.

Ann's unwitting practice of speaking on her vocal cords instead of around them finally brought about acute laryngitis. Worn out, nervous, and on the verge of a breakdown, she gave up only when her voice flatly refused to function.

Her return to New York occasioned a renewal of offers from Broadway managers. Accepting one, she journeyed daily, between rehearsals, to a specialist who restored her voice in time for the opening night. The play was a moderate success and more and bigger offers continued to arrive at Ann's door.

"But I was still no good. I knew it. On the closing night, after the performance, I packed a bag and, without leaving word with any one, I set out for Philadelphia. Jasper Deeter had a splendid little theater there, the Hedgerow, and I threw myself on his mercy. I made him let me enter his stock group and study under his direction, than which there is no finer."

Back in New York, the principal rôle in "Tarnish" made her the sensation of the season. "Stolen Fruit" repeated her success. An engagement in Detroit as producer-director-star resulted in an auspicious triumph and—more important to Ann—her meeting Harry Bannister. In "The Woman Disputed" and "The Trial of Mary Dugan," Ann Harding was established as one of the first names on Broadway.

Her entry into pictures, like her entry into the theater, was accidental. Going to California to be with her husband, who was on the road in "Strange Interlude," Ann was snatching greedily at her first vacation in years.

"We wanted to see a studio, and our friend Frank Reicher took us through Pathé studio. After lunch he suggested that we have a test made. We refused, as we had refused a couple of previous suggestions from other companies. Pauline Lord and Judith Anderson had left 'Strange Interlude,' and the Guild had offered *Nina* to me. I was going to continue on the road, working with Harry, which was grand."

But Reicher insisted on the test. Mr. and Mrs. Bannister consented, to please him, and did a low comedy scene, despite Reicher's plea for seriousness. Pathé, however, did take it seriously. They made an offer and continued to make more, until the Bannisters couldn't afford to refuse. Both, consequently, are under contract to Pathé.

And, additional to the fact that California is a nice place to rear little Jane, there is the satisfaction of having an Ann Harding to grace future pictures.



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Thrift's The Thing Now

Continued from page 50

is so economical that he is permitted to have a checking account up to five hundred dollars. His extravagances are his clothes and car.

Russell Gleason manages nicely on fifteen dollars a week.

Recently Russell fidgeted about the office and finally burst out determinedly, "I want fifteen hundred dollars. I'm going to have it!"

"Is that so?" Mr. Cole queried pleasantly, having no intention of letting him buy the boat, airplane, or what-was-it.

"I want to give my grandmother a trip through the South and Mexico."

Mr. Cole at some time in his life must have had a grandmother. At least he believes in grandmothers. Without a word, he signed the check.

The ogre has a heart. A young fellow who was careful in everything else demanded a flower allowance. Arguments with the girl friend were frequent, and squared only by orchids next morning. Advice to curb his temper was useless. Wanting him to "win the girl," Mr. Cole gave him a six-hundred-dollar-a-year flower allowance. But he had to make it up by cutting down other expenditures.

An actor, penniless after earning one hundred and eighty thousand dollars in two years, was put on his feet. Another's liquor expense of twenty-four hundred dollars was cut to two hundred. He lost a number of satellites, retained his real friends, and became healthier and wealthier. One fellow broke traces and signed checks amounting to two thousand dollars at Agua Caliente. The manager covered them to keep him out of trouble—but the amount was held from his personal allowance until cleared.

Harry Eddington, a studio executive, has managed Greta Garbo's and John Gilbert's finances for three years. The efficient Daisy DeVoe, Clara Bow's secretary, qualifies as her bursar. Ruth Roland and Rod La Rocque are incorporated. Rod is managed by a board of directors.

Rebecca and Silton, a firm of agents, boss the accounts of Helen Twelvetrees and James Hall. Miss Twelvetrees found herself in debt and without a job. They obtained a contract for her and paid her bills from her earnings. They countersign her checks, and pay all expenses, including publicity, fan mail, car, furniture payments, and clothes. Now, though she almost has to ask permission to buy a package of chewing gum, she owes nobody, and a small trust fund is growing.

Jimmy's irresponsibility and willingness to be spieled out of money by glib acquaintances got him into a jam. His salary is apportioned, three per cent for publicity, five for rent, seven for clothes—he pays laundry and cleaning bills out of his allowance—and each week his trust fund is augmented by two hundred and fifty dollars. Six per cent goes for fan mail and photos, eleven for household bills. When things have gone exceptionally well, there is an extra check, which, spent on some luxury, is an appreciated pleasure.

Richard Arlen is bossed by a woman manager. And how! His wife, Jobyna Ralston, allows him twenty-five dollars a week. He spends every cent of it—largely on shirts!—but never any more, because he can't get it. Constance Bennett, whose twenty-five dollars a week from Equitable must cover beauty parlors, luncheons, clothes' accessories and car upkeep, is permitted a luxurious apartment and her wardrobe budget is more ample than is customary, her flair for clothes being an important consideration in her work.

Eddie Quillan drives a Ford roadster. Glasgow-born Dad Quillan makes a paid manager unnecessary. Try to pry a penny from that man, but don't expect to have a good time of it.

The Robert Armstrongs, Ken Maynards, Lila Lee, and others find an apartment cheaper and less exacting than a home. Louise Fazenda lives in half of a duplex apartment which she owns, with the services of one maid, and drives an inexpensive car. Lila Lee's manager has saved her hundreds of dollars by adjusting accounts, chopping two hundred and fifty from one dentist's bill alone. Tay Garnett and Patsy Ruth Miller are following a program of economy, that they may enjoy a vacation abroad. Dorothy Mackaill, an incorrigible spendthrift, with a gambling instinct that loves to take chances, provides against want in the future with some investments; the rest she gives to herself to spend as foolishly as she wishes.

The motor mania furrows Alexander Gray's income. Considerable of it diverts to his hobbies of financing airplane companies and driving the best cars. Alice White deliberately spends about ten thousand a year on clothes, but as balance drives an inexpensive motor.

Ann Harding and her husband, Harry Bannister, pay cash or they don't buy. They purchased an acre

of land, built retaining walls and improved the property. Though architect's plans have been drawn, building operations will not begin until they are prepared to make the final payment upon completion of the work. Miss Harding is on a fifty-dollar-a-week personal allowance.

The players are guilty of odd inconsistencies, proving that human nature is as variable in the stellar ranks as elsewhere. Sam Hardy's eloquent wardrobe, fashioned by the best tailors, and his fondness for brass and copper trinkets, make inroads on his savings account. He nonchalantly pays these bills. But his wife says that he hoards stamps torn from addressed envelopes which business firms inclose for possible reply, and that he hates to put a fresh carbon in his typewriter!

Jimmy Hall buys numerous hats, but kids himself that he is saving on groceries. He chases advertised sales and sugar specials for miles. Joan Bennett carries economy into her household expenses, keeping track of all purchases. One month she saved ninety-six cents! Alas, the bubbling Bennett never asks the price of a gown twice. Only the lack of ready funds prevents her buying every attractive one that she sees.

Habits are not easily shed and, with some, economy is impulsive and spasmodic. Mary Nolan, with no business sense whatever, lives with reasonable economy, but each salary raise, new beau, or any other occasion for a celebration, means the purchase of perfume costing seventy-five dollars an ounce. Yet Mary is a stickler for turning the light off when leaving a room!

Back in his lean days, when a dollar looked like a cart wheel, Monte Blue contracted an economy that has become habitual. He budgets, but goes wild on things to beautify his home and to provide a setting worthy of his family. One tapestry is valued at sixty-five hundred and several paintings have cost fifteen hundred each.

Carmel Myers buys three dozen pairs of hose at a time, and expensive ones, but cheap gloves always, because she loses them frequently.

Claud Allister is driven to the studio by his wife and will ride the street car home rather than take a taxi, sometimes even walking to save car fare, but each day he brings home a little gift.

Though Hollywood is plunging into economy as naïvely and dramatically as the town expresses each successive whim, present indications are that it is settling down to provide for the future.

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Gosh, What A Difference!

Continued from page 90

And it was thus she made her smoldering début! Should she revert to that type now, we should unanimously deport her. How could anything less than the dreamy-eyed, clingingly gowned enchantress, so like a drowsy cat, who ornaments to-day's screen, be accepted as the Garbo? So the metamorphosis of an exotic butterfly. To-day she is the full-blown creature of bright, fluttering wings; before she was in that second stage of every butterfly's life.

Then there was a creature with darker wings, a mysterious, black butterfly, who drooped for a time upon our film world. This butterfly, too, passed through the ugly stage of Garbo, but she never emerged with the glowing colors of her sister siren. And strangely, for her first stage of life was tinted with scarlet and slashed with crimson-and-gold. Pola Negri, who had such an unhappy start in American films. Her bright-hued, vivid personality was submerged, her art stifled in rôles which were not for so great a one as Negri. She is one who never recovered from an inauspicious beginning, and in the end she fluttered back home, a little crushed, her beautiful, black wings dragging in dust she had never deigned to gaze at before. Garbo did what Negri failed in, adapting herself to American picture making.

Leatrice Joy's personality to-day little resembles that of the early DeMille days, in which era the now very feminine Leatrice was introduced to us. The other day we came across some photographs of Miss Joy in one of DeMille's old bathroom films, and how comical she looked! Her costumes were evidently exaggerated adaptations of the hideous era in clothes just past.

Leatrice played society women then, who trailed through heavily draped and statue-laden rooms with queer ideas of society in their heads. Miss Joy's head in this case was adorned with several bands of silver cloth, with a bunch of grapes perched on one side! The bizarre touch of the sumptuous, old DeMille pictures fought with Leatrice's personality terribly, but it was thus we had her first, and thus we endured her until she emerged into her present-day charm.

Let us consider the case of the impeccable Aileen Pringle. When Elinor the Glyn placed Aileen the Pringle in the former's highly purpled "Three Weeks," no one would have considered calling the illustrious Miss Pringle a smart Aleck, and if you had seen her in "In the Palace of the King," "His Hour," "True as Steel," and "The Great Deception," you would still not be inclined to call her a smart Aleck.

After seeing this brilliant woman of affairs in "The Mystic," "Body and Soul," and "The Wife of the Centaur," you would not yet suspect anything very amusing from her bag of tricks. The regal tiger-skin atmosphere which Madame Glyn had stamped upon Aileen, in "Three Weeks," clung to her tenaciously. If any one had suggested that Miss Pringle take unto herself Chester Conklin for leading man, the child of Glyn would no doubt have collapsed upon the nearest tiger-skin rug. If you had called her "Pringie"—but who would have thought of such a thing? Then *the* Pringle played opposite Chester Conklin, in "The Wilderness Woman," and while Madame Glyn looked askance, Aileen put on some costumes more outlandish than ever graced, or disgraced, Louise Fazenda. In a word, Aileen was a scream. She burst into an intellectual laugh and said, "Ah, ha! I have been deceiving you all the time. It has been the 'Great Deception.' My next number will be an imitation of myself."

And it was. "The Wilderness Woman" was a broad burlesque of just what Pringle had stood for on the screen. Then came the Lew Cody-Aileen Pringle comedies, which were hilariously successful, until they became too inconsequential to serve a woman of Miss Pringle's talent. She partially dropped from her brilliant place in the limelight. She has returned, however—a blonde!—and you may be sure that Aileen's sense of humor is not changed, nor is it likely that she will ever play in another story by Elinor Glyn.

So from Glyns to grins, or we might be polite enough to say laughs, traveled an actress of rare charm and ability. From sinner to saint, from laugh queen to empress of emotion, these seemingly broad chasms are not too much for the sometimes short span of a star's career.

And so a sudden and complete change in an actress' portrayals, sometimes due to a versatility which she possesses, more often to a coincidence which reveals a hidden talent, is to be welcomed. For it quite probably will bring forth a delightfully new and interesting version of her screen self, and transform completely an old favorite we thought we knew.

Over The Teacups

Continued from page 31

I can't understand the heavy fog that hangs over English productions when they have a girl like Jillian in their midst.

"She was delighted at the idea of coming over here to work. She was under contract to a British company, but sometimes she didn't work for months. She just dropped by the studio to draw a pay check."

"One day when she called for her salary, she offered to drive an old actor back to London. She was quite annoyed when he accepted, because she likes to drive alone and at a speed few others can bear. And now she feels terribly indebted to him, because he told her about the Fox scout who was over there looking for a girl just like her."

"And I thought you would never get interested in another newcomer!" Fanny has been complaining lately, because she is fond of so many people in pictures that it keeps her busy catching up on all of their new productions.

"But she's different," Fanny protested. "And you might as well know," she went on reluctantly, "that there's another newcomer that you will be dragged to see the minute her first picture comes out."

"If you're talking about Ginger Rogers," I broke in, "you won't have to drag me. I've already seen her on the stage in 'Top Speed.' And I think she's a knock-out. I should think the Warner Brothers would go off in the corner and have a good cry, because Paramount beat them to offering her a contract."

A moment later, as some people passed our table, Fanny sniffed contemptuously.

"They've been to the Roxy, poor dears," she announced. "You know Roxy has taken to perfuming his theater in a large way. Each week he selects some scent and sprays the auditorium with it. This week the perfume, *Chevalier de la Nuit,* is lovely, but the picture is—well, it's 'Cameo Kirby.' I believe 'Roxy' has a theory about the fragrance of the perfume enhancing the effect of the picture. But in this case it just gives rise to the thought that no matter how you perfume it, 'Cameo Kirby' is still boloney."

Roxy *would* think up something to make life more complicated. Now I shall have to phone the theater each week to see if the current offering is accompanied by a perfume that I like.

Blame Hollywood For This

Continued from page 83

jazz babies, we must admit a sense of relief that their day is done. But the question is, how far is this reactionary movement to take us? Having decided to discard the jazz motif, which had infected not only clothes, but house furnishing, bathrooms, back yards and bird cages, will style dictators be content to stop there, or will they thrust us back into the stuffy, drab severities of the Victorian age?

Listen to this from the foremost fashion journal published in America: "Fabrics that once were taboo, or considered to belong to grandma's days, have come back stronger than ever before—moiré, faille, heavy satins, brocaded and damasked fabrics, alpacas and surahs. And brown is everywhere. In several lovely apartments, chairs that were once covered with flowered prints are this year covered in deep *'tete de nègre'* brown."

From other publications we learn that marble-topped tables and curlicued whatnots are being dragged from attics to lend the new note of grim respectability to rooms gone haywire with modernistic furnishings. Even grandma's dimpled horsehair sofa may come back.

There is more in this trend back to dignity than is apparent on the surface. The stars themselves have been tardy in sensing it, with a few outstanding exceptions. Among the latter are Mary and Douglas Fairbanks. It has been a subject for surprised comment that they have been content to occupy Pickfair which, in comparison to other Beverly Hills mansions, is unpretentious, when lesser luminaries were erecting palaces that rivaled those of Venice and Rome in their halcyon days.

During these ten years that Pickfair has been aging and mellowing, to the disgust of the faddists whose ideal is the very latest, regardless of expense, beauty, or appropriateness, the Fairbankses have traveled much in Europe. Perhaps the fact that it isn't customary over there to scrap the furniture every year or two influenced them in their attitude toward Pickfair. It is a self-made shrine, but so too were some of those which antedate it by several centuries.

In their quiet way, Mary and Doug are setting an example against sybaritic extravagance and garish display, and at the same time indicating a modest awareness that theirs is a fame destined to echo in that distant future when the Hollywood of today will be but a faint memory.

Thirty-five Minutes To Go

Continued from page 47

I believe that if you can't look facts in the face and be a good sport she has little use for you.

La Clarke's biography states clearly that she abhors smoking. Either her press agent got the information twisted, or Mae has suddenly altered her habits, for she smoked all the time I was with her. Even mother did. But by now mother had departed, giving daughter a meaningful look which said, "I'll look after the time, dear. Leave it to me."

And time was flying. Duty had to be attended to. I did my little song-and-dance about it not being necessary to be a born actor.

Mae took her cigarette from her lips and stared—almost puzzled.

"I don't know about that," she said slowly, rather bewildered. "I think certain people are given various talents to use. Different people have different talents. You've got to have it in you. Acting can never be taught."

I had felt sure that *la* Clarke would second my remark. It seemed so obvious in her case. I recollected that the Moscow Art Theater taught acting to its protégés. The Comédie Française did the same. Also the New York Theater Guild School of Acting, of which Marguerite Churchill was a pupil.

But there! My thoughts are superfluous. Mae Clarke's are of more interest. She said, "Ever since I can remember, I hoped to go on the stage. Mother placed me with a dancing instructor when I was three years old."

Amateur performances in Atlantic City gave Mae a keener taste for the theater.

And now the big moment in Mae's early life.

"It was funny how I got my first chance," Miss Clarke related, laughing in sweet recollection and lighting another cigarette. "There was a carnival, to open Atlantic City's winter season. The girl who sold the most tickets was to be queen. I intended to be queen so I sold and sold, until I had outsold my competitors.

"We were informed at the last moment that Earl Lindsay, a pro-

Continued on page 117



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Orgies You'd Love To Find

Continued from page 85

having read about the younger married sets on Long Island and Park Avenue in Scott Fitzgerald's books, I was all prepared for the Jim Tully version of Hollywood. But what I was prepared for and what I got didn't in the least coincide. Lend me your ears!

The dinner party was being given in honor of Pev's birthday, so we all assembled early to surprise him, "we" consisting of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. and Joan Crawford, Mr. and Mrs. John Mack Brown, June Collyer, Charles Rogers, and Cornelius Keefe.

To say that Pev was surprised as we all shouted "Happy Birthday" is putting it mildly. He was flabbergasted!

But his emotion was as nothing compared to mine when Lina rose from the table and excused herself to serve the first course. Here, in person, *not* a motion picture, without benefit of publicity stills, was an actress who had not only prepared a seven-course dinner, but was serving it herself! Marie, my smelling salts!

After dinner we gathered in the living room and played games—anagrams, truth and consequences, and Guggenheim. About ten o'clock John Mack and Mary Brown asked to be excused, as it was the feeding time of Jane Harriett, their two-month-old daughter. At ten thirty Joan and Doug craved forgiveness for their early departure, as it seemed they both had early studio calls in the morning. At eleven o'clock June suggested that Buddy had better get to bed early, if he wanted to gain back some of those eighteen pounds he lost on his vaudeville tour, and at eleven thirty, when there didn't seem to be an orgy in sight, I let Connie Keefe take me home.

"It's been a delightful evening, hasn't it?" asked Connie as we drove away.

"Guh-rand!" I answered. "But tell me, how did Jim Tully get his material for 'Jarnegan'?"

"By not being invited to any Hollywood parties!" was Connie's answer.

When I reached home I found an invitation from the Gleasons asking me "up to hash" next day. Lucille, Jimmie, and Russell Gleason could have asked me up for Zweiback and I should have gone. Greater love hath no one for this family!

The Gleasons, by the grace of God, "Iz Zat So?" "The Shannons of Broadway," and a Pathé contract, own one of the most beautiful homes in Beverly Hills. As I approached the gardener's lodge three miles south of the main entrance, Jimmie met me at the gate.

"What, ho! A month in Hollywood and a Rolls-Royce already? Naughty! Naughty!"

"Don't be silly, Jimmie," I answered. "A girl's got to be *good* to get a Rolls in Hollywood."

"Well, I wouldn't know about that," was Jimmie's comeback. "You see, my Rolls arrives regularly after breakfast every morning, whether I'm good or bad." And before I had time to reward him with a withering look, he made a bee line for the swimming pool.

The Gleasons'-own particular brand of hospitality was manifested in every nook and cranny of their home. Over in the swimming pool Jimmie, Russell, and Sylvia Field were splashing around to their hearts' content, and to the detriment of any one within ten feet of them. In the garden Helen Hayes, Marjorie Daw, and Constance Bennett were discussing the new silhouette. In a remote corner stood Roland Young, Dudley Digges, and Robert Armstrong arguing heatedly over something. And in the middle of the garage, converted to an eatery, in all its unabashed glory was the table overflowing with victuals of every variety, including the *pièce de resistance,* hash *à la* Gleason.

"Are you enjoying yourself?" asked Lucille as she hurried by, with an adoring throng at her heels.

"Uh-huh," I answered. "But, Lucille, when does the orgy take place?"

"Orgy? Why, darling, you're in Hollywood, not Boston!" was her retort.

And so it went through the long months. Parties at the homes of Louise Fazenda, Jane Winton, Carmel Myers, Sue Carol, Glenn Tryon, Eleanor Boardman, Lois Moran—I sampled them all, but nowhere could I find an orgy.

I returned home with my report for the uplift society, browbeaten and worn. I was a failure. After two whole months in Hollywood, the best I could bring back was that Joan Crawford *really* had freckles, Marion Davies *really* stuttered, and Dolores Costello was *really* going to have a baby.

Even yeast cakes can't help me now. And all because no one will believe that in Hollywood making whoopee is a theme song, and orgies something you pay to see at a picture show.

Thirty-five Minutes To Go

Continued from page 115

ducer, was to be present. He would choose one girl for a Broadway show and give her a chance.

"Instead of singing the song I had planned, I changed it to another one. When I stepped out on the stage the orchestra started to play the first piece while I sang the second. I refused to be in the wrong, and with a gesture stopped the musicians.

" 'Boys,' I said, 'if you'll turn over to the next page, you'll come to the song I rehearsed this afternoon. Let's get together once again.'

"I saved myself there, but I felt I was done for. Still more, when, stepping into a tap dance, I landed after my first step in a sitting position. All the same, I was chosen by Mr. Lindsay. He had admired the competent way I put over my song-and-dance against two breakdowns."

There you are. That was Mae's narrative. And she put the act over.

From that she went into night clubs and then to vaudeville for more experience, making a tour of the Keith Circuit. Back in New York, she became leading dancer in "Gay Paree," a musical show.

A short while ago she was wondering what path to tread. She could sing, dance, and act. Musical comedy or drama? Her agent persuaded her to take a test for a vaudeville film Fox was to make. It called for a girl who could do all three.

"Barbara Stanwyck was the one they wanted," Mae said, "but she was engaged elsewhere. In the test I did various scenes from 'The Noose.' The girl's part offers her a diversified rôle—a singing, dancing, and acting part. It was the very thing for me. So here I am."

Here she is, children! And although she vetoed most of my opinions, you must give her credit for thinking up her own.

Before I could broach some new topic the phone rang. I knew it was Mae's mother waiting downstairs to tell daughter that thirty-five minutes had elapsed.

"Very well," Mae said to the phone, "I'll be right down."

My charming player had already learned some of Hollywood's diplomatic gags for hurrying interviewers on their way.

It was, of course, the signal for me to depart. And depart I did.

All I can smash home to you is the fact that Mae Clarke proves my first statement—that one does not have to be born to acting to become a good actor.

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AFTER

A Kick and a Kiss

Continued from page 25

Glory?' and 'The Cock-eyed World.' I have played crooks, murderers, card sharks, as well as gentlemen. I can put all the feeling possible into those characters, and who is to say they are not an outlet? All of us have thoughts and emotions of which we are not proud. The average man suppresses his, but the actor is free of many desires that prey on other people and develop into dangerous complexes.

"Believe me, it is not the most reprehensible thing in the world when a man desires to kiss a girl other than his wife. Sinclair Lewis' Babbitt was a model of externals, faithful to his wife, good to his family, and yet often in his imagination fat old Babbitt pictured himself as a romantic figure in love with a little, sixteen-year-old next door.

"To the actor, beautiful women are not such forbidden fruit. Take lucky, little Eddie! In the course of a business day, I have kissed such lovely women as Billie Dove, Corinne Griffith, Colleen Moore, Lily Damita, Dolores del Rio, Constance Bennett. And I get paid for it." Eddie laughed. "Even my wife approves. If my love scenes aren't as ardent as she thinks they should be, she criticizes me.

"Most people go through life with the dreams of childhood unrealized. Nearly every little boy wants to be a soldier, or an engineer, or an explorer of strange, wild lands. I remember a pet desire of my own when I was a kid. I wanted to be a *dynamiter!* Had I followed the medical profession, which was my family's ambition for me, I would have known *one* suppressed desire for sure. But in this picture, 'The Bad One,' I have a scene where it is my job to blow up a bridge and get out of the way just in the nick of time. Even my director was surprised at the way I did that scene," commented Eddie. "He didn't know I had been wanting to do just *that,* since I was a little boy.

"Another thing that has deep roots in all of us is a desire for appreciation. A split second of applause—at least a moment in the spotlight. It's only human. Life is no pink tea, at best, and a little encouragement and appreciation works wonders in us all. Not that we actors believe that the world is at our feet. But there are enough friendly people who write to us, and write of us in flattering terms, to make the game very much worth the effort.

"When you stop and think of it, we're a lucky bunch."

Which is just the mental attitude you'd expect from a regular fellow like Eddie. And come to think of it, there may be a great deal in what he says.

A Confidential Guide To Current Releases

Continued from page 63

sailor just in one more port, but he comes back. Karl Dane, Edythe Chapman, J. C. Nugent.

"Racketeer, The"—Pathé. All dialogue. Straightforward story of master gangster who calmly orders his enemies killed, between leisurely periods of enjoying the fine arts. Robert Armstrong exceptional as gangster. Carol Lombard the woman.

"Behind the Make-up"—Paramount. All dialogue. A stage story without the now-tiresome revue numbers. Two vaudeville actors, their loves, intrigues, and what happened to their jobs. Delicate shadings of character. William Powell, Hal Skelly, Fay Wray.

"General Crack"—Warner. All dialogue. Technicolor sequence. John Barrymore's talents and voice given to trivial story and dialogue, yet his first talkie proves he is most romantic figure on the screen. Reckless soldier leads Austrian army to victory, acquires fickle gypsy bride, Armida, and then the archduchess, Marian Nixon, whose hand is soldier's final reward.

"Sky Hawk, The"—Fox. All dialogue. Terrors of Zeppelin raid on London pictured in exciting episode showing how a soldier branded as yellow got the raider and saved his good name. The girl believed in him anyway. John Garrick, Helen Chandler, Gilbert Emery, Billy Bevan, Daphne Pollard, Joyce Compton.

"Nix On Dames"—Fox. All dialogue. Simple, human story of vaudeville folk, directed by men who know their subject. Partners let a girl come between them, in spite of vows. Picture excellent through acting of Mae Clarke, Robert Ames, William Harrigan, Maude Fulton.

"Halfway to Heaven"—Paramount. All dialogue. Human touches and flashes of good acting make this film stronger than usual Buddy Rogers picture. Love under the circus tent. Paul Lukas the rival you'll like, Jean Arthur, Nestor Aber, Helen Ware.

"Marriage Playground, The"—Paramount. All dialogue. Charm of Edith Wharton novel eludes the screen. Story of unhappy lot of seven children and wives of rich man. Mary Brian, Fredric March, Lilyan Tashman, Kay Francis, with background of wise-cracking kids, barely reminders of the book.

"Vagabond Lover, The"—RKO. Singing, dialogue. Rudy Vallée disarms critics by not acting at all. Enchanting crooning for female ears. Absurd story strings his songs together. Marie Dressler tries valiantly to save picture with comedy. Sally Blane is the heroine.

"Taming of the Shrew, The"—United Artists. All dialogue. Laudable pioneering effort to bring Shakespeare to the screen, as it shows that the bard is palatable to average fan. Mary Pickford in slapstick-comedy rôle, Douglas Fairbanks the bullying *Petruchio.* Innovation more important than their vocal art.

"Romance of Rio Grande"—Fox. All dialogue. Warner Baxter in glamorous but not gripping story, yet capably acted. Has earmarks of old-time Western, in railroad-building yarn. And there's Mona Maris, besides Mary Duncan and Antonio Moreno.

"Love Parade, The"—Paramount. Dialogue, singing. Technicolor. Maurice Chevalier's second film, story of long-drawn-out duel of the sexes, a romance in song. Music not quite haunting, but bright touches in narrative, in spite of much repetition of main note in love scale. Jeanette MacDonald, Lupino Lane, Lillian Roth.

"Condemned"—United Artists. All dialogue. A convict's lark on Devil's Island, with Ronald Colman as prisoner loved by Ann Harding, as the warden's wife. Meant to be melodrama, and has tense moments, if taken seriously. Principals excellent. Louis Wolheim, Noah Beery.

"Footlights and Fools"—First National. All dialogue. Colleen Moore surprises with musical-comedy film with unhappy ending, in rôle of French singer whose love affairs and marriage become so difficult she heartbrokenly steps aside from the whole business. Fredric March, Raymond Hackett fine support.

"Jealousy"—Paramount. All dialogue. Last appearance of the late Jeanne Eagels, in a picture whose story is weak for the gifted star. Miss Eagels is arresting, intelligent, individual. Story of fatal jealousy of her husband for her former lover. Fredric March is the husband, Halliwell Hobbes the lover.

"Flight"—Columbia. All dialogue. Thrilling airplane maneuvers, two marines, and a cute nurse in a picture that is good—if the roar and dip of planes satisfy. Jack Holt, a hard-chewing leatherneck, is too shy to make love and loses Lila Lee to Ralph Graves. The dialogue is adolescent.

"Gold Diggers of Broadway"—Warner. Singing, dialogue. Musical comedy in Technicolor, with faint plot woven in about man who tries to save a kinsman from a chorine, and falls for one himself. Winnie Lightner's clowning saves the show. Lilyan Tashman also good. Conway Tearle, Nancy Welford, Ann Pennington, William Bakewell.

RECOMMENDED—WITH RESERVATIONS.

"No, No, Nanette"—First National. All dialogue. Technicolor sequence. Mildly amusing old-fashioned farce that goes musical at the finish. Exposure of Bible publisher's innocuous love life. Alexander Gray, Bernice Claire, Lilyan Tashman, Louise Fazenda, Lucien Littlefield, Zasu Pitts, Bert Roach.

"Blaze o' Glory"—Sono-art. All dialogue; singing. Eddie Dowling in sugary display of "actoritis." Something about an actor-soldier's kind heart, and murder trial. A tear in every vowel, six in every open one. Frankie Darro also whimpers. Betty Compson a stock heroine.

"It's a Great Life"—Metro-Goldwyn. All dialogue. Technicolor sequence. The Duncan Sisters do all their tricks in long film glorifying sister team. Lawrence Gray marries one of them, and there's no end of trouble. Finally peace and a success.

"This Thing Called Love"—Pathé. All dialogue. Much gabbling in so-called sophisticated vein, about nothing in particular. Man and girl marry without benefit of love, and there's endless complication. Constance Bennett, Edmund Lowe, Zasu Pitts, Carmelita Geraghty, Ruth Taylor.

"Untamed"—Metro-Goldwyn. Dialogue. Jungle girl brought to what movies call civilization—life trimmed with wild parties, plenty of dancing daughters, fights between rivals in evening clothes, et cetera. Joan Crawford, Robert Montgomery.

"South Sea Rose"—Fox. All dialogue. The torrid Lenore Ulric more at home as hula dancer, yet flaws in acting, directing, and costuming make you gasp. South Sea girl in prim New England. Charles Bickford, Kenneth MacKenna.

Information, Please

Continued from page 102

MIDGET.—No, Lila Lee is not Southern. She was born in New York, July 25, 1902; her real name is Augusta Appel. Lila is five feet five and weighs 110. She and her husband, James Kirkwood, have not been divorced. Their six-year-old son is named James, Jr. Yes, he is with her. Lila is not cast opposite Barthelmess in any new films at present; Constance Bennett is his leading lady in "Son of the Gods."

MISS BERNICE ZELLER.—You may be out of luck where your favorite, Nils Asther, is concerned. His M.-G.-M. contract has expired, and he is not cast for any new films at present. Those talkies again! Nils has brown hair and hazel eyes; he is six feet one and a half inches tall. That's his real name, and it is pronounced Neels Ast-er. He came to America in February, 1927.

MISS BERNICE CLENDANIEL.—You're just brimming over with apologies, but, really, your questions are not numerous. Stanley Smith was born in Kansas City, Missouri, where he was a boy soprano. His family moved to Hollywood, where Lenore Ulric discovered him singing in an operetta given by the Hollywood High School. She gave him a part in "Kiki," and later the talkies grabbed him. He is six feet tall, weighs 155, and is a blond with blue-gray eyes. I don't know whether he is married. He is under contract to Pathé. Sally Starr is a Metro-Goldwyn player. I don't think she is married.

BILLIE.—Harold Lloyd lost a finger or so some years ago in an explosion during the making of one of his comedies. As to shoe sizes of various stars—I just can't keep track of everything, Billie!

ME, MYSELF, AND I.—Those triplets, back again! As to whether Clara Bow and Harry Richman will marry, I'll bet they don't even know themselves. My guess is no. And if Clara Bow really stabbed herself, she probably used a stage dagger. John Mack Brown was born in Gotham, Alabama, September 4, 1904. He is now working in "Montana Moon." He

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recently appeared in "Single Standard," "Hurricane," "Jazz Heaven," "Undertow." Alice White was born in Paterson, New Jersey, July 25, 1907. Her forthcoming film is "Show Girl in Hollywood." Other recent ones are "Broadway Babies," and "The Girl From Woolworth's." Rex Lease was born in Huntington, West Virginia, but grew up in Columbus, Ohio. I don't know what his address was there. He is twenty-seven, and divorced from Charlotte Merriam. He is now playing in "Mr. Diggs of Broadway," a quickie. Cornelius Keefe was born in Boston; write him at the Masquers Club in Hollywood. See Miss Bernice Clendaniel. There is no John Mack Brown fan club.

A Nancy Carroll and Norma Shearer Fan.—Yes, it is true that Nancy is separated from her husband, Jack Kirkland. I'll be glad to keep your name on file for a Nancy Carroll club; she has no others. Norma Shearer has a fan club: Henrietta Brunsman, 59 Illinois Avenue, Dayton, Ohio.

Blanche of Findlay.—I'll keep your clubs on record. Janet Gaynor was born in Philadelphia, October 6, 1906; Leila Hyams, in New York, May 1, 1905; Mary Nolan, in Louisville, Kentucky, December 18, 1905. "The Glad Rag Doll" was Audrey Ferris' latest film.

A —— —— Fan.—What do all those blanks mean? Surely you're not calling yourself names? Though there are seventeen players in the cast of "The Devil Dancer," there is no *Beppo* mentioned. The answer probably is that the character names were changed, as they sometimes are in releasing a film. Probably *Serge Temof* is the man you are thinking of. As to "Captain Swagger," are you thinking of its star, Rod La Rocque? If so, he is frequently given space in Picture Play. The other men in the cast were Ulric Haupt, as the German ace; Richard Tucker and Victor Potel, whose activities the scenario doesn't reveal. Neither of them seems probable in a "male vamp" rôle. As to why we don't interview Ronald Colman and Clive Brook more often—Ronald is almost impossible to interview, because he won't talk. And you can't write a story repeating, "Ronald Colman continued to say nothing." However, look through this issue carefully—you may be surprised. Clive Brook is also difficult, though we have had stories about him from time to time. Corinne Griffith's only special film was "The Divine Lady." She also played in, among others, "The Lady in Ermine," "Three Hours," "The Garden of Eden," "Outcast," "Saturday's Children," "Prisoners," and "Back Pay." Corinne is of American parentage, born in Texarkana, Texas.

Poppy.—So you want more of Gary Cooper's pictures? We have such a hard time pleasing everybody. Admirers of less popular stars complain that the popular ones get too much space. It was "Ladies of the Mob" in which Richard Arlen was Clara Bow's gangster sweetie. Dorothy Mackaill is twenty-six; she weighs 115 pounds. She was formerly Mrs. Lothar Mendez. Shirley Mason is twenty-nine, Billie Dove two years younger. Sally Eilers was born December 11, 1908. She weighs 110. I think she ought to appear in more films myself.

Eleanor.—So you hope I don't get writer's cramp? Is that what's wrong with my typewriter? Your wish will be gratified about Mae Murray. She has remade "Peacock Alley" for talkies. Otherwise she'll stick to her vaudeville. Catherine Calvert is Mrs. George Carruthers and doesn't work. Paulette Duval and Lorna Duveen do not seem to be working, either. Dorothy Seastrom I haven't heard of in some time; I couldn't say whether she has recovered from her illness. Winnie Lightner has been famous for years in vaudeville and revues. She is now with Warner Brothers.

Bruce Stevens.—When space permits! I'm glad you brought that up! I may have to forget a few of your answers. George Duryea doesn't tell his age. His films are "The Godless Girl," "Marked Money," "Honky Tonk," "Thunder," "The Dude Wrangler," and "Strictly Business." Also "Tide of Empire." Jeanne Eagels died last October 3rd. She had played in "Man, Woman, and Sin," "The Letter," and "Jealousy." Ruth Roland is making a talkie, "Reno." Pearl White lives in Paris. A star's name is featured above the name of the picture. Featured players are indicated by "With So-and-so." For instance, "Greta Garbo in 'The Single Standard,' with Nils Asther." Some of Margaret Livingston's old films were "The Butterfly," "Capital Punishment," "Havoc," "The Wheel of Life," "The Best People," "Sunrise." Gloria Swanson's first husband was Wallace Beery. Lilyan Tashman was born October 23rd—she doesn't say which one. Ruth Chatterton's films are "Sins of the Fathers," "Doctor's Secret," "The Dummy," "Madame X," "The Laughing Lady," and "Sarah and Son." Charles Eaton appears only occasionally in pictures.

Lucien.—Jason Robards should appreciate your interest. I receive few inquiries about him. He was born in Hillsdale, Michigan, December 31, 1892, and lived in Saginaw. He attended American Academy of Dramatic Arts in New York and appeared on the stage in "Lightnin'" and "Seventh Heaven." He uses his real name. During 1914 to 1927 he was married to Hope Maxine, and in January, 1929, he married Agnes Lynch.

J. E. D.—If you want to see Jackie Coogan in any more pictures, perhaps you'll have to wait until he grows up. Jackie is now fifteen, and can play neither a child's rôle nor a juvenile's. He is attending Urban Military Academy in Los Angeles. I don't know how tall he is, as he naturally is growing all the time. There is no Jackie Coogan fan club. I understand Johnny Hines is going to make "A Pair of Sixes" for Pathé. Marion Davies is American; her real name is Douras.

Irene.—These stage stars are creeping up on the popularity of our old movie idols! Walter Huston was born in Toronto, but doesn't say when. He is six feet tall, weighs 180, and has brown hair and hazel eyes.

J. A. W.—Thanks for the bouquets for this column. It's a dreary day and bouquets are appreciated. Helen Kane admits that she was born on August 4th, but keeps it dark which one. No, indeed, she's not through with pictures; she's just starting. Barbara Kent is twenty, and has played on the screen for four years. Helen Lynd has never been in pictures, unless in some quite inconspicuous rôle.

Eleanor Strobridge.—Joseph Schildkraut's film, "Out to Kill" would obviously be an underworld story. Barbara Kent is the leading lady. This is the picture recently released as "Night Ride." "The Devil" is still in the future and not yet cast.

E. K.—My address is the same as the rest of Picture Play. So you never heard of Kathryn McGuire, or Georgia Hale, or Helen Ferguson? Where have you been hiding? They're not stars, but they are well known. Kathryn McGuire plays usually in First National films. Her pictures in the past year have been "Children of the Ritz," "The Great Diamond Robbery," Christie two-reelers, and "The Long, Long Trail." Georgia Hale was Chaplin's leading lady in "The Gold Rush," and threatened to become a sensation, but somehow didn't. Among other pictures, she played in "The Great Gatsby," "The Main Maker," "Floating College." Helen Ferguson plays opposite some of the Western stars, like Hoot Gibson and Ken Maynard. Richard Arlen was born in Charlottesville, Virginia, September 1, 1899, and christened Richard Van Mattimore. He grew up in St. Paul, and attended the University of Pennsylvania. He was in the Royal Flying Corps during the war, and was a newspaper man before going into pictures. Jobyna Ralston was born in South Pittsburgh, Tennessee, and was a chorus girl before her screen career began. She came into notice as Harold Lloyd's leading lady.

A. C.—You seem to have a crush on Barry Norton. Besides those you mention, his films include "The Lily," "The Canyon of Light," "Heart of Salome," "The Wizard," "Sins of the Fathers." He was scheduled to play in "The Command to Love," but I don't know whether the film was ever made or not. Since his Fox contract expired, Barry has not been working.

Dimples.—If every one asked as many questions as you do, I wouldn't even have a holiday at Christmas. Some of your answers are given elsewhere in this department. Mary Astor is the widow of Kenneth Hawks. She is about 23. Her newest film is "The Woman from Hell." Lois Moran is 20; her newest film is "Meal Ticket." These two stars are both with Fox. Jack Mulhall is 37 and married to Evelyn Winans. Gary Cooper is 29; Alice White, 22; Buddy Rogers and Laura La Plante are 25. Laura is Mrs. William A. Seiter. Nancy Carroll—Mrs. Jack Kirkland—is 23. Dorothy Gulliver —Mrs. Chester de Vito—is 21. Rudy Vallée is about 27. The hero in "K the Unknown" was Percy Marmont, who has been playing in films in his native England. He is in the forties.

Another Fan.—Just one of millions, eh? I didn't see the film, "Masked Emotions," and I can't determine from the cast who played George O'Brien's brother, as there is no other character with the same surname. If a different surname was used, then the boy was David Sharpe, of whom I have never heard.

Miss Ynona Funk.—I am always very grateful for information. I'll keep yours on file for future use, and many salaams and thank-yous. Yes, I have your Eddie Nugent club on record, and note that you have moved.

Alyce H.—It was Ruth Chatterton opposite Emil Jannings, in "Sins of the Fathers."

Babs.—I could suggest through this column that Evelyn K. write to you, but you don't give any address or name. The only home addresses given by stars are those mentioned in the list at the end of The Oracle. Molly O'Day could probably be reached at just Hollywood, California. And who is Florence Freeman? I never heard of her.

Addresses of Players

Richard Arlen, Mary Brian, Neil Hamilton, Warner Oland, Ruth Chatterton, Florence Vidor, Clara Bow, Clive Brook, Charles ("Buddy") Rogers, Gary Cooper, James Hall, William Powell, Naney Carroll, Jean Arthur, Jack Oakie, Kay Francis, David Newell, Fredric March, Jeanette MacDonald, Lillian Roth, Richard Gallagher, Mitzi Green, Harry Green, at Paramount Studio, Hollywood, California.

Greta Garbo, Leila Hyams, Bessie Love, Edward Nugent, Gwen Lee, Ramon Novarro, Norma Shearer, John Gilbert, William Haines, Lon Chaney, Renée Adorée, Marion Davies, Robert Montgomery, Ray Johnson, Karl Dane, Dorothy Sebastian, Lionel Barrymore, Charles King, Raymond Hackett, Wallace Beery, Raquel Torres, Joan Crawford, Nils Asther, Conrad Nagel, Josephine Dunn, Anita Page, Buster Keaton, John Mack Brown, Lewis Stone, at the Metro-Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, California.

Vilma Banky, Ronald Colmau, Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, Norma Talmadge, Chester Morris, Gilbert Roland, Don Alvarado, Lupe Velez, Dolores del Rio, and Mona Rico, at the United Artists Studio, 7100 Santa Monica Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

Colleen Moore, Jack Mulhall, Alexander Gray, Bernice Claire, Billie Dove, Richard Barthelmess, Dorothy Mackaill, Corinne Griffith, Alice White, Ian Keith, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., at the First Natioual Studio, Burbank, California.

Merna Kennedy, Hoot Gibson, Laura La Plante, Barbara Kent, Glenn Tryon, Ken Maynard, Joseph Schildkraut, at the Universal Studio, Universal City, California.

William Boyd, Robert Armstrong, Alan Hale, Jeanette Loff, Carol Lombard, Ann Harding, Helen Twelvetrees, and Russell Gleason, at the Pathé Studio, Culver City, California.

George O'Brien, Edmund Lowe, Earle Foxe, Janet Gaynor, Kenneth MacKenna, Dixie Lee, Mona Maris, Fifi Dorsay, Charles Farrell, Victor MacLaglen, Lois Moran, Frank Albertson, Farrell MacDonald, Margnerite Churchill, Paul Muni, Lola Lane, Paul Page, Louise Dresser, David Rollins, Sue Carol, Warner Baxter, Sharon Lynn, and Mary Duncan, at the Fox Studio, Western Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Edna Murphy, John Barrymore, Al Jolson, at the Warner Studios, Sunset and Bronson, Los Angeles, California.

Sally Blane, Hugh Trevor, Bebe Daniels, Betty Compson, Olive Borden, and Richard Dix, at the RKO Studio, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Allene Ray, 6912 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Robert Frazer, 6356 La Mirada Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Patsy Ruth Miller, 808 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, California.

Robert Aguew, 6357 La Mirada Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Dorothy Revier, 1367 North Wilton Place, Los Angeles, California.

Julanne Johnston, Gardeu Court Apartmeuts, Hollywood, California.

Malcolm McGregor, 6043 Selma Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Jackie Coogan, 673 South Oxford Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Ivor Novello, 11 Aldwych, London, W. C. 2, England.

Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Anna May Wong, 241 N. Figueroa Street, Los Angeles, California.

Eileen Percy, 154 Beechwood Drive, Los Angeles, California.

Herbert Rawlinson, 1735 Highland Street, Los Angeles, California.

Forrest Stanley, 604 Creseent Drive, Beverly Hills, California.

Gertrude Astor, 1421 Queen's Way, Hollywood, California.

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Theodore von Eltz, 1722½ Las Palmas, Hollywood, California.

William S. Hart, 6404 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Estelle Taylor, 5254 Los Feliz Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

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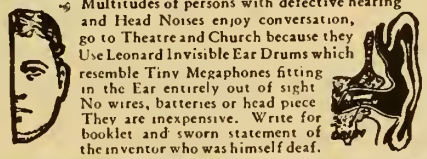
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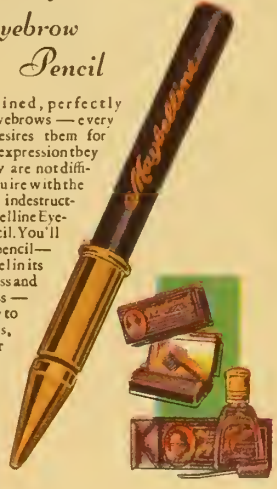
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Volume XXXII Number 4

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Monthly publication issued by Street & Smith Publications, Inc., 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York City. Ormond G. Smith, President; George C. Smith, Vice President and Treasurer; George C. Smith, Jr., Vice President; Ormond V. Gould, Secretary. Copyright, 1930, by Street & Smith Publications, Inc., New York. Copyright, 1930, by Street & Smith Publications, Inc., Great Britain. Entered as Second-class Matter, March 6, 1916, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under Act of Congress of March 3, 1879. Canadian Subscription, $2.86. Foreign, $3.22.

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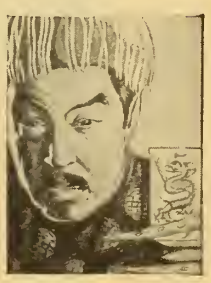
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THE HEARTBREAK OF HOLLYWOOD





OFTEN you have read that the movie capital is a city of lost illusions, of hopes that never come true, of disappointments and bad breaks. But you never have read of that special sort of heartbreak that Edwin Schallert describes in PICTURE PLAY for July. For it is the sorrow and sadness and anxiety of those players who once enjoyed fame and popularity, and now see others occupying the positions that once were theirs. It is said that hope never dies as long as life lasts, and the truth of this observation is more apparent in Hollywood than anywhere else. For those who once were sought after and idolized, never relinquish the hope that a turn of the wheel will place them where they once were. And so they watch and wait and put on a brave front. Theirs are the broken hearts of Hollywood, theirs the courage, theirs the heroism, even, for they must smile outwardly at the success of others, and they must assume the pitiful gayety of those who see their chances of a comeback growing dimmer with the passing of each day. Who these former stars are, how they are living in their lean days, and what chances they have of returning to the screen—these are only a few of the heartbreaks for you in this extraordinary revelation in next month's PICTURE PLAY.

NOW FOR THE OTHER SIDE

FROM time to time interviewers have unburdened themselves of bitter reflections on unpleasant experiences with stars. Lack of manners, of consideration, punctuality—everything has been charged against stellar luminaries. Whatever the stars have thought of adverse comment, they must at least be applauded for remaining silent.

But PICTURE PLAY, ever impartial, is determined to give the stars an opportunity to state their side of the case. Surely they have been imposed upon by interviewers. They, too, must have found not every interviewer to their liking. Has every interviewer been punctual, has every writer been inspiring, or even congenial? It is against human nature to believe that they have, for two persons in relation to each other sometimes reveal disturbing disparities. Be that as it may, Samuel Richard Mook has investigated the subject, and in next month's PICTURE PLAY submits his report. It will enlighten and astonish you. Don't, for the love of fairness, miss it!





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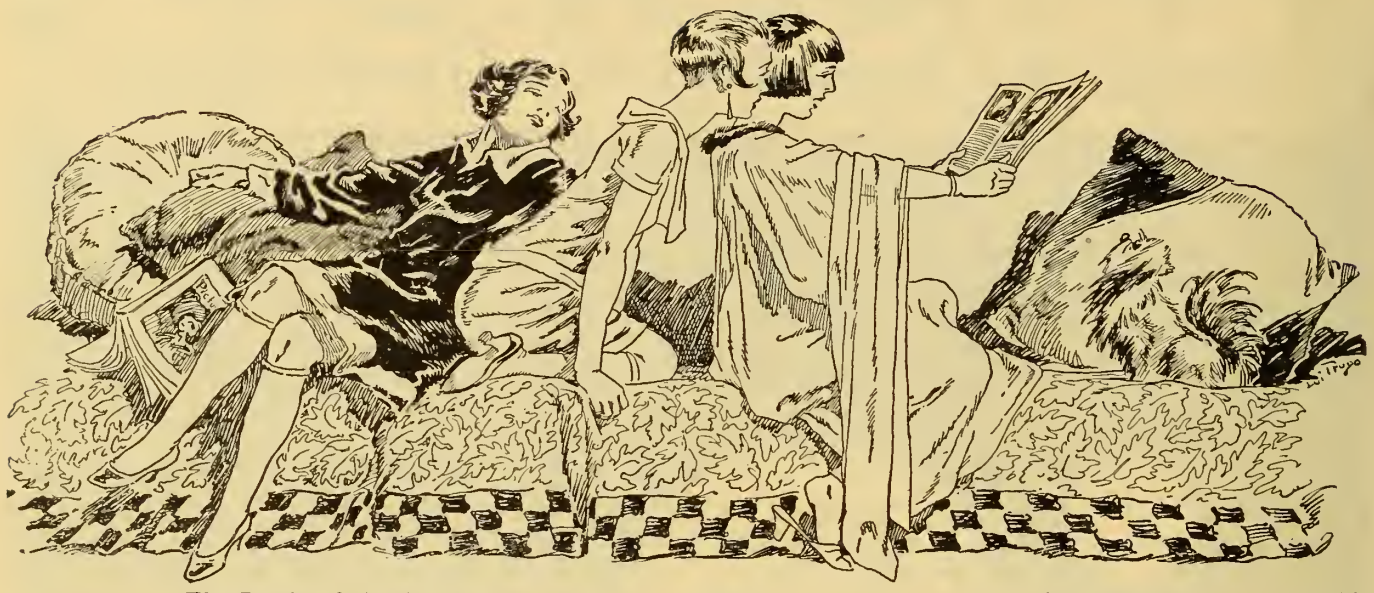
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What The Fans Think



The Battle of the Accents.

I HAVE read in the newspapers that certain British men of authority view the talkies with alarm, because of the influence of the American tongue on English speech. I read that Sir Alfred Knox rose in the House of Commons to champion English as it is spoken in England against the "ravages" of American language through talking pictures.

I wish to ask British fans whether this attitude really reflects the general feeling in England toward American talkies, or whether it is a flimsy effort on the part of certain Englishmen to mask a purely economic measure.

In thinking back over the films and actors that I have heard and enjoyed lately, I can remember but few that I think would offend a sensitive ear, British or otherwise. There is no need to name the many English actors appearing in American films that are loved and admired by American fans, particularly Ronald Colman, Clive Brook, H. B. Warner, and Dorothy Mackaill. Also, coming into prominence in talkies, Basil Rathbone, Roland Young, and Walter Byron, and the comedians, Lupino Lane, William Austin, Claude Allister, and Stan Laurel.

There are scores of less-known English players who are constantly seen and heard in American films. Almost all the other stars, particularly the ex-stage stars, as, for instance, Ruth Chatterton, Ann Harding, Ina Claire, William Powell, the Barrymores, Walter Huston, the Bennetts, Norma Shearer, Douglas Fairbanks, Pauline Frederick—oh, I cannot begin to name them all!—seem, to my crude American ear, to speak the English language, if not with an English accent, certainly with charm and distinction.

I cannot see how any of these can have any disastrous effect on English speech as it is spoken in England. If any English fans disagree with me, may I ask them to tell us how many of the American stars they can name whose speech is so crude and objectionable as to cause any "ravages" to an Englishman's English? May I also ask them to tell us who the particular offenders are?

Of course, there are a few flappers, of no particular education or histrionic training, who won a place in silent pictures wholly on their pert youth and prettiness, whose accents are untrained and crude, but these are rapidly fading into oblivion and are too few to matter. There are, also, I admit, pictures of the underworld, and pictures calling for colloquial speech, as we cannot be expected to produce only drawing-room dramas. But surely our English friends do not allow these films to corrupt their tongue, or get the mistaken idea that the accent is considered correct in America.

Americans are, more or less justly, accused of being insular and ignorant of foreign customs and languages, but I am sure an American would not mistake a talkie about *lower-class* Englishmen to be an example of *educated* English accents, nor would he dream of having any apprehensions lest he acquire a Cockney flavor to his speech, no matter how much of it he heard.

I have English friends who have been in the United States for five and ten years, and even longer, whose accent is still unmistakably English. How could there be any danger of changing such a tenacious accent merely by listening to an American talkie for a few hours a week, at most, when all the rest of the time the person hears Englishmen exclusively? It is too absurd even to mention.

I am not anti-British; in fact, I am pro-British in that I deeply admire the English persons whom I have known, and the English institutions and customs of which I have heard and read. It is to keep that admiration free from resentment and doubt that I am asking English fans if these newspaper pronouncements, which seem to me to be so unjust, so narrow and intolerant, so holier-than-thou, and so smug, correctly reflect the feeling among English people in regard to American talkies.

IRENE BURTON.

Los Angeles, California.

A New Kind of Fan.

Ever since the invasion of the talkies, many months ago, I have been a keen spectator of the battle for supremacy between stage and screen players. To me, it is one of the most interesting phases of the screen's entire development. And it certainly is amusing!

Although a fan of many years' standing, I welcome these new footlight people. They are the saviors of the audible screen and, for that reason alone, deserve the heartiest plaudits of the people. Just look at the dandy pictures they have given us. Compare them with the pitiful efforts of our old-time silent favorites. They may not photograph quite so attractively, but they *are*

Continued on page 10

She Was Swept Into A Magic World



A chance resemblance to a famous motion-picture actress brought to Dawn McAllister the opportunity to leave the drab world of stenography for the fascinations of the motion-picture lot.

And soon she was head over heels in love with an actor and involved in the strangest mesh of circumstances. For Fate decreed that she must go on impersonating the famous star, and soon she was the reigning beauty in the fantastic world of studio and location.

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Continued from page 8

there with the goods! We witness Ruth Chatterton looking, acting, and sounding superb in "Charming Sinners." Around the corner William Boyd and Marie Prevost are stuttering through something called "The Flying Fool." What a difference and what a godsend these stage stars are! Listening to Miss Chatterton, and the rest of her clan, gives one the feeling that he is being educated. It makes him feel as if he never wants to see another ordinary *movie* actress again.

DALE ATHOLSTAN.

Montreal, Canada.

A Question of Vibrations.

I believe that if the motion-picture colony were transplanted east of the hundredth degree of longitude—the sun shines in places other than southern California—that the individual careers of the players would be longer, and that many unhappy personal experiences would be avoided. Perhaps east of that line Alma Rubens' hospital cure would not have been necessary, Anna Q. Nilsson would regain her health and find that the trouble she is having from the accident to her leg would be overcome, that the late lovely Jeanne Eagles would not have suffered untold tortures with sinus trouble, and, last of all, Lewis Stone's nervousness, the cause of his divorce, might never have been.

This is to mention only a few of the troubles of the stars one reads of in PICTURE PLAY. I feel that the time is coming when Los Angeles will be shown up as exactly the opposite of what the realtors are struggling to prove it, and will be considered unfit for anything living except desert life and desert vegetation.

ONE WHO HAS THE MOVING PICTURE INDUSTRY AT HEART.

Cleveland, Ohio.

Be a Gentleman, Bill!

In March PICTURE PLAY, Bob Allen rightfully criticized William Haines for his rowdy acting and overdoing his usual stuff in "Speedway." It is true that he was only acting when he madly and foolishly rushed Miss Page, but if he had any chivalry at all, no salary offer, or no hard-boiled director, could cause him to act that way. I think that Mr. Haines thought his acting funny. It certainly was funny, judging from the applause of the children, but no adult, intelligent fan could approve of his overacting.

The film disgusted me very much, so when the "Navy Blues" was shown I passed it up. I like Mr. Haines well enough to forgive him his crazy acting in "Speedway," but unless he learns better how to treat ladies, even in pictures, I am off him for life. I do hope that in his next film Mr. Haines and his director will avoid too much overacting.

I feel sorry for Miss Page, and I hope she gets a better break next time.

REYNALDO R. CURVA.

4 Lyon Street, N. E.,
Grand Rapids, Michigan.

If Clara Had Adopted a Baby.

To-day I came upon the article, "Clara Shops For a Baby." At first I read with tolerance, but as I read further, my annoyance got the better of me.

Any woman of sense couldn't possibly say the very stupid things that Miss Bow does. Her reasons for adoption, her utter selfishness in claiming to want a baby, for what use? To tweak its nose, play marbles with, and croon a lullaby to. Then to calmly state that when a woman adopts a child, if it turns out lovely, she has accomplished something—if it doesn't, it is shrugged off as being only an adopted child.

That's not true, and I defy Clara, or any one else, to prove that statement—unless in the case of just such people as Miss Bow.

I am of the same age as Miss Bow and have been married five years. I have adopted a darling child. If I were to have a child of my own, I couldn't possibly love it any more. I know I can say the same for my husband. I also know of many cases like mine. Perhaps they can't bother to answer that article; they are too busy taking care of their darling babies. But I feel as though I must retaliate.

Miss Bow's education has been sadly neglected. I feel sorry for her for that reason, but she must not feel that because of her screen popularity she can tread upon the public's feelings. How does she suppose an adopted child, old enough to read her article, would feel about that? I should feel very sorry for any child who had the misfortune to be adopted by a person with such ideas.

MRS. X.

The Gish Artillery Opens Up.

After reading the prejudiced tirade from Florence Bogarte, Logansport, Indiana, regarding Lillian Gish as an artist, I feel that I must write and ask why such a reliable magazine as PICTURE PLAY should publish letters of this type.

A first glance should convince one that these writers are wholly incapable of fair criticism, whether they be teachers of dramatic art, village librarians, or presidents of the women's leagues for the prevention of floods in the Mississippi Valley. By ignorance I mean the lack of such qualities as tolerance, good breeding, and a feeling for things beautiful and just, more than the mere school-book fare which many people imagine comprises knowledge.

Living in Philadelphia and in New York, I believe I have many more and varied opportunities for comparison and first-hand information regarding the screen and theater than people living in the smaller towns. A consensus of opinion of intelligent people should suffice in the declaration that Lillian Gish is a great artist—perhaps, as many hold, the greatest artist the screen has yet produced. The courage and loveliness, the wistful smile that defines the beauty of all the universe, the thousand fleeting lights and shadows of emotion which Lillian Gish brings to the screen is *art,* and cannot be put aside with statements such as, "She has no technique, no artistry, and does not know the A B C of dramatic art." This and other statements such as, "She is about the most mediocre actress we have on the screen," are really pathetic, because they so clearly and so surely hold the writer up to be misguided and poorly informed.

How much finer and bigger it is, when we are not fitted to judge, to sit back and listen attentively to people who by long years of training are qualified to speak. Men such as Griffith, Reinhardt, Henry King, and Victor Seastrom, mellowed by years of experience and a wealth of knowledge which we, including teachers of dramatic art, couldn't possibly possess, declare Gish alone and unchallenged in her field of tragic beauty. The beacons of their judgment burn to dust the feeble little scrawls so egotistically filled with stupid, prejudiced criticisms.

Lillian Gish is an actress of unquestioned artistry, and if personal feeling for the beautiful is not big enough to grasp it, then don't lay the blame at the door of Gish. Fortunate are the people who appreciate and live within the radiance of her interpretations. But if you don't, then light the candle of your admiration before your favorite. Don't waste and squander your imagination on vulgar, ignorant statements.

C. BASIL CLUNK.

1519 North Gratz Street,
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Try It On Your Friends.

The most lovable actress on the screen, and the brightest spot in the Metro-Goldwyn firmament, is Anita Page. In my belief, Miss Page is the only sweet young heroine in pictures, with the probable exception of Mary Brian.

No undue publicity concerning Miss Page has been presented to the public, and it is very evident her name has not been linked with any of the much-discussed Hollywood engagements and nuptials, most of which lead to more or less high-powered and unpleasant publicity.

Miss Page on the screen is truly an admirable ingénue, and I have a barrage of adjectives ready for any one who attempts to convince me she is not the same sweet girl in private life.

If the movies had more actresses like Miss Page, then some of those who contribute so generously to "What the Fans Think" could save their comment to belittle some of their local friends with their would-be wisecracks.

GERALD RUSSELL.

Lacey, Washington.

Lillian's Art "Gish-gush"?

Three cheers for Florence Bogarte. The Hoosier lady certainly reduced the Gish myth to the airy nothingness of which it has always consisted. The downfall of Gish was impending the instant that Hollywood drafted real talent from the spoken stage. Against the background of an Ann Harding or a Ruth Chatterton, the Gish myth becomes only that—a myth.

Lillian Gish could never act, and some time the people were bound to find it out. A stuffed doll with locomotion could be just as effective as Lillian Gish, although Dorothy, I always thought, was pretty good. I've watched *la* Gish in her heyday, and if she was an actress I'm Mussolini.

Why should you screenatics try to foist boloney on us? The hooey that is printed about Clara Bow, a hoyden in spangles! The bunk that is bruited about the domestic qualities of some other harpie of celluloidia who would only recognize an egg as a fragrant missile!

GORDON MACKAY.

Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Louise's Expedition.

The last time I wrote, I told a true tale about PICTURE PLAY's generosity in bringing romance into the lives of many of us fans—and the time before that I told of a motor trip I contemplated taking to Hollywood. My appearance this time is to tell those of you who wrote me three years ago, and requested me to write up my experiences for you, that I shall leave Wisconsin about September 1st. I do not know how long it will take me to get there, and I do not wish to make public the exact date of my arrival in Hollywood, for I do not care to make known that I am there until after I have made my rounds of the studios and have applied for work, and been turned down! Then I shall be ready to write an account of my experiences, trials, failures, and possible success for the fans who wrote

me. I shall tell you just how hard, or how easy, it is to get even a tiny bit in pictures.

It is impossible for me to answer all who wrote me. However, PICTURE PLAY has kindly consented to let me tell you of my trip through "What the Fans Think." LOUISE BRYAN BUCKHOLZ.

R. R. 2, Box 59, Osseo, Wisconsin.

Stage Stars Unwanted.

How many more Broadway stars are going to be crammed down our throats before the movie magnates stop the mad rush to the Gold Coast? I'm getting fed up with most of these stage stars, near-stars, and not-at-all-stars. People we never heard of are ballyhooed and pushed forward, and we're supposed to sit in open-mouthed admiration and take them promptly to our bosoms.

Of course, some are so well known that every one is naturally curious to see them on the screen, as a novelty, like Irene Bordoni, Rudy Vallée, just a dull thud; Marilyn Miller, and the like. But some of the newcomers we would be glad to keep on the screen permanently are Ruth Chatterton, George Arliss, Basil Rathbone, Harry Green, George Barraud, and Walter Huston.

But why Jeannette MacDonald, Robert Ames, Inez Courtney, Polly Walker, J. Harold Murray, Mae Clarke, Alexander Gray, Kay Johnson, Helen Chandler, Natalie Moorhead, and Joe E. Brown? And why, oh why, Harry Richman? Who *are* they? Where do they come from? Few of us ever heard of most of them. Who is really interested in Bernice Claire, or Lenore Ulric, or the Kings, Charles and Dennis, and Carlotta?

We like to see actors we *know*—actors who seem to belong to us, because we have followed their careers picture by picture, from tiny bits to stardom. We take almost personal pride in seeing one of our "discoveries" make a hit and go up the movie ladder. One can't do that with the stage stars. They are thrust on us as full-fledged celebrities. We can't feel that they are one of the family. And as many of these newcomers are lacking in good looks, charm, and colorful personality, and even in natural acting, it is really a bore to see their pictures. And it's difficult *not* to see them. They're in everything. They overrun the movie landscape.

The screen stars are much better looking—and we still like our actors to be beautiful. They are vivid, and they are usually much better actors than the stage people—more *natural,* not so strained and artificial.

No, these people belong to Broadway, to vaudeville and stock companies. They don't fit into Hollywood. We can still have our favorites on both stage and screen, but, oh, let's please keep them apart! LEA DRAKE MCALISTER.

Casa Linda Apartments,
West College Avenue,
Coleman, Texas.

Live and Let Live.

Why will the fans persist in saying that Gary Cooper's desire to live simply and quietly is just being high-hat? Aren't we all permitted to live in the way that most appeals to us, or does being an actor imply that he must notify his public of his every thought and action?

Perhaps his manner of living would meet with every one's approval if he'd visit his public and treat it as one of the family; have a hearty handshake for every overly ambitious movie-struck fan that meets him, and invite said fan to spend an indefinite period at his home. This may sound ridiculous, but that, apparently, is what most people expect. Otherwise, he is called high-hat.

Judge your star by his ability. Be his fan through misfortune and success, and let him live his life behind the scenes without your idle curiosity.

RITA MCDEVITT.

2810 Wharton Street,
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Why Bring Up Accents?

As an interested reader of "What the Fans Think," I often marvel at some of the letters, such cruel criticism and unkind remarks about the people whose work is for our entertainment. Mary Pickford is booed in Australia for "Coquette." A writer from Glasgow wonders what will happen when Mary and Douglas give them "The Taming of the Shrew" *à la* New York accent.

Too bad. Now, I'm English; I like English accents, voices, et cetera, but this sort of thing makes me gnash my teeth. I have had the pleasure of visiting many parts of the United States, and can truthfully state that the accents of New Yorkers, New Englanders, Middle Westerners, Far Westerners, and Southerners no more bother me than any of the many English accents—Irish brogue, Scotch burr, or what have you?

Why must people be so narrow-minded? I wonder if it ever occurs to some of the English and colonial fans that perhaps not all the American fans care for ultra-English pronunciation. We in Canada don't mind either English or American accents—we are used to both. What matter the accent, anyway, so long as it is natural? BIDDY.

Toronto, Canada.

Sam Makes a Suggestion.

What a shame it is that Lillian Gish wasn't tutored in dramatic art by Florence Bogarte! Perhaps she would have given us performances such as that of *Mame,* in "Saturday Night Kid," and *Vera,* in "Hearts in Exile," instead of such world-famous pictures as "Hearts of the World," "Broken Blossoms," "Way Down East," "Orphans of the Storm," and "White Sister."

Miss Gish gained her great knowledge of acting by her untiring efforts, assisted by D. W. Griffith, who knows the A B C's of dramatic art.

Miss Gish's acting has been praised by many famous critics and people of importance in the public eye. These are the greater part of the Gish admirers who do not contribute to fan magazines. There are also Gish fans among us writing in to "What the Fans Think," but they do not bother themselves to defend Miss Gish.

It was a great triumph for Miss Bogarte to have her letter printed in PICTURE PLAY. Perhaps many hopeful fans will seek advice from her as to real dramatic art. She really should open a special class on "How Not To Enter the Movies." SAM J. BLOCK.

316 Rutland Street,
Brooklyn, New York.

To Arms, Brian Fans!

This is the first letter I have written to "What the Fans Think," and it is intended to scold J. E. R. for being such a prudish fool. It makes me laugh to read that she is disgusted with the stars who appear in bathing costumes in film magazines. Her darlings, Mary Pickford and Mary Brian, don't do that! Dear me, no! Mary Pickford's curves are hardly so alluring, and her figure leaves much to be desired. As for Mary Brian, she has earned the title of "modesty," and it would not pay her to lose it.

Mary should have been born a century back, with that baby face and those old-fashioned ways. Frankly, she puts me to sleep, and if she did appear in bathing costume, or other "disgusting" costume—I suppose J. E. R. goes swimming in long skirts—I would not trouble to look at her. Any girl with a figure like Anita Page's would like to appear in bathing costume. She is the only girl who can compete with Lily Damita. Both Alice White and Anita are ladies, and pretty, vivacious girls as well as delightful actresses, which is more than I can say for Mary Brian. Lupe is not a lady, and never will be, but she's sort of cute.

I am also very indignant with Gloria Swanson for saying that Corinne Griffith is the only beautiful woman on the screen, the rest being types. I disagree. Gloria herself is a type, but girls like Vilma Banky, Esther Ralston, Greta Nissen, Josephine Dunn, Norma Shearer, and Mary Nolan are different types of beauty. If Corinne Griffith is still called beautiful, it is because people are loyal. Corinne was beautiful, but now she is no longer.

How I envy you who can hear the talkies. Will they ever com to this country? I think I shall swoon when I hear William Powell or Ronald Colman speak.

FRESIA SMITH.

Casilla 8026, Correo 21,
Santiago de Chile.

Good To Her Mother.

Chancing to read Gladys Stern's letter, I feel I'd like to join Miss Stern in denouncing the morons that write fool questions to magazines.

Because I have the much-esteemed friendship of a few of the stars, I believe I am correct in enlightening any one who may have read one of the letters Gladys Stern mentions, and telling them that there is no star in the picture business more wonderful in her treatment of her little mother than Betty Compson. With our adorable Betty it is almost, if not quite, a mother complex, as Jim Tully remarked to me before leaving for a Sunday visit to Flintridge, the home of Betty Compson and James Cruze. Surely intimate friends are best able to judge of the sincerity and worth of mother love returned. GRACE KELLY.

Hollywood, California.

A Worshiper Visits a Shrine.

Writing to stars is not a hobby with me, but once in a while—a very great while—I find a personality so interesting and of such superior artistry that a photo of that person means a great deal to me.

Thus intensely have I longed for the photos of two actors, namely Ramon Novarro and Barry Norton, Ramon being the favorite of my shyer days—the first light after a childhood of darkness and misery. I never dared to write more than a formal "Kindly send me" sort of thing. Ramon could not realize all that was back of that request, so all I received was a photo with a printed signature.

However, since "The Legion of the Condemned," Barry Norton has been my prime favorite. My interest is not only in his exceptional ability, but also in his off-screen personality. He is a puzzle. But the various parts of him never seem to fit together. He is this and he isn't—he is that and he isn't. Since it always causes dizziness to try to figure him out, I am learning just to take him for granted.

A year's correspondence with this young man of the exotic behavior has taught me much. It seems that the more you ask of him the less you are apt to get. I *know,* for I wrote for two years for a picture, with no response of any kind. Finally, I wrote something different, and the answer was two beautiful photos—one with a note on the back in English, and the other autographed in Spanish.

Then my letter on Barry Norton's nostrils appeared in PICTURE PLAY, and I received my first letter from him thanking me and declaring that his nostrils were all right with him as long as they served their purpose! And after all the poetic things I wrote about them, too!

Naturally, I wrote back, never expecting another letter, and not asking for it, either. But come it did, and every answer has brought another one, so I am beginning to *expect* them. Mind you, I have never *asked* him to write to me. Yet in one month I received four letters! But then I had made Barry very, very angry. As I learned later, he kicked a pillow across the room and banged on the piano, because I wrote something I never *dreamed* would hurt him. And, oh, what a letter I received! It left me dizzy. Until you've been bawled out by Barry Norton, you haven't *ever* been bawled out. I was hurt, and told him so. Then he was sorry. I received a contrite letter and a huge picture, special delivery, despite the fact that I live in the same city. A few days later I received another special delivery and snapshots of himself and his brother, Marcelo. No, sir, Barry doesn't do *anything* halfway. Always the extremist. How many would suspect the irresponsible Barry Norton capable of such wholehearted consideration?

The last letter received was from his secretary, business manager, and friend, Anne Craig, inviting me to her house. To be sure I went, and we swore eternal friendship. I learned many little intimate things about my favorite and had the thrill of viewing his baby pictures—and a sweeter baby there never was!

I know all the Barry fans will enjoy reading this, and I know, also, that they will envy me. CROCELLA MULLEN.

Hollywood, California.

Justice for Alice White.

In all my experience in reading "What the Fans Think," I have never heard a star so "downed" as Alice White.

I certainly am no fan of hers—in fact, I keep as far as possible from theaters that show her pictures—but I often wonder if those who hurl brickbats ever stop to think, "Will she ever read this letter?" She may be a kid who takes everything to heart. On the other hand, she may not be. But why discourage her when she *may* be doing her best in trying hard to please? Why not just keep mum and let those who like her put her in the limelight? I have read exactly two letters *for* her, all the rest against her and asking why she is on the screen. I suppose her employers are not daft, but see that some people care for her.

TENDERHEARTED.

London, England.

Novarro's Fans Rabid.

I am one of those who favor the old régime of the silent drama, yet I break my silence to submit a bouquet for a talking picture.

"Devil-May-Care" is one of the most delightful and charming productions I have seen since "Monsieur Beaucaire." Not that I wish to compare them, even if it were possible. It contains all the pictorial beauty of the silent film; the star is a motion-picture artist even though surrounded by strangers; and, yes, I believe the use of his voice does enhance Ramon Novarro's artistry. His work has always been charged with a vivid, superb vitality, plus an irrepressible, irresistible humor, but now words fail me.

Ramon Novarro has carried his rare ability to interpret idealism in terms of life, with vital reality, into talking pictures. This is a commendable achievement. So often an actor makes his audience feel that they are merely watching an enjoyable tableau. The love theme of this romantic talkie is stressed, and Mr. Novarro enacts these difficult scenes with somewhat less of his usual restraint, yet the effect is not embarrassing, or ludicrous, or unnecessary. So many voices have broken the remote, illusory, idealistic atmosphere of the motion picture. His does not.

My comments are mostly concerned with talkie faults, so I cannot close without mention of Novarro's lovely singing voice. The industry should be proud of having such a jewel in its ranks.

V. H. J.

Pola and Stage Players.

Malcolm H. Oettinger certainly had some radical ideas about the stars in his article, "Climb Up On My Knee," in April PICTURE PLAY. He said Pola Negri is affected. Maybe she is, but isn't that the kind of rôle she is usually cast in? In my opinion, Pola Negri is the finest actress ever seen on the American screen. She is not even to be mentioned with such as Kay Johnson, Jeannette MacDonald, or Bernice Claire.

These stage stars! Who cares whether So-and-so made a hit on Broadway? Who cares if Rudy Vallée can warble a few notes? He certainly can't act. That was demonstrated in the awful flop of "The Vagabond Lover."

The actress whom I admire most, next to Pola Negri, is Gloria Swanson. I admire her because of the way she has kept her position in Hollywood, despite the invasion from the stage.

And say you, Florence Bogarte, there are no Gish fans? Well, here's one! You said that if Gish was an artist, Lindy could not fly. That proves that she *is* an artist. Did you read about Lindy crashing in the glider he was trying to fly, not long ago? You take a lot for granted. How do you know Lillian does not appeal to the serious-minded? Why did you go to see "The Wind," if you have such a grudge against her? Leave her alone now, Flossie—she can get along all right without you. W. D.

Denver, Colorado.

Chest Relief.

I believe in playing fair and square, but I can't stand this any longer. I simply must get this off my chest. There's a girl on the screen who is one of the most conceited, self-centered persons I've ever seen. Her very walk suggests, "Aren't I snappy?"

Nothing seems to sink in. People have written letters to this department, absolutely ripping her to pieces, and she still marches on, as conceited as ever. I admire courage, but I certainly loathe boldness. Alice White hasn't courage; she's packed full of the latter.

There is something else on my mind. In Canada they have banned about fifty of the most popular pictures. In some provinces, that is. "Our Modern Maidens" is banned, and I so wanted to see Joan Crawford in that. "Evangeline" is banned, "The Cock-eyed World," and others.

Could any one tell me if something can be done? It doesn't seem fair. The Canadian censors must think we are very trusting souls, and are trying to shield us, but it all is very foolish. If any one could suggest something, I would be more than pleased. M. D. KASHMER.

British Columbia.

The Queen Speaks!

Garbo talks! After years of following Greta Garbo's flashing career from her first appearance in "The Temptress," I've been under the spell of her odd, haunting beauty, the strange enchantment of her personality, the dream person we would like to be. What, then, happens to this illusion when Garbo speaks?

Oh, dramatic moment, when, as *Anna Christie,* she pushed open the door of the saloon and stood there. Enthusiastic clapping greeted her. Odd that at such a truly thrilling and significant moment an appreciative audience should make obeisance to the shadow of an actress. Yet perhaps she was there, after all. They say she slipped in unrecognized and saw her picture for the first time. Perhaps then, after all, she tasted of this personal triumph.

Expectation stretched to the bursting point as she glided in, took her seat at the table, and said in a strange, curiously flat, yet deep and husky voice, "A whisky for mine, with ginger ale on the side." Oh, cold shower on a frosty morning! Could this be Garbo? One couldn't be sure. The play went on. One appreciated the compelling artistry of it. It was a superb piece of acting, a triumph of dramatic art.

Yet when it was over one questioned, as did two flappers who sat beside me. For a full moment they sat as they were, feet propped against the back of the seats ahead. Said one to the other in a puzzled tone, "Well, did you like it?" The other one thought for a moment. "I don't know." Then: "I guess I didn't. No, I don't think I did," still doubtful. But loud clapping greeted the film. I felt as if I had heard fine music, beautifully executed on an instrument I wasn't particularly partial to.

But strange fruit leaves a craving on the palate which nothing else will satisfy. I found I wanted to see it again. I slipped in the next evening.

This time I was prepared, not to hear Garbo talk, but to hear her in the rôle of *Anna Christie.* The door opened as before, and she came in. A voice, the voice of *Anna Christie,* spoke. Perfect now its strange huskiness. Appropriate its harsh, nasal tones. Wonderful things she did with this voice, the voice of *Anna Christie,* the girl of the streets. The anguish of it as she pleaded for love, the bitterness, the hardness as she revealed her past. The thrilling cadences in spots. Were these, perhaps, a taste of the Garbo voice in other rôles?

I left satisfied. I had heard a splendid actress wring the most from a dramatic rôle. What future rôles will do with or for the voice of the Swedish star, whose accent at times is not noticed at all, who knows? Has this lovely lady, who expressed poetry in her every motion, as she glided through those cinematic triumphs on a silent screen, gone?

If so, if then the queen be dead, one can only say, long live the queen that has brought such a truly fine dramatic actress as Greta Garbo to the screen.

Los Angeles, California. F. M. H.

Continued on page 98



"You folks must think I can't play!"

I cried, when they laughed at my offer

IT was the monthly get-together of our little group. We had met at Tom's house, and the fun was at its height. Mabel had just finished singing a touching version of "Frankie and Johnny" and the room fairly shook with laughter. Then I offered to play.

"Boy! This is going to be good. Did you folks hear what Jim just proposed? He said *he'd play for us!"* cried Tom.

I pretended to be highly insulted. Drawing myself up with mock dignity, I said, "You folks must think I can't play! Why, the very idea!"

This caused a fresh explosion of laughter. "Can't play!" called some one. "Say, if I could play as well as you, I'd be digging ditches right now!"

That was too much. Seating myself at the piano I held up my hand to command silence. Then, with a good many flourishes and turning of pages, I opened the "Collection of Southern Songs" at "Swanee River," turned it upside down, and began to play.

And how! My usual one-finger clowning was as nothing compared to the performance I put on now. It was masterly. I traveled up and down that keyboard with my one good finger, as Tom called it, until the crowd howled for mercy. Finally I stopped, turned around, and demanded.

"Now who says I can't play?"

"You win!" came from all sides. "Only please don't demonstrate any more, for the love of heaven!"

But instead of getting up from the piano, I suddenly swung into the haunting strains of "The Pagan Love Song." But with a difference! This was not clowning, but real music. I played as I had always longed to play—beautifully, effortlessly, with real skill and feeling.

No wonder the crowd gasped with astonishment! I knew they could hardly believe their ears. The moment the piece was finished they overwhelmed me with questions. *Where had I learned to play? When had I studied? Who was my teacher? Why had I kept it a secret?*

How I Taught Myself to Play

And so I told them the whole story. Told them how, ever since I was a child, I had been crazy about music. But, like most children, I hated to practice. That's why, after a few desultory attempts, my music lessons were given up, and I had to content myself with hearing others play.

But every time I pepped up a party with my one-finger clowning the longing to really play returned. However, I had no time now to take lessons and spend hours practicing, to say nothing of the expense of a private teacher. Just as I was beginning to think that my dream of some day learning to play would remain a dream, I happened to come across an ad of the U. S. School of Music.

"Why, that's a correspondence school, isn't it?" interrupted Tom.

"Yes," I told him. "It's a correspondence school. The ad had offered a Free Demonstration Lesson to prove how easy it is to learn to play at home, without a teacher, in one's spare time. That sounded reasonable to me, and I sent for the test lesson. But I never expected that it would be as easy as it actually was.

"That's why I sent for the entire course. It was great. The U. S. School of Music course requires no private teacher—no interruption to one's regular duties. I learned in my spare time, after work, and enjoyed each lesson as much as if it had been a delightful game. For there are no long hours of practice—no tiresome scales—the U. S. School of Music way. Everything is as easy, almost, as A-B-C.

"In fact, almost before I knew it, I was able to play all the pieces I had always longed to do. Jazz, classical, *anything*. But I didn't want to tell you folks until I was sure of myself—you know, no clowning . . . Well, what do you say?"

They were dumbfounded. But only for a little while. Then they eagerly demanded piece after piece—dance music, ballads, snappy songs. Now I'm never invited anywhere that I'm not practically forced to entertain with my music. Some difference between now and the days when they used to listen to my clowning with polite attempts to act pleased . . . As Tom says, learning to *really play* has certainly made me popular.

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CAMERA WINKS ROGUISH EYE AT DOMINANT DIRECTORS, PETULANT PRODUCERS, AGREEABLE YES-MEN!

SAUCY SLAPS AT SCREEN CELEBS!

WHAT HAPPENS TO BROADWAY STARS IN HOLLYWOOD!





Photo by Pollock

Nowadays Ramon Novarro's star shines brightly and there never is doubt of either his artistry or his popularity, thanks to the magic of the talkies in completely realizing both his voice and his sense of comedy. Here he is seen in his new rôle, *Juan*, in "The Singer of Seville," with Dorothy Jordan, who made such a pleasant impression in "Devil-May-Care." Besides several songs composed for the film, Mr. Novarro essays an operatic rôle, too.



Photo by Dyar

Evelyn Brent was on the verge of stardom before she was handed several secondary rôles.

Naughty Girl—

When players upset the studios with rebel of work in two-reelers, poor rôles, and support work

By Samuel

OCCASIONALLY Mrs. Jones, in a confidential mood, leans over the back fence and addresses Mrs. Smith, "I don't know what I'm going to do with Sally. I can't do a thing with her." And Mrs. Smith presses thin lips together and hands out sage advice. If Mrs. Jones follows it, Sally is pretty likely to come to time—or else——

And so, in the studios, some of our little favorites occasionally get the idea that every day is a birthday, and that they can do just about as they please.

Joan Crawford, now one of the most tractable stars on the M.-G.-M. lot, was not immune. For a time Joan had the idea that Gish and Garbo, and all the other talented sisterhood who have graced that storm-swept area, had nothing on her for histrionic ability. She would leave the set at noontime, rush to town to the Montmartre, a half-hour journey each way, display her latest creation, linger over luncheon and return when the mood suited her. The picture could wait. She took to reporting late on the set in the morning. If they weren't careful, she'd disappear in the afternoon before the day's shooting was over, so I'm told.

Something had to be done. It was. Papa Mayer summoned Miss Crawford into the sacred precincts of his inner sanctum, and what he didn't say was only what he forgot. He ended the sermon by telling her that she was such a swell actress, and so indispensable, that they had decided to let her support Colonel Tim McCoy, in his latest Western.

When Joan finally stumbled out into the California sunshine, she wasn't wearing rose-tinted glasses. Things looked pretty black for the little girl.

Then it was that Joan showed her common sense. She pulled herself together and gave the picture everything she had. When she finished that picture, the executives were so pleased with the change in her that she was given the lead opposite John Gilbert, in "Twelve Miles Out." Joan realizes that the lesson did her good. So much good, in fact, that to-day she is one of the most popular players on the lot, and one of the biggest drawing cards at the box office.

Unfortunately not all lessons have such a salutary effect. James Murray scored a tremendous hit in "The Crowd." Immediately afterward he was cast for the hero in "Rose Marie." And then the fun began. Really, it had begun sooner, but now, in the vernacular, hell began to pop.



James Murray took his rough but deserved punishment, thought it over, and started anew.

Mr. Murray turned up missing a number of times. He disappeared from the set on other occasions and generally made the life of the director anything but a bed of roses. It was an open secret in Hollywood that Jimmie had never even heard of Volstead.

Metro-Goldwyn bosses declared time after time that they were all washed up on the subject of James Murray, and that as soon as his contract expired, he would be released. In the meantime they began farming him out to other companies. He went over to Warner Brothers and scored a hit in "The Little Wild Cat." Metro-Goldwyn nobly took him back to its bosom, forgave him and took up his option. Jimmie promised to be a good boy and started work on another picture, but went right back to his old tricks.

They leased him to Universal for the lead in "The Shakedown," and he scored a hit. M.-G.-M. again forgave and forgot, and took up another option.

Papa Spank

lious conduct, heavy slippers in the form of newcomers, descend and sometimes wonders.

Richard Mook

Jimmie went to work on "Thunder," supporting Lon Chaney. All went well for a time—a short time. Mr. Chaney was in poor health, and there were several days when he should have been in bed instead of working. But he did not want to hold up production and forced himself to continue. On one of these occasions, Jimmie suddenly disappeared from the set.

That proved to be the straw that broke the dromedary's back. His contract expired about that time and was not renewed. He took a rest cure and cast hopeful eyes at the old lion who sits on top of the studio gates—but the lion gave no sign of recognition.

Universal, in the meantime, mindful of the work he had done in their picture, were watching to see if his cure was permanent. Nothing untoward happening for a couple of months, they decided to give him one more chance, and cast him as the hero in "Shanghai Lady." Like Joan, Jimmie had learned his lesson, and he went marching through that picture like a little soldier. In fact, he soldiered so well that, before the picture was completed, he was given a five-year contract.

Evelyn Brent, following a flock of good notices for her various portrayals, grew pretty well pleased with herself, so we are told. Wealthy aside from her picture earnings, and naturally independent, she reached the point where the only things she could be depended upon to do were those that pleased her. Warnings having no effect, Paramount executives took more drastic steps.



Life is anything but pleasant for those who direct Nancy Carroll's work.



Kathryn Crawford went haywire for a while, until she learned to take publicity stories as a joke.

She was right on the verge of stardom. Indeed, her work fully justified it. But was she starred? She was not. She was lent to Universal for a secondary rôle in "Broadway." Merna Kennedy, unknown except for her work with Chaplin, in "The Circus," played the lead and Evelyn gave brilliant, though grudging support. She scored a hit in the picture, but her dissatisfaction with the rôle was evidenced by her refusal to attend the première. As a result of her displeasure, she made life anything but easy for the gentlemen who dealt with her at the Universal studio.

Paramount, convinced that she needed more disciplining, took her home and gave her one of the most negligible rôles they have handed out in a year, in "Why Bring That Up?" Miss Brent woke up. You can't butt your head against a wall indefinitely without feeling it. And Paramount, sensing, probably, that she was convalescent, but not cured, gave her one more dose. They cast her as the heroine, a small rôle, in "Fast Company," in support of Jack Oakie and Skeets Gallagher, two players not nearly so well known as *la* Brent.

By the time that picture was completed, Miss Brent had learned pretty much what was what, and she was finally starred in "Darkened Rooms" and "Slightly Scarlet." But evidently all did not go well even then, for her option came up about that time and her contract was not renewed.



The taming of Charles Morton was difficult, but he has now settled down to work.

Charles Morton scored a personal success in a mediocre picture, "None But the Brave." This was followed by other hits in "Christina" and "The Far Call." With more money in his pockets than he had ever before had in his life, and a disposition that calls for taking one's fun where one finds it, Charlie began hitting the high spots. The result was that he was in frequent arguments with the local police department.

Charlie is one of the most *un*temperamental people I have ever met, and I don't believe he ever actually held up production with his pranks, but his escapades were a source of annoyance and embarrassment to the gentlemen who guide the destinies of Fox pictures. Charlie, they decided, must be tamed.

Following "Christina," he did nothing for a period of months, besides making a few retakes for "The Four Devils." Enforced idleness didn't upset Charlie particularly. It meant just that much more time for play. Seeing that the medicine was doing the patient little good, Doctor Fox prescribed another dose. Charlie was cast as the heavy in "Words and Music." The dose proving unpalatable, he declined to swallow it. In other words, he refused to play in the picture. The outraged doctor prescribed another and more bitter dose. He ordered extra work and bits for the smiling Morton. Charlie stopped smiling long enough to voice a not uncertain opinion of such treatment, and asked to be released from his contract. He got the merry ha-ha.

Fox executives are quoted as saying that they had no intention of letting some other company capitalize on his services after they had spent a million dollars exploiting him. At any rate, they declined to release him, and Charlie was told he would play the parts assigned him, or his salary would be held up.

Charlie consulted a lawyer, and was informed they could hold up his salary for a period of ten days, and would then have to pay him or release him. Charlie put the smile back on his face and burned up the road between Hollywood and Agua Caliente, while the doctor bit his finger nails.

During the period of this disciplining, if you can call it that, Charlie fell in love with Laska Winter. With Miss Winter, it was a case of whole hog or none. In other words, she declined to be one of a gang. Charlie would either confine his attentions to her, or he could do without her company. Charlie chose her. Then, divining that his arguments with the studio were not doing him any good, she issued another ultimatum. Either he would behave himself and cut out the wild parties, or he couldn't see her. "It *must* be love," Charlie sighed, as he tore up his little book of telephone numbers and went back to work in a minor rôle in "Cameo Kirby."

I believe he gave a good performance as, indeed, he always does, but Fox called quits, and Charlie joined the ranks of free-lance players. After a number of months of idleness, he got a part as juvenile in a Marie Dressler-Polly Moran costarring comedy. His lesson seems to have done him good, as Charlie is taking his work seriously for the first time since he has been in pictures.

Universal comes in for its share of trouble also. The beauteous Kathryn Crawford made her bow to Hollywood in the stage production of "Hit the Deck," and knocked the spectators for the well-known loop. She was signed by Universal and publicized as the find of the year. First thing we knew, Kitty was taking the publicity seriously and believing it.

Continued on page 108



Joan Crawford thought that movie making was a lark arranged for her entertainment until she learned otherwise.

Chevalier's Field Day

Five Parisian moods are interpreted by Maurice, the inimitable, in "Paramount on Parade," so it may be assumed that he is not neglected.



That romantic roughneck, the apache, playboy of the left bank of the Seine, cannot be ignored, so Chevalier, left, gets tough.



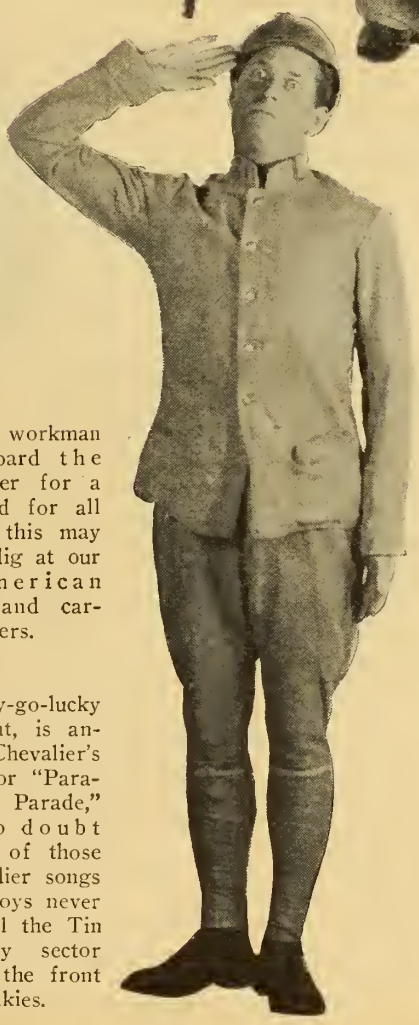
Service with a smile—that's Chevalier all over, center, as a waiter who bears in food such as only the French can prepare—and name.

The swanky Boulevardier is like this, says Maurice, right, and fiction has him more deadly, in a way, than the apache.





The gay workman climbs aboard the prop ladder for a smoke, and for all we know this may be a sly dig at our own American plumbers and carpenters.



The happy-go-lucky *poilu*, right, is another of Chevalier's sketches for "Paramount on Parade," and he no doubt sings one of those clever soldier songs that the boys never heard until the Tin Pan Alley sector moved to the front in talkies.

I Stop To

Neil Hamilton recalled with so much zest and humor success in Hollywood, that PICTURE PLAY urged installment begins exactly as written by him, and a

By Neil



A good job well done, thinks Neil of the house in the trees built by himself and a pal.

A COMEDY-DRAMA

Time	September 9, 1899.
Place	Lynn, Massachusetts.
Time of action	12:10 Saturday night.

CAST

A mother	A doctor
A father	A nurse

A baby

No hero, no heroine; in the words of William DeMille, just men and women.

WEIGHT, 7½ pounds; complexion, dark; hair, russet brown; eyes, brown; contour of face, like any baby's, but bearing a close resemblance to father's, with mother's nose. Parents in moderate circumstances; father metal polisher by trade. Mother and father evidencing no idiosyncrasy except a passion for moving. Baby's earliest recollection that of being bundled up in a nice bag and hearing the words cooed in his ear, "We're moving to 1726 Chestnut Street." No sooner installed in Chestnut Street, and baby gets his bearings, than mother whispers, "Darling, we don't like this place. We're moving to 723 Goat Hill." And so on, until the baby is seventeen. Early life spent in Lynn, Revere, Lowell, and Athol. Third grade to second year in high school in Athol schools.

Baby's earliest recollection of father was his return from California when baby was two years old. Father had gone West on promise of job in oil fields, which did not materialize. He returned home after a six-months' sojourn a physical wreck. Baby not recognizing kind man, with bag of oranges, who came to the gate to take him in his arms. Doubtless the thing most remote from father's mind was the thought that fortune would smile so grandly on baby in later years in California. Dame Fortune, who had turned so cold a shoulder on father's efforts there, smiled very broadly on son years later.

At the age of six, a remarkable trip to the shrine St. Anne de Beaupré, in Quebec, where mother was cured of curvature of the spine, and my broken arm which doctors said would be in a cast for six months was miraculously healed.

When I was seven, the family moved to Athol, Massachusetts, where my father was employed as metal polisher in the L. S. Starrett Tool Works. We lived in Athol, a little town, until I was fifteen. During this period, two vocations were considered, theology and the theater. Sometimes one was the ruling passion, but the next week it had been put in the background, and the other brought forward to dream about.



Neil Hamilton's ambition veered between the church and the stage, but this picture shows his choice.

Athol will live long in my memory. Among other things, its streets had the most interesting of names, such as Swanshill Road, and Bearsden Road. We lived on several streets, but it is Bearsden Road which is most firmly enshrined in my memory, as our farm adjoined the summer home of Morris Gest. It was a six-mile walk to school one way, and downhill all the way. In winter it meant plowing through country roads in waist-high snow for three miles before striking the sidewalks.

Every morning before school I had to take two pails and a hatchet, walk half a mile to a spring, chop through the ice, fill the two pails with water, and carry them back on a Dutch yoke, a long stick across the shoulders with two hooks at the ends. I had also to bring in all the chickens' fountains, clean and refill them, see that their feed boxes were filled, feed the pigs, go to school, come home and repeat the whole routine.

The spring and summer months, however, more than made up for the hardships endured during the winter. The first weeks of May meant the reopening of the actors' ranch, as it was called, a big red house situated at the top of Bearsden Road, its stone walls marking the division between their grounds and my father's farm. Every afternoon at four o'clock I used to push a two-wheeled cart up the hill to collect the day's garbage, which was fed to the pigs. In this way I came in

Look Back

the steps that led him from chore boy on a farm to him to tell his story to the fans. Thus the first more delightful autobiography you never have read.

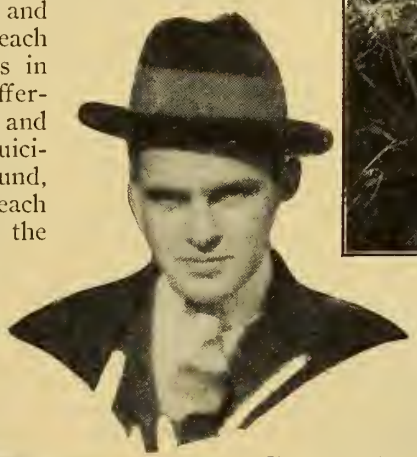
Hamilton

contact with people who, to me, were scarcely less than gods. Visitors to this ranch during the summer included such persons as Morris Gest, David Belasco, Wilson Melrose, famous as leading man in "The Girl of the Golden West," Maitland Davies, actor, author, and critic, Acton Davies, the dramatic critic, and many others whose names for the moment slip my memory.

Often I was employed at two dollars an afternoon to take members of the household on trips through the woods. I knew every short cut and bypath, and every spot of interest or beauty, for miles around, and knew the shortest ways to reach Roundtop, one of the mountains in the vicinity. I could tell the difference between checker berries and dogberries, and knew where the juiciest sassafras roots were to be found, and I knew the safest way to reach the spot from which to watch the bears.



Neil Hamilton at five years of age.



He sold his fifty-dollar Liberty Bond to finance his first visit to New York.



May 17, 1917, found Neil determined to leave home in quest of fame in the studios.

One day Acton Davies asked me what I intended to do when I grew up. I told him I wanted to be an actor. He was mildly amused, and said that when I reached years of discretion, and if I still felt the same, to go to New York, and he might be able to arrange an introduction somewhere. He died, however, the following year. I received the same invitation from Morris Gest, which I did follow up some ten years later.

But true to form, my family moved the following year to the other end of town, some fifteen miles from our Bearsden farm, and by this move I severed the delightful contact with these people.

It was in Athol where I saw my first stage play "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine." I peddled handbills all over the countryside for three days before the show came to town, my pay being a seat in the last row in the gallery. I arrived at the theater at four o'clock in the afternoon, and was the last one out. Little did I know that in after years I would be associated with the leading lady, Charlotte Walker, in a picture.

I saw my first movies in Athol—"The Perils of Pauline," "The Clutching Hand," and "The Million-dollar Mystery."

And I almost had my first stage experience there. The class gave a play in which I was given the part of the hind legs of the king's horse. I say almost my first stage appearance, because my mother went to the school principal, saying she wanted no discrimination, and that if her boy was not good enough to be the front legs of the horse, he could not be any part of him. And so at my parent's insistence I withdrew from the cast.

At the age of twelve I was working in a clothing store in Athol. Besides selling ties, shirts, and so forth, it was also my duty to keep the cellar clean.

As a stimulation to trade, the proprietor decided to have a fashion show, and brought from New York a short, dapper man to put on the exhibition. They de-



"Clothes make the actor," was an early motto of Neil's.

cided to turn one of the windows into a display space so passers-by could see it. The show was to run one day and one evening. And this was my first appearance before the public. I put on a new suit, shirt, tie, shoes, and paraded in the window, pranced around, sat down, read a book, pointing out the merits of the suit, and then exited, to come back many times again.

Mother and father came to see me, and I wasn't a bit upset to find them outside watching. They stayed two hours while I put on my various changes. Naturally I was the talk of all the boys. At the time I thought to myself that I was not afraid to appear before people, though of course at that age I did not analyze my feelings.

As a freshman in high school, I had a fleeting desire to enter West Point. I had made the acquaintance of a Major Doane, who was commander of the military company in the neighboring town of Orange, and who generously lent me his uniform, sash, and sword for a masquerade ball in the high school. In 1918 I met him again in New York. I was traipsing up and down Broadway, with no place to go and nothing to do, when I suddenly ran into him. He was fresh from France, and, I suspect, a little disappointed to find me endeavoring to get on the stage, having given up my military ambitions.



Mr. Hamilton worked in a hardware factory before he ventured upon the Gay White Way.

Like most boys, I worked during my vacations, and received the magnificent sum of four dollars a week in a drug store. My hours were from six thirty in the morning to eleven thirty at night, with every other Sunday off. I really made a great deal more than four dollars during the week, as I consumed that amount in sodas and ice cream, eaten behind the proprietor's back, together with chocolates, and I also annexed my first package of cigarettes, with the intriguing name of London Life.

My father always was and still is a pigeon fancier. I mention this, because one Sunday afternoon I was sitting back of the drug store grandly smoking a cigarette, the center of an admiring group, when who should walk around the corner but my father! He afterward explained that he had heard that one of the Italians in the fruit store next door had some new pigeons.

I sat frozen to the barrel I was sitting on, the other lads taking to their heels, leaving me alone and friendless in my shame, as father thought that, next to the devil, the greatest agency for a young man's downfall was cigarettes.

I fully expected to be skinned alive and thrown into the canal. He was kind, however, and said that he was hurt that I would smoke behind his back; and if I really wanted to smoke, to come home and he would lend me his pipe. I still remember my secret satisfaction in this open defiance of his edict, for after I had been away from home a year, I returned and brazenly smoked a cigarette in the parlor.

Famous Players had just been organized; and although I knew nothing of the theater or pictures, I suddenly seized upon the phrase, "famous players." I thought it a grand name to apply to any group of people. As if it were yesterday, I remember telling a companion that when I grew up I meant to become an actor and affiliate myself with the company whose name had so captivated my fancy. Some ten years later, I signed my first contract with Famous Players.

It was about this time that cloth-topped shoes came into fashion. There was a pair on display in one of the stores, with needlelike points and beautiful gray tops; and I prevailed upon my mother to buy them for me, in order to impress a young lady who had consented to attend one of the high-school dances with me. But sad to relate, the shoes were size five, and at the time I took a six, but I had to have those shoes, and I got them.

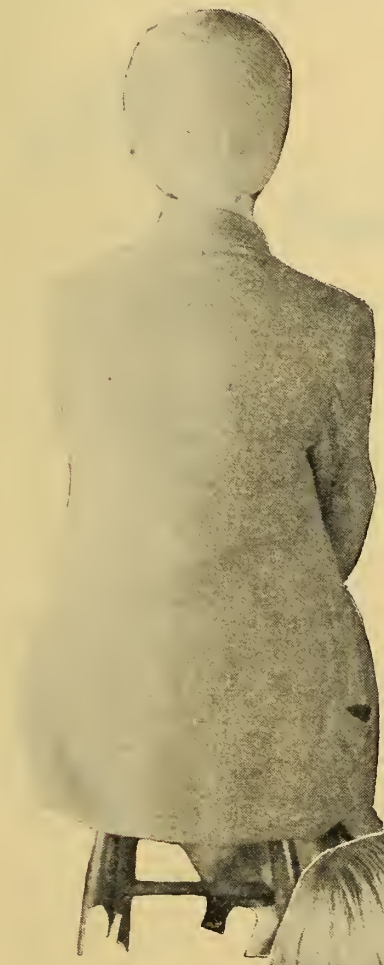
Well, the night of the dance came, and the boy who lived next door and I started for our respective girls' houses. I got mine and escorted her to the dance, but, by the time I got there, the shoes were pinching my feet very badly. At the end of the evening, they pinched twice as badly, and the way home was torture for me, as there were no street cars, no taxis, and we were not rich enough to afford a horse. I could scarcely stand on my feet when we finally reached her house; and as soon as she had said good night and the door closed behind her, I sat on the steps, took off the shoes, and walked home, some three miles, in my stocking feet. I do not believe I could stand for at least a week afterward. What hurt most was the fact that the four dollars expended for the shoes represented a considerable sum. My mother orally chastised me for my extravagance, but was as happy as I in the possession of the shoes, and on every occasion I proudly exhibited them to callers for many weeks afterward.

At fifteen we moved to New Haven, Connecticut, because big wages were paid to munition workers during the War. Men could make as high as ten dollars a day, which, of course, was a fortune to us, as wages in Athol were unbelievably small. It has always been a source of wonder to me that we lived as well as we did, always having the necessities of life, a happy, contented household, operated by mother on a weekly budget that today would last one person in the same circumstances perhaps two days.

[Continued on page 96]

Guess Who's Here

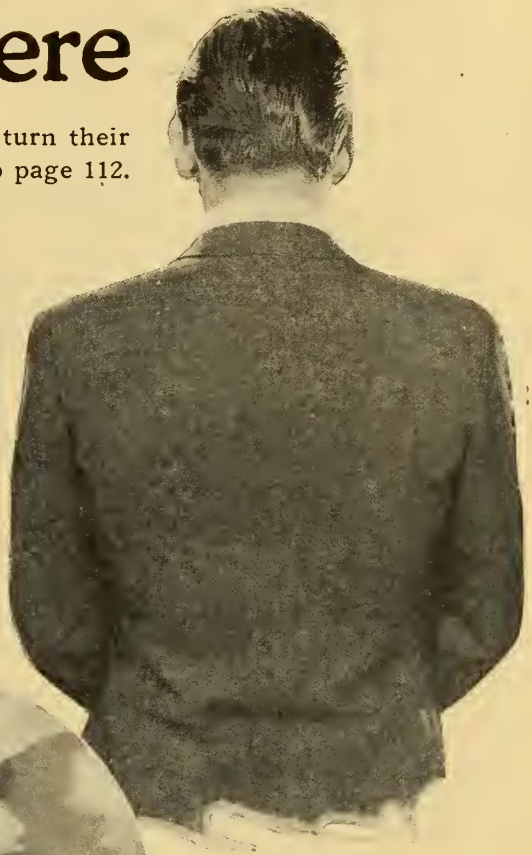
Although this may be the first time you have seen these stars turn their backs to the camera, you should know them without turning to page 112.



1. On the left is a little girl about whom you have been reading a good deal lately.

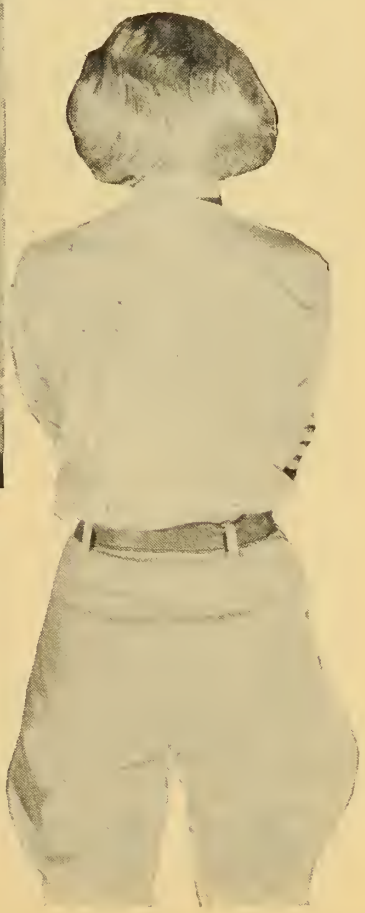
2. On the right, boys and girls, is a young man who gave his sweetheart a wedding ring when they were engaged, thereby keeping people guessing a long time.

3. In the center stands the little runaway who, once on the road to success, wanted to be the moth that flitted around all the bright lights.





5. And now we have, below, probably the only player who frankly admits that she has little imagination.



4. Here is the girl, right, who laughed at the idea of becoming an actress when a manager picked her out and made her reduce.

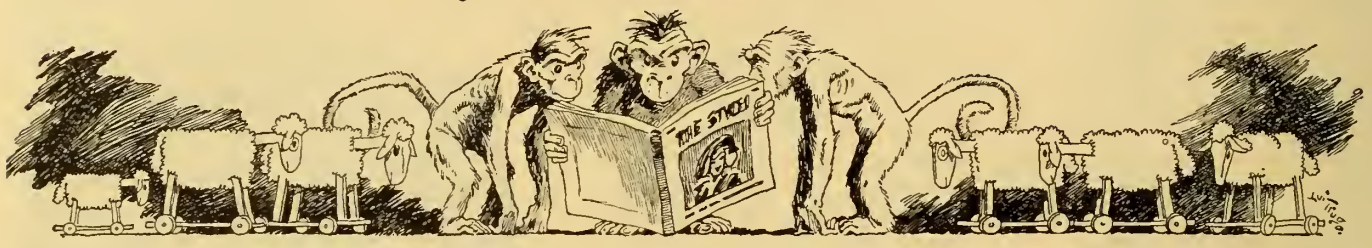


The Smart Thing To Do

Hollywood accepts almost any whim in manners and modes and makes an honored custom of it overnight.

By Helen Louise Walker

Illustrated by Lui Crugo



HOLLYWOOD is taking unto itself the smug title of "The Fashion Center of the World" these days. It boasts that it is superseding Paris as the source of styles in dress, and Grand Rapids as the center of authority on interior decorating. It insists that it is teaching the world, by precept and example, not to eat with its knife.

Maybe it is right. I don't know. Probably people in Australia are furnishing their houses to look like movie sets. Maybe the folks in Keokuk are patterning their parties after that amazing one in "Dynamite." If this is true, then that picture must have done a good deal for the black-lace "teddy" business.

I remember hearing a few months ago that garment manufacturers had risen to protest. They said that every time a new picture is released, women rush to the ready-to-wear shops in search of $14.95 copies of the frocks worn in the production by Greta Garbo, or Gloria Swanson, or whatever feminine star enlivens the picture.

This necessitates running the factories overtime until the demand is satisfied, after which there is a slump until another picture is released and a new fad comes into being. They complained that the designers on motion-picture lots were capricious, and that they had no way of anticipating these ephemeral fashions so that they could manufacture clothes in advance of the demand.

They were upset about it and wanted something done. One might gather from this that Hollywood is not entirely mistaken, or overoptimistic in its claims.

But Hollywood is as much a slave to fashion as the rest of the world. It has many quaint customs of its own, and follows not a few fads as blindly as any other community. Some of these are a little surprising.

One is the custom of being late. Especially to parties. And just as especially to premières.

So persistently has Hollywood developed this habit that now it is practically an all-night job to attend an opening. It does seem a little silly to start the picture before there is an audience. And you certainly do not have an audience until all hours.

At a première I attended not long since, proceedings did not begin until after eleven, and did not finish until—well, I forget just when they did finish. I reached a slumbrous state in which it did not seem to matter.

Apparently the idea of all this is that the most important people are supposed to be the last to arrive. And since no one wants to admit that he is less important than any one else—you can see for yourself that timing one's arrival becomes a delicate and complicated matter.

I attended a luncheon which was given in honor of a well-known star who was going away. The hour was set for twelve thirty, because several of the guests would have to return to studios, or keep appointments later.

Everybody was on time—except the star of the occasion. The hostess waited, with that horrid consciousness that the food was drying up, or getting warm, or cold, or whatever it should not do. At one thirty some of the guests showed signs of restlessness. At one forty-five luncheon, rather bedraggled by that time, was served. At ten minutes to two the actress sauntered in, cool, beautifully dressed, entirely unruffled and unhurried.

"I'm afraid I am a little late," she murmured, "I had some little things to do!"

This is not an exceptional incident. This sort of thing is almost the rule with many picture people. I have known them not to arrive until the next day after a party! Or not to arrive at all, nor send any word, after preparations had been made for them.

It cannot be a congenital weakness, nor can it possibly be laid to that much-maligned word, temperament. Because we are perfectly aware that such didos are not countenanced upon the lots. People arrive on the set at the time they are told to come. A very well-known actress was dropped from one of the leading rôles in a big production recently, because she came an hour late the first morning of shooting.

Lateness to the point of rudeness is simply the fashion.

Fashions change in attitudes, in manners, and in modes of living. Once upon a time picture people strove to be exotic. They invented noble ancestors for themselves, and attempted to live like Oriental royalty. They competed with each other in the lavishness of their en-

Important people must arrive late—but who'll be the very last to come?



tertainments. It was a sort of game. The one who had the most orchestras at his party won!

It was the fashion then to imply that you were rather wicked.

When the reaction set in, it became fashionable to be domestic. Oh, very, very domestic. People began marrying each other. They had babies. And had their pictures taken with them.

But it was discovered that while *little* babies made charming "art" for the Sunday papers, a few years later the creatures turned into long, lanky boys and girls of school age, which was very embarrassing for their parents, who still wanted to pose as ingénues or juveniles.

So it became the fashion "to keep the little dears out of public gaze." The proper remark now is, "I refuse to make publicity of my little ones!" The real difficulty is that they won't stay little.

Just now it is the fashion in Hollywood to be economical, to have simple tastes and to be athletic and open space-ish. People are acquiring financial managers and advisers, and there is much conversation, here and there, about budgets.

Sable coats have given way to sweaters and skirts for everyday wear, and it is extremely *passé* to ride in an imported automobile. There is an epidemic of Ford coupés and only old-fashioned folk have chauffeurs.

We have tennis courts and swimming pools, instead of ballrooms and recreation rooms—although it is still considered the thing to have a bar in one's home, in some nook or other. One hears a great deal about the problems of keeping fit. I don't know for what.

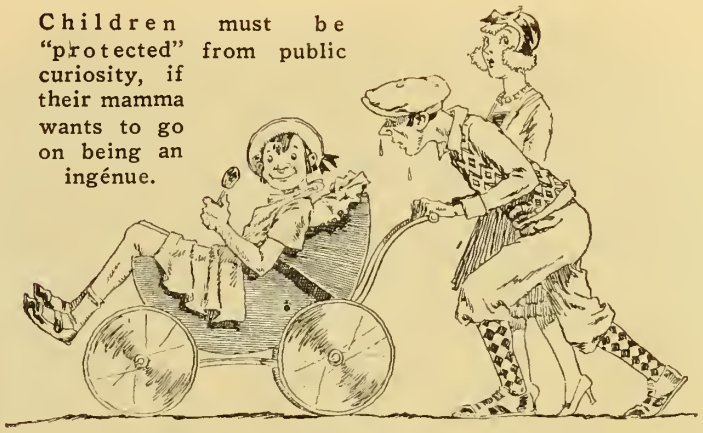
A year ago it was the fashion to be as skinny as you could and still be visible to the naked eye. Any one who ate more than a wisp of lettuce and a sliver of toast for lunch was considered too greedy for anything. Now—thank goodness!—there seems to be a slight tendency on the part of the gals to plump up a little, and I have even seen one or two of them eating ice cream—a little furtively, it is true, but still eating it.

It is the fashion in some circles to sneer at pictures, no matter how much money you have made in them, or how hard you worked, or how long you struggled for a chance to make good.

You are contemptuous because pictures are not art, whatever that may mean. You sneer at the implied lack of intelligence of your employers—not in their hearing, of course. You sneer at your own job, indicating, I suppose, that you are really much too intellectual a person to be occupied with such puerile pursuits; and you also sneer at the people with whom you work—by way, I take it, of proving your own superiority.

You hanker vociferously for New York and sophisticated company. You are miserable, exiled and bitter. And you have a lovely time being all these things.

Another thing, you are not really smart unless you are just frightfully busy. If your social obligations are not entirely out of control, then you aren't *anybody*.



Children must be "protected" from public curiosity, if their mamma wants to go on being an ingénue.

Your telephone must ring every second of the day. You must rush from place to place and party to party. It would be most humiliating if an evening found you with only one or two places to go! If you chance to drop in at your home for a few moments, to change your clothes and get your messages and give an order or two to the cook, dozens of people will drop in for cocktails and probably you will leave numbers of them there when you depart yourself to drop in on others for cocktails.

It is unthinkable that you would ever spend an evening at home with your family, even if you could get track of them all at one time, or that you would desire leisure, or quietness, or peaceful conversation.

You never spend a week-end in town, unless you are at work on a picture. You scuttle away to the mountains, or the ocean, or Agua Caliente, with a group of the people you see, day in and day out, to do the identical things that you have been doing in Hollywood all week. But you must not do them here, if you can possibly arrange to do them anywhere else.

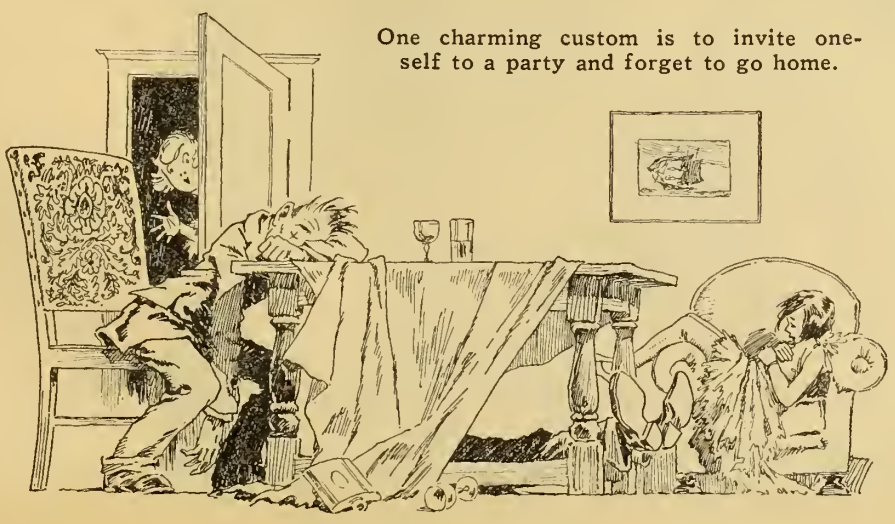
Beach houses are very popular now, and it is considered the thing to have them as far away from Hollywood as is at all possible. Then, you see, you take your own group out there and do whatever it is you want to do, in what you imagine will be seclusion.

Only it doesn't work out exactly like that—the seclusion business, I mean. Because, if the beach house is near enough to town for you to reach it, then dozens of your acquaintances can reach it, too. And they do, of course. They swarm in and eat your food and drink your gin and, if it weren't that you can see the ocean through the windows, you would never guess for a moment that you weren't at home in Hollywood.

This jovial informality about entertaining and being entertained is quite the smart attitude. It is considered great sport to descend upon a dismayed hostess in large throngs. If she has never met the majority of her guests before, it is the more amusing for every one. Except possibly the hostess herself.

If you haven't anything in particular to do, and you hear of some one having a party, just get your crowd together and drop in upon the gathering. You won't be considered odd, rude, or any of those

Continued on page 107



One charming custom is to invite oneself to a party and forget to go home.

The House That

Of all the stars, Harold Lloyd has the most
in Beverly Hills, it is truly a garden spot
beauty that modern intel



Harold Lloyd, above, pauses with Prince beside a babbling brook which runs through the golf course. It is the sort of stream that might have inspired Tennyson to immortalize the chatter of running water, isn't it?

The swimming pool is seen, below, with a pavilion for those guests who prefer to have tea while watching the water sports.





One of the most delightful features of the estate are the cascades, left, leading from the house to the gardens. The house is of the French-Italian Renaissance period and contains forty rooms arranged so as not to violate the precedent of the small Italian villa the architects had in mind.

Laughter Built

magnificent estate. Spreading over sixteen acres
mellowed by skillful landscaping and all the
ligence and taste could devise.

Looking northeast from the estate, below, one enjoys a view of the surrounding hills of Benedict Canyon, while to the east a longer vista of the high mountains is seen, and from the west the eye dwells on rolling hills and the distant Pacific.



Harold and Mildred Gloria, above, have plenty of fun on the nine-hole golf course which is a part of the estate. In the background is seen the canoe course which runs through the links and provides a water hazard for every hole.





Monarch of all he surveys is Harold Lloyd, right, perched on the wall of the court one hundred and twenty feet square, at the left of which is an arcade which serves as the automobile entrance to the dwelling.

Over the

By The Bystander



Photo by White
Irene Delroy is Warner's latest recruit from Broadway musical comedy.

YOU think *I'm* critical, don't you?" Fanny demanded, and before I had a chance to point out that her chief errors come from over-enthusiasm, she went on. "You think I'm never satisfied, that no matter how lovely any one looks on the screen I want to change them slightly. Well, I'm just a piker. I've found critics of beauty that *are* critics.

"I was invited to attend a jolly, mortuary evening among the plastic surgeons, who had promised to demonstrate what was wrong with Hollywood. I went in fear and trembling, because I had a premonition that they would be distracted by the larger opportunities offered by what was wrong with me. But they stuck to the subjects they had promised to talk about. That is, they made no suggestions about me except that my eyes, ears, nose, throat, chin, and forehead could be vastly improved by almost anything that might be done to them.

"Just an ordinary plastic surgeon who specializes in removing permanent waves from the neck, or changing the direction of a nose, goes about his work simply and without any real showmanship. But the big-timers, such as I met, put on a real show for their customers. A prospective subject for carving submits to having a plaster cast made of her head. Then the surgeon demonstrates his prescription by doing a little carving on the sculptured model.

"All this gave the cut-ups an idea for a game, and now they gather round a sculptor's studio and have fierce fun working out their ideas on models of famous Hollywood heads.

"They'll take a head of some girl who makes women in her audience gasp with envy—Joan Crawford, for instance. They stand in front of it coolly, and then some one remarks, 'H'm—eyes bulge, contour flat, nose weak.' Advancing on the mask with a lot of instruments, they proceed to do their work, and the amazing part of it is that instead of losing individuality Joan's plaster ghost is improved enormously.

"I stood by and watched them analyze and improve plaster casts of Dolores del Rio, Clara Bow, Loretta Young, Norma Shearer, Dorothy Mackaill, and even Mary Brian. Of course, this was without the knowledge of the subjects. The plaster casts were made from photographs, but they were excellent likenesses. They widened Del Rio's jaw bone, gave Clara Bow more forehead, strengthened Loretta Young's chin and changed Norma Shearer and Dorothy Mackaill around the eyes. Mary Brian was a real problem. They tried a little of everything on her, but we all agreed that results hadn't the glamour of the original. Finally, one morbid executioner suggested that what she needed was a great sorrow. He put just the faintest suggestion of a line and a wrinkle in her face and she suddenly became magnetic and interesting, instead of merely pretty."



Vaudeville audiences still love Fannie Brice.

"What," I finally succeeded in interrupting to ask in vindictive tones, "would they do to Greta Garbo?"

"Just what I asked!" Fanny ejaculated, delighted.

"Well?" I was growing impatient.

"They agreed, one and all, that the only thing to do with Garbo was sit at her feet in worshipful adoration."

"Wise men," I suddenly decided.

Many people maintain that there are no great screen favorites any more, that the day of the star is passing, but I will never believe that as long as a Garbo picture brings out a box-office line soon after dawn on the opening day. No bargain-day rush ever compared with the jam on Broadway when "Anna Christie" opened.

"This is a nice hick town we live in," Fanny commented absently, as she concentrated her attention on a tray of sandwiches.

Teacups

Fanny the Fan holds forth about the comings and goings of Broadway, and goes scouting for talent at the Metropolitan.

"Podunk Center couldn't have made more fuss over Buddy Rogers. There never has been such an attraction in a Broadway theater. When he made personal appearances at the Paramount Theater, it looked as if all the boarding schools in the country were gathering for a convention. It wasn't so good for the theater, because the audience wasn't satisfied with seeing him once; girls came early and stayed through two or three shows. Backstage conferences were hurriedly called to figure out some way of getting the audience out, so as to bring in a few more paying guests. Finally, they hit on the idea of announcing from the stage that he was just leaving the stage door. No fire drill could have emptied the house more promptly.

"Crowds hung around the stage door for several minutes before they learned that he had left by another exit.

"He went to Sardi's for luncheon one day. Every celebrity goes there at least once, so as to be caricatured by Gard. You just haven't 'arrived' if your picture doesn't hang on Sardi's wall. Before luncheon and the drawing were half finished, waiters began peering out the door anxiously. Such a crowd had collected that a police guard had to be summoned to get Buddy safely over to the theater.

"As for me, I can't figure it out. I must be getting old, or maybe I have no taste for refinement. Buddy Rogers has no more appeal for me than marshmallows. I'll take Louis Wolheim and Charles Bickford."

"And the Four Marx Brothers and Clayton, Jackson, and Durante," I added.

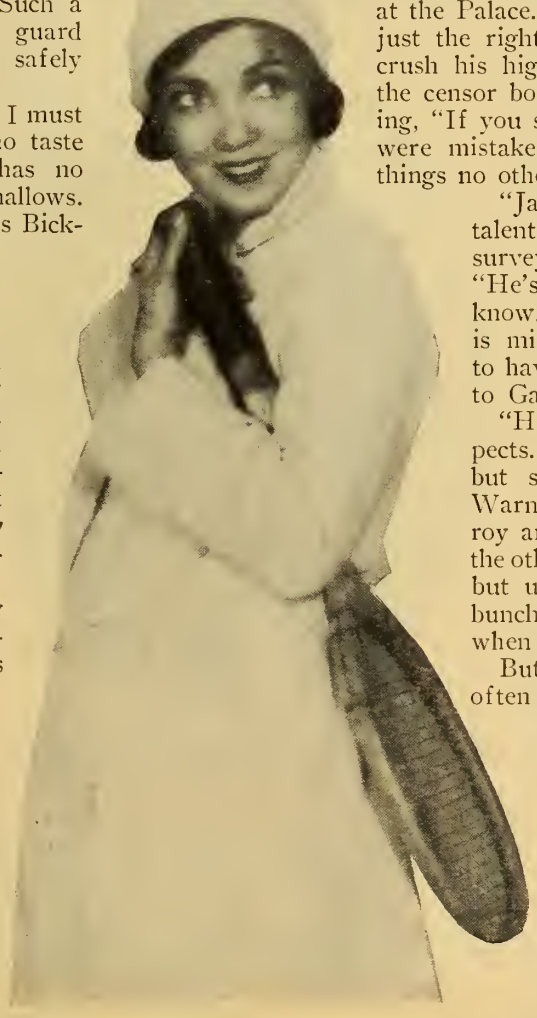
Motion-picture fans haven't had a real chance to acquire a taste for these comedians, but give them time. The Marx Brothers did very well in "The Cocoanuts," and Jimmy Durante, in "Roadhouse Nights," but just wait until you really *know* them. You'll never accept a substitute.

Every season or so the New York intelligentsia discover comedians that have long been favorites with vaudeville audiences. Long ago it was Moran and Mack, and now they are all set in Paramount pictures. Then it was Joe Cook, and he is soon to make a picture for Columbia. Then it was the Marx Brothers and Clayton, Jackson, and Durante, all of whom were captured by Paramount.



Marilyn Miller is off to California and another picture.

Photo by Dunca



Lila Lee is at last to be rewarded with stardom.

This year the great discovery is Ted Healy, who was sharply reprimanded for "blue" jokes at the Palace. Fox is angling for him. That's just the right company for him. They won't crush his high spirits. Evidently Fox has all the censor boards sitting in their laps and saying, "If you say it's nice and clean, I guess we were mistaken," because Fox gets away with things no other company dares attempt.

"Jack Gardner is in town looking for talent for Fox," Fanny told me as she surveyed the restaurant appraisingly. "He's Louise Dresser's husband, you know, and the only casting director who is mild and modest and doesn't claim to have discovered every one from Bow to Gaynor.

"He isn't finding many likely prospects. The local boards have been all but swept clean of film possibilities. Warner Brothers sent West Irene Delroy and Jack Whiting, of 'Top Speed,' the other day. She's all right on the stage, but unless I am mistaken she'll get a bunch of lilies instead of a new contract when she finishes her first picture."

But as you may have found out, Fanny often is mistaken. Irene Delroy was a tremendous hit when she was one of the girls at Texas Guinan's, and those Guinan girls all have that indefinable something. Just wait until you see Ruby Keeler in Al Jolson's next picture.

"Jack Whiting is Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.'s, stepfather, you know. And he's a juvenile, a very clever one, so there will be stiff competition in the family.



Photo by Hommel
Ruth Taylor is discarding her stage career for matrimony.

"But to get back to Louise Dresser—she hadn't been in New York for seven years. When she left New York, she thought that her career was about over. She was too mature for anything but small rôles in musical comedy, and the strain of vaudeville tours was beginning to tell on her. Then suddenly she discovered that she was a great bet in dramatic pictures. She found that she didn't want to settle down quietly in a Hollywood bungalow, after all.

"She gave a big tea, when she came here, for her old friends and a few hundred new ones, and it was a grand affair. Most of us felt as if clocks had been turned back and we had been catapulted into a previous generation. Blanche Ring and Marie Cahill and May Irwin were all there. Quietly, in a corner, I shed a tear that Marie Dressler wasn't present to make the party complete.

"Somebody brought Gladys Rice of Roxy's gang, who is a great radio favorite of Miss Dresser's, and she obliged by singing 'Kiss Me Again.' Aside from that, she was charming."

Fanny hasn't the proper reverence nor the appreciation for old songs.

"Have you heard about Ruth Taylor?"

Of course, everybody has, but that wouldn't stop Fanny, in her enthusiasm, from telling it.

"She came to New York to go on the stage and at a party she met Paul Zuckerman, a broker, and all ambitions for a career fluttered away. Two weeks later they were engaged, and they were married soon afterward.

"His family belongs to the old conservatives—oh, well, call them die-hards, if you insist—and they couldn't adjust themselves to the idea that the tabloids played up the story of the engagement in the news columns, with many pictures of Ruth. It is considered not quite nice in their set to break into the newspapers. They just went ahead and announced the engagement in the society columns, and pretended that no one else had ever mentioned it.

"In spite of the fact that the fashion openings are on now, there is no rush of visitors from the West. You can't really blame the girls for lack of interest in clothes, when you look at the new models. Except for pajamas and bathing suits, they have a dowdy air. The smartest of girls would look like Mary Philbin in them.

"Everybody's going West. Elsie Ferguson has decided to try pictures again, though with some misgivings. She has a feeling that she isn't as young as she once was. Oh, well, time and the camera will tell. Warner Brothers have signed her. They have discarded a large number of their contract players and are concentrating on stage favorites."

"And why haven't they signed an opera star?" I demanded. "Haven't they heard what Lawrence Tibbett and John McCormack are doing at the box office?"

Fanny shook her head sadly.

"It does seem as if they're asleep," she admitted. "Metro-Goldwyn grabbed Grace Moore and Pathé took Mary Lewis, and you might think that would about exhaust the ranks of youth and beauty at the Metropolitan Opera. But if you did, you'd be wrong. There's still the 'baby' of the Metropolitan, Nanette Guilford, and the company that gets her won't have to worry about having a wider screen in order to show a little scenery surrounding her diaphragm. Lucrezia Bori is another great bet who has been overlooked. For sheer charm, and a personality you can't forget, she's the leading candidate in opera, or almost anywhere else."



Photo by Thomas
Mary Lewis has been lured by Pathé from the Metropolitan.

Just what the picture companies will do with all their opera stars after they get them is a mystery to me. I hear that Metro-Goldwyn is to remake "The Merry Widow," with Grace Moore and Lawrence Tibbett, but if they don't recall Von Stroheim to direct it, I'd rather not see it. I doubt if any one else could invest it with his ironic touch.

"Mae Murray's annoyed again," Fanny announced, as if that were news. "Tiffany decided that they didn't

want to make any more pictures with her. And Lenore Ulric and Fox have decided to tear up her contract. Fannie Brice is back in vaudeville where audiences still love her. Oh, well, a few people have to leave pictures to make room for the incoming rush.

"Paramount is importing a girl from Germany for whom they have high hopes. Marlene Deitrich is the name. She worked in a picture with Jannings, both English and German versions, and is said to speak American-English without a trace of accent.

"As for me, if I were a producer I'd rush to Ireland to see if another speaking voice as lovely as Maureen O'Sullivan's could be found.

"The English don't approve of Jacqueline Logan's voice. After importing her for a big production, they decided they'd have to make two versions—one for England and one for America. 'Jacky' plays only in the one for America. English contracts aren't being dangled before our stars as recklessly as they were."

Fanny's eyes were wandering around the room as she spoke. Every once in a while she would perk up with interest, and then would slump back in her chair again.



Louise Dresser visited Broadway after seven years in Hollywood.

"Sue Carol slipped out of Hollywood, without a word to Fox, and she is supposed to be headed here for a vacation. Every time I see a collegiate come bouncing in, I think it is she. So far, she has eluded the Broadway spy system. But no one can hide in this town for long, except Lillian Gish, who goes blithely around unrecognized. She doesn't disguise herself; she just looks like a lady naturally.

"Is she——" I started, but got no further.

"Yes, she's going on the stage. In Chekov's 'Uncle Vanya.' It is being produced by Jed Harris, so nobody is worrying about its ultimate success. And speaking of Lillian, reminds me that she is credited with the sanest observation about clothes that has come out of Hollywood. Don't know whether she really said it, but here it is. When asked by a leading designer what she considered the worst fault of Hollywood fashions, she said that the girls looked as if they were wearing all the accessories intended for three or four different costumes. Maybe that will sound the death knell of a few belts and scarves and jeweled clasps."



Photo by Duncan

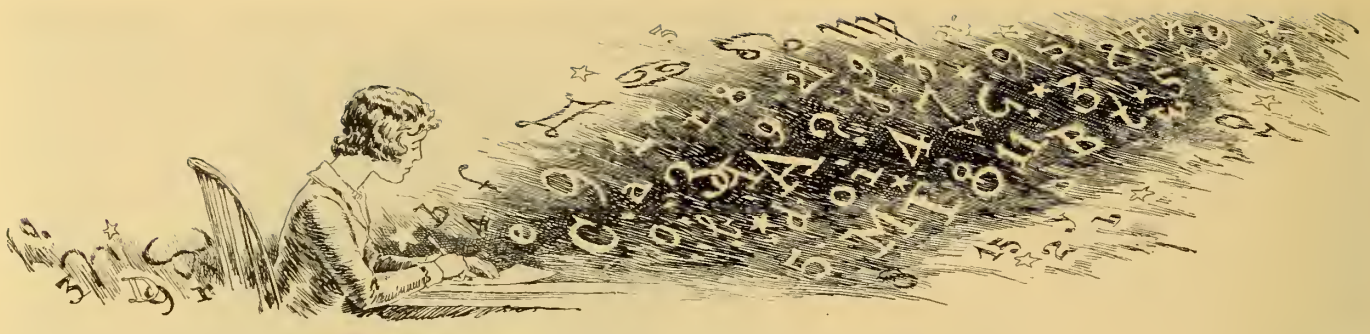
Sue Carol slipped away for a holiday in New York and eluded every one there.

Fanny is too hopeful. As long as advertisers seek testimonials from stars, those stars will acquire a lot of little odds and ends of graft. And how is a girl to show her real devotion to the products she helps advertise if she doesn't wear the snappy shoes, carry the mesh bag, and bead her eyelashes to make her look like her photographs in the advertisements? An advertising man suffered a cruel disillusionment when he saw Clara Bow at the opening of the Harry Richman picture. He groaned as he looked at the hair fairly dripping with brilliantine, the face with its many layers of make-up superimposed, and the shadowy hands, and deplored the fact that he had been featuring her in advertisements for soap!

"I hope you are properly thrilled"—Fanny herself seemed delighted—"to know that Lila Lee is to be starred at last. She certainly deserves it. She has been the bright spot of many a picture since talkies came in. It must seem funny to Lila, though. It is all of ten years since she was taken to Hollywood as the child wonder, and starred. It isn't easy to come back and fight for a second chance when you've been discarded once.

"Marilyn Miller must get a quiet chuckle out of the fact that producers couldn't see her at all a few years

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The Mystery Of

In this fascinating new department will be found numerology. Besides examples of its influence on to the test. The unique service to our

By Monica

ALL of you, dear PICTURE PLAY readers, are going to enjoy these readings of names immensely, but most of all you will enjoy your own. There is nothing more fascinating than finding out what one has half believed true about oneself, or what one has never guessed before. If, now and then, you learn something that does not seem so flattering, look into your own heart and see if that too is not true. It may take some digging, but it will be worth while, for you know that not until you know what you are, and why you do things, are you able to come to some conclusion about your own life.

Your name is not an iron-bound fate. It is a brief outline of the pattern of life that you have chosen to live through, in order to rise to a higher understanding. In this way you and all other living souls pass through hundreds of thousands of successive human lives, from the darkest ignorance to full realization of what existence, real infinite existence, means. But you can to a large extent guide your own path by what you already do know. Some things each person seems to be born knowing, so to speak. Others you learn from day to day. And even in the smallest things of life it is worth while to have some kind of chart to go by. If you know that within a certain five years you, more than at any other time, attract a happy marriage, you will not spend every moment in a frenzied struggle for money, refusing the love that really is offered you. And if for a definite period you cannot possibly succeed in making very much money, it is just as well to know it and not put every cent you own into some speculation. Foreknowledge will not stop a flood, but it gives you the chance to build a good breakwater!

You understand, of course, that I cannot detect any mistake you make in giving me your full name and date of birth, except when I find an initial standing for a name. In that case I make no attempt at a reading, for the *full* name is clearly not there. Therefore *follow these directions carefully* if you want the truth about yourself. A mistake in a single letter or number will spoil everything, and you will be annoyed by getting a reading that is only partly true.

If you are a girl who has never been married, or a man, whether married or not, simply give me, on the coupon that PICTURE PLAY furnishes for the purpose, *your first name and all middle names, if any, that you received at birth or christening, and your family name.* Use exactly the same order and spelling of the names as was used then. No later changes made by your parents or friends or yourself, in names or spelling, make any difference at all. I don't care if you *never* used a certain name. As long as you are conscious that you received it, *send it.* What you have chosen to call yourself, aside from that original name, for the past ten or twenty years, makes no difference to me. Nor must you include a confirmation name, for it was not yours from the first.

If you are a girl who has ever been married, or is married now, send exactly the same names as described above, and *in addition,* send your marriage name, your husband's last name, in parentheses. If you were married more than once, give each married name, in the right order.

No matter what you are, man or woman, married or unmarried, give your full, exact date of birth, that is to say, month, date of month, and year. Do not guess at this, or say, "1898 or 1899," if you are old enough to have forgotten! Figure it out carefully, or ask some one who is sure. Never mind giving me the age at which you were married. I can tell you that myself.

Now inclose this coupon that you have just filled out, together with *a stamped envelope that you have addressed to yourself,* in another envelope, and send this to me, care of PICTURE PLAY. Send no money, for this is a free service to our readers. You may send other names, too, if you like, as long as you can give the same kind of information for each one, but there must be a separate coupon for every name. Within a few weeks you will receive a reading from me by mail. Furthermore, four or five of you will have the luck, every month, to find your reading published in PICTURE PLAY itself, right with the long readings of the names of stars. How will that be for a thrill?

THIS MONTH'S NAMES.

EVELYN BEATRICE B., April 18, 1907.—You are certainly a warm-hearted, generous girl, Evelyn, very impetuous and dominating. When you decide to do good

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THE MYSTERY OF YOUR NAME

Solve it by sending this coupon, with a stamped, self-addressed envelope, to Monica Andrea Shenston, PICTURE PLAY, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Full name exactly as received at birth .....

Marriage name, if any .....

Complete date of birth .....



Your Name

an explanation of the science of the lives of stars, you too can put it readers is described below.

Andrea Shenston

What Stars' Names Tell

THEY make you play wild, wild parts, but oh, what a powerful name you have! Nobody realizes yet what you are, dear Clara Bow, and it will take even you about five years more to find out what there is hidden within you.

You were born under the mystic number Seven, the number of spiritual power and intuition. The strongest element of your success is your hunch. Something tells you the truth about people and things. Never let any one laugh or argue it down.

You have a fine sense of justice, great intelligence, and physical energy, written in the Five of your divinity. Being hot-tempered and independent, you have often got into trouble by telling somebody what you thought in regard to something that was really none of your business, but that your warm heart and sense of fairness would not let you tolerate. In the same way, many an admirer has faded out of the picture, because you could see exactly what he was made of, and you would not endure any faking.

The material side of your life has, during most of your years, been pretty low, but right now it is rising to great heights, and you will always have more than enough money and outward success. Nine is the highest number, and in money it is yours. There is one place, right in the middle of your life, where you will meet a lot of trouble, financial and other kinds, but the fine vibrations of your name will carry you through.

The number of your whole name and the date of your birth is Three, made out of Twenty-one, the number of creative energy and of great generosity. When you go after something you get it. There may be all kinds of obstacles in the way, but you climb over them somehow, and even your own discouragement cannot down you. All in all, you have one of the strongest combinations of numbers possible in any name, dear Clara, and the greatest beauty of it is the variety of the vibrations that lead you to success.



Stay single and drive your own car, Clara Bow, for the addition of another name would spoil the power of your own.

You were a funny, old-fashioned little girl when you were about seven or eight, weren't you? By the time you were fifteen you were head over heels in love with a perfectly wonderful boy with blue eyes, very generous and good looking, but he hardly knew you were on earth, and you were sure that your heart was permanently

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Chatterton—As She Is

The most popular player brought from the stage to the screen is here subjected to friendly scrutiny.

By Margaret Reid

WOMAN'S place, so legend runs, is in the home. Ruth Chatterton's is in the drawing-room. Miss Chatterton would object to that; she says she is a tramp at heart. But only a lady with the Chatterton élan would make such a claim.

Were one asked to interpret Miss Chatterton in a word, that word would be "grace." There is not an awkward angle to her mental processes, to her manner, or to anything about her. Mentally, physically, and socially she is composed of fluid lines. Because all this abstract nonsense fails also to include her brightly polished modernity, one wires the editor asking that the assignment be transferred to Frederick Lonsdale, who must have dreamed about Miss Chatterton before he began writing plays.

Mr. Lonsdale being engaged on a new play, in which, doubtless, the heroine will resemble Miss Chatterton, as is customary, the reporter then tears the well-thumbed pages giving synonyms for "sweet" and "quaint" out of the thesaurus—and nervously approaches virgin ground.

For such is a Chatterton to one brought up on the sweet quaintness projected at least once during an interview by most Hollywood *femmes*. Chatterton is neither sweet nor quaint. Hers is the charm of absinthe rather than sherry. She is pungent rather than appealing, attractive rather than likable.

Hollywood calls her a snob. When told of this she laughs, protests that it is wrong, that she is a creature of low instincts. The foundation of the rumor probably is her liking the people she likes, her exclusion of those she doesn't. Another reason, perhaps, is in her exquisite use of the king's English, in her mode of living, which is closer to *Vanity Fair* than to the *Exhibitor's Herald*.

She is obviously a product of culture and breeding. Her taste, whether instinctive or studied, is good. She is both chic and conservative, a combination possible to ladies who were born that way. Her smartness is tempered with the inherent dignity which makes it smarter.

You know her as well at first meeting as at the fifty-first. Her casual, friendly manner is devoid of formality. People whom she likes can never be ill at ease in her company. People whom she doesn't like are given the sensation of having raucous voices and too many feet. She can do dreadful things to the composure of a stupid or vulgar person.

Getting back a few lines, at the fifty-first meeting you still won't know Chatterton. At a certain point in her warm friendliness and candor is hung a veil, concealing *herself*, and to which intimacy she admits no one. For all her ardent living in and of the world, she gives the impression of esoteric solitude. Not, understand, a dolorous impression; just a faint sense of privacy.



Photo by Dyar

Stupidity, to Ruth Chatterton, is the primary sin of life.

A brilliant woman, rich in experience and knowledge, she knows life, but is diverted rather than disconcerted by it. She likes it and has a talent for living it beautifully. Of a generally even disposition, her inevitable flights to the sky and descents to the depths are firmly controlled and seldom visible under her casual lightness.

She loves the good things life has to offer—unobtrusive luxury of environment, sunny days, bright gardens, amusing friends, laughter, and conversation. Her home is a rest cure for weary souls surfeited with the noisy radios, competitive wise-cracking, and nervous shrillness of many Hollywood domiciles. Chatterton and the kindred spirits she draws about her are people who can depend on their own wits for entertainment, without panic-stricken recourse to radio and gin to cover their lack of thoughts.

In an argument, as in Russian Bank or bridge, Chatterton cannot be beaten. She thinks clearly and directly, and her mind is too quick for any but mental racers. She never argues wildly, but talks only when she thoroughly knows what she is talking about. Which still allows a vast field, since she can discuss patent medicines as authoritatively as she can perfumes, or the stock market as knowingly as religions.

For all her cerebral energy, she is physically lazy. She loathes restless and nervous activity, and it disturbs her to see others indulge in it. Indolent and at all times composed, the spectacle of vivacity wearies her. Although keenly enjoying her work, she dislikes the labor it entails. She wishes the world were so arranged that one got paid handsomely for doing nothing.

Despite this, the driving force of her artistic ambitions have urged her to many and considerable achievements. At fourteen, a pupil in Mrs. Hazen's school in Washington, D. C., she accepted a dare from a friend to go on the stage. The friend introduced her to a director, who cast her as a cockney chorus girl. Completely untutored and ignorant of the theater, she was even then adept to an uncanny degree.

Parental horror and commands made no inroad on her blithe decision to leave school and become an actress in earnest. When the Chatterton mind is made up, it stays that way. She continued with the musical-comedy company when it left Washington and went on the road. A year later she was in New York and began a systematic attack on managers for a chance in drama. Visiting every manager in town daily, she was finally given a job to get her out of the way.

In a stock company with Lowell Sherman, Pauline Lord, and Lenore Ulric, she served her rudimentary apprenticeship at fifteen years of age. At eighteen her performance with Henry Miller, in "Daddy Long Legs," gave her Broadway on a platter. In "Come Out of the

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Photo by Otto Dyar

GRACIOUS and fluently charming, Ruth Chatterton nevertheless sees to it that one knows her no better after the fifty-first meeting than the first, says Margaret Reid in the story opposite, which throws light on a truly fascinating personality.



Photo by Hurrell

AT last Joan Crawford is soon to be seen in the picture her fans have been clamoring for—"Our Blushing Brides"! It is hardly necessary to assure the initiated that the new film will continue the virtuous recklessness of "Our Dancing Daughters."



STARDOM at last for Jack Oakie! And it means the downfall of the old order of things, when many a star had merely to stroll through a picture, for Jack has captured the highest honor with an onslaught of talent unadorned.



LORETTA the very Young! A toast in nectar to our favorite bride, to whom the world is a pleasant place, for she has success, loveliness, and a husband she truly loves, Grant Withers. Ah, child, gather ye roses while ye may.

Photo by Elmer Fryer



Photo by Eugene Robert Richee

WHAT transformations are wrought by the movies! Here's Lillian Roth, a former warbler of blues, who made *Huguette,* in "The Vagabond King," a fiery, tragic heroine quite worthy of the stage notables surrounding her.



Photo by Hurrell

DOROTHY SEBASTIAN might be called patience on a monument, except that sweet endurance has given way to tragic brooding on the big rôle so long denied her. Cheer up, "Alabam'," we have a hunch it won't be long, now.



Photo by Clarence Sinclair Bull

POISED on the springboard, John Mack Brown is ready for anything—even praise from the critics. But while waiting for that he rests contentedly in the approval of his fans, whom he stirred to enthusiasm on his very first appearance.



Photo by Ruth Harriet Louise

FAR from being a newcomer to pictures, Raymond Hackett is an old-timer who has come back to them, as Samuel Richard Mook points out in the engaging story opposite, which describes the dignified and sensible young actor as he really is.

The Return of the Native

Though a young man, Raymond Hackett remembers the good, old days of the movies, because he spent his boyhood in the studios.

By Samuel Richard Mook

ABOUT the time Julius Cæsar was the big box-office attraction of the Roman Empire, and ambassadors, kings, queens, gladiators, sirens, and all the other stellar bets of those days were pilgrimaging to Rome to bend the old knee in homage, there sprang up the saying that "all roads lead to Rome."

A couple or three thousand years later—I just *can't* keep my dates straight—we paraphrase that little observation and say "all roads lead to Hollywood." Certainly all roads for the Thespian lead there, and along comes Raymond.

Raymond Hackett comes from a theatrical family. He started in emoting at the age of three. At seven he was supporting Margaret Anglin, in "The Awakening of Helena Richie." Even in those days, girls were beginning to manifest that "go-get-him" spirit, and the depredations of the fair sex on unattached gentlemen—all duly reported by *Town Topics* and *The Police Gazette*—were simply appalling. The risk was even greater if the gentleman happened to be tow-headed, blue-eyed, and seven. So Raymond's grandmother chaperoned him to and from the theater each evening, in New York and on tour.

Then Edison, or some other genius, started polishing Aladdin's lamp, and the first thing we knew the movies were upon us—Indians, cowboys, serials, pageantry in color, the whole works.

Ray's mother migrated to the Lubin studio in Philadelphia, and withdrew Raymond from theatrical circulation. He began playing the boy who slipped through the lines at Gettysburg to carry messages, to warn of the approach of the enemy, to—to—"Gosh," says Ray, "I slipped so much 'The Eel' would have been a good alias for me."

When he wasn't practicing the art of slipping, he was playing the boy who was carried out of the burning house, or who managed to escape the Indians and ride back to warn the settlers, or who got slapped for pie stealing, et cetera. Life was one grand adventure in those days. The hairbreadth escapes weren't always confined to the studio, either.

They lived a comparatively short distance from the studio, and when Raymond and his brother, Albert, were not working they had to return home for schooling. The way to and from the studio lay through a tough foreign district. On one occasion, he had a call for four o'clock at the studio. He was wearing a Buster Brown hair cut and was playing the part of *Little Boy Blue*. On the way to work he got into an argument with eight or nine fierce little street urchins about his own age, and somewhat later *Little Boy Blue* appeared for work with one eye closed and sticking out like the hump on a camel's back. His lip was split and bleeding like a pig at a hog-killing festival. Production was halted for several days and *Boy Blue* went to the shop for overhauling.

"Things were pretty different in those days from what they are now," says Ray. "No picture actor could afford an automobile. When we went on location everybody piled into a big bus we had, and away we went. If three companies happened to be working on location the same day, the most important company used the bus, and the others rode the street cars!"



Raymond Hackett, at eight, was better known on Broadway than some of the so-called stars "discovered" by Hollywood.

I have a vivid picture in my mind's eye of the Norma Shearer and Greta Garbo companies riding the street cars to location, while the Marion Davies outfit takes the bus. The air is bright blue and the corridors of the executive offices are filled with dead and dying. Possibly Garbo is a poor example to use, as most likely she'd only go home. Maybe John Gilbert or Joan Crawford would be a better illustration.

The Lubin studio had a large foreign trade and after the War that trade was shot to—to—well, to pieces and, in addition, the motion-picture trust was dissolved, so the studio closed.

Raymond went to the Professional Children's School in New York for two years and was graduated. Lila Lee was in the same class.

His schooling finished, he was returned to circulation and supported Maude Adams in a revival of "Peter Pan." Then followed several years when all he did was change uniforms. He played for two years with Lionel Barrymore, in "The Copperhead," and what a play that was! Then he played what he considers the most marvelous part he's ever had, although he was on the stage for only five minutes during the entire performance. In John Drinkwater's "Abraham Lincoln," there is a lad who is accused of sedition and is pardoned by *Lincoln*. It is an intense scene. Ray was that boy. This was followed by another soldier part in "The Outrageous Mrs. Palmer," with Mary Young.

And then—ah, then—our hero burst forth into musical comedy. No less an opus than "Glory" was glorified. When this closed after a not interminable run, Raymond went to England to play the juvenile lead in "So This Is London." That finished, he returned to America and spent a whole year rehearsing and opening in plays that closed as fast as the curtain rose.

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The Movie

Hardship trails the footsteps of our extra girl, nerves at a switchboard brings

By Inez

Synopsis of Previous Installments.

MONICA MAYO arrives in Hollywood, a contest winner hoping to break into the movies. Joy Laurel, a school acquaintance now a star, believes Monica represents a newspaper and selfishly takes her in hand. Joy talks so much of herself Monica cannot correct the mistake, until it is revealed at a party that first evening. Joy sends Monica away next morning.

Monica takes an expensive apartment and buys some new clothes, confident that the people she has met will help her along. But she soon realizes the mistake. At the Central Casting Bureau she runs into Bunny Tompkins, an extra she has met, who introduces Danny Jordan. Danny takes a deep interest in the newcomer. Monica gets the second thrill of the day when she is called for work.

She gets into the swing of things, moves to Bunny's shack, and there, at her first home-cooked dinner in Hollywood, Monica learns much of the seamy side of the game—and the human side. After dinner, on the porch, she finds love with Danny.



PART IV.

THE BLACK CLOUD BREAKS.

FOR the first time since she had begun to dream of going to Hollywood, Monica forgot her ambition to become a movie star that night that Danny kissed her. She could think of nothing but the ecstasy of being with him, of having him hold her in his arms and tell her that he loved her. During that short hour they were probably the only people in that part of Hollywood who had forgotten that motion pictures existed.

But after she had gone to bed she began to plan for the future. She and Danny would work together, help each other. They'd be like Florence and King Vidor were, back in the beginning when they were poor; they'd enjoy life together, as Joan Crawford and young Doug Fairbanks did. She could just see the interviews people would write some day, and the accompanying photographs —"Monica Mayo and Danny Jordan, in their beach house at Malibu," "Monica and Danny, Honolulu-bound in their new yacht." Perhaps they'd make pictures together. That would be best of all.

She was up early the next morning, waiting for him to phone her. He'd said he would, the very first thing. She had breakfast ready when Bunny staggered sleepily into the living room, a raucous alarm clock in her hand.

"You're an angel," announced that young woman. "But don't make a habit of this, or Gay and I will be so spoiled we'll keep you at it steady. What you doing to-day?"

"Why, I——" Monica had intended to stay at home, in the hope that Danny would, miraculously, be able to come to see her. He hadn't been sure he'd be working.

The telephone answered that question. Monica leaped for it, but Bunny, thanks to long training, reached it first.

"H'lo—Central? Sure, she's here." She waved at Monica. "Job for you, I guess. There's luck!"

It was a job—extra work in a society picture; Monica was to bring an evening gown and a wrap with her.

Bunny offered to drive her to the studio, and hustled her out of the house, despite Monica's efforts to linger a little, in case Danny should phone. Even as she ran down the steps to the road she listened for the telephone.

It was easier for her to get along that day at the studio; she began to feel like an old-timer. And the endless hours of standing about, waiting, were welcome today, because they gave her a chance to think about Danny. Of course she'd see him to-night. Only a few hours now and they'd be together!

Tired though she was, she hurried up that endless flight of steps to the house, when she got home, sure that there would be a message for her. But there wasn't. When she asked if there was one, carelessly, Bunny shook her head.

"No, nobody phoned. Expecting a call from DeMille? Perhaps he called while I was out shopping this afternoon. Had to get some make-up. And I saw Norma Shearer, right up close. She had on——"

But Monica was destined never to know what Miss Shearer had been wearing. Her disappointment was so keen that she couldn't think of anything else.

Racket

Illustrated by Modest Stein

the boy friend disappears, and an explosion of on a surprising turn of affairs.

Sabastian



"I want a girl to bawl the star out—can you talk that way before the mike?" cried the director.

"Now," announced Bunny, as she cleared away the dinner dishes, "we'll make over those clothes you wore to-day; have to, so they'll photograph differently when you wear them again. Let's see. We could take that yellow dress of mine, and use the chiffon from yours—drape it this way——"

"I was going to use that chiffon with my green," interrupted Gabrielle.

There was no word from Danny that evening. There was none the next day. Monica tried to tell herself that perhaps something had happened; perhaps he was working too hard to take time to call her. But her efforts were a failure. Surely, if he really loved her, he could find time for a phone call, at least.

Well, he didn't really care. That was the answer! He was like every one else out here—insincere, selfish, not caring how he made some one else feel, so long as he amused himself.

She couldn't help feeling bitter about it, as the days dragged by into a week, with no word from him. Of course, he thought she was just one more extra, that she didn't count and never would. Probably he'd met some other girl who could help him to get along faster. Or he'd regretted telling her that he loved her, feeling that he couldn't afford to hamper himself by falling in love.

Well, she wouldn't let herself care. She wouldn't be wretched, even if it did just tear her heart out to hear the other girls mention him casually.

As if to console her, she had plenty of work. She even had a bit one day, just a scrap of a part. She played a maid, and the leading man chucked her under the chin, as he sauntered into the heroine's boudoir.

"That's marvelous! You'll be a star in six or eight years if you keep on progressing that fast!" exclaimed Gabrielle.

"Listen, don't break the poor kid all up, just because you've been shunted into comedies," urged Bunny, serving potato salad with a lavish hand. "And remember, lady, many a star's started by having pies thrown at her."

"If you go on and tell me to remember Gloria Swanson and Phyllis Haver and the rest of them, I'll throw the coffeepot at you—and my aim's pretty good," retorted Gabrielle.

"What's the matter with her lately?" asked Monica, as Gay retired to the porch.

"Oh, she hasn't saved much, and the slump will be on us before we know it," answered Bunny casually.

"The slump?" asked Monica.

"Yep. Don't tell me you'd forgotten it. Oh, you never heard of it, of course. Well, in just a few weeks now, the studios will be laying people off in bunches—suspending production, my dear. The grand folks who have plenty of money will go abroad or somewhere for a vacation. A lot will grab vaudeville engagements to tide them over and give them a chance to show how good their voices are. But the ones like us—well, they'll use up their savings, or get jobs washing dishes, or minding babies, or starve."

Monica shuddered. She hadn't anything saved; she had spent more of her money, and she still owed part of the money for the clothes she had bought so lavishly.

"You've got people back home who can send you money, haven't you?" Bunny asked her.

Monica shook her head. "I've been writing them that I was getting along fine," she said slowly. "If I wrote that I needed money, they'd send me a ticket home, that's all. They didn't want me to come out here in the first place."

"Better not let 'em know, then," advised Bunny. "Well, don't worry—something's sure to turn up."

Monica wasn't worrying about herself—she was thinking about Danny. How would he get along? And where was he?

It seemed odd that she hadn't seen him at any of the studios where she had worked, or on the streets. She couldn't believe that he had given up the struggle and gone away without letting her know. In spite of the way he had neglected her, she couldn't help feeling that he had meant what he said when he told her that he loved her.

Bunny's prophecy came true. Engagements dwindled till there seemed to be nothing for any one to do. Gabrielle's lovely face grew thin and wistful; Bunny's gayety was forced. She tried to keep their morale up; insisted on a grand orgy of dressmaking, from which they emerged with new wardrobes; insisted that they try new ways of doing their hair and of making up. But at last even she gave in.

"There's no sense of waiting till the end comes, and all the regular jobs in town are taken," she declared briskly, one morning at breakfast. "Let's all go out to-day and get work that will tide us over till the studios are busy again. Gay, why don't you go to that woman you worked for last year, and see if she's got a nursemaid?"

[Continued on page 92]

That Primitive

More and more the beauties of Hollywood heed the call of sum results that are flattering to themselves and entirely to the lik



Roberta Gale, above, just scampers out into the garden when she wearies of ordinary clothing, and returns with a creation more sensational than any of the smartest shops are offering this season.

Geneva Mitchell, below, gives the serpent a stiff argument against changing her fig leaves for smaller ones, and, pray, why should she change? A girl needs some protection against the elements, doesn't she?





Sharon Lynn, above, is so delighted with the flowers she has picked for the breakfast table that she spills most of them in her excess of high spirits.



Jean Brier, right, accepts with pleasure the invitation conveyed in the title of her new picture, "Let's Go Native," and you can't blame her in the least for doing so.

Urge

mer and Mother Nature, with
ing of the masculine spectator.



How would you like to open a sea-washed chest and have this charming primitive pop out on deck? Thelma Connor, above, shows what happens in the "Pirate Revue."



Frances Lee, above, in "Adam's Eve," is gradually turning the traditional serpent into a scarf, and the reptile's objections seem very mechanical to us.



Jeanette MacDonald, right, in "Let's Go Native," has followed instructions and awaits developments.

Adrienne Doré, right, is a very pastoral inhabitant of Hollywood's Garden of Eden—that is, until you study her face. Then you see that she knows her horticulture all right.



The billowy beauty of the immortal "Florodora" sextet is recaptured by Marion Davies, Patricia Caron, Vivian Oakland, Ethel Sykes, Ilka Chase, and Lenore Bushman, in "The Gay Nineties."

Hollywood High Lights

By Edwin and Elza Schallert

The whirl of events in filmland is recorded and reproduced.

MEMORY surrounds her with a halo of joyousness. Her life was sad, but she was beautiful in death. Mabel Normand passed away with a prayer on her lips, and a smile. The gayest sprite that ever came into the movies, and who gave all too tragically of herself, because of her native generosity, went beyond the border of life happy.

She was a child to the last, tender and kind in her mute appeal for sympathy. Her spirit lives on for those who knew her, and who, because they knew her, loved her. She was a fascinating being, with a heart of gold, and an ever merry exterior. Who that had ever met Mabel could forget her?

We could tell at length about the simple services held to commemorate her passing, of the famous of the film world who were there to bid her farewell, and whose eyes were misty with weeping. There was nothing so touching as the sincerity that marked this final tribute to one who really had the loyalty of those she knew, and who gave it back a thousandfold.

Only one Mabel Normand—yes, a trite phrase, but only one, truly! The spirit of laughter, with the tear.

Lew's Deeper Devotion.

One thing that stands out most genuinely in our minds, as linked with Mabel's passing, is the complete subservience of Lew Cody to his wife's wishes. Their marriage always was a curious union to those who knew them, but apparently there was an understanding between them that was never sensed by the world at large, or even the film colony.

The quiet of the funeral, the way in which Mabel's every wish was carried out, the note of dignity, were striking evidence of a devotion on the part of the man to whom Mabel was wedded in such surprising fashion a few years ago.

Lew gained no material reward for his allegiance. The entire Normand estate goes to her mother. And it is typical of her, with all the vicissitudes that she endured, that she was able to save a goodly portion of her earnings. Estimates run between $100,000 to $300,000.

But how crass to speak of worldly goods in connection with Mabel who, after all, was the soul of great-heartedness, and whose friendships meant far more to her than any riches she might accumulate.

Mary Lewis New Stella.

The song world is coming to Hollywood. This is an era of opera singers. Lawrence Tibbett's success provided the stimulus.

Pathé has signed Mary Lewis for a picture, and it is said she is to receive $125,000 for this début. That is high, because Tibbett's initial stipend was reported to be only $75,000. However, pioneers are never so liberally rewarded for their first plunges.

Miss Lewis came to Hollywood some months ago, with her husband, Michael Bohnen. It was Bohnen who sang a season ago at the Metropolitan in the jazz opera, "Johnny Spielt Auf."

There was talk at one time of Bohnen's starring in this for Warner Brothers, but the plan fell through. Meanwhile, Miss Lewis and he became estranged. Bohnen went back East and she remained. They are divorced now.

The best part is that the movie influence has apparently been very beneficial to Miss Lewis. She looks

more beautiful than she ever has—even, perhaps, than when she was with the Christies in comedies some years ago, before she embarked on an operatic career. She was rather overweight when she first came to California, but she has reduced now to virtually the slender figure that is demanded for the celluloid.

Singers Throng In.

The list of singers is being augmented constantly. Grace Moore, soprano, of the Metropolitan, is to sing opposite Lawrence Tibbett, in his new picture for Metro-Goldwyn. Nino Martini, tenor, whose fame seems to be based partly on the fact that he can sing a high D most brilliantly, and Everett Marshall, baritone, are newer acquisitions. Mr. Martini is a Parisian discovery of Jesse L. Lasky, and Mr. Marshall has done his bit at the Metropolitan, where he is still under contract, and is appearing opposite Bebe Daniels in a song feature.

Interesting history of Mr. Marshall is that he was at one time a canoe instructor at Lake Placid. When was canoeing not inspiring to singing!

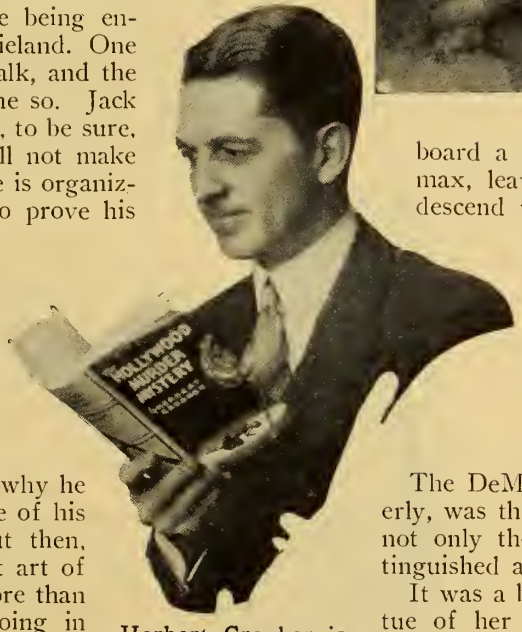
It may be mentioned, too, that he has worked very hard since a child for success in music. For a long time he had to earn money to study by doing other work.

Holding Out to Last.

Will Charlie Chaplin and Jack Gilbert join hands for the uplift of the silent picture?

Interesting speculations are being entertained on this point in movieland. One has not talked and will not talk, and the other has not successfully done so. Jack may have a change of fortune, to be sure, but Chaplin avers that he will not make talkies, and rebel that he is, he is organizing a company of his own to prove his theory that there is still a field for pantomime.

Charlie always has had courage, and it is more than a quixotic courage, too. Often he evinces a better understanding of the public mind than the nabobs of filmdom. There are personal reasons, it is conceded, why he doesn't want to speak, because of his peculiar English accent. But then, too, Charlie has made a great art of silent expression, and it is more than possible that he can keep going in the medium indefinitely.



Herbert Crooker is engrossed in "The Hollywood Murder Mystery." He should be, because he wrote it.

Who will join with him, though, in his non-talking enterprise is the question. Nearly every other star has for good or ill gone vocal.

Chaplin incidentally is to take a trip around the world. It will be the first time he has been out of America since his visit to England eight or nine years ago.

Her Satanic Majesty.

The devil is a woman, according to Cecil DeMille, who is always inventive in his ideas for pictures, and amazing as it may appear, Kay Johnson will impersonate Her Diabolic Majesty, in "Madame Satan." Miss Johnson was the heroine of DeMille's picture "Dynamite." We never associated her in that with anything Luciferian, but maybe she has undiscovered possibilities.

At all events, the new DeMille opus is to be a very light and satirical affair, with musical embellishments. The big moment, we understand, will be a dance on board a Zeppelin, which will blow up at the climax, leaving the participants in the festivities to descend to earth in parachutes.

Always spectacular is "C. B."



Accent or no, Nils Asther will speak in "The Sea Bat," with Raquel Torres.

Ultrasocial Wedding.

In strange contrast to the giddiness of his film exploits was the recent wedding of Mr. DeMille's daughter, Cecilia Hoyt DeMille, to Francis Edgar Calvin. This was a social event of the highest order in the film colony.

The DeMille house, which stands aloof from Beverly, was thrown open to a throng which represented not only the prominent in filmdom, but was a distinguished assemblage apart from this.

It was a beautiful wedding. Miss DeMille, by virtue of her father's prominence, and the esteem in which her mother is held, has an enviable background.

She possesses marked independence of spirit, and outstanding among her characteristics is her punctuality. She was at the church at exactly one minute before the time appointed. Prior to her marriage she completely furnished the apartment in which she and her husband are to live.

Among the gifts received by Miss DeMille is a silver service of Napoleonic pattern. Her bridesmaids were all close friends. They were attired in orchid costumes, and Cecilia DeMille herself wore a simple, white period bridal gown of the utmost reserve and simplicity.

Old Associations Changing.

Separations, crashings of long-standing alliances—these are the order of the day. And we are not talking this time of the habitual domestic break-ups.

It is the era of partings of stars from their companies—sometimes companies that they have been with for years.

It had always seemed, for instance, as if Laura La Plante were a fixture at Universal. She has been playing and starring in pictures for them since about 1922. She was in her second five-year contract, with two years to go.

But now Laura has obtained her release. She expressed her desire for this at the start of production on "The Storm," and the company granted the request. Lupe Velez replaces her in the film.

It is understood that Laura has been rather unhappy with the organization since "Show Boat." She did not feel that the rôle of *Magnolia* was the sort she should have played. She liked her experience in "The Storm" even less. She became ill, for one thing, because of the arduous living conditions on location.

Laura is far from temperamental. Indeed, there is no girl in the movies who is a better sport, or more of a trouper.

Universal, too, was very considerate of her. In releasing her, without friction, they took account of her faithful service. It is one of those brighter cases, where no feelings are hurt because of a professional separation.

Laura may go to Europe with her husband, William Seiter, the director, before resuming picture work.

Gloria's Dress Rehearsal.

And here's another trouper! Gloria Swanson! She forsook the needs for rest, comfort, and careful make-up to complete her picture, "What a Widow!" in three days. That's a feat, believe us, in a talkie!

Gloria's film—and we looked at it—is designed only as a time-saving enterprise. It is called a "dress rehearsal" picture. Her producer, Joseph P. Kennedy, had the happy idea that it would be just as well to photograph rehearsals as to act them without the camera and the microphone. He believes that it will be a good way to make the final production better. And as Mr. Kennedy is quite efficient, the chances are that he may be right.

At any rate, the company started to work at nine o'clock one Wednesday morning, and finished the following Friday evening. And they worked only about ten hours a day.

We looked at some of the rushes and they were surprisingly good. Gloria looked especially smart in her rôle.

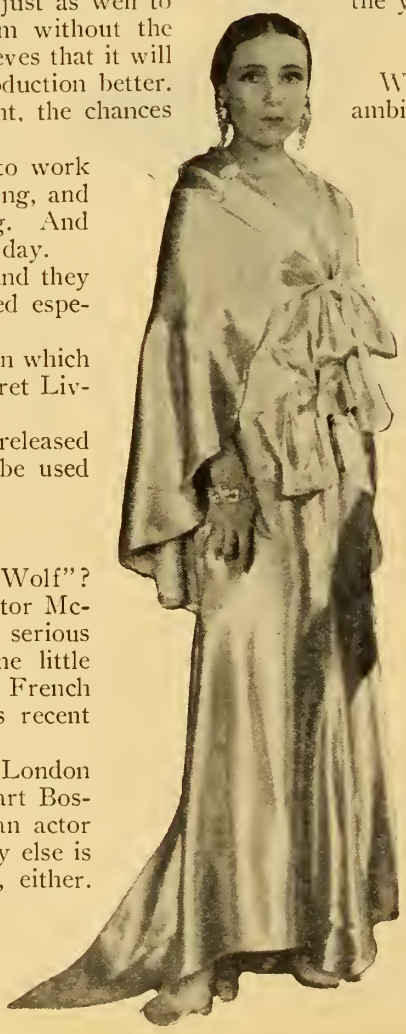
The picture is a very light comedy, in which Owen Moore, Lew Cody, and Margaret Livingston appear with the star.

The dress rehearsal will never be released for the theaters, of course, but will be used as a model for the actual production.

An Old Friend Returns.

Remember that old-timer, "The Sea Wolf"? Well, it is to be filmed again with Victor McLaglen in the title part. Much more serious than usual for Victor, who has done little but frolic around with a lot of pretty French girls, not to say Nicaraguans, in his recent efforts.

"The Sea Wolf," from a Jack London novel, was originally made with Hobart Bosworth. We learned from that veteran actor that he feels no regrets that somebody else is to do it, and that's not sour grapes, either. Bosworth would, however, like to do "Behind the Door" again. Do you recall that sensational thriller, with its final revengeful flaying scene?



Dolores del Rio is all bundled up in one of the new evening gowns. It's a far cry from the scantiness of yesteryear, isn't it?

We Meet Oakie.

He's himself, all right—is Jack Oakie! We met this cheering chap lately in the Paramount studio, and we don't know just why the encounter was delayed so long, but it was. He is shy at the outset, but full of the natural sort of wisecracks, and perhaps a few that are cultivated.

Oakie is now a star with Paramount. They think a lot of his future. He has the requisite individuality to go far, we have always felt, and he has talent.

The title of his first starring picture is "High Society," and if titles mean anything, that should be as good an environment for Oakie as any. He is next to star in "The Sap From Syracuse."

Monte Now Free Lances.

Speaking of departures, meaning Laura La Plante's, we forgot to mention that Monte Blue has left Warner Brothers, after eight years there. His contract also had still two years to run. Monte was one of the first stars signed by the organization. It was just after he appeared in D. W. Griffith's "Orphans of the Storm."

"A regular fellow" is the phrase that well applies to Monte. It will be a pity if his career does not go on as blithely as heretofore. Monte is now free lancing.

A Significant Vacation.

Another contract that is completed now is Norma Shearer's, and what's more she expects to end it with a rather long vacation. The reason? Well, there are rumors that an interesting event will happen later in the year.

Themes with a Punch.

We feel that Ruth Chatterton has deep-set ambitions to embark on an operatic career some day, her interest in music is so intense.

Ruth and her husband, Ralph Forbes, were regular attendants at a series of Wagnerian operas given recently in Los Angeles, and they studied every guiding theme that was heard in "The Ring of the Niebelungen" in advance, so they would enjoy it to the utmost.

Every time they would hear a motif they recognized she and Ralph would nudge each other. "I even have a few black-and-blue spots to remind me of our enthusiasm," said Ruth, "because Ralph prodded me emphatically when it was a theme he particularly liked."

Ruth has friends among the opera stars. She was coached for her rôle in "Sarah and Son," in which she speaks with a German accent, by Madame Schumann-Heink.

New Tong War Portended.

The recent Gilbert-Tully disagreement looks as if it might turn into a gang war. Two other people were recently reported as fighting in a restaurant, because they were on opposing sides as sympathizers.

Jack and the writer recently were invited to shake hands at the home of a prominent scenario writer. They managed to do it formally, but the occasion, it was said, could not be called altogether auspicious.

However, Tully recently wrote an article praising Gilbert, which may help matters. Jack has shown a very sportsmanlike attitude about the affair.

Roland Goes Own Way.

For the first time in the past two years, Gilbert Roland will appear in a picture other than a starring feature for Norma Talmadge. His most recent rôle opposite Norma was in "New York Nights," which, if nothing else, established him as the possessor of an easy, agreeable voice and manner. Because of the impression he made in that opus, he has been signed by Metro-Goldwyn to appear in two versions of the Willard Mack saga of the Northwest, "Monsieur Le Fox."

Roland will do both the English and Spanish versions of the wily fugitive from justice. Perhaps we are only assuming that the rôle will be that of a wily fugitive, but knowing Willard Mack's sympathetic interest in these playboys of the land of the midnight sun, we do not feel we are far wrong.

The Metro organization is proceeding along unusual lines in the production of "Monsieur Le Fox" in five languages—English, Spanish, German, French, and Italian—in that all versions will be made simultaneously. All casts will be rehearsed in advance, of course, and as soon as the English performers have finished with a scene, the Spanish players will move directly onto the set and enact the same scene in the same way, only in their native tongue. The same method will pertain to the German, the French, and the Italian casts.

Hal Roach, heretofore associated exclusively with comedies, will direct the quintet, which we think shows admirable discretion on the part of the studio, since it would take a director with a considerable sense of humor to manage such an enterprise.

Imagine his embarrassment if a Frenchman missed his cue and started *parlez-vous*-ing in Spanish in one of the big moments of the French version!

Barbara Leonard, comparatively new to pictures, was assigned the lead in all five versions, because of her linguistic accomplishments. She speaks four or five different tongues. Miss Leonard played a bit in Barthelmess' "Son of the Gods."

Musical Mind Reading.

Hollywood is becoming so musical that even parlor tricks are being done these days in the terms of C sharp minors and B flat majors.

A most interesting demonstration of two persons talking to each other via the pianoforte took place recently at a party given at the home of William Thorner, instructor of various stars in voice. Dolores del Rio, one of his pupils, was present, and figured in one of the demonstration events.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Harling, the former a composer with Paramount, were the actual participants. Mr. Harling sat at the piano and played tunes that "spoke" to his wife.

Exactly what was done is this: Mrs. Harling went out of the room, while the other guests outlined something for her to do upon her return. She was not informed in any way of what the particular duty was.

Upon her return Mr. Harling started playing She was guided by the themes that he chose in a sort of improvisation, and carried out, in each case, exactly what the others had planned for her to do.

Mrs. Harling was required to take a cigarette lighter out of the star's bag and hand it to Miss Del Rio. She did not know to whom the bag belonged. But the musical code, worked out between her husband and herself, functioned perfectly. Mrs. Harling emptied the bag of most of its contents before choosing the cigarette lighter, but she finally did select it, and gave it to Dolores. Miss Del Rio pretended disinterest in what was taking place.

We noted that the old waltz, "Beautiful Lady," was in some way pretty definitely connected with proceedings.

Westward Ho! for Doug.

Fair weather may be predicted for Douglas Fairbanks in his next film venture. He is going back to the old West, probably to reincarnate a bandit. Very likely, Joaquin Murietta of historic fame. And into the story will also come Lola Montez, celebrated dancer, beauty, and gay lady, who was twice married in California.

Lola will be polished up a bit for the picture. Indeed, she may be transformed into quite a nice lady, as is the fashion in the more heroic movies.

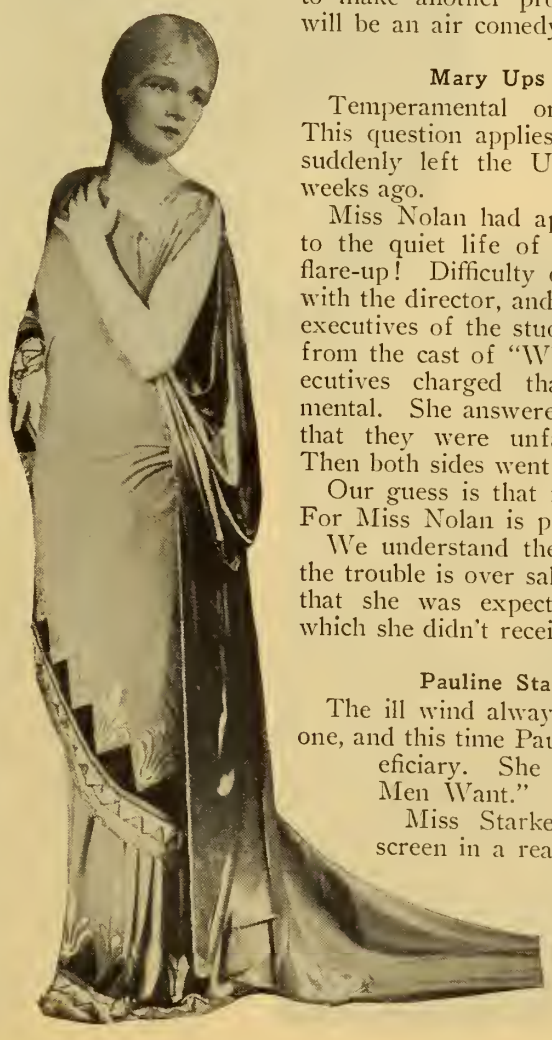
Nevertheless, we predict that Doug will be in his element in a rip-roaring robber tale.

From Tragedy to Comedy.

The suspense is all over at last. "Hell's Angels" is completed.

The picture cost $4,000,000, it is claimed, and it took two years and a half in the making. More than half of this time went to the silent version, which will probably never receive much attention. Greta Nissen played in this. Jean Harlow replaced her in the talkie.

Howard Hughes, who produced it, has drawn a breath, looked over his footage, and found he has nearly enough to make another production. We hear it will be an air comedy.



Ann Harding's next heroine will be *Jane Eyre*, but the Grecian robe is just for beauty's sake.

Mary Ups and Leaves.

Temperamental or courageous—which? This question applies to Mary Nolan, who suddenly left the Universal studio a few weeks ago.

Miss Nolan had apparently settled down to the quiet life of work. And then the flare-up! Difficulty over close-ups, conflict with the director, and disagreement with the executives of the studio, led to her removal from the cast of "What Men Want." Executives charged that she was temperamental. She answered that she wasn't, and that they were unfair in removing her. Then both sides went to their attorneys

Our guess is that it will be settled soon. For Miss Nolan is potentially promising.

We understand the real undercurrent of the trouble is over salary. Miss Nolan said that she was expecting a raise of $500, which she didn't receive.

Pauline Starke Benefits.

The ill wind always blows good to some one, and this time Pauline Starke is the beneficiary. She is working in "What Men Want."

Miss Starke hasn't been on the screen in a really pretentious picture

Continued on page 103

Behind The Door

What happens there intrigues us all sometimes, and these stars are caught in the act of gratifying their curiosity.



Ramon Novarro, above, in "Devil-May-Care," finds on the other side of the keyhole all the proof he needs of Dorothy Jordan's love for him. Who wouldn't be as happy as he?



Dorothy Mackaill, right, sees plenty to make "Bright Lights" a lively picture.



Mitzi Green, left, eight-year-old *enfant terrible*, puts to good use her knowledge of vaudeville dressing rooms and gets an eyeful in "Honey."

George Cooper, below, in "Numbered Men," looks as if he couldn't believe his eyes, so is relying on his ears to give him the low-down on what's happening in the next room.



Loretta Young, left, really surprises us by stooping to pry, but as she isn't using her flash light on the keyhole we shall give her the benefit of the doubt, because honestly we believe that Loretta can do no wrong.



Sunny Disposish

By Samuel Richard Mook

In other words, Frank Albertson, whose story on this page explains his youthful high spirits on the screen.



Frank Albertson began in the movies as a laboratory worker.

ONE bright, sunny morning I put a Sunday-go-to-meeting smile on my face and rang the bell of the Albertson domicile. Frank drew a corner of the curtain aside, took a squint, shouted, "No pencil-pushers need apply," and dropped the curtain back in place.

I gently broke the glass in the door and stepped gayly into the room. A delightful aroma of ham and eggs smote my sensitive nostrils. "Ah," I murmured, "just in time for breakfast."

"No," Frank corrected me, "just too late. We're on our last eggs now."

"Last legs, you mean," I retorted, as the rickety chair which no one had offered me collapsed.

"No, sir, eggs are my story and I'll stick to 'em. Eggscuse me for not offering you some," he added a moment later, as he cleaned up his plate.

I turned to his mother. "Mrs. Albertson," I pleaded, with tears in my eyes and a catch in my stomach, "I've come for an interview and——"

"A-ha!" shouted Frank, "an interview comes into my life!"

"—and I've got to have sustenance," I ended.

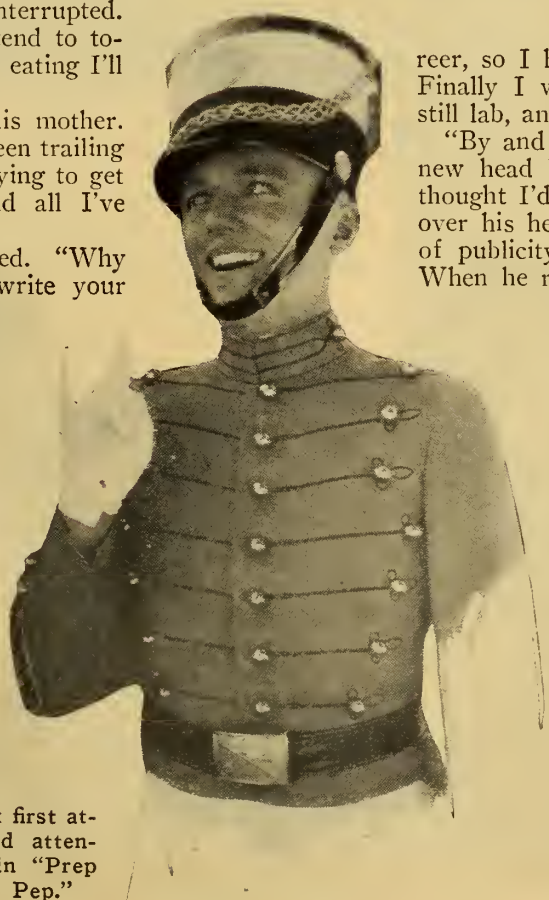
"Nix, ma, nix," the fiend interrupted. "I've got a million things to tend to today, and if you get him started eating I'll *never* get away."

Once more I appealed to his mother. "Mrs. A.," I wheedled, "I've been trailing this guy for one solid week trying to get an interview out of him, and all I've got——"

"Well, say!" Frank ejaculated. "Why do you have to see me to write your story? We've been knocking around together for almost a year now and you already know more about me than I know about myself. What is it you want?"

"Some ham and eggs," I persisted doggedly. "Aside from that, you might tell me where you were born."

"In bed," he answered innocently, and added as an afterthought, "Fergus Falls, Minnesota, February 2, 1909. Eventually we came here to Hollywood and I registered with Central Casting, but the school authorities and truant officers felt that my education was more important than my career, so I had to go to school most of the time. Finally I went to Paramount, got a job in the still lab, and worked there for a couple of years.



Frank first attracted attention in "Prep and Pep."

"By and by they had a reorganization and the new head hinted that I was about through. I thought I'd bluff 'em into keeping me, so I went over his head to Harold Hurley, who was chief of publicity at the time, and asked for a raise. When he recovered from his surprise, he gently intimated that I wasn't worth a raise. I stuck to my guns, though, and he eventually agreed to a five-dollar raise, if I'd go on the night crew. But mamma didn't want me to. You know how mammas are."

"Yes. 'You gotta see mamma every night, or you can't see mamma at all,'" I hummed.

"Shut up," said Frank. "I had my choice of the night crew with the raise, or getting out entirely. So I packed up my troubles in my old kit bag, and off I went to United Artists studio.

"You've no idea how smart those boys are there. They signed me immediately at the five-dollar raise, to work in their technical department. It sounded swell. But when I reported for work, I found the technical department was nothing but the

still lab, and sulphur fumes by any other name are still sulphur fumes.

"Well, things rocked along for a while, and then a kid in the publicity department came to me and wanted to swap jobs. 'Nuts,' says I, 'who wants to be a cheesy publicity writer?'"

"Indeed!" I bristled.

"You take my job," he continued, ignoring the interruption, "and I'll get somebody else for yours. You know me—big-hearted all over. Give *anybody* the shirt off my back—anybody who can wear it when I get through with it. So I took the fifty thousand and left."

"So *that's* why all these girls are chasing you, eh?" I broke in.

"Say!" said Frank, "who's telling this story? Well, this time my wandering footsteps took me to Central Casting. I recalled to them that I had been registered there since I was thirteen years old, showed them that I had grown up, and told them I had decided to give some director a break and play a juvenile for him as it should be played."

"*What* a break!" I breathed.

"I'll break your neck if you don't keep quiet," Frank threatened.

That's the trouble with interviewing your friends. You can't have any fun, because they have no respect for your position.

"I had to call up every day," Frank continued, "to see if any one had snapped up my offer. But no one did for a few days and then one day just after they had told me 'Nothing doing,' they got the wires crossed, and I heard a call come from M.-G.-M. for some other guy. I hung up, waited a few minutes, called back and asked 'What about that M.-G.-M. call for Frank Albertson?'

"The fellow said 'Wait a minute,' and then came back and said, 'It wasn't M.-G.-M., it was Fox. Be over there to-morrow at nine. Ten-dollar check.' Boy, howdy! Meet the wife. Meet the kids. Meet the family. Maybe you think that ten bucks didn't look like the Bank of Italy to me."

"Well, little Italy?" I asked. "Then what?"

Frank picked up an Indian club, twirled it speculatively a few minutes, and continued. "That job lasted ten days, so you see my career started off auspiciously, but it curled up and died after that. I just couldn't seem to get any work. Occasionally I'd get a day or two. Dick Arlen and I worked extra together in 'Old Ironsides,' and I also worked extra with some of the present-day big shots.

"But it's a funny thing about this business—none of them seemed able to recall me after they got ahead—until I began to get some breaks, too. I'll qualify that a little—Dick has always been mighty nice to me, and Neil Hamilton and Larry Gray never have any difficulty in remembering me, but outside of them——"

"Never mind a recital of your indignities," I began, and then I don't remember exactly what happened. It *might* have been an accident that the Indian club slipped out of his hand and hit me.

When I opened my eyes fifteen minutes later, Frank had retrieved the club, and was sitting there twirling it. Mrs. Albertson had made some fresh coffee and was thoughtfully sipping it.

"Shall I continue?" Frank asked.

"Tell me more," I pleaded, fingering the bump on my head.

"Well," Frank went on, "to make a long story short, after about six months of that sort of thing, with work getting scarcer and scarcer, I breezed into Fred Datig's office at the Paramount studio. He's the casting director, and I knew him pretty well. 'Hi, Mr. Datig,' said I, in my airiest manner, 'I'm going to give you a break and let you put me in stock. Anything you say is O. K., but I just want the old check to be coming in every Saturday.'

" 'Listen, Frank,' said Mr. Datig, 'I've been in this game a long time and I'm talking to you as a friend. I'd strongly advise you to get out of pictures. You're not tall enough to be a leading man'—I've grown some since then—'and, anyhow, you're too young. You have no particular ability and you're not overly good looking. There are thousands like you out here and all of them starving to death. Get yourself a good, steady job and stick to it.' "

"I still think he was right," I interjected, dodging the Indian club which went hurtling through a window behind me.

"This roughneck stuff has got to stop," said Mrs. Albertson, tossing the coffeepot at the two of us.

"You can imagine how I felt," Frank resumed when order had been restored. "I decided to take his advice and try Fox for a job as prop boy. On my way to the prop department I ran into Dave Butler. I had played

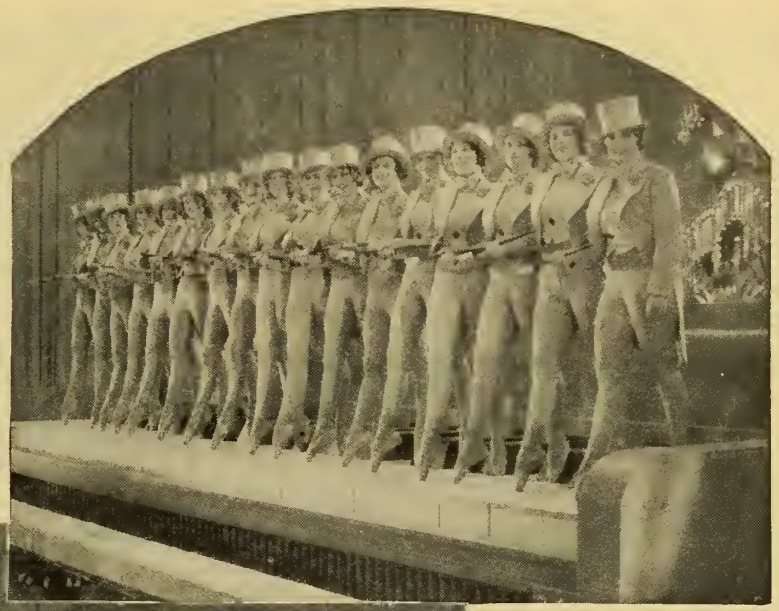
Continued on page 111



Mr. Mook and Mrs. Albertson listen patiently to Frank in the throes of his confession-story.

Long Live The King!

Who would exclaim otherwise when he sees Paul Whiteman, in "The King of Jazz Revue," surrounded by settings designed by John Murray Anderson?



Paul Whiteman, below, leads his famous band atop a piano seven feet wide and forty feet long for the unique staging of the "Rhapsody in Blue" number.



Above, the keyboard, of the giant piano on which the band is perched, is wide enough to accommodate seventeen precision dancers in the intricate steps which accompany Gershwin's famous "Rhapsody in Blue."



The Sisters "G," below, European dancers and singers, are the principals, with Felipe Delgado and the Russell Markert dancers, in the Spanish sequence of the "Melting Pot" number, one of the many elaborate episodes in the picture which brings Paul Whiteman to the screen as a comedian as well as a musician.



John Boles and Jeanette Loff, above, are the romantic lovers in the picture, to whom the song "Monterey" is a musical as well as a pictorial high light.



Norman Foster, as *Toby*, makes whoopee with Ginger Rogers at the Jungle Club and the trouble starts.

What's The For?

"Young Man of Manhattan" is the around the studio to point out making, and to call upon

THREE loud clangs of a bell—the signal for all quiet, not only on the Western front, but on the Eastern, and all over the studio. The signal, paradoxically, for all quiet when the shooting begins!

A big red light beside the elevator means that it has ceased activities, so that its hum won't register on the microphones. If you're running about in the nether portions of the studio, you stay there, or you walk up.

Carpenters working on sets must instantly lay down their hammers. It's a great life for workmen—ten or fifteen minutes' rest out of every half hour or so!

If you're en route from one side of the studio to the other, and need to cross one of the stages to get there—then you don't. You stay just where you are. It's like the old childhood game of playing statues; you move, and then suddenly you don't.

This is what talking pictures have done for a studio.

The big Paramount studio on Long Island used to house three or four units working at once. There was the big upper stage on the top floor; four smaller stages below. Now only two films can be made at once—one on the big stage, one on the little ones.

Four loud clangs of the gong mean quiet on the lower set, where, at this writing, "The Shooting of Nan McGrew" was what all the shooting was for. And then there is a single ring, and a double ring to release you from the spell of silence. It's all very complicated.

"Young Man of Manhattan" was being filmed on the large upper stage. Of course you've read this very successful novel by Katherine Brush, but just in case you haven't, here's the big idea:

Ann and *Toby*, two newspaper writers, meet at the Dempsey-Firpo fight, and get married. *Ann* makes more money than *Toby*—that burns any husband up! *Toby* drinks to forget his woes. They separate. And then the reconciliation. *Toby*, in Florida at the baseball team's training camp, is called home to *Ann's* bedside. Drinking some of *Toby's* liquor for a cold, she has gone temporarily blind. And *Toby*, to meet expenses, is at last forced to write the novel he always meant to write some day.

The actors, Claudette Colbert and Norman Foster—Mr. and Mrs. in private life—play *Mr.* and *Mrs.* in the picture.

With this background for *Ann* and *Toby*, let's wander about the set at Paramount studio.

In one corner of the big stage was a replica of a cross section of Madison Square Garden, the home of prize fights. Real theater seats, in rising rows one behind another, to be occupied, on another day, by some three hundred extras.

Charles Ruggles, as a bibulous reporter, sympathizes with *Toby* in his marital trouble.



Across the way, another section of a stadium—the outdoor stadium in Philadelphia where the Dempsey-Firpo match took place. It is here, in the story, that *Toby* and *Ann* meet, in the rain.

Next to that, an exterior of a smart New York night club. "The Jungle Club" in big electric lights across the front of a two-story building, with a canopy over the doorway. This is where *Toby* makes whoopee with a flapper who is the immediate cause of the marital crisis.

And then the set where the greater part of the action occurs—a four-room New York apartment. Liv-

Shooting

By Alma Talley

target, and the writer takes you some interesting tricks in talkie Claudette Colbert.



Charles Ruggles and Norman Foster, as sports writers, report a prize fight from the press box.

ing room opening into a bedroom on one side, into the dining room and foyer on another. A kitchen off the dining room, with a gas stove you could really light. A sink that really ran water.

A completely equipped apartment this was. The kind you could move into to-morrow, if you pushed half a dozen cameras and arc lights out of the way.

Because—and this is amazing in a studio—all the rooms had four walls.

You know, of course, that movies usually fool you on that one. Those elegant rooms of *Mr. Van De Puyster* have only three sides. If *Mr. Van* really lived there, he'd have no place to come in out of the rain. The open wall is where the cameras are placed.

But *Ann* and *Toby* had a real apartment. It was fun—but it was difficult. Each time the cameras were shifted from one room to another, the connecting walls had to be torn down and rebuilt.

Monta Bell, the director, had a purpose in all this.

"The action frequently runs from one room to another," he said. "*Ann* might be in the bedroom, talking to *Toby* in the living room. And we didn't want to build four rooms all in a straight line, with an open-faced front, because *Ann* and *Toby* wouldn't live in an apartment like that. They had sufficient means, and they were people of taste."

The furniture had been carefully assembled with that idea in mind—a small grand piano, rugs, built-in bookcases on either side of the fireplace; and above the mantelpiece, a George Bellows lithograph of the Dempsey-Firpo fight. This was lent by Mrs. Bellows and, because of some special process of lithographing, it was worth two thousand dollars.

The books were amusing. Bought up in odd lots by the studio, they included some strange titles. "Go Ahead, or the Fisher Boys' Motto," "Diseases of the Hip," "Big Crops From Little Gardens," "The Trotting and Pacing Horse," "Lives of Girls Who Became Famous," "With Pickpole and Peavy"—you figure out that one! You could do some real browsing in that library!

The bedroom, with twin beds, was draped in purple taffeta. Purple taffeta also, under the lace bedspreads—purple, as you know, is a good photographic color.

Between the foyer and the dining room was a window-like arch, with a small ship's model on its shelf.

Such was the home of *Toby* and *Ann*, a little cluttered now with cameras swathed in cloth to stifle their clicking, and with what seemed crowds of people. It was only the usual number of assistants—prop men, script girls and so on. But crowded in chairs beside the piano, they suddenly seemed like hordes, as if one were sitting in a hotel lobby during a convention.

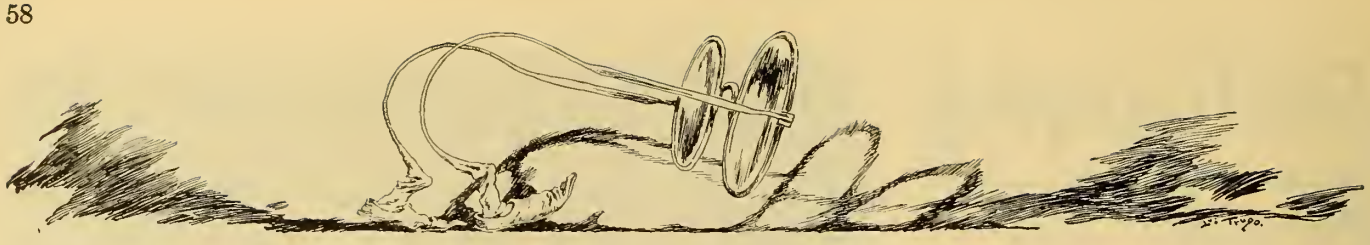
Claudette Colbert and Norman Foster are husband and wife in real life as well as in the story.



And all of them chewing gum! This was because of the new "No smoking" regulation put into effect after the Pathé studio fire in New York. But an exception is made when smoking is demanded in the action of the story, and thereupon hangs an amusing incident.

"These ash trays are supposed to be full of cigarette butts," said Monta Bell suddenly. "Here, everybody, we need butts!" And immediately from all parts of the studio—from apparently, even nowhere—swarms of

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The Stroller

Our meandering scribe focuses his none-too-rosy specs on Hollywood affairs.

By Neville Reay

Illustrated by Lui Trugo

A CITY—not of beauty, nor of motion pictures, nor of glamour—a city of sandwiches.

The fact that a Garbo sandwich is really a Swiss-cheese sandwich under another name, and that Cooper is another name for ham and jelly, is quite well known.

This item does not concern itself with the edibles, but with that greater and ever-increasing horde of human sandwiches stuck in between two slices of a sign, and who are forever parading the once picturesque sidewalks of Hollywood.

The plight of the old favorites is one calling for thought from every thinking man in Hollywood. The trouble is that this classification is notoriously slim. As thin as the sandwich men, but not so numerous.

Actors, even the best of them, may be seen visiting their friends, stepping out, shopping, wearing the clothes they used in a recent picture—clothes studiously studio made for character rôles. We have checkered suits—I never believed any one would really wear them—burlesque golf clothes and others which have apparently gone through a rain sequence, from the shape they're in. This is a period of retrenchment. Why, no one knows for certain.

Walking down the Boulevard I spied a doddering old soul between two signs which read, "I want work and enough money to live on." This man started the fad.

Two days later I saw five more. One read, "Good character actor. Plays villains, dopes, and underworld characters. $5 a day. GL 2552."

Another read, "Former gag man, director, general manager, will write your stories for you. Reasonable prices."

One was a pretty girl in a bathing suit, "Beauty-contest winner. Doesn't want to be a waitress, cash girl. What can director offer? Honorable preferred."

Bowling—you know, the game in which you roll a ball and knock down the ten pins—is now a fad in Hollywood.

Naturally such a game has its allegorical significance, but it is not what you might think. True enough, studio executives seem to delight in it, for they have so much practice during the day bowling down the personnel.

But one of the Hollywood papers put the thing right, through a typographical error. A big headline said, "Bowing now fad in Hollywood."

There are bows and more bows. There's the bow the actor gives the producer, the bow the director gives the producer, and all down the screen aristocracy to the bow the prop boy gives the assistant director. But perhaps the most interesting is the one given by the former star to the star she is now supporting. These range in grandiloquence from the faint light of recognition accorded the assistant, to the sweeping gesture of the serf for the lord of the manor accorded the producer.

In these days, Hollywood is bowing so much that in another few years every one will have curvature of the spine, chronic, and facial close-ups will have to be shot with the camera on the floor.

Take a tail and grow a dog on it.

That was always one of my childhood ambitions, but at last I can see something similar to that happen, if not that itself.

Hollywood is taking its foreign voices and growing bodies on them, which is just as great a miracle.

For a long time foreign actors have been finding their only means of expression in strutting in night clubs where English is taboo.

Then the voices oozed out like specters, disembodied, searching for a resting place. Often they came to rest in uncomfortable English-speaking bodies and gave the body the power to speak a strange tongue, and thus we had synchronized foreign versions.

But the voices wandered from place to place, singing and chanting their native tongues from across the threshold through the medium of the different actors.

But finally—and here's the tragedy—the voices returned home and their own bodies got onto the screen. And every one wished he'd stayed away, because they'd been so long afield that they didn't even resemble themselves. And while the voice may be beautiful, the face is just another mug.



Anything that's good for you must taste bad, so a terrible mishap in candy making became a business.

This doesn't sound like a very strong tribute to the entertainment value of motion pictures—or else it attests to the stronger drawing power of another form of diversion.

At any rate, the theaters in several States have been compelled by the police to lock up their balconies at matinées to eliminate heavy petting parties. These even outdid the torrid scenes on the screen, and undoubtedly the censors

feared that the cast might stop in the middle of the scene to admonish their rivals. Take that either way.

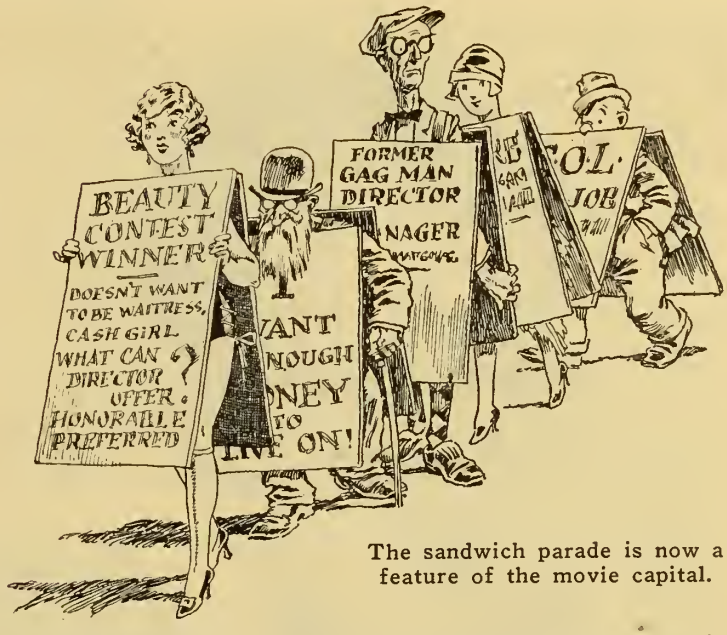
There is still a rather general conviction that anything that is good for you must either taste or smell terrible.

In Hollywood there is a candy shop from which horrible, indescribable odors emanate and drift down the Boulevard. People hold their breath as they pass by.

But inside a thriving business is going on. Somewhere the rumor started that this candy would give beauty of face and figure to any and all. So the credulous and seeking—and every one is seeking here—buy all the product and eat it with the pleasure of taking quinine.

The concocter told me that he made a mistake in a batch of caramels once, and brought the candy home to his family to eat, telling them it was made under the light of the moon, and would bring beauty.

There had to be something besides the taste and the smell to recommend it.



The sandwich parade is now a feature of the movie capital.

A very colorful city is Hollywood—very colorful indeed. But it never heard of fast colors.

My favorite red-headed actresses seldom go two weeks with exactly the same shade. It seems to be a beauticulturist weakness. My favorite blondes frequently dye their hair red or black, and my favorite brunettes are prone to weaken before the beguilements of blond possibilities.

Cars and dogs, to say nothing of clothes, match the hair.

Now it's finger nails that have joined the parade.

Colored motion pictures have a lot to do with the frantic search for a color scheme. I don't claim to be a color expert, but I heard one of our players state that blue eyes should go with red hair and green finger nails.

It's a fact that you can have your nails burnished any shade for a dollar—red, green, purple, black, yellow, orange, or blue. I have actually seen Hollywood's social leaders with these shades, and some with the natural shade and part black.

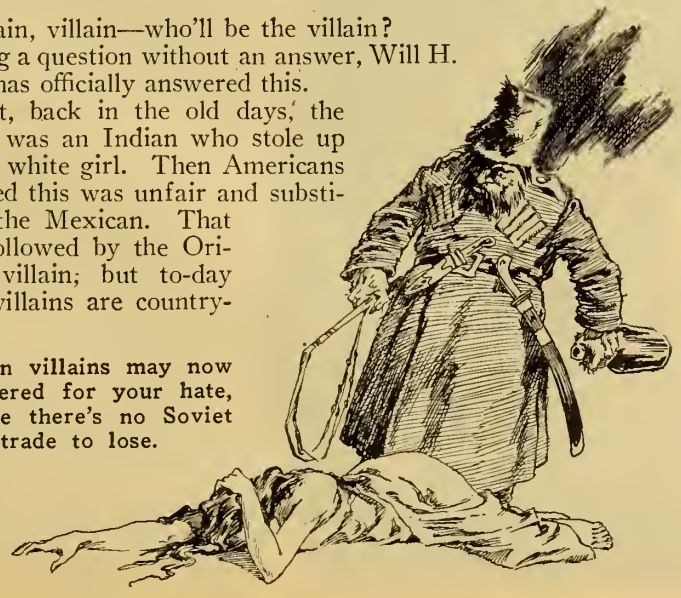
However, such fads have their use. I was at a bridge party. One of the ladies had purple nails. Her index finger had an amber nail. The night before it had been red. I knew that her husband had left on location that day. And I knew that the gentleman with green nails had been trying to date her for weeks.

The postage-stamp flirtation of bygone generations has been replaced by something very, as we say, colorful.

Villain, villain—who'll be the villain?

Long a question without an answer, Will H. Hays has officially answered this.

First, back in the old days, the villain was an Indian who stole up on the white girl. Then Americans declared this was unfair and substituted the Mexican. That was followed by the Oriental villain; but to-day most villains are countryless.



Russian villains may now be offered for your hate, because there's no Soviet trade to lose.

In fact, most of our prejudice against certain races is due to the fact that they have long served as the goats in pictures, film reformers claim.

It was a commercial sense, rather than a sense of fairness, which eliminated the Mexican and Japanese bad men. It got so there were too many theaters in those countries and they'd bar all the films of a company, unless they were fair to the natives.

So now Will H. Hays has approved the use of Russians as villains, because the Soviet has barred American films and Hollywood doesn't care a hang about the Russian market.

From now on screen villains will wear beards and drink vodka to stimulate them in their dastardly actions.

Some of our former screen names are in hard times, as I have intimated. So if you wrote a letter inclosing a quarter and got neither a picture nor the money back, be charitable.

I heard one of them remark outside a casting office, "If I don't get some fan mail to-day I'll starve again."

Making money is the crude and vulgar purpose of most people in town—even writers.

One writer who had never sold anything read a serial in a magazine and thought it ought to make a good picture. So he got in touch with the author, and for a small sum purchased a ninety-day option at $10,000. He figured that he would be able to sell it to a studio for twice that, and make a nice profit.

So he started the rounds and met with success. The deal was almost closed. He talked as he had never talked before. The producer was first convinced that the story was great, then that the author of the story was great, then he decided that he would rather have the author than the story.

The result was that he turned down the story, convinced that the author could write an even better one, and wired him to come on at a staggering salary, and left the salesman out in the cold.

I have often wondered about the girls who take our money away from us in front of theaters. So naturally I asked a theater manager about it.

"We have a waiting list of thirty for the job," he told me. "We file them according to blonde or brunette and degree of beauty, as well as intelligence. The smartest good-looking girl gets the

Continued on page 110



Photo by Duncan

Barry Norton is to play rôles in Spanish, French, and English.

New Brooms

A clean sweep of undesirable acquaintances the order of the day for young Mr. Norton, ambition and

By William

HAVING posed all afternoon for photographs, Barry Norton lay stretched on a couch in his new apartment. It was as if he had run a nerve-racking race, and won at the last moment.

Let out by Fox with several other juveniles, Barry had been searching elsewhere for work and getting none. Now, after four months of anxiety, he had been signed to a long-term contract by no less a company than Paramount.

"I got it entirely on my own," he remarked, propping up his head with cushions. "I applied for a rôle in the Spanish version of 'The Benson Murder Case.' I don't think they realized that I spoke fluent English. So I asked if I could take a test in English. I enacted a scene from 'Journey's End.' They signed me on the strength of that. I am now to play in Spanish, English, and French."

A glance at Barry's new abode bespeaks a new fact. His rooms are in a good apartment house, but less ostentatious than those he has hitherto occupied. They are quiet, too. There is no string of fleeting acquaintances flashing in and out.

Where was his retinue of servants? Where his thousand-dollar radio and the antique furniture he bought for his six-room apartment? Where all the former flurry in his rooms, like unto the court of one of the reckless Stuarts?

Yes, there is a slight, but decisive, difference in Barry's mode of existence to-day.

In the past he would consider nothing but having his own way, so the change brought on by a temporary upheaval is worthy of note. To describe this upheaval, and how it affected Barry, one must go back a little.

Say what you like, it is an incontestable fact that when he is seen on the screen, Barry Norton is instantly recognized as a good actor. In his four years of picture work he has made only two tests for a rôle. The first gained him a contract with Fox; the second caused him to be signed by Paramount.

To be with the latter company was one of his early desires.

In 1926 he tried to go on location with "Beau Geste." Unfortunately—or fortunately—he was too young, too slender, and too good looking to serve as a tough legionnaire.

After this crushing disappointment he stopped in to see me.

"Forty a week!" he snarled over the loss, winding my phonograph until the spring nearly broke.

"For five weeks!"

"By losing this you may get something better," his philosophic friend encouraged.

Several days later he did get something better. He was given a test by Irving Cummings for the juvenile rôle in "The Midnight Kiss." Barry did not play the part, but his acting made an impression on Winfield Sheehan, who signed him up. Raoul Walsh decided to use him for *"Mother's Boy,"* in "What Price Glory?" And so Barry began work and fan mail poured in. It kept on pouring, so that it compared with, and even outdid, that of many of the stars. But that was an incident.

Barry was a slave to nothing but his work. He thought of nothing else but acting. It was not that he steadfastly refused to attend to incidental things. It was merely that details irritated him.

After being signed by Fox, he could give free rein to his fancies. And he did. His ever-chang-



***"Mother's Boy,"* in "What Price Glory?" rallied countless fans to Barry's cause.**

For Barry

and a drastic revision of his private life—this is who begins his Paramount contract fired with high hopes.

H. McKegg

ing herd of hangers-on did little to save his private life from comment.

There was never anything of the snob about Barry. If he liked a person, he never cared what his position in life was.

"You should not be seen with him," I'd sometimes remark, ending with some cutting, time-worn proverb.

Barry gave me a heavy look, which would probably have been a black eye to one less intimate.

"What do you know about him, except what you hear?" he'd say. "He's amusing. I know nothing bad about him."

Barry could never understand why people should worry over his choice of friends.

It seemed that whatever he did caused talk. He is one of those beings that every one essays to counsel and protect. Why, I don't know. He certainly wants no advice.

There was his sumptuous apartment. His salary had been increased beyond the agreed amount, because of his good work. Accordingly, he moved to larger and more expensive quarters.

Oh, it was a grand and glorious existence! If he wanted a thing he bought it. It was as simple as that. He was generous, too. I have known Barry, when he was earning close to six hundred a week, to possess something like seven cents three days after pay day. Sometimes not that. Yet many kind-hearted acquaintances who owed him plenty made themselves scarce when money would have been appreciated.

"Suppose you get out of Fox, what would you do?"

"Go to one of the other studios, of course."

And thus any dark cloud was instantly vanquished.

No extravagance was too great for Barry. Money kept going out. In the meantime, his popularity was spreading over the cinematic world. In his native Argentine his name became a household word.

His good break came when Paramount borrowed him for a small part in "The Legion of the Condemned." His work in that picture made a deep impression. In the opinion of many, it eclipsed that of Gary Cooper and Fay Wray.

Paramount liked him so well that they borrowed him again to play Emil Jannings' son, in "Sins of the Father."

Once more the young actor achieved splendid notices. His work had depth, sincerity and, above all, profound pathos.

It seemed, in spite of his carefree ways, that Barry was on the right track after all. He played opposite Madge Bellamy, in "Mother Knows Best," the first Fox talkie of any consequence.

Then, at the end of last year, along with various other players, he was let out. Barry looked for work, but found none. Other studios seemed quite indifferent to his "liberty."

One afternoon he dropped in to see me. He sat almost upside down in a chair, furiously smoking a cigarette.

Two months had gone by without any offer coming his way.

"Haven't done much, but I always got good reviews—might as well be unknown——"

When Barry confronts anything that he does not understand, his face takes on a screwed-up expression, as if he had drunk a glass of vinegar. His belief in his own ability had been slightly disturbed.

His one great desire was to play the part of young *Raleigh,* in "Journey's End." He learned the part, but the entire cast had to be British, as an English concern was financing the screen production. Otherwise Barry might have been given the rôle.

His money was nearly gone. None was coming in, as it had every week for the past three and a half years.

I met him one day in February, minus his flashy roadster.

"I'm going to play in the Spanish version of 'The Benson Murder Case,'" he told me, adding hopefully, "it will lead to something else, very likely."

That's just what it did do. That is how I came to be listening to his new ideas, while he rested after a trying afternoon of being photographed.

"Don't think," he urgently stressed, "that I am talking like a bad-little-boy-has-learned-his-lesson. I'm not. For that would be wrong."

I smiled my annoying continental smile; and Barry hurriedly lit another cigarette.

"I'll admit," he went on. "I have done a lot of crazy things that did not help me. I've let many things slip by that would have been beneficial. Who hasn't? But I never let anything interfere with my work.



Photo by Duncan

"I've done crazy things that didn't help me. Who hasn't?"—The Saga of the Norton.

"After I was let out by Fox I did not sit waiting for offers I went out and tried to get them. To improve my work for talking pictures, I studied plays in English, French, and Spanish.

"When all is said and done, four months without work in Hollywood is not so extraordinary. I think I'm rather fortunate."

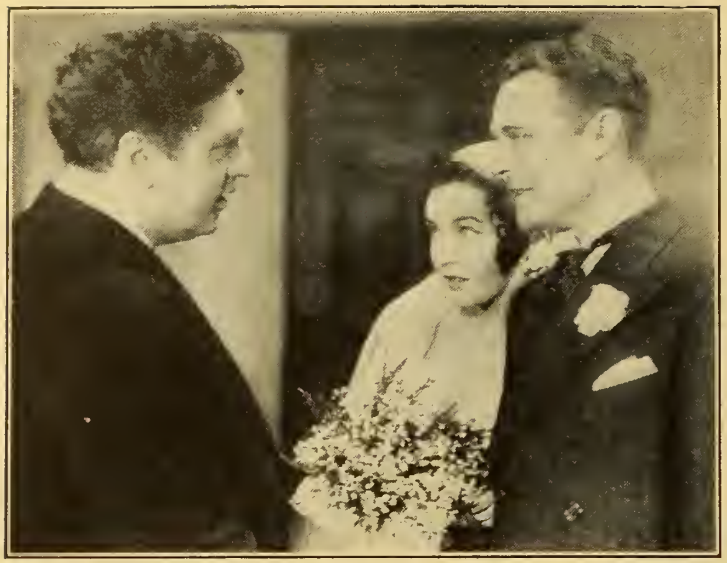
Fortunate he is. Fortunate he always will be. People can rail against Barry, but he has the knack of ever being on the best side.

"Of course," he put in lightly, "my money went."

It always did. Perhaps it always will.

"Another thing," he added sincerely. "I don't want you to make me sound like one of those when-I-became-hard-up-my-pals-deserted-me fellows. I have discovered, however, that there were quite a few acquaintances

Continued on page 116



John McCormack gives his blessing to Maureen O'Sullivan and John Garrick, in "Song o' My Heart," and we give ours to the three of them.

The Screen

By Norbert Lusk

JOHN McCORMACK, the celebrated Irish tenor, is the latest star to attempt the movies. It is a pleasure to report that he is entirely successful in "Song o' My Heart." That pleasure is doubled by the discretion and good taste of his film début.

Lacking the presence of a romantic hero, or any semblance of Hollywood's conception of a great lover, Mr. McCormack nevertheless is legitimately the central figure in a gentle story and reveals a sympathetic personality—made more so by his limpid song, of course. Beautifully recorded, his voice pours forth in eleven airs, including such favorites as "Little Boy Blue," "The Rose of Tralee," and "I Hear You Calling Me." Each is an exquisite example of the singer's art, though nothing can be said of his singing that hasn't been said many times before. Enough for you to know that no slightest imperfection of recording exists. It is the familiar voice as it might sound if Mr. McCormack came to your home to sing for you alone.

So adroitly managed is the picture that he doesn't act at all. But instead of being negative when he is not singing—to recall the recent début of a lesser singer—he is very much a part of the proceedings at all times. This is achieved not only by Mr. McCormack's inherent geniality and lack of self-importance, but the cleverness of Frank Borzage, the director, in making him the hero by implication rather than by any glorification.

Thus we see Mr. McCormack, as *Sean,* beloved in the Irish village for his song and his quiet good nature. One feels that if he were fortunate enough to live in the midst of such natural beauty as revealed by the Irish landscape, he too would respect and like *Sean.* Gently it is made known that *Sean* loved *Mary* long before the story opens, and the intelligence of the spectator is taken for granted in not harking back to an explanation of why she married some one else and is now a widow. Instead, it concerns itself with the touching romance of *Mary's* daughter *Eileen* and a likable youth named *Fergus.* It is this romance that *Sean* encourages and finally consummates when, on returning from a triumphant début in America, he finds the young lovers about to be separated. In their union he presumably relives his own lost opportunity, and for them he carries on his career as a great singer.

Simple though the story is, it is replete with authentic flashes of Irish character and visually it is a banquet of beauty. Capitally acted, it brings to the fore two beguiling Irish players, Maureen O'Sullivan, quite the most refreshing ingénue in years, and so completely devoid of Hollywood standardization that she seems to have come direct from heaven. The other is Tommy Clifford, a boy actor, whose unaffected manner and quaint speech will send home many a crusty bachelor and vinegary spinster to dream of what might have been.

John Garrick, happily released from the hysteria of "The Sky Hawk," shows what an exceptionally intelligent and ingratiating leading man he is. And there is a richly human characterization by J. M. Kerrigan, with Alice Joyce, Farrell MacDonald, and Emily Fitzroy sustaining a high order of merit that places the entire undertaking among the pictures that must not be passed by.

The Under Dog In Uniform.

"The Case of Sergeant Grischa" is a film with a purpose and is very, very earnest. But, unfortunately, it isn't entertaining; nor does it ever become as powerful as it should. The plight of the poor Russian peasant, a victim of the German military machine, is carefully and capably set forth by Herbert Brenon, director of many exceptional films, but one doesn't really care what happens to *Grischa.* All the agitation over his fate seems just another opportunity for actors to talk, and talk they do in as rich a variety of accents as can be imagined. They might be catalogued as follows: Chester Morris, New York; Betty Compson, Hollywood; Alec B. Francis, English; Gustav von Seyffertitz, German; Jean Hersholt, Swedish; Leyland Hodgson, English; and Paul McAllister and Frank McCormack, American. This does not lessen their ability as actors, but it disturbs the spectator, who is not too interested in what they are talking about in the first place.

Sergeant Grischa's story begins in a prison camp in Poland, from which he escapes in a snowstorm. He reaches a distant Russian army settlement, where he meets *Babka,* a Russian girl. They fall in love, but *Grischa* doesn't let that delay him long in his wanderings toward his objective, home and mother. *Babka* gives him an identification medal which she thinks will mislead the Germans should *Grischa* be captured by them. This is the very thing that happens and the medal doesn't conceal his identity at all. He is condemned to death as a spy. Then it is that the entire Prussian army becomes wrought up over his fate, with a merciless general bent on meting the death sentence and another, more humane one voicing his pleas that the Russian's life be spared. In the end *Grischa* is executed, a symbol of the under dog's fate at the hands of the ruling class.

All this is set forth grimly, uncompromisingly, but I do not think it matters much, because in essence it is just another war story. Capitally acted, the players nevertheless seem to be laboring for a lost cause. Chester Morris is *Grischa,* highly emotional, fluent, entirely competent, yet he misses the pathos of the helpless peasant because he is too alert and intelligent. Gustav von Seyffertitz is really the most successful of the cast, as the bloodthirsty general, though Alec B. Francis is moving as his humanitarian opponent. Leyland Hodgson, a newcomer,

in Review

A critic pauses to submit impressions of two major triumphs and a few lesser ones.

is his sympathetic aid, but I'm afraid there's little hope for Betty Compson as long as she plays any and every character in terms of musical comedy.

She Wears the Mantle of Greatness.

A burgeoning triumph for Ruth Chatterton! It occurs in "Sarah and Son" and represents the most superlative acting she has yet given the screen. That, you will agree, implies a great deal. But no matter how high your expectations, you will not be left in the lurch by Miss Chatterton. She will realize for you every detail of a memorable performance.

Beginning as a poor German girl in 1915, you will see her gradual development into a great prima donna of to-day. You will see her dance sedately the steps of long ago, and you will hear her sing in such a manner that you will believe her voice has brought her fame. Which is perhaps a roundabout way of saying that Miss Chatterton sings delightfully. Best of all, you will hear her characterize her rôle in speech, first the naïve accent of a girl not long in this country, and gradually—always gradually!—her voice will take on the inflections of one who has mastered perfect English, but still retains a trace of her native tongue.



Betty Compson, Chester Morris, and Leyland Hodgson are overwhelmed by the task of making "The Case of Sergeant Grischa" as poignant as it should be.

Her gifts are given to a poignant story of mother love unlike any version that I recall. It is the narrative of a mother's search for the son torn from her in infancy by a drunken husband who, dying, murmurs the name of the persons who have the child. They are a rich couple whose longing for a son causes them to resort to lengths of deception that are only excused by the charm and good looks of Philippe de Lacy, who plays the boy. For when Miss Chatterton is the bewildered foreigner pleading for a look at the boy she knows is hers, she can be put off with threats of commitment to an asylum. But when she is a famous personage whose demands cannot be denied, the foster parents of her son bring to her another boy hired for the occasion, and represent him as theirs. How circumstances play into the mother's hands and bring her face to face with her son, as well as the touching climax that establishes their true relationship—this is where the suspense of the picture is developed delicately, but none the less surely.

It is a triumph for Dorothy Arzner, the director, as well as for the players under her control. They include Fredric March, Gilbert Emery, Doris Lloyd, and William Stack. Each one sustains the unwavering excellence of a picture notable for its fine intelligence.

Society So High That It Hurts.

Elinor Glyn tries her hand at plastic surgery in "Such Men Are Dangerous" and with self-assurance performs a miracle such as no mere surgeon ever achieved. She sends her hero to one *Doctor Erdmann* afflicted with arrogance, a repulsive face, a bent back, and a grating voice, and lo! he emerges as debonair Warner Baxter, with a seductive lilt in his voice and a permanent wave. And all he asked for was a renovated face!

It is that kind of a story, an extravaganza not to be taken seriously, but it is interesting in a plotty, meretricious way and on the whole it is acted exceptionally well. I fear it is entirely to the liking of those who take the author's books seriously. Because she has not only exploited popular interest in plastic surgery, but has enabled Mr. Baxter, after his transformation into a Lothario, to fall in love with his own wife, with his identity never suspected by her. This sort of romance still piques the imagination of suburban housewives, even as their ancestors found vicarious satisfaction in the novels of the lady who called herself "The Duchess."

Mr. Baxter is *Ludwig Kranz,* a financier of fabulous wealth and almost unlimited power, but his personal attractions are nil. He marries *Elinor,* who is bullied by her ambitious sister into accepting him for his money. Though she has no love for him, her Victorian sensibilities are shocked when *Ludwig* gives her a check for a million pounds in lieu of a Romeo's love-making, and she flees from him on their wedding night. *Elinor* makes you feel that she is the kind of girl who *would* flee rather than walk out on a man. Whereupon *Ludwig* evolves a scheme to avenge his frustrated passion. He disappears from the private plane which is taking him across the English Channel, and is given up for dead. When he reappears under a different name he manages to meet *Elinor,* who is now queening it as the richest widow in Europe and nobly assuring her match-making sister that this time she will marry for love alone. Sure, but can she afford to be hoity-toity on the fortune she has no moral right to enjoy? No, I'm afraid *Elinor* doesn't measure up to any ethical standards at all. She's just a mollusk. At any rate, she and her husband have a delicious flirtation. It will scarcely induce apoplexy if I tell you that his plan to spurn her at the critical moment, even as she rejected poor *Ludwig Kranz* on the threshold of the nuptial chamber, is shot to pieces. It seems that he falls in love with her all over again and *Elinor's* cry of recognition is not of horror, but of joy. Just to hear Catherine Dale Owen bleat, "Loodveeg!" as she yields her willowy form to Mr. Baxter's passionate embrace is, to me, one of those moments that beggar description. Albert Conti, Hedda Hopper, Claude Allister, and Bela Lugosi are the better members of the cast.



"Such Men Are Dangerous."



"Be Yourself."



"None But the Brave."



"Slightly Scarlet."

Vilma Sounds Her Lute.

Though Vilma Banky was heard briefly a year ago in "This Is Heaven," she really makes her audible début in "A Lady To Love," a picture entirely in dialogue. It is a pleasure to report that she is successful. Her voice bears no resemblance to the guttural tones heard in the earlier effort. It is now almost entirely without accent and its quality has undergone a complete change. Her voice has become soft, smooth and sweet. Flexibility, too, has been developed and her enunciation is perfect. Miss Banky gives every evidence of intelligent vocal training, for there is no sign of the elocutionist in our favorite Hungarian actress. She has, indeed, become a more important artist by means of speech.

Her rôle is a difficult one. Perhaps you remember Pola Negri, in "The Secret Hour." She was a waitress who promised to marry an elderly grape grower she had never seen, and on reaching his ranch discovered that her prospective husband had sent the photograph of his stalwart assistant as his own.

The new version is far more true to the stage play, "They Knew What They Wanted," and the significance of the love affair of the waitress and the young man is brought out more frankly than in the silent version. The happy-go-lucky philanderer goes away after he has won *Lena*, while she redeems herself by nursing her husband through a long illness. When the young man returns and threatens to reveal their relations to the husband, *Lena* herself informs him what happened and he forgives her.

Though Miss Banky's performance is admirable, she misses some of the possibilities of the rôle. In appearance she is far from the disheartened girl who seizes her one and only chance to marry and have a home. It is not likely that a waitress as exquisite as Miss Banky would ever lack for masculine attentions. However, we are considering the movies and not the Theater Guild, aren't we?

Edward G. Robinson is brilliantly successful as the Italian husband, and Robert Ames is entirely creditable as the young man.

Crinoline and Rosebuds.

A pleasant, likable picture is "None But the Brave." To say that it is important would not be true, but there are few enough films with equal unself-consciousness. Not the least of its friendly claims is the fact that Gary Cooper plays his first Civil War rôle, that of *Captain James Braydon,* of the Union army, who volunteers to cross the enemy lines in the expectation of being arrested as a spy and paying the usual penalty. For it is part of the plan that he be captured with documents that will mislead the Confederate forces. So *Captain Braydon,* disappointed in love, is eager for the chance to prove to himself how little life means to him. But there is, it seems, no such idea in the scenario writer's mind. For *Captain Braydon* meets Mary Brian, as a rebel coquette in crinoline and rosebuds, and his efforts to be exposed as a spy take on a different aspect. He is found out, however, and even faces a firing squad, but you know how harmless a thousand bullets are when a hoopskirted heroine is in suspense.

Touches of freshness punctuate the yarn and the Southern drawl drips thickly from unaccustomed lips, adding to the comedy of the proceedings. Mr. Cooper plays his rôle with quiet humor and admirable understanding, and young Phillips Holmes is surprisingly effective as his jealous rival.

"The Broadway Melody" Continues.

If you liked "The Broadway Melody" you will find "Chasing Rainbows" entertaining—that is, if you don't resent its echoing the earlier picture. I didn't. For I found the joys and sorrows, the jealousies and triumphs of troupers on the road genuinely diverting because, to me, the psychology of their actions rings true and the types are interesting.

Bessie Love again is the soubrette in love with a conceited, philandering song-and-dance man, who falls in love with the successive leading ladies of the show and is regularly forgiven by Bessie. Charles King is the man and, because of his excellent singing of "Lucky Me, Lovable You" and other songs, he makes you condone his defects of character. Marie Dressler and Polly Moran contribute brilliant comedy, the first as the *grande dame* of

the show, the latter its wardrobe mistress. And Jack Benny also is successful as the stage manager harassed by the worries of giving a performance in the midst of continuous emotion upheavals in his troupe.

There may be disappointment in the likeness of the new picture to the old one, but no one who enjoys exceptional acting by established favorites will find "Chasing Rainbows" less than diverting. Eddie Phillips, Nita Martan, George K. Arthur, and Gwen Lee contribute their quota of ability, and there are two elaborate sequences in Technicolor.

Dabbling in Sin.

In "Lilies of the Field" the stately Corinne Griffith mounts a piano and executes a "hot" tap dance, with a generous display of silken leg. Or shouldn't one still say "limb" of Miss Griffith? I think one should, for despite the innovation she still remains herself, even as Allah is Allah. And the picture, for all its musical comedy background, is only tepidly interesting.

Miss Griffith plays a wife who is divorced on fraudulent evidence and separated from her child. After considerable time spent in self-pity, she joins the chorus of a rowdy show instead of taking a secretarial course, or working in a shop, and becomes, of course, the only lady among the bunch of hard-boiled gold diggers. Finally she is haled before the bar of justice as the result of a raid, but her fine is paid by the man who has loved her all along, so she wistfully capitulates by giving up her "career." It is all rather silly, though the picture is handsome and the cast rather interesting. John Loder, Ralph Forbes, and Freeman Wood are the gentlemen in the case.

While Miss Griffith's voice hardly rivals a cello, she speaks with sincerity and considerable expression.

One Way of Love.

If you liked Fannie Brice in "My Man," her first picture, you will enjoy her more in "Be Yourself," her current film. It is much more intelligent and handsome, without being exactly a milestone. Its most serious defect is the reappearance of the familiar episode where Miss Brice, her heart broken by the perfidy of the man she loves, obliges with a new version of her famous song, "My Man," accompanied by an obbligato of tears. However, this doesn't last long and there's plenty of her clowning and wisecracks to make you forget it, if you wish to. There's a chance you do not, depending entirely on how many times you have seen Fannie sad.

She is a night-club entertainer, who manages and loves a dumbbell pugilist, who, when he becomes champion, is ensnared by a vamp and resorts to plastic surgery to beautify his nose at her suggestion. Hence Fannie's heartbreak. As a last resort to save him from himself, so to speak, Fannie induces his opponent to wallop the costly beak, and this sends her man down in defeat. Needless to say that in the dust he realizes Fannie's true worth.

Robert Armstrong is highly successful as the prize fighter. A more authentic performance and a more likable pugilist I have never seen. He's great! Gertrude Astor is the vamp, rather too emphatic, but certainly not inexpert. Harry Green is, as usual, very amusing.

A Maharajah's Ruby.

Another picture that passes an hour away, without making one look back on it, is "Slightly Scarlet." There are many such films nowadays, just as there always were. One wonders why. Be that as it may, this latest example concerns jewel thieves who meet as guests in the home they hope to rob, each ignorant of the other's purpose till they come face to face at madame's wall safe. For good measure they are in love with each other, too.

Now this sounds trite enough, but it is vitalized by admirable acting on the part of Clive Brook, Evelyn Brent, Eugene Pallette, Paul Lukas, Helen Ware, Henry Wadsworth—remember him in "Applause"?—and Virginia Bruce. I thought Miss Brent a bit inflexible for a crook bent on making friends with persons she wanted to relieve of their jewels, but she is, as usual, arresting and intelligent in all that she does.

Continued on page 100



"A Lady To Love."



"Lilies of the Field."



"Chasing Rainbows."



"Lord Byron of Broadway."



A Confidential Guide To Current Releases

WHAT EVERY FAN SHOULD SEE.

"Men Without Women"—Fox. Intensely human picture of men trapped undersea. Fine characterization, action motivated by invisible heroine. Kenneth MacKenna, Frank Albertson, as torpedoman and ensign, are striking. Paul Page, Stuart Erwin, Warren Hymer, Farrell MacDonald.

"Green Goddess, The" — Warner. George Arliss as suave, merciless rajah into whose kingdom a group of English land by plane. Plans for execution of visitors for revenge thwarted in thrilling manner. H. B. Warner, Ralph Forbes, Reginald Sheffield, Alice Joyce.

"Seven Days' Leave"—Paramount. Exceptional film, lacking boy-and-girl love element, with honors to Beryl Mercer and Gary Cooper. Charwoman "invents" soldier son, and, to humor her, a real soldier has her to adopt him. Simple, touching.

"Vagabond King, The"—Paramount. All Technicolor. Beautifully filmed, far above the "Oh, yeah?" and tootsie theme-song musical films. Story of Villon, the French poet, and Louis XI —Dennis King and O. P. Heggie respectivcly, both excellent. Warner Oland and Lillian Roth fine. Jeanette MacDonald pastel leading lady.

"Rogue Song, The"—Metro-Goldwyn. Song, dialogue, all Technicolor. Lawrence Tibbett's début on the screen is high mark of musical films. Magnificent voice, vigorous personality make up for weak story, made weaker by detached horseplay. The bandit kidnaps the princess. Catherine Dale Owen, Florence Lake.

"Happy Days"—Fox. Grandeur film pioneer suited to big revue in which no player is outstanding. Increased scope effective in outdoor scenes and in ensembles. Many familiar faces include Janet Gaynor, Charles Farrell, Frank Albertson, Victor McLaglen, Edmund Lowe, Will Rogers, David Rollins.

"Street of Chance"—Paramount. William Powell superb in smooth but powerful rôle of gambler who tries to steer his brother away from the racket, his efforts costing him his life. Direction and acting lift film above other underworld dramas. Kay Francis, Jean Arthur, Regis Toomey, Brooks Benedict.

"Not So Dumb" — Metro-Goldwyn. Marion Davies' version of "Dulcy" is amusing and her work is so clever you want to choke her while laughing at her dumb efforts to be the little fixer between her fiancé and his boss. Elliott Nugent, Raymond Hackett, and others lend excellent support.

"Hallelujah"—Metro-Goldwyn. All dialogue. An epic in its true meaning in the portrayal of the ups and downs of a cotton-belt Negro family, as the film reveals the inner life in striking interpretations. There has never been a film like it in the dramatic sweep of a simple plot. All Negro cast.

"Anna Christie" — Metro-Goldwyn. Greta Garbo's first talkie reveals an unusually deep voice. Heroic effort in rôle demanding the best in speech. Ruthlessly frank story of streetwalker is unlike her former ones. Charles Bickford, George Marion, Marie Dressler.

"Devil-May-Care" — Metro-Goldwyn. Dialogue and song. Dashing, tuneful Napoleonic comedy, with Ramon Novarro at his best, and again singing with charming skill, as if the songs belong in the story. Bonapartist falls in love with royalist girl, and what they do about it. Dorothy Jordan, Marion Harris, John Miljan.

"Hit the Deck"—RKO. Dialogue and song. Technicolor sequence. Rousing entertainment with songs and Jack Oakie, who walks away with the picture. Good for tired musical-comedy fans. A sailor named *Smith* stops at a port, captivates a girl, and then is found again among all the *Smiths*. Polly Walker, Ethel Clayton, Wallace MacDonald, June Clyde, Marguerita Padula.

"Sally"—First National. All dialogue, all Technicolor. Light-hearted entertainment, beautifully photographed, with Marilyn Miller excellent in speech, dance, and song. *Sally*, a waitress, is "discovered" by producer, and then she's high-hatted and all that. Joe E. Brown, T. Roy Barnes, Ford Sterling, Jack Duffy.

"Mighty, The"—Paramount. All dialogue. George Bancroft as a gangster who sees the error of his ways through love of a good woman, the climax being worked out by unusual sequences. Esther Ralston in screen farewell. O. P. Heggie, Warner Oland, Raymond Hatton, Dorothy Revier, Charles Sellon.

"Laughing Lady, The"—Paramount. All dialogue. Ruth Chatterton at her best, as divorced wife whose husband's lawyer flays her until she is stung to turning the tables. Comedy-drama, civilized lines. Clive Brook and cast of good players.

"Hell's Heroes"—Universal. All dialogue. Three bad men take charge of baby of a dying woman on the desert and undertake to carry it out of the wilderness. Utmost realism portrayed by Charles Bickford, Raymond Hatton, Fred Kohler.

"Welcome Danger"—Paramount. Part dialogue. Harold Lloyd makes you laugh all through, with time out only for breathing—and some speech by Mr. Lloyd. His voice suitable. *Harold* runs down a Chinese villain in his own way. Barbara Kent naïvely charming. Noah Young funny as policeman.

"They Had to See Paris"—Fox. All dialogue. Will Rogers in one of the most entertaining films ever made. Humorous study of newly rich family on holiday. Irene Rich beautifully portrays the wife, Marguerite Churchill the daughter. Ivan Lebedeff is the nobleman, but not the villain. Fifi Dorsay.

"Dynamite" — Metro-Goldwyn. All dialogue. Cecil DeMille's first experiment in talkies brilliantly effective. Moviesque plot, embellished with fine acting and photography and intelligent dialogue, becomes convincing, even if about coal miner and society woman. Kay Johnson's début perfect. Charles Bickford, Julia Faye, Conrad Nagel, Muriel McCormac, Leslie Fenton.

"Cock-eyed World, The"—Fox. All dialogue. An explosive, profane, and rather vulgar, but highly diverting, continuation of the amorous adventures of *Top Sergeant Flagg* and *Sergeant Quirt* of "What Price Glory?" The war over, new affairs are found to blossom in the tropics. Victor McLaglen, Edmund Lowe, Lily Damita, El Brendel.

FOR SECOND CHOICE.

"Their Own Desire" — Metro-Goldwyn. Finely directed story of young modern played by Norma Shearer, with comedy and emotional moments equally skillful. Domestic troubles of parents background of plot. Robert Montgomery, Lewis Stone, Helene Millard, Belle Bennett.

"New York Nights"—United Artists. Moving portrayal by Norma Talmadge as shiftless song writer's wife whose patience is finally broken. Smothered with luxury by gangster czar, she is triumphantly virtuous and is suitably rewarded in the end. John Wray, Gilbert Roland.

"Dangerous Paradise" — Paramount. Conrad's "Victory," story of the tropics, with Nancy Carroll and Richard Arlen. Nancy flees to Arlen's retreat for protection, and conflict encourages love against the man's wishes. Good direction and acting.

"Puttin' On the Ritz"—United Artists. Technicolor sequence. Story of vaudeville singer who makes good as night-club proprietor. Some clever staging, routine story of man who atones for sins by alcoholic blindness. Joan Bennett, Lilyan Tashman, Aileen Pringle, James Gleason steal show from nominal star, Harry Richman.

"Son of the Gods"—First National. Well-directed story, with Richard Barthelmess as foster son of Chinaman, believed Chinese himself. Society woman—everybody meets the Four Hundred in films—horsewhips him and then loves him. Then he turns out to be white. Constance Bennett, Frank Albertson.

"Lummox"—United Artists. Winifred Westover's touching portrayal of a kitchen drudge's lifelong fight for virtue, with one error, one betrayal, and finally a cozy haven. Big cast, all doing well. Dorothy Janis, Ben Lyon, William Collier, Jr., Edna Murphy, Sidney Franklin.

"Her Private Affair"—Pathé. All dialogue. Ann Harding as the wife black-

[Continued on page 118]



Brooklyn Bridge, a veteran landmark of Manhattan Island, affords a view of lower New York second to none.

The Magic ..... Isle .....

The mystery and glamour of New York at night has ever been a favorite subject of the camera, but it is doubtful if the spirit of the city has been more successfully captured than in these photographs.

THE manifold attractions of New York have been blazoned forth on the screen more than by any other medium. Life in all its phases has been depicted by actors, and views of the city have been included in news reels since the motion-picture camera came into being. The fascination of the metropolis is felt alike by those who live there and those whose eyes have never seen it except on the screen.

Continuously novel, almost every picture reveals familiar views in a different guise. For the shifting lights and shadows of the great city are as numerous as the angles from which a picture may be photographed.

The pictures on this page are from a series included in the Pathé Audio Review, a weekly reel of novelties. They are in color and sound and are accompanied by the jazz composition, "Yamekraw," which is said to suggest the pulsating rhythm of the city.



The Woolworth tower beckons the sight-seer from the arch of the Municipal Building.



Charles Farrell canoes on Toluca Lake in sight of his home.

Meet His Honor Mayor Arlen

While every good fan knows that Richard Arlen is mayor of Toluca Lake, this is the first close-up of his activities in the delightful community which he rules.

By Margaret Reid

ROME, as you must have heard, unless you don't get about at all, was not built in a day. The mayor of Toluca Lake often broods over that fact, deriving some comfort in the midst of his burdens and worries. Difficult are the days and restless the nights of leaders among men. Builders of cities—ah, how broad need be their shoulders, how unflinching their resolve. Impresarios of civilization, they shall only triumph whose judgment is astute, whose hearts are fearless, whose wills are iron, what with drainage and paving and taxes and the garbage man never coming when he's supposed to.

For example, Richard Arlen. You may cry, "Why Richard Arlen? Why not Peter the Great, or Napoleon, or George Washington, the Father of Our Country?" That's because you don't know the inside dope on Arlen, the father of Toluca Lake. Behind that ingratiating visage lies the stern purpose necessary to the mayor of a community whose fifteen dwellings attest the dizzy marathon of four epochal years.

A cinch, you say—what is there to being mayor except signing papers, making speeches, and attending banquets? And maybe getting a little side cash on that city-water proposition? That may be some mayors, but it isn't Arlen. The Arlen platform stands for honesty, progress, and purity. Corruption is unknown in Toluca, the pristine principality. As for any shirking of his duties, exacting as they may be, Mayor Arlen works harder than any ten men in his organization, even though he hasn't ten men in his organization, unless you multiply Charlie Farrell and Arthur Rankin by five.

In the beginning, so inadvertent is the birth of civic greatness, Dick Arlen had no vestige of civic interest. That's what apartments and low rentals can do to a nation. Even when he and Jobyna Ralston decided that married people ought to have homes all their own, it was less a civic urge than an ennui with landlords. Their main idea was a little house in a big garden, somewhere near Hollywood, yet in the country. Beverly Hills, the beach, Brentwood, the Wilshire district, all lacked that certain something this captious pair desired. They didn't like swank; they weren't interested in building on property whose value would double in one year so they could sell at a profit. Quaint as the notion is in "God's subdivision," they didn't want an investment; they wanted a home.

Playing golf at the Lakeside Club, they suddenly became aware of the opposite shore of Toluca Lake. From the golf course were visible four widely separated houses along the lake front, bravely determined to look like a colony. Eucalyptus trees, peppers, birches, willows, and sycamores wandered decoratively along the shore. Everything was very green and rustic and peaceful. Within two days, Joby and Dick owned an acre of Toluca, a subdivision of North Hollywood, that section which materializes at the top of Cahuenga Pass on the way to First National and Universal studios.

Headstrong homesteaders in one bound, the Arlens scorned both architects and landscapers. They drew up their own plans for the house and grounds. Jobyna admits now that she became closet-conscious only after the house was finished and she ran disconsolately about with surplus linen in her arms and no place to put it. Still it is one of the most charming abodes in Los Angeles.

It was perhaps the now famous act of tiling with his own hands the patio, and helping with the plaster and door jambs, that went to Dick's head. All through the process of building, civic pride was growing in his emotions, until—when they moved in and were settled—something had to be done about it. He wasn't very clear on what one did about being a responsible and delighted householder, so he attended a meeting of the North Hollywood Chamber of Commerce.

After an hour of absorbing the speeches of gray-haired business men who discoursed on taxes, bank controls, and irrigation, Dick became more and more excited. Inflamed with civic pride, he finally leaped to his feet and delivered an impassioned oration on the fact that his garbage hadn't been collected for two weeks, and it was an outrage and all right-minded citizens ought to support him in an attempt to correct this shameful state of affairs.

This explosion from a young upstart at first took the venerable body aback, but he put his case so eloquently and sensibly that they were impressed; the community needed such earnest young citizens. Dick turned painfully scarlet. As far as kitchen learning went, he wasn't even conscious of garbage to *be* collected. It was the first random thought that occurred to him on the crest of the overwhelming desire to be a part of all this civic spirit. Skillfully evading requests for details about the garbage situation, he got into conversation with the men, and left for home on a cloud of prideful knowledge of conduits, sewerage problems, and building restrictions.

Hailed by neighbors as a citizen who had the interests of Toluca sincerely at heart, he was unofficially acclaimed mayor. Community complaints, suggestions and problems are brought to Dick. Civic improvements are made at his instigation. Between pictures, he watches over Toluca much in the manner of a doting mother.

When the little lake needed dredging and the city refused to act, Dick canvassed Toluca and wrested an appropriation for the purpose. He was on hand to oversee the process, and to caution the workmen not to trample the grass unduly.

Along the block his home occupies, Dick had a line of trees, and flowers around them, planted in the middle of the road. When there was talk of paving the Toluca roads, it was Dick's indignant speech at a city meeting that spared to them their rural charm. At present he is carrying on a grim campaign for a community tennis court and swimming pool. And his stubborn dream is a grove of trees and an ornamental stone gateway to mark the entrance to Toluca from the highway.

So eloquent is he on the subject of Toluca, that, Charlie Farrell sold the Brentwood property on which he had intended to build and bought a lot only a short distance from the Arlens. The process of planning and building infected Charlie with a similar virus. In conversation, he managed to lead the subject around to community topics. He was impressed by Dick's fund of technical information. Soon he was able to talk as glibly as his pioneer friend.

Then Charlie grew restive, petulant. Keenly he felt his civic unimportance. Dick was mayor and he, Charlie, was just a citizen. Anybody could be that. Finally the matter was taken in hand, and the mayor, as a favor to an old friend, appointed him fire chief. Charlie was immensely gratified. That tinge of wistfulness which makes a lot of money for Mr. Fox at the box office is caused by the fact that there have been no fires at Toluca to date. Charlie is prey to that, shall we say, thwarted feeling. He is acquiring a fire complex. It is developing into a repression that bids fair to make an incendiary of him, unless

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Charles Farrell, as fire chief, and Richard Arlen, mayor, support Jobyna Ralston in her rôle of Toluca's upholder of woman's rights.



Belle Bennett, also a star resident, is the vice squad and purity league of this little Arcady.

Rainbow 'Round



Dr. Herbert T. Kalmus invented the basic principles of Technicolor ten years ago.

Color restores to the screen the talkies, and is now re effects and moods. How ing importance are here

By Myrtle

WILL you have a love scene in fleur-de-lis or caprice? Ah, peach blow for young romance, assuredly! Aqua-green and azure for seascapes, nocturne and purple haze to express marital felicity, while nothing but rose dorée and verdante will do for the inevitable ballet of feminine roses streaming garlands over the colored screen.

These tints are listed, along with turquoise, araranth, afterglow, candle flame, and other hues, by a concern handling film. Now that the screen has become radiant, colors are ordered to match moods.

"You talk like a subtitle," was the flapper's ultimate scorn, a year ago, for any old-fashioned suggestion. To-day she would not be guilty even of reference to the mum movie. Instead, she says, "You are as antiquated as a silver shadow." For color has given life to the familiar monochrome etchings.

Efforts of previous years to establish color were spasmodic. This is the screen's greatest mechanical era. With sound goading the technicians to a new burst of energy in all branches, a renewed interest in color was logical. The quick adaptability and inventive genius, which flashes through every phase of picture production, attacked color's difficulties.



Mrs. Natalie Kalmus supervises a staff of artists for Technicolor.

In some of the tinted films, the ugliness of close-ups was very pronounced in comparison with the exquisite long shots. Skins looked muddy, colors unreal, the result giving a grotesque aspect to emotions. Some scenes were so horrible that they actually fascinated me—to the degree that I lost all track of the action.

This disagreeable projection of muddled hues was due to the presence of the extra lights at first considered essential to close-ups. On large sets, fifteen hundred incandescents blazed from tier upon tier of platforms. Enough light for a city of fifty thousand inhabitants illuminated fête scenes for "The Vagabond King," over thirty thousand amperes of current pouring from lights banked in solid rows clear to the ceiling, and manned by one hundred and thirteen electricians. Enchantment is added to ballets and tapping ensembles through the curtain of distance. But an emotion has small chance of registering through that blinding glare. The lights burn it up.

This deficiency was not apparent in "The Vagabond King," as a device perfected by the electrical department eliminated the hum and hissing of the arc lamps, and made incandescents unnecessary. The arcs improve photographic quality, their hard light providing sharper definition. And color experts are gradually convincing producers that lighting is a matter of art, not ampere.

Each new pastel picture outshines its predecessors in skillful use of color nuance. The general professional view is that when sufficient cameras are available, every film will be all-color. No tentative date can be mentioned by Technicolor executives for this blanket program. It depends upon building and expansion and the training of men.

Three concerns are in the field, Technicolor, Multicolor, and Harris Color. The second, five years old, recently has perfected its rainbow negative, invented by William T. Crespinel. It needs no special cameras. The five hundred thousand dollars' worth of standard cameras in Hollywood can be converted into color equipment by adding a detachable double magazine. Instead of using prisms or rotary filters, Multicolor employs two films with emulsion surfaces exposed together. One negative records in blue-green shadings, its back picks up the orange-red varieties. After the toning process, a combination of chemical and dye toning, the print is varnished. A reel showing the Pasadena rose tournament in gorgeous pageantry suggests the possibilities of news-reel activities.

"The Great Gabbo," "Movietone Follies," and "This Thing Called Love" are among the films done in Multicolor. This concern holds contracts for thirty pictures and a series of animated cartoons, and is canvassing the foreign field. One unit is being sent to Persia, another to Mesopotamia, and other lands will be filmed.

The Shadows

much of the illusion shattered by garded as essential in creating this work is done and its growdiscussed in nontechnical terms.

Gebhart

Harris Color is developed from Kelly Color—no, not necessarily green!—and Prisma; it has a three-color process.

Technicolor, the most widely used, has about thirty cameras. The owners of the process contract to photograph the picture, develop the film and turn over the completed product to the studio. It was used for "The Vagabond King," "The Show of Shows," "Paris," "The Rogue Song," and "No, No, Nanette," to mention a few. Over one hundred productions this year will have Technicolor. The astute Warner Brothers contracted for the majority of the cameras, hence their leadership in the color war, and the scramble among other producers to rent the few remaining cameras.

The process is something like this. The strip of film is in two frames, for the impression of warm and cool tones, the primaries sometimes called red and green, but not actually these colors. Instead of snapping once, as is customary, the camera shutter snaps twice, capturing the two images, with a filter back of the lens. At the laboratory the film is impressed on a blank film covered with a gelatine composition in a mountain-and-wave effect, which catches and brings out properly the varieties of color. This very delicate work must be done minutely by experts.



An assistant camera man for Technicolor carries $15,000 worth of equipment.

In a year and a half, Technicolor demand has jumped six hundred per cent. When the color wave started, the plant was equipped to turn out about six productions a year, and plans were made for a normal development. Not only does the making of a complicated Technicolor camera, valued at fifteen thousand dollars, require three months, but a more difficult problem is the training of technicians. Larger laboratories are being built. Contracts already schedule productions through 1932, as many cameras as are required being assigned on certain dates. If a producer has not completed his picture, it is just too bad. The cameras, each with its maintenance crew, go to the client who has signed for that date.



Color will lend new charms to the Florodora gals in "The Gay Nineties," with Lenore Bushman, Patricia Caron, Ilka Chase, Marion Davies, Vivian Oakland, and Ethel Sykes.

Doctor Herbert T. Kalmus, scientist and inventor of Technicolor, and head of the company, was instructor at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, professor of electric chemistry at Princeton, and chief of the Canadian government's bureau of research, and holds degrees from European universities. About ten years ago he became interested in color on the screen. The basic principle of the process, which he then invented, has not been changed, though improvements are constant and two million dollars have been expended on research and experimentation.

Mrs. Natalie Kalmus is color director, supervising four artists who visit the studios in an advisory capacity.

It has been hinted that color, like sound, may drive out many small-town theaters. Projection is from the ordinary machine, obviating extra equipment. But if it becomes universal, its added production cost may demand long-run releases exclusively. The small theaters must have frequent change of program. Therefore, a continuance of the policy, spurred on by sound, of the picture palaces in the key cities serving surrounding towns, is expected. However, this may only be idle musing. The perfection of stereoscopy, or some other mechanical innovation, may change the whole situation, so swiftly do things move nowadays in the cinema world.

There is a thrill to color. It adds vitality and stimulus. The warmth and beauty of spectacles are enhanced many



The new medium makes a pleasing spectacle of the "Wedding Veil" number of "The King of Jazz Revue."

times. Similar scenes in black and white now seem dull and flat. Gay costume plays evoke an audience's enthusiastic response.

The possibilities of color ranking with action and dialogue in aiding expression are evident. What dramatic power the screen will develop, when voice, color, dimension, and width, making panorama possible, are perfected! Heretofore, color has been used merely as a novelty, to add decorative charm to stage settings. Now, its psychological values in an impressionistic sense are being considered in the establishment of mood and the heightening of emotional effect.

Red is used for scenes of action, dominance and battle. Warriors and vagabonds are clothed in scarlet whenever feasible, to stress violence and antagonism. Yellow, symbolizing vivacity, is a favorite hue for the costuming of leading women. Rose embroiders romantic scenes. Black is the menace among the color actors. It is used rarely, but strikingly, for somberness and cruelty.

Right now the idea is lavish embellishment, spectacular splendor. The intimate drama is neglected. Too, color fits the present trend of musical extravaganza. After this ornate adornment, a simple story laid in an average home would be a novelty. Drama is submerged; but eventually color will not predominate; it will be an added factor, like sound, a mere aid.

Production costs are much higher, including rental of cameras, extra lighting, crew expense and set investiture. Color has caused revision of lighting systems, replacement of cameras, changes in make-up and more careful attention to set and costume designing. An artistic balance is attained only by painstaking detail.

Both power and location, electrically speaking, are important. Sets are bathed in torrents of light. Due to the light speed of Technicolor cameras, precautions must be taken in starting them and timing the action with speed of the cameras' motors. Against an average monochrome need of one hundred light amperes per scene, one color setting required 56,000 light amperes. Color experts contend that lighting problems are exaggerated. Sometimes studio camera men do not relish accepting the advice of Technicolor experts. Fabric absorbs color; a flood of light against background is necessary to bring out decorative tones. By clever placement, however, foreground effects can be obtained without flooding the set in glare.

Brownish grease paints, tinged with red, gave a swarthy color to the face, but photographed best on the more sensitive panchromatic film which immediately preceded color, recording as nearly as possible the hue and texture of the skin. A few players with complexions ruddy, or dark, enough not to "burn out" under the lights worked without make-up. Technicolor is a boon to all. Make-up has been improved, with better understanding of pigment values and a growing willingness to be ad-

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The Albertina Rasch ballet leads in the tinted choruses.



Please Pity Them

Ah, shed a sympathetic tear for these poor drudges —if you can.



Helen Twelvetrees, left, marries a minstrel man in "The Grand Parade," and this is what love costs her.

Corinne Griffith, right, in "Saturday's Children," indicates that housework only means sweeping up the orchids.







The most earnest and pitiful drudge of all is Winifred Westover, above, in "Lummox." For poor *Bertha* not only works hard, but discovers that the man she loves is to marry another.

Billie Dove, left, with a yearn for realistic rôles, symbolizes her ambition by posing with mop and pail instead of a feather fan.

Mary Nolan, right—surely you are sorry for her! Didn't you see her in "Undertow"? Nothing to wear except old clothes and a marcel.



Hardly The Same Girl!

Jane Winton has grown up into a new person since Picture Play's first interview with a slip of a "Follies" girl just learning her way about the studio.

By Malcolm H. Oettinger

MISS WINTON," said Marion Davies, "I'd like you to meet Mr. Oettinger."

"Meet him! I'll kill him," said Miss Winton.

Thus are the amenities galvanized at tea time.

It seemed that Miss Winton, like the elephant, remembered. Not that there is anything even slightly elephantine about Miss Winton. She is a "Follies" alumna who could still grace the commencement platform and rate a *cum laude* from old Professor Ziegfeld himself.

It was the memory of a former meeting and its printed results that caused Miss Winton to harbor homicidal thoughts. Some years ago, when Jane was elevating the drama at the New Amsterdam theater, Adolph Zukor said to Jesse Lasky, "That girl should be in pictures." So they put her in pictures and forgot about her. Warner Brothers developed her into highly likely material.

It was when Jane was haunting the sets at Astoria, wondering what would happen next, that I met her. Jane was just a slip of a girl and, Heaven forgive me, she didn't register much but girlish innocence, which in those days was hardly enough to make a story. So I called in Nita Naldi to help. And Nita gave advice to the newcomer. When all of that appeared in Picture Play, Jane felt neglected; the story was all about Naldi. That was no way to be interviewed, reasoned Jane.

It only goes to show what Hollywood can do to lend luster, add charm, and increase personality. When she was waiting for the good word at Astoria, Jane Winton was just another "Follies" girl. To-day she is properly poised, intelligent in her conversation, aware of what is going on in the great outside world, so to speak.

I hastened to assure her that what I had written still went for the first meeting, but that she was now a changed woman. This was satisfactory, apparently, because I was asked to breakfast the next day at noon.

Miss Winton managed to be unusual in two respects; she was on time, and she looked as well upon arising as she had looked the previous afternoon, flushed with tea. These two virtues are worthy of being recorded in the minutes.

"I'm in New York," she said, "to do the theaters, to study voice, and to see my husband's play open. He had to stay in Hollywood, so he delegated me to be a first nighter." Her husband is Charles Kenyon, whose play lasted only a week, unhappily.

"Talkies have changed the map of Hollywood, it seems. The screen is now much more important than the stage. People who have something of a screen reputation are eyed enviously by legitimate actors.

"I've just finished 'The Furies'—that Laurette Taylor play—with Lois Wilson and Harry Warner. And I want to cultivate my voice. I sing rather well. My teacher tells me that I should study, that it will be worth while. I hope he's right."

If the Winton voice is as effective as the Winton appearance, the girl is set for a career nothing less than operatic. For since she was in the "Follies," Jane has learned to make the most of her good points. She is tall and slender and sloe-eyed. Sloe-eyed people have slanting, somnolent eyes, and Jane's are purple and green. Her mouth is soft and seductive. Her hair is reddish. You'd approve. If Technicolor works its will with her, Jane will advance in importance.

If Technicolor works its will with Jane Winton, she will advance in importance.



Say what you will about the provincialism of Hollywood, it brought out the best in Jane Winton. She went out as a novice. She applied herself to the films studiously, enjoyed her share of breaks, I doubt not, and became a regular member of the Warner plantation, one of the favorite slaves.

Judging from the impression she created at Astoria, one would have said that she was never cut out to be a siren. After years in Hollywood, acquiring the necessary polish and poise, she would lead you to cast her as nothing but a siren.

"You know Estelle Taylor came East to take voice, and now she's in vaudeville," said Jane. "And Leatrice Joy is singing, and Carmel Myers, and Esther Ralston. So I thought it would be fun. And teachers here are so encouraging. Mine explained that singing is personality, not voice."

"Accounting for the boop-a-doop vogue of Helen Kane," I suggested.

"Yes, and Libby Holman," added Jane, "and Helen Morgan. They aren't technically good singers, you know. In fact, they don't sing at all. But they put their stuff across with personality. Why, even Evelyn Laye isn't a good singer, technically. And of course she is simply the hit of the season here in New York. But my teacher says that her breathing is not good. Technical fellow."

It was Jane's idea to have a whirl in vaudeville, always keeping pictures as the chief means of artistic endeavor.

She spoke rapidly and amusingly. As a film débutante on Long Island, she had been silent to the point of dullness, reticent beyond propriety. It was difficult to believe that this was the same Winton. I remarked it. She laughed.

"People change, given the opportunity," she said sagely. "In Hollywood there are all sorts of opportunities. You can raise hell and party indefinitely and get nowhere, or you can be ambitious and, with a bit of luck, click rather well.

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"Meet him? I'll kill him!" was Jane Winton's extraordinary reply to Malcolm H. Oettinger's introduction to her. In the story opposite, the writer explains why the beautiful actress so shattered the amenities, without in the least changing his high opinion of her.

Life Is A Circle

And the picture "The Circle" proceeds to prove it entertainingly.



Miss Owen, above, as *Elizabeth,* listens to the plea of Lewis Stone, as *Clive,* in behalf of Tyrrell Davis, as *Arnold,* his son and *Elizabeth's* husband. *Elizabeth* has made known to them her decision to leave with *Ted.*

Mr. Stone, below, tells Miss Owen of his own unfortunate marriage to *Arnold's* mother and her elopement with another man. Later, the mother and her lover visit the husband and son she abandoned, and *Elizabeth* sees the wreckage of what was once a great romance. Even so, she proves that life runs in a circle.



Catherine Dale Owen, above, as *Elizabeth,* listens reluctantly to the love-making of Paul Cavanagh, as *Ted.* Though *Elizabeth* does not love her husband, *Arnold,* her sense of honor is strong, but her desire for love is strong, too. What, then, shall she do?







That Boy Buddy

There's no stopping his popularity—not that any one would wish to, of course!—and "Safety in Numbers" shows every sign of increasing it.

Buddy, above, as *William Butler Reynolds,* who inherits millions on his twenty-first birthday, is sent to New York by his guardian to be "educated" by some of the latter's old friends. Imagining them to be kill-joy spinsters, Buddy shows his delight on discovering them to be Josephine Dunn, left, Carol Lombard, Kathryn Crawford, and Virginia Bruce, all of musical comedy. So his "education" proceeds along the lines of song, dance, and lingerie. Isn't life wonderful when one is born a Buddy?



Such A

Memories of Mabel Normand cling to all who the screen or the enchanting paradox she was reflect her witchery

Mabel Normand, who died on February 23rd in Monrovia, California, occupied a unique place in the annals of motion pictures, as well as among the individual personalities of the screen. Of French and Irish parentage, she combined the volatile spirits of one with the humor and sentiment of the other, as well as a recklessness and tenderness wholly her own. For no one who knew Mabel Normand ever expects to find in another the same blend of endearing qualities.

She began her career in 1910, when, in posing for artists, she made the acquaintance of Alice Joyce, another model, who took her to the Vitagraph studio in Brooklyn, where Mabel's beauty and impishness at once made a place for her on the screen. Presently she joined Biograph, where she came under the direction of D. W. Griffith. But it was not until she went to California, shortly afterward, to work for Mack Sennett, with Charles Chaplin and Roscoe Arbuckle, that her preëminence as a comédienne became a byword. The photograph, upper left, was taken at that time, while the one in the oval shows Miss Normand some years later at the flood tide of her financial and artistic success. The picture, below, is from "The Venus Model," and the figure, left, is Mabel making merry between scenes of "The Slim Princess."

Photo by White



Photo by Mishkin



Little Queen

knew her either as the premier comédienne of in real life. The pictures on this page faintly as artist and woman.

Mabel Normand is seen, right, in "Molly O," and, below, as she appeared in 1918, when she was presented to Mrs. Woodrow Wilson in Washington, where her film "Joan of Plattsburg" was shown at a charity performance sponsored by the president's wife. The small figure, below, is from "Raggedy Rose," which she filmed for Hal Roach in 1926, one of her last professional appearances. She is seen, right, in the cap of a visiting Serbian lieutenant during the war.

Though she played hoyden rôles, Mabel Normand was swayed by delicate feeling and tender emotion, and her generosities and benefactions were those of a storybook princess, too fabulous for belief. Her serious side is most eloquently expressed in this inscription written on a photograph: "To my treasured friend—I shall remember your friendship, loyalty, and kindness while the light lasts, and in the darkness I shall not forget."

This is why those who knew her feel that there is no darkness for so bright and valiant a spirit, because their remembrance of her gayety and beauty will light the way for her.







Photo by Mishkin





A Double-dyed Deceiver

He's none other than that noblest Westerner of them all, Gary Cooper, but don't think he isn't redeemed in "The Texan," for he is—and how!

Gary Cooper, above, with Fay Wray, plays the rôle of *The Llano Kid*, a tough hombre, who enters eagerly into the plan of a confederate to present himself to a rich South American woman as her long-lost son. He establishes his identity with ease and dwells on his plan to rob until he meets Miss Wray, as *Consuelo,* whom he is supposed to have known as a child. Now, as a man, he discovers that he loves her as only Gary Cooper can. So what's a star to do?

Playing With Fire

That is Norma Shearer's dangerous pastime in "The Divorcee."



Norma Shearer, above, as *Jerry,* confesses to Chester Morris, as *Ted,* her husband, that she has committed an indiscretion equal to his own.





Miss Shearer, below, as a wife on the primrose path of independence, designs fashions to prove to herself her ability to pay her way.



Norma Shearer, at top of page, in one of the many moments that must come to a young wife, when she regrets the step she has taken in leaving the protection of a husband for the thoughtless gayety of a crowd whose standards of right and wrong have long since been swept away.

In the center of the page is the scene where Chester Morris leaves Miss Shearer in charge of Robert Montgomery, as her old flame, with no suspicion that a husband's example may be followed by a wife, with disastrous consequences.



Mary Astor and Fredric March are husband and wife in "Ladies Love Brutes," with Miss Astor the lady, of course, and George Bancroft the star as well as the brute—also of course. It's a triangle that is sharp with drama, isn't it?



Lillian Gish is tired of being a lily-white maiden.



Clara Bow has the flapper tradition to live down.



Mary Pickford discarded a fifteen-year-old label of adolescence.

Traditions Go Smash

Innocence, genius, or perennial girlishness is no longer a trade-mark cultivated by stars, for experience has taught them the pitfalls of being catalogued, and this article explains why they shun all labels now.

By Mignon Rittenhouse

IN the good old days before the talkies, traditions were something which nearly every screen girl and boy yearned to have eventually. They were supposed to be better than a bank account. You could acquire them, if you were a type to which the public took a fancy. Providing that you lived up to the yarns—some truer than others—which publicity experts wove about you.

Mary Pickford had traditions, Chaplin had them, Lloyd had them, and so had Gish. All the big stars had them. Traditions of youth and innocence and genius.

There was one tradition only to be avoided, unless you were very, very big—the tradition of temperament. And you had to be oh, so careful that the stories which grew up with you, and helped to build you, didn't strangle you later in your career.

Since the microphone has turned Hollywood topsy-turvy, however, all that is changed. The stars are shedding traditions of naughtiness and innocence right and left. Shunning them, too, if they're too young to have acquired any. The old guard and the new are in a state of rebellion.

The only tradition that is cherished in these hectic days is, strangely enough, the one formerly frowned upon—that of temperament.

Four years ago a few courageous players, including Lois Wilson, rebelled against being pigeonholed. Others wanted to rebel, but didn't dare. Lois grew tired of gingham aprons and virtuous demeanor, and demanded some "juicy" rôles. Her demands got her nothing but dismissal from pictures.

For a time it looked as though she was doomed. But she went on the stage, and so was all ready to speak her little piece into the microphone when the time was ripe.

She was one of the pioneering bodies to see the danger of being rubber-stamped. She knew what had happened to Theda Bara, Nita Naldi, Mary Miles Minter, and very many others who weren't able to live up to the letter of their traditions, or who lived up to them too well. They had dropped from the picture, or rather, from pictures.

Bara, glamorous vamp, was born, according to publicity, in the shadow of the Sphinx. Her name was supposed to spell blood in Egyptian. She was called the reincarnation of all the worst women in history. But the public grew too sophisticated to believe in the existence of such a very bad woman, and turned to more wholesome fare.

Then Mary Miles Minter came into popularity. Mary, so the story said, went to bed with her dollie at eight o'clock every night. She was a little girl who dropped right out of Hans Christian Andersen's fairy tales. She had golden curls and everything. But unfortunately she was human. She fell in love unwisely, and found herself out of pictures. She tried several comebacks. So did the others. None of them "took."

"You're a type. If you want to get anywhere, you'd better stick to it. Look at Mary Pickford. See what tradition has done for her."

So producers used to be able to squelch demands of the less insistent players once upon a time. No more. Now the players retort, "Yes, let's see and hear Mary Pickford."

For Mary, with hair shingled in sophisticated waves, is declaring triumphantly, "I'm tired of being in a rut. I'm tired of playing little girls with curls. Hurrah, I've grown up at last!"

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Look, Listen And Leap

When opportunity gives the tiniest come-on signal flocks of movie folk, and those who are courting the cinema muses, will blindly vault into any maelstrom over which the fickle hand beckons for the moment—sometimes with lucky results.

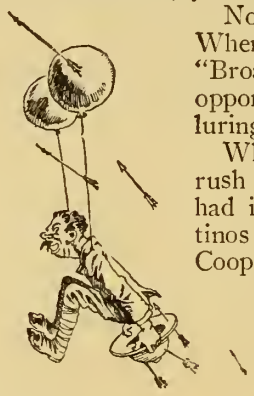
By H. A. Woodmansee

Illustrations by Lui Trugo

THE true Hollywoodite is an opportunist to his finger tips. Forever he has his ear to the ground and his eye to the keyhole, waiting for, watching for, fighting for a break. Believing in his heart that nerve is more important than caution, his motto is not "Stop, look, and listen," but "Look, listen, and leap."

Filmland has developed the greatest race of opportunity leapers known to history. They're as agile as mountain goats. And one does not have to seek far for the reason. In movietown one may be sure of perpetual change; of sands shifting with every wind; of positions of safety suddenly changing to seats of peril; of opportunities unexpectedly flying open and snapping shut.

Stay cautiously on a safe perch, as many a film celebrity has discovered to his sorrow, and Old Man Necessity will come along presently with a stout barrel stave and knock one off. Better leap while the leaping's good.



The powers of filmland are always watching for the breaks; alert for the opportune moment to switch their style of production; vigilant as a broker scanning his ticker tape; studying the rise and fall of public interest in plays and players. Those obscure ones who hope to scale the heights, as well as those who have arrived, are wide-awake, forever poised for the leap that may make or break them.

The upheaval caused by the coming of talkies—which was just a major shaking up in an industry accustomed to volcanic disturbances—furnished abundant opportunities for the seeker of breaks. Celebrities of the silent films had to learn new tricks, to switch their characterizations, or be eliminated.

Some of them have surprised even themselves by the chameleonlike way they have changed color to match their new backgrounds. This is leaping season with a vengeance, and the gouty jumpers are dying like flies!



Opportunity seekers will risk their necks as stunt men in hope of winning screen recognition.

Versatility and adaptability are indeed film necessities. The talkie revolution has proved once again that Hollywood is peopled with folk as elastic as rubber bands. As always, it is crammed with jacks-of-all-trades, lightning-change artists who are ready to vault into any golden opportunity.

It is not unusual to find Hollywoodites who have acted, directed, produced, edited film, written theme songs, and held down a dozen jobs outside the profession. Many a buck private in the film ranks has suddenly blossomed forth as an imitator of every sound from a suction pump to the love call of the great auk. Ask anything at all, and some opportunist is Johnny-on-the-spot to deliver the goods!

One finds him among all ages, conditions, and colors. Let a director breathe that he might use an aged type, and octogenarians will beat a path to his door.

The child actor who has hardly mastered his alphabet is schooled to work for a break by acting cute when a big money-and-job man is in the offing. On almost no provocation he will do a little dance, or sing a theme song. Confronted with a microphone, the Jap will learn to speak good American, and the "dese-dem-and-dose" guy will cultivate an English accent. Follow the crowd!

Nobody is slow about hopping on the band wagon. Whenever a "Big Parade," a "Seventh Heaven," a "Broadway Melody," or a "Cock-eyed World" scores, opportunists rush into the field with similar lucre-luring—they hope—pictures.

Whenever a star takes the country by storm, others rush in to fill his boots before he vacates them. We had imitation Mary Pickfords, Chaplins, and Valentinos in the past. At present we have would-be Gary Coopers, Clara Bows, George Bancrofts, and Stan Laurels. What price opportunism!

From the very beginning of his career, the star and those who represent him are alert to take advantage of every opening. Publicity—getting one's name in the papers, getting talked about—means a great deal to the aspirant for stellar honors, as well as to the well-established luminary who wants to stay on top.

Publicity purveyors are opportunists to the *n*th degree; every magazine and newspaper printing film news bears witness to their alertness.

If you see a photo of Clara Bow entertaining the King of Siam, Joan Crawford dancing on top of a skyscraper, or Alice White triumphantly arriving somewhere by Zeppelin, it's because some press agent is on his toes.

One celebrity was injured in a train wreck, and his first thought was of the splendid opportunity he had to crash the headlines. Lying in a bed he prepared, with the assistance of his press representative, a lengthy account of how it feels to be in a railroad smash-up.

This was rushed to the various news services almost before the wrecking crews had had time to clear the tracks.

The gorgeous premières of big pictures afford stars an excellent chance to make an impression on the public, and they are not slow to capitalize it.

One star conceived the idea of appearing at an opening, not in the conventional Rolls-Royce, but in a 1918 Ford, and was well repaid for his originality in the attention he got.

A feminine star arrived early at a first night, entered the theater amid applause and, after a discreet interval, slipped quietly out through a side door and reëntered to another burst of enthusiasm. If this sort of thing becomes popular, the managers of long-run theaters will have to employ spotters to keep stars from repeating.

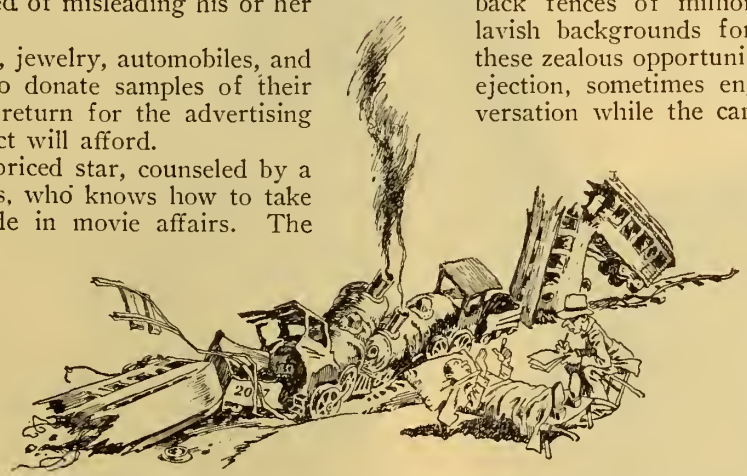
As there is no surer way of focusing the fans' attention on a player than for the latter to become involved in a love affair, press agents are always looking for opportunities along this line. When genuine romances don't develop, they fabricate them, aided and abetted by their clients. Sometimes they go to the lengths of announcing an engagement and issuing statements from both lovers on the state of their affections. Usually, however, it is enough merely for the man and girl to appear somewhere in public to set tongues wagging in rumor-ridden Hollywood.

Many stars are quick to grasp the opportunities that their popularity provides. They are well aware that their names have huge advertising value, and get a tidy sum out of paid testimonials to the virtues of various soaps, chewing gums, and hair washes.

It is said that an agency circulates a quotation sheet to various advertisers, which contains a list of players, the class of products which each will consent to recommend, and the price for each. This arrangement works out nicely for both star and advertiser, and as most nationally advertised products are of high grade, the player can hardly be accused of misleading his or her supporters.

Manufacturers of gowns, jewelry, automobiles, and furniture often are glad to donate samples of their merchandise to players in return for the advertising the stars' use of the product will afford.

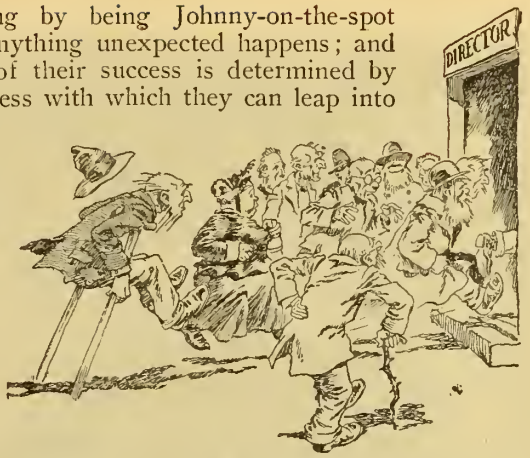
Nor is it only the high-priced star, counseled by a battery of publicity experts, who knows how to take advantage of time and tide in movie affairs. The most obscure struggler is schooled in ways and means of getting a break. Many an ambitious extra, for instance, has tried the hazardous life of the stunt man, because he sensed an opportunity to attract attention to himself, to rise above the crowd.



A celebrity injured in a wreck dictated a thriller for the newspapers on how it felt to be in a smash-up, before he counted his broken ribs.

A few have earned stardom along this risky route, and many more have broken arms, legs, ribs, and even necks. But your fearless stunt-man has the nerve of the true opportunist. Old Man Opportunity is a jealous god who demands many sacrifices, including the risk of one's health, security, and life, at times.

Hollywood's frantic leaping for a break is nowhere more clearly shown than in making pictures. Even disaster is turned to good account. When, for instance, the old Universal studio burned to the ground, every available camera was rushed to the scene to grind off stock shots to be used for atmosphere and production value in film plays. Many free-lance camera men eke out a living by being Johnny-on-the-spot whenever anything unexpected happens; and the extent of their success is determined by the nimbleness with which they can leap into a breach.



When a director hints that he needs an aged type, he is swamped with octogenarians heavily imbued with the up-and-at-'em spirit.

Poverty Row, where the quickies are made, is particularly the haven of opportunity grabbers. The quickie producer, operating on a shoe string, and competing with big companies who have a monopoly on stars, directors, writers, theaters, money, has to live by his wits. He has to do things for a nickel that the big fellow does for a dollar.

To save money, he may even write and direct, as well as produce, his picture. With his story roughly outlined, he goes shopping for sets around the studio back lots. Sometimes a big company will rent a huge set costing thousands, which they have used many times. Then the quickie maker is happy.

With a $7.50-a-day hero and heroine, a couple of extras and a camera man, he rushes madly about the huge set, shooting against time. Sometimes he succeeds in shooting an entire feature picture in a few days against the backgrounds of some million-dollar spectacle, at trifling expense.

Quickie makers have been known to sneak over the back fences of millionaires' estates and steal lavish backgrounds for their scenes. In fact, these zealous opportunists, when threatened with ejection, sometimes engage the ejector in conversation while the camera man grinds off another scene or two, working against time.

One quickie maker, whenever he wanted scenes showing fire engines dashing to a big fire, would hide his camera man on a roof, turn in a false alarm, and steal a shot as the fire trucks rushed by. Then the wily producer bought a few dollars'worth of newsreel scenes of a million-dollar blaze, and matched them with some close-ups of his principals emoting in a room clouded by a single smoke pot.

The independent producer, like his big-league brother, is always on the lookout for something timely, always eager to make hay while the sun shines. When a report of a gold strike in Weepah, Nevada, was noised about, a company was building a picture about the episode almost before the news was off the front pages.

Occasionally the quickie manufacturer is able to score a real coup, but usually his opportunistic efforts evoke no admiration, because they are devoted to cheap imitations of successful pictures.

[Continued on page 117]

It's Always

Smiles of the stars cannot be suppressed even by rainy can't be so well prepared, and besides there's



Natalie Kingston, above, prepares for the worst in "The Pirate of Panama," with quite a contrast to her tiger-skin ensemble in her first starring rôle, in "Tarzan the Mighty."



She takes no chances, so Raquel Torres, above, dresses for rain and now wonders when it will start.



Who wouldn't go out and join in the chorus, or perhaps help with a stanza or two, when Joyce Murray, left, is "Singing in the Rain," as in "Hollywood Revue"?

Leila Hyams, outer left, took a weather forecast seriously and put on a sou'wester and all, and even that hasn't ruffled her temper the least bit.

Fair Weather

weather, which makes most of us scowl, but then everybody no wheedling camera looking us in the face.



A dramatic moment in "Road Show" is this scene, above, under the umbrella with Bessie Love and Charles King.

Helen Kane, below, makes a baby face at the weather in "Pointed Heels," but that's not saying she is thinking in baby talk.



A weather-proof smile is Anita Page's, above, and it's a rebuke direct to all humidity grouches.

If it turns out dry when you get all fixed for rain, wonder what happened when Edwina Booth, left, reached Africa like this for filming "Trader Horn"?





Photo by Apeda

Mary Doran aspires to be a superspecialist by mastering several of the finer arts.

Madness—Method

When a new player makes a grand display tainment, publicity and lessons, she has not her early profits

MOST movie careers pay no profits for five years.

The money goes back into the business, the furtherance of each career by the embellishment of beauty, the maintenance of an essential front, and the training of talents now allied to movie acting.

Hollywood is like a polished finger nail, shiningly pink, and very gay looking, unless one notices how pointedly the nail is cut, all trimmed for scratching!

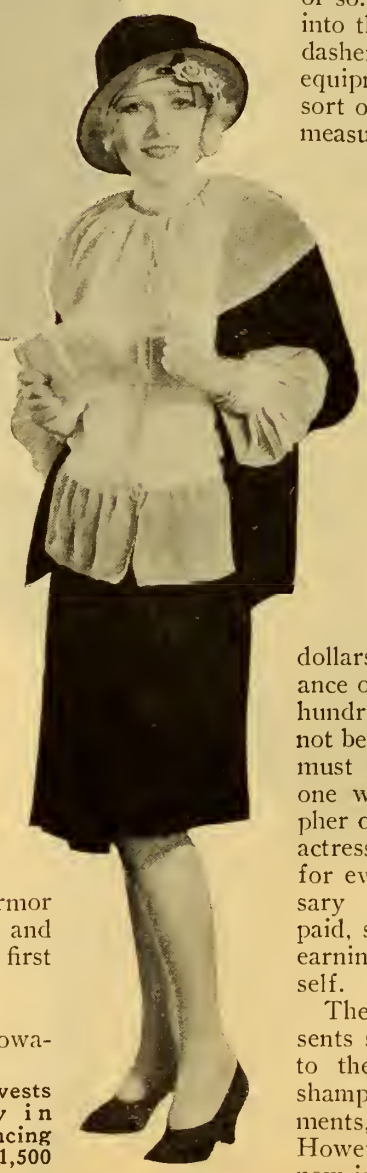
It is not a survival of the fittest, or the mightiest, or the most talented, but, to an astonishing extent, of the keenest witted.

Time was when one had only to act well. Now one has much to do in order to obtain the opportunity to act.

The expensive motor, the costly home or tastefully furnished apartment, the clothes and furs, the shining armor which incases an actress within a month after discovery and contract—are they such senseless extravagances as at first observation they seem?

They constitute merely the player's rolling stock.

You must have a lot of varied merchandise to sell nowadays, and present it attractively. The same rule applies to pictures. Each career is a business, and those managed as such enjoy the surest and steadiest progress. What may appear to be evidence that another has gone haywire, when studied is actual proof that she is guiding her career with common sense, investing in it, gambling to an extent, putting her initial profits back into the business in the manner of any commercial enterprise during its early years, instead of salting them away in securities.



Anita Page invests $1,000 yearly in vocal and dancing lessons, and $1,500 in clothes.

With the present terrific competition, a young player needs expert management to be noticed at all, and in most instances that adage about an appearance of prosperity attracting prosperity still holds good.

A young man launching a business of his own expects to reap no profits for five years or so. Every spare cent goes back into the auto agency or the haberdashery shop, into new stock, equipment, improvements of one sort or another and advertising, to measure up to the prosperous parade on all sides. He is building for the future, knowing that if he succeeds this early reinvestment will eventually pay for itself.

So it is with picture people. Practically none of the younger ones save money. Though salaries are larger than similar youth and talents would earn in any other profession or work, they are not great. A contracted newcomer's weekly stipend is usually from fifty to one hundred and twenty-five dollars. Each biannual continuance of option raises it fifty or one hundred dollars. While she need not be ridiculously extravagant, she must live on a scale higher than one would expect of a stenographer or clerk or teacher. A movie actress is invariably overcharged for everything. And when necessary living expenses have been paid, she must put the rest of her earnings back into polishing herself.

The average young actress presents six hundred dollars annually to the beauty parlors for bobs, shampoos, bleaches, or oil treatments, marcels, facials, manicures. However, her costliest item just now is instruction in diction, sing-

But There's

By Myrtle Gebhart

of clothing and spends a big sum on entergone haywire perhaps, but is investing in her own career.

ing, and tripping the light fantastic. The amount spent for this purpose varies from one to three thousand dollars annually. John Mack Brown, wishing to acquire proficiency along a number of lines, planks down checks totaling forty-eight hundred dollars. However, as a rule the girls seem less shrewd shoppers for added talents than the men, and pay more for chatterloid calisthenics and tapping training.

"I always want to ha-ha when they ask me about my 'investments,'" Gwen Lee, the beautiful blonde who carries something under her hat, spoke with disgust. "What do I do with my money, they wonder. And *I* want to know *what* money?

"When you figure publicity, clothes—to mention them in order of importance—social life, lessons, and all the things you must learn and do to keep your nose a length ahead of the other racers, you have just enough left to treat yourself to a nice ice-cream soda."

Most of her income goes toward keeping herself attractive and therefore competitive. Clothes cost her $2,000 a year, gilding the lily $600. Her rent is $150 a month for an unfurnished bungalow, and she spends $200 a month on the acquisition of distingué diction and other lessons.

These dancing, singing, and articulation lessons are believed by many to be but temporary expenditures in preparation for the talkies, that when proficiency along these lines is acquired they may be dropped and the expense canceled. However, it is likely that they will have to keep up, in some degree at least, the tapping and warbling. One easily goes stale and, with an eloquent screen demanding amazing versatility, there will always be special tricks to learn and new twists to old ones.

Mary Doran, verbaloid vamp whose manner of expressing her clearly defined thoughts is vital, deliberately plans to expend a stipulated sum upon the acquisition



Photo by Pollock

Dorothy Jordan pays only $15 a week for room and board, but will spend $2,500 in dancing and dramatic lessons this year.

of many graces. In fact, she has tipped the muses in advance, to make sure of their courteous attention.

"They call this a specialized age in pictures," she said emphatically, over a plentiful vegetable luncheon. "The idea is to be able to excel in some line. Now, I have decided to excel in *all*. I shall be a superspecialty."

The publicity table in the M.-G.-M. commissary at which the newer players lunch, indulged in *its* specialty—radiating the razzberry in a very lowbrow wit.

"Seriously," the dashing Doran continued, "the more things you can do, the less likely you are to be an 'option orphan' at the end of the first six months. On the stage, the problem is somewhat condensed. All you have to do is to become a good actress. In pictures, however, you may be called upon to do anything from flying a plane to tooting a saxophone.

"When I signed my contract, I determined to put each salary raise into the advancement of my business, which is me. At the end of the first six months—as soon as doubt was over and I knew I still belonged to the M.-G.-M. family—I planked the increase on dancing lessons, vocal lessons, piano lessons, half a dozen such things, in advance, for fear I might listen to a real-estate man, or fall in love with a motor salesman.

"In the rush of work, I have had precious little free time, but these rare spare hours, now that the investment is taken care of for a while,

When her living and career promotion bills have been paid, Gwen Lee says there is little left.



Photo by Louise

Robert Montgomery never sees his checks, as he has an investment company to handle his money.



Photo by Louise

Salary, thought, and energy are pooled by Marion Shilling to build up her career.

go into adding the new stock. I must be able to sing, dance, ride, and say 'Howdy-do!' in all languages, including the Scandinavian. I must qualify for drama, musi-movies, or what not.

"Of course, if I should be let out next option date, I might notice the shortage of cash, not being one who can miss a square meal with equanimity. But at least I shall be conscious of my superior gifts."

The what-not, she was informed enthusiastically, was exactly what she would get. At which the lady in purple wrinkled a classic nose, cracked a few jokes, and departed to keep a date with her director on the set.

A lovely, little girl eating milk toast across the table looked so young and diminutive that I thought she couldn't possibly have ideas just yet. I erred. She had several. She unwound them, and it developed that, though Marion Shilling is new, having been tested and signed for "Wise Girls" on somebody's sudden notion, her childhood, spent practically in the theater, has taught her a few facts.

First, that a tremendous concentration is necessary to succeed at anything, selfish isolation of purpose and a sacrifice for its attainment. Secondly, that a girl who crashes pictures only for their material attractions cannot maintain success. She believes that one's energies and thought and money must all go toward building up one's career with the main intention of doing worth-while work; conservation of health, study, superficial improvements.

"I do not count the cost when it means keeping my health," this quiet, but self-assured girl confided. "And that means belonging to beach and country clubs, swimming, golfing, riding. Exercise is the first requisite. Lessons, publicity, clothes, care of whatever beauty one possesses make up the other essential expenditures."

Considering that her idols, before she became a movie actress, were Pola Negri and Janet Gaynor, it is natural that Marion should regard things with serious aspect. Unlike many others, she does not consider social activities necessary; indeed, believes that they drain energy too much.

"The free-lance player, who must be seen by various producers and directors must, perhaps, make a play of that sort. The contract actress should spend all her thought and as much money as she can afford, toward bettering herself for her work and increasing her value."

Of the younger players, a comparative unknown is betting her hand, you might say, mortgaging her present for the sake of a possible future, as many a business man does. Idiocy, some might call it; good common sense, others opine. Holding a contract, though as yet given few opportunities, Dorothy Jordan is learning everything that might prove beneficial.

Indeed, in ordering practically the whole curriculum, her schooling will cost far more than her actual living! She has budgeted her salary so that she can invest $2,500 this year in dancing, singing, and dramatic lessons, though she gets her room, breakfast and dinner at the Studio Club for $15 a week! She expects to put $1,500 into clothes and $600 into that flourishing Hollywood business, the beauty parlor. If this Jor-

Continued on page 114

Tooting his own horn costs Arthur Lake a pretty sum.

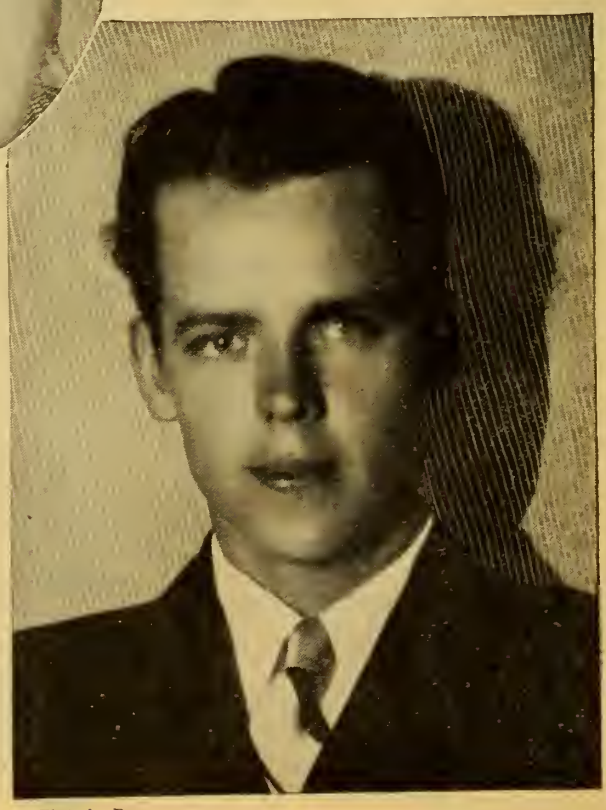


Photo by Bruno

HER SIN WAS NO GREATER THAN HIS....

but

SHE WAS A WOMAN





the Incomparable

NORMA SHEARER

in THE

DIVORCÉE

with

Chester Morris
Conrad Nagel
Robt. Montgomery

Directed by
Robert Z. Leonard



IF the world permits the husband to philander—why not the wife? Here is a frank, outspoken and daring drama that exposes the hypocrisy of modern marriage. Norma Shearer again proves her genius in the most dazzling performance of her career. She was wonderful in "The Last of Mrs. Cheney". She was marvelous in "Their Own Desire". She is superb in "The Divorcee" which is destined to be one of the most talked of pictures in years.

THE METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER LION
THE GREATEST STAR ON THE SCREEN

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

"More Stars Than There Are in Heaven"



A Love That Could Not Be Forgotten

She ran away to the man of her heart, but in his home she found a care-worn mother who had ambitious plans for him. She was a mother who had scraped and saved for years to send her boy through college, and when she found that a seemingly frivolous girl from a wealthy home had come between her and her ambition for her boy there was darkness in her soul.

But there was real stuff in the girl after all. She made her great sacrifice and went away to forget.

Acting always on impulse, Geraldine Loring found at length that one never does forget true love. This is but an outline of the unusual theme of

Impulsive Youth

By VIVIAN GREY

Young and old alike will recognize the characters in this novel as they are tenderly and delicately drawn by the author as very real persons indeed. "IMPULSIVE YOUTH" is a CHELSEA HOUSE book. And that means that it is a popular copyright which has never before appeared between book covers. One of a series of famous love stories issued by

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Going Up

Right up in the clouds is where these stars belong, and they prove it by getting ready for the flight.



Olive Borden, right, winks her left eye in a way to suggest that she desires company on her lofty adventure.



Dolores del Rio, above, accustomed to more elaborate attire, discovers—as we do—that leather is equally becoming to her.



Jeanette Loff, center, is all set to explore the farthest clouds, for since she discovered that she had a voice she wants to study the song of the skylark.

Bernice Claire, below, in "No, No, Nanette," sailed through Technicolor clouds in a crimson airplane, but her eyes seek higher altitudes.





Mary Brian, right, is so young that even the severity of a helmet off her forehead is becoming, and goggles probably would be no handicap, either.

Continued from page 45

"I telephoned her yesterday; she's going abroad next week," answered Gabrielle wearily.

"Well, there's always room for another waitress somewhere," Bunny went on. Her voice sounded cheerful, but Monica saw the anxiety in her eyes.

"I'd rather starve than trot around with a tray till my feet drop off," Gabrielle replied sullenly.

"What about you?" Bunny demanded of Monica. "Did you ever learn anything useful in the old home town?"

"Oh, housework, of course," Monica told her, "and I ran a telephone switchboard——"

"My heavens! Here you've been dawdling around all week, when you can run a switchboard! Got a gold mine right in your front yard and aren't using it!" Bunny exploded. "You make up as a nice, earnest working girl right this minute, and hop around to all the regular employment agencies, and if you come home without a job, I'll tell your father on you when he gets home!"

"But——" Monica started to say that she hadn't come to Hollywood to run a switchboard, but thought better of it. After all, she had to go on eating. Twenty dollars, all she had left, wouldn't last long. Maybe Bunny was right.

She set out an hour later, wearing a plain blue suit of Bunny's, and some white cuffs and a collar of Gabrielle's. Her black hat was her own, as were her shoes, but her stockings had been gleaned from the house wardrobe, and there were several holes in the feet, which Bunny had "darned" with applications of liquid nail polish, guaranteed to keep them from running.

She trudged dispiritedly about from one agency to another, almost hoping that she wouldn't get work. It seemed like giving up all hope of getting ahead in pictures, somehow, to try to find something else to do. She'd get stuck in some awful job, she knew, and never be able to get out of it. Hollywood was full of girls like her, who had come out with high hopes of becoming stars and get sidetracked. Every beauty parlor in town, every tea room, every shop, seemed full of pretty girls who told the same story.

She caught sight of Booth Carlisle, on Hollywood Boulevard. He was driving a smart roadster, and looked decidedly prosperous. She'd noticed in the movie notes in the papers that he was working in a big picture. He didn't know her, of course. And a little later she ran into Joy Laurel, who was just coming out of a hairdresser's.

"Darling, how nice to see you!" exclaimed that young woman effusively. "Why didn't you let me know that you were still here? You must come to see me very soon, dear." But she avoided making a specific engagement.

Monica went home that night wishing she could die and be through with everything. What was the use of going on? And then, suddenly, as she climbed the stairs, she heard a familiar voice above her, a voice that went thrilling through her like an electric shock.

"Here she comes now!" it was saying. "I'll run down to meet her."

And suddenly Danny was throwing his arms around her, holding her close.

"Sweetheart!" he cried. "Did you think I'd disappeared? I went off on location the day after I saw you last —they got me up in the middle of the night, and I was going to phone you, and then hadn't a chance. Went off to the back of beyond, down on the desert, and the first day I was there a horse kicked me in the head —I was down and out for days. Then I gave a fellow a note to send you, and waited and waited to hear from you——"

"I never got it!" Monica cried.

"I know you didn't. To-day, on the way back to town, he found it in his pocket! And I've been lying there all this time, thinking you were through with me. You're not, are you, dear?"

"If you try to make love on those stairs you'll lose your balance and break your necks," called Bunny, from the top.

Sitting on the porch with him that evening, Monica didn't mind the long hours of hunting for work; didn't even mind the grim prospect of trying to get along without any money. Nothing mattered, now, but the fact that she had Danny back again, that he still loved her.

He looked thin and weak. She longed to take care of him. If only they had a tenth of the money that was squandered in the gorgeous homes on the heights just above them, just enough to rent a little house somewhere, where he could lie about till he got well, and she could look after him!

Well, if she could get a job, perhaps they could manage it, anyway. Living wouldn't cost much. They could be married at once—that thought was so thrilling that she couldn't go any further with her plans.

She got a job the next day, and, as Bunny said, no slouch of a job, either.

"Telephone operator at the Colossal Studio! I ask you, what could be sweeter!" exclaimed Bunny, waving the soup ladle. "Oh, Monica, aren't you glad you squeezed out money for those voice lessons? Why, before you know it some director or supervisor or something will be so charmed by your voice that you'll be given a contract. You see!"

Monica couldn't wait to tell Danny the news, and then divulge the rest of her plans. She was sure they could both live on what she would make. And when the slump was over, she'd be perfectly willing to keep her job, and help him with his career in pictures.

But Danny had a story of his own to tell. He had a job, too. He knew a lot about boats, and was going on a cruise on a yacht, as one of the crew.

"That man Ingram, who owns it, is always taking movie people out," he told the girls, at dinner. "There's no telling what will come of this."

"And you'll get lots of fresh air and good food," Monica added, trying hard to be pleased over his good luck. But in her heart she knew that she would have been happier if he had been dependent on her. He'd be going away again—she wouldn't be seeing him every day! It seemed to her that she could hardly bear it. These last few hours had been so precious, so much sweeter than any others she had ever known.

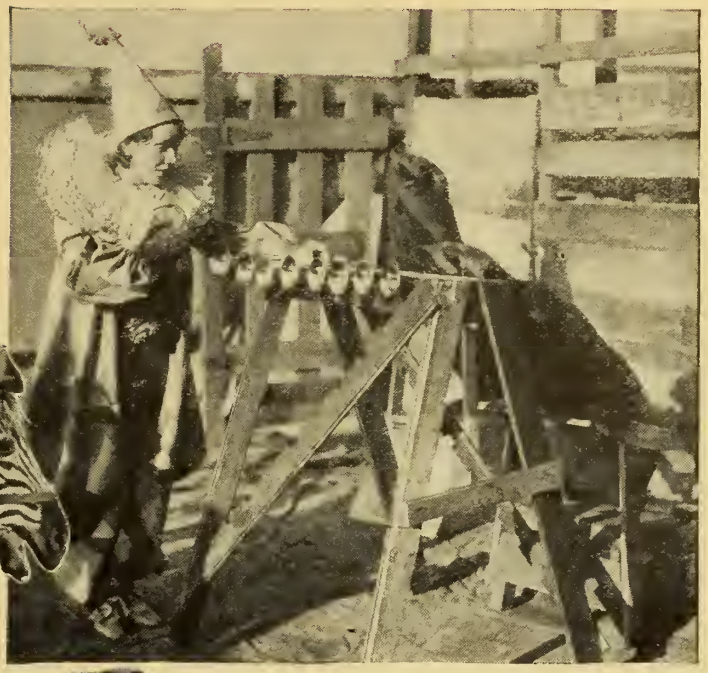
He sailed two days later. Monica couldn't see him off; she had to work. She sat at her little desk, punching little plugs into little holes, trying to remember who was who in the studio, and where they'd be if they weren't in their offices, and trying to keep her thoughts from him. She had a snapshot of him in her purse, and when things got too hard she took it out and looked at it, and thought about how wonderful it would be when he came back to her.

Work at the studio was hard. Every one was irritable. A lot of changes were being made, and there was talk of the company's merging with another big one, which would mean that a lot of important people would be let out. Several men had come on from the East, and changes were apparent each day. One morning a big executive came to work, to find that he had no office. His contract called for his presence at the studio during certain hours each day. There was no place for him to sit, nothing for him to do. Most of the first two days he sat on the bench outside the main office, his friends sidling past cautiously, speaking to him out of the corners of their mouths, afraid to show their friend-

Continued on page 94

The Circus Is Here!

And Bernice Claire, ever the child at heart, runs out to meet it.



Miss Claire, below, is all for making friends with every animal under the big top, so she becomes chummy with a zebra.



Even the seals, above, welcomed the singing actress and even met her on common ground when she put them through the paces of their daily music lesson.

More surprising still, she receives the confidences of a leopard, right.



Miss Claire, left, emulates the bareback riders by poising herself on the back of a sure-footed and rather elderly stallion.



The remarkable picture, right, of a hippopotamus in a receptive mood, finds Miss Claire ready with a caviar sandwich.



Continued from page 92

ship, since he was out of favor, for fear that the ax would descend on their heads as well.

Monica told herself that sometimes it was a good thing to be too unimportant to be noticed. She worked hard, giving messages, taking numbers, in her best voice-culture tones. At night she got her clothes ready for the next day, washed her hair in water that she had boiled, in an effort to make it soft enough so that the soap wouldn't curdle, and practiced saying "Sorry, Mr. Blank, the line is busy; I'll try them again in a moment," hoping to strike a tone that would send a job her way.

Things went along fairly well for two weeks. Then they began to go wrong. Monica sprained her ankle climbing the stairs to the house one evening, and it pained her incessantly. She and Gabrielle quarreled. Gay had found no work, and was bitter about having the other girls pay all the bills. There had been no letter from Danny for four days. Bunny was working as second maid for a woman who lived in Pasadena, and could come home only once a week, and Monica found it difficult to get along without her cheerful presence.

There was one man at the studio whom Monica loathed. He snarled at her if she did not get numbers promptly for him, blamed her if the people he wanted to speak to were out. If she said she couldn't find some one, he snapped, "Well, why can't you? It's your business to know where people are!" He was one of the few directors who were working; he had cannily begun a picture just before the slump came.

A day came when Monica battled with him constantly. Valiantly hanging on to her temper, she forced herself to speak to him politely, even when he accused her of cutting him off in the middle of an important conversation. She went home that night trying to decide which of several particularly painful deaths she would mete out to him if she could.

The old car had finally fallen to pieces, and she had to take a series of buses, going far out of her way in order to get back again to a place near home. Well, perhaps there'd be a letter from Danny.

But there wasn't. Instead, there was a letter from Gabrielle.

"Got a wire from the man I've always been afraid I'd marry," Gay had scrawled. "I'm going to give up now and do it. Being hungry is no fun. Packed in a hurry; hope I didn't take anything of yours by mistake. Good luck to you—Gay."

So that was that. Now she'd have to pay all the expenses by herself, Monica reflected. She'd come home at night to this empty house, with nothing——

She stopped just on the verge of succumbing to hysterics.

"Snap out of it, you idiot!" she told herself sternly. "You're tired and hungry and mad at that beast at the studio, that's all that's the matter with you. Eat your dinner and be sensible."

But eating dinner wasn't easy; Gabrielle had been too excited to do any marketing. There was a slice of stale toast in the bread box, and the makeshift refrigerator yielded up an egg which Monica remembered having seen around for some time. She and Gay had quarreled about that egg. Gay had said that, since she wasn't paying any board, she wouldn't eat it; and Monica had retorted that *she* certainly wouldn't. It had been a silly, childish quarrel, possibly only because both were under such tension.

Well, now she could eat the egg! Monica sat down and burst into wild laughter. When she discovered some prunes in a bag behind the stove she laughed even harder. Prunes! They had brought her to the Coast, to pictures, and now, though pictures had left her, the prunes remained!

She ate them, and the slice of toast, and went to bed. In the morning she overslept, and had to rush away without breakfast—there wasn't any coffee, anyway. But somehow the air had cleared for her! She told herself that she'd snap out of her depression; she'd do some marketing on the way home, and in the evening she'd write a long letter to Danny.

But her good resolutions slid into oblivion. The studio was under one of those clouds that descend on any business when nobody is certain just who will be fired next, but feels sure that some one will. One of the stenographers spilled a bottle of stencil fluid on the continuity she had just finished copying, whereupon an office boy began to whistle "Singing in the Rain," and she threw a bottle of ink at him. The script of an original story was lost, and the scenario department was thrown into a confusion which oozed over into the outer office. A stage star, newly arrived from the East, was kept waiting an hour, because nobody knew who she was.

Then Monica's doom descended. Crandall, the director with whom she had been battling ever since she got her job, told her to get a Miss Atwater on the phone. She didn't know Miss Atwater's number, and had to call him back to get it. He raved, told her to find out without bothering him, and slammed the receiver down.

Monica literally saw red. Tiny sparks danced before her eyes, and she hardly knew what she was doing.

She rang his number again, and when he answered it, began to talk. All the things she had been wanting for days to say to him came forth in a torrent. Voice culture, caution, regard for the studio's rule that courtesy must be practiced by its employees, all were thrown to the winds.

She knew that her voice had found its old levels, and didn't care. She could no more have controlled it than she could have stopped one of California's merciless rainstorms. She stormed, pounding on the desk as she raved on.

"You think you can treat me any way you please—you think I don't matter. Who are you, anyway? A lucky bum, that's all! You got a few good breaks and had the sense to go ahead and do what smarter men had done before you—that's all. You're no better as a director than I am, and you know it, but everybody yeses you, and you get away with murder. That last picture of yours was so bad they don't dare release it!" She was crying now; her voice was thick with sobs. "You can't talk to me the way you've been doing lately—a decent man wouldn't talk to a dog that way! I don't have to stand it, and I won't!"

The office boy stared, mouth open, as she slumped back in her chair. The girls whispered together. "Gone haywire," she heard one of them say. Well, maybe she had. The strange exhilaration of wrath had left her now, and she felt weak, nauseated.

"Think this was Fourth of July, and you had to read the Declaration of Independence?" asked one of the girls, pausing beside her. "Say, I'll watch your board for a minute; you go and wash your face."

Monica slid limply from her chair. At that instant the door opened and a man stormed in—a small, chubby man, with a wild light in his eye.

Monica knew who he was instantly, although she had never before met her enemy face to face. Crandall, of course! Her knees seemed about to fold up under her, and she clutched the chair for support. Oh, why hadn't she gone home instantly? Why had she waited, to suffer the crowning humiliation of being fired?

"Where's that telephone girl who was talking to me just now?" he demanded in tones that rang through the office. "Where is she?"

"Here I am," Monica cried, stepping forward. Her chin was raised defiantly now; her knees had found new strength.

Crandall rushed forward and clutched her by both arms, and the office boy reached for a ruler, the only

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Perfect Control

These starry pilots seem to have it when it comes to steering their craft for the screen.



Ronald Colman, above, in "The Rescue," portrayed the dashing mariner of the South Seas novel of Joseph Conrad to the satisfaction of all his high-heeled fans.



What fair skipper is this, my hearties? 'Tis Kay Johnson, above, as she appeared in "The Ship from Shanghai."



Gary Cooper and Fay Wray, below, in "The First Kiss," seem to be letting their minds drift from the wheel, but first kisses are supposed to be quite intoxicating.



Victor McLaglen, left, in "Hot for Paris," plays the strong, grim man of the sea.

Joseph Schildkraut, below, is a dapper reporter who sees his duty and does it, in "Night Ride."





Nils Asther, above, found it natural to take to boats when he played "The Single Standard."

I Stop To Look Back

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Just before leaving Athol, my mother underwent a serious operation. I went to the hospital to bring her home, as father had left for New Haven. When I reached Worcester, I found I had two hours to kill before they would admit me into mother's room. I spent it in a picture theater watching Marguerite Clark and Harold Lockwood, and resolved some day to meet Mr. Lockwood face to face. This resolution was realized in after years, and today I am the proud possessor of an autographed picture from Mr. Lockwood, presented while I was doing extra work with him in a film just before he died.

When we arrived in New Haven I found that, due to the fact that at best I never was a brilliant pupil, in order to enter the New Haven high school, I should have to do my sophomore studies over again. To this I objected strongly, finally gaining my parents' consent to go to work. I got a job in the Marlin Arms factory, filing, where I made six and a half dollars a day. I was fifteen at the time, and preferred throwing apples and clowning while at my work bench, instead of applying myself to my labors, and so after six weeks I was fired.

I then got a job with the A. C. Gilbert company, manufacturers of erector toys, where I ran a machine. This necessitated a great deal of fish oil with which to keep the cutters cool, and after the first week the odor of fish—just which variety I never was able to find out—permeated not only the clothes that I wore in the factory, my hands, my hair, and my entire body, but also the clothes I wore going to the factory. So I was forced to give the job up, finally landing a position in the Sargent Hardware company, where I received eight dollars a week.

Although the difference in earning power was a decided one, my father was very pleased, because to him it represented my rescue from a life of physical labor, as I was then a member of the white-collar class, a station in life he always hoped I would attain. I did not get to work until eight thirty in the morning, and quit at four thirty.

I stayed there two years, going from eight dollars to eleven, then to fifteen, and finally to eighteen. It was at this time that the desire to go on the stage became an obsession, and burned so brightly that the only course was to go to New York and try my hand at it. Before leaving, however, I went to the manager of the local stock company and asked if he could put me on. His answer was no. He asked where I was working and what salary I was receiving. He advised me to give up all thought of the theater, as the other offered slow but sure method of advancement.

My parents were aware of my desire to go on the stage, and though they strongly objected, they were not so forceful to deter me. I had accumulated enough money to purchase a fifty-dollar Liberty Bond. This I cashed, had some photographs made, because I had heard they were necessary to give to the casting offices at the studios at Fort Lee, New Jersey. I had seen pictures of June Elvidge, Frank Mayo, and Tom Moore in a fan magazine, standing on the ferryboat which crosses the Hudson from New York to Fort Lee, and I felt that my life would not be complete until I also stood on the same ferry bound for the same place.

And so with fifty dollars in my pocket, some two dozen photographs, my only suit of clothes, and my few worldly goods, I left home on the 17th of May, 1917, to set the world on fire. My father's last words were, "We shall have chicken for dinner next Sunday, and we shall wait until two thirty for you."

At that moment I resolved that if my ribs were clanging together from hunger, I would never go back.

Neither my mother nor my father derided my ambition. They were both, however, extremely apprehensive of a child of theirs leaving home, and entering a new environment—particularly so in my case.

Both, however, sincerely wished me good luck. Even during the next three years, broken by occasional trips home, before I got my first chance, they never tried to dissuade me, but were always not only solicitous of my welfare, but would also ask if I believed that I was doing right and not wasting my time. And, although they felt dubious of my eventual success, they both hoped for it as earnestly as I did.

My mother as a younger woman had attained local fame in amateur theatricals in Lowell, and would have gone on the stage herself, only she was handicapped with a large family of younger brothers and sisters, and was unable to overthrow parental objection which, when she was a girl, was very strongly against one's children forsaking home for the stage.

TO BE CONTINUED.

What Stars' Names Tell

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broken. About the same time you hurt your head somehow.

For the past three years you have had troubles of a different kind—pushing the boys away. Every few weeks you are sure you are in love, and then all of a sudden everything is over. You get dizzy trying to find out if you are really in love or not, for you like them all. But when you put your foot down, they know it, don't they?

One man in particular will attract you immensely very soon, or has already done so now. He will be a fine, generous fellow, rather stocky, with dark hair and light eyes, and would really make a wonderful husband.

But really and truly, dear Clara, I wish you wouldn't marry. In the first place, whoever wins you as a wife will be accepting your ardent love of life, your eagerness to please and make others happy, in place of a profound love for his very self. In the second place, adding any other name to your own will almost certainly spoils its power, for there are few names that could possibly keep it as good as it is now, and none could add to it. Besides, taking another name will add to the number of letters on your whole name, and in this way will bring you more quickly into two letters that indicate a great deal of trouble. Now they are twenty years away from you, and it would be bad to bring them closer. To cope with them, you will need all the strength that you can acquire by experience, and all the positive vibrations that are in your name now. If you do marry before forty, you will lose your first husband by death or divorce, and will have a chance to marry again, but even this second marriage will bring you great unhappiness.

So my advice, dear Clara, is to stay single and drive your own car. You are a wonderful driver, you will always be able to pay for gas and repairs and buy a new car when you need one, a much finer one than before. It would make you wild to be a back-seat driver, but you could not help being one, since you see the curves in the road and the holes in the pavement more quickly than anybody else, and no one else can be quite as skillful as you in avoiding breakdowns. This is true in business, in love, in every activity of life. So step on the gas and eat up the road!

Tug Of War

Whatever it is that this game proves was doubtless settled for a long time to come by this array of contestants.



Ken Maynard, above, takes an active interest in Boy Scout work, and displays his strength for their example.



William Austin, left, encounters a covey of beach sirens who threaten to tear him to pieces.



Stage and screen players are here lined up against each other, with John Francis Dillon, right, as starter; left to right, Frank Albertson, Lawrence Gray, Ford Sterling, Louise Fazenda, Bernice Claire, Alexander Gray, Natalie Moorhead, and Inez Courtney.

Merna Kennedy and Kathryn Crawford, lower right, perhaps are only fooling about the tugging game.

Richard Arlen and William Wellman, a director, below, struggle fiercely, with Marjorie Wellman and Jobyna Ralston as seconds.





The Mystery Of Your Name

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for somebody, he can't possibly escape it, can he? But you don't get much thanks for it, at that. You have a hot temper and cannot stand dictation from anybody. Your name carries great success, both in the divine and in the material, and your power of creation will allow you to produce anything you really want to do. But this power of creation can also work in the negative sense, so that if you form an image of misfortune, failure, and sickness before you, that, too, will come true for you. Be careful how you think!

You were a very bright, lively baby, especially pretty between the ages of three and six, and when you started to school you were the smartest little girl in your class. When you were about twelve you had a bad fever. By the time you were fifteen you already had plenty of boy friends, and right now you are getting over a period of great emotional upset, due to an unhappy love affair. It was, at that, not so bad as it might have been, on account of your strong spiritual insight and determination.

You are coming at present into a calmer period of your life, and will be married before you are twenty-five, to a tall, rather fair man of pretty much your own temperament. Watch out, or there may be too much excitement in your life with him!

You would make a wonderful teacher, lecturer, or any kind of professional person who has to speak in public, but not an actress, for you cannot play a part, even in fun.

William M. H., December 8, 1898.—This is a fine name, William. You are an old soul, with a universal understanding, that does not get confused by the little details of life. But people get confused at times in listening to you, simply because you are talking over their heads. When this happens, you say, "Oh, what's the use!" and keep still. You are very positive and self-assertive, and if you cannot be the leader, you don't want to play. In your case, this will lead to great success and much money, but not for a number of years. You would make a fine doctor, especially a surgeon, and you could also teach.

You had pneumonia when you were six or seven, and another bad attack of chest or throat trouble at the age of eighteen or so. When you went to school you were a very proud, hot-tempered little boy, but also generous and quick to help others. Even as early as fifteen, you liked girls and knew how to be nice to them, without being yourself girlish in any way. At twenty-four you were on your own feet, but that did not do you much good, for you were practically penniless for two or three years. You also got mixed up with a girl at that time, too, one who had been married before, and all in all you were pretty low, in spirits as well as in money, until you were twenty-eight.

Now things are beginning to improve, and from thirty-three on you will be feeling yourself again, ready to fight the world for what you know you are able to earn and accomplish. Up to the age of forty-six, there will be more or less depression in your life, but it will not knock you out any more, for you have found out that you are the master. Before you are fifty, you will come into a large sum of money, and from then on you will not have to worry about your income, since you will be active and prosperous into old age.

Edith P., August 5, 1908.—You are born to hard work and trouble, Edith, and there is no use denying it, but the divine intuition that you possess should help you to make the best possible out of it. You are creative, you are determined, you start things successfully, and then, for some reason that you can't explain, they break down. Use your will power and your hunch to the limit, even when things do break down, and you will be able to pick up the pieces and go on stronger than ever.

You were a very intelligent little child, and the burden that fell on your home when you were about seven affected you more than people thought, because you were able to understand it. Some close relative of yours died when you were about eighteen.

You can marry for love at this very moment, or within a year, at the latest, and I certainly hope you do. In that case you will escape a great deal of trouble from your surroundings. If you do not marry now, you will have another chance at twenty-eight or thirty, but if you wait until then you will marry for money and not for love, and you will be very unhappy. You need a lot of love and contentment to make up for outside difficulties, and marriage for money will not give them to you. Don't be afraid of being poor. When love has given you happiness, you can work ten times harder and make the money yourself, but it does not work the other way around.

What The Fans Think

Continued from page 12

When They Knock a Star.

I have never seen Alice White on the screen, but I certainly shall as soon as the opportunity presents itself, after reading all the caustic remarks about her. Just to see if she is as punk as all the hoodlums say she is, or whether their letters were for publicity purposes, just to lure us curiosity seekers to the box office.

The photos of Miss White in the magazines look perky and pretty, and I am for her as far as her looks are concerned.

Why don't people stop this silly stuff about Alice White and Clara Bow? That is all in the past, and has been threshed out so often that it is mere dust now, so let us throw the dust to the winds and forget it. I am a Clara Bow fan, but I hope I shall like Alice White, too.

Jean Beach.

6328 Eggleston Avenue,
Chicago, Illinois.

Hollywood Judgment Questioned.

It will be a relief to have my opinion voiced upon a subject about which I feel truly sore. I am not a film fanatic, but I do know good acting and fine production when I see them. So do American producers and directors. Then why is it that an artist like Betty Bronson is allowed to sink into oblivion, and a lame duck like Mary Brian soars to success?

Betty Bronson's portrayal of Barrie's classic little boy, *Peter Pan,* was acknowledged to be a work of art, and two continents sang her praises. The impression I had of Mary Brian in this picture was of a flat-faced individual and nothing more. True, her face has grown beautiful, but with it she has developed a perpetual look of injured pride and a grin that for vitality can be compared to a dead fish. Her ability to act needs no comment, simply because she has none.

As for Betty Bronson, they must think that her undenied talent was used up in the making of "Peter Pan." What mode of reasoning have the great in Hollywood?

Ruth Creegor.

74 Burgoyne Road,
London, N. 4, England.

The Joy Irresistible.

I must write in praise of that beautiful, vivacious star, Leatrice Joy. Joy, I think, is the keynote to her personality. There isn't a star in filmdom to-day, at least in my opinion, who can express the sheer sunny Joyousness that Miss Joy does.

An English critic once wrote that on meeting her, the first thought that came to him was that here was a person who had had a happy childhood. I've never forgotten that, as it struck me as being particularly true. Sometimes the little girl Leatrice comes peeping through, and at those times she is irresistible. I am an old woman now, and those people who give me back the romance of youth I value doubly. Leatrice Joy is one of these. Her gay, sparkling joyousness is one of the most refreshing things that I know.

Faye Bush.

1218 Fourth Avenue,
St. Joseph, Missouri.

The Wailing of Women Scorned?

Every one seems more or less against Lupe Velez, because she is reported to be engaged to Gary Cooper. Why shouldn't she be, if they love each other?

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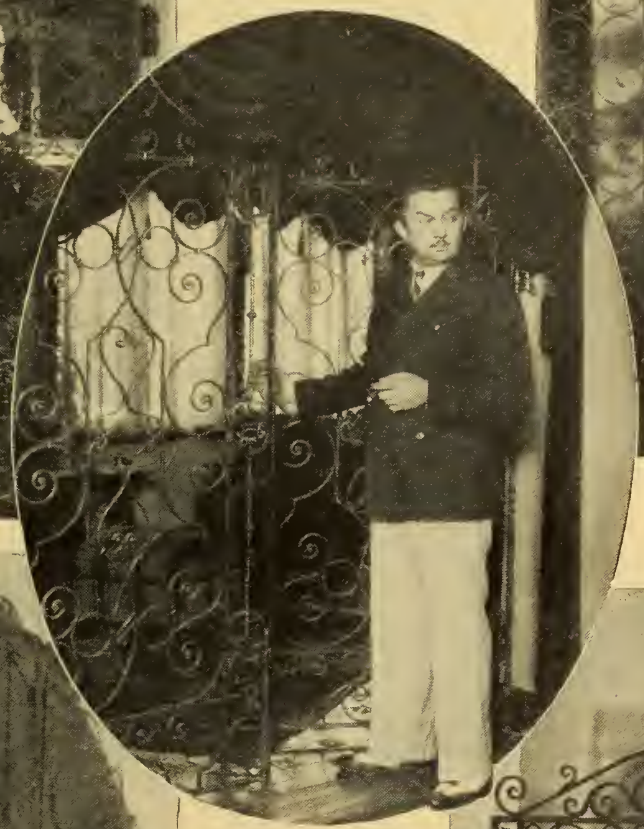
Exclusive—But Visible

That's the beauty of grilled doors to patios and halls—out of reach, but still the adoring passer-by may see.



Joan Crawford, left, pauses coyly at the door, which is of genuine wrought iron, we are assured.

And Jean Hersholt, below, has wrought-iron doors that are second to none in Beverly Hills.





Steve would surely be all hands and feet among all the curves around Richard Arlen, above.



Pauline Starke, left, stands by her grilled door, obligingly giving the camera man a break with a pose that gracefully suits the background.

The apartment of Bernice Claire, right, has an indoor gate that is really cunning, isn't it?



The Screen In Review

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A Bootlegger's Downfall.

"Road House Nights" is worth seeing, for it is consistently interesting and marks the screen début of those enormously popular comedians, Clayton, Jackson, and Durante, night-club celebrities. Like many other films, it depends more on acting and characterization than novelty of plot. But what it has of the latter is treated with a light touch, so that the picture emerges as one to please the intelligent spectator. The story concerns the bootlegging proprietor of a road house, whose activities are investigated by a newspaper reporter at first drunk, then feigning intoxication to follow up a clew. Charles Ruggles is very clever in this rôle, and Helen Morgan is her unique self as the bootlegger's girl who discovers the reporter to be the sweetheart of her girlhood. Fred Kohler is a striking villain, as menacing in dialogue as he used to be in silence.

A Stew Without Salt.

Because it is careless and undistinguished, "Lord Byron of Broadway" is an indifferent picture. Yet one feels that a germ of something real was there at the beginning, but remained in embryo. Here we have a song writer who composes his ballads to the wails of the ladies who have loved and lost him. But the idea never quite comes through the morass of hackneyed situations, trite dialogue and other conventions of a backstage story.

Charles Kaley, in the exacting rôle of this philanderer, is unsatisfactory as an actor. As a singer he is sympathetic, and it is as such that he is well known outside pictures, but for some reason he is given scant opportunity to uplift his voice in song, and never completes a number. Marion Shilling, a newcomer, is refreshing in appearance, but is not yet experienced as an actress, and Ethelind Terry is too experienced in the artificialities of musical comedy to be anything but unintentionally funny. Cliff Edwards, the comedian, is the most sincere member of the cast in a sympathetic rôle, and Benny Rubin is often genuinely amusing.

Covered Wagon Days in Song.

"Song of the West" adds nothing to the cause of film art, John Boles, or the great open spaces, in spite of a colorful background of blue-coated soldiers, covered wagons of '49, and many more rosy-cheeked chorus girls romping about on the plains than Injuns. The acting of Mr. Boles and Miss Segal has all the breath-taking vivacity of a wooden-soldier number in a prologue. The singing of Mr. Boles is supposed to "make" any picture, however.

The film, entirely in Technicolor, which is also below par, deals with the movement of a wagon train across the Western frontier. John Boles, as *Stanton,* a captain in trouble over a woman, falls in love with Miss Segal, as the colonel's daughter. As fords and camps afford stopping places, the ex-captain pours out his soul in song with such feeling that eventually the girl becomes his wife and the mistress of a flourishing gambling den. They are unhappy for a while, but everything turns out nicely.

Joe E. Brown, as the mule skinner comedian, and Marion Byron, contribute a funny song or two, and make a few speeches with some wit and ease. Marie Wells and Sam Hardy are in the cast.

The Return of the Native

Continued from page 43

Among these was one called "A Man In the Making." Raymond was seventeen at the time and impersonated a man of twenty-eight. In one scene of the play there is a youth of seventeen who is having troubles of his own—puppy-love troubles. Raymond, from behind his twenty-eight-year-old make-up, was supposed to watch this youngster in the throes of despair and, as he left the stage, sigh "Ah, to be young like *that* again!" And each night at that point there was a loud guffaw from the audience that the script did not call for.

This was followed by "Hotheads," in which he played a young mulatto, "Ma Pettingill," "Cradle Snatchers," in which he played the same part Nick Stuart played in the silent and musical versions; then "Nightstick," which was "Alibi" when it reached the screen, and in which he played the young detective, and, finally, "The Trial of Mary Dugan," after which he returned to pictures.

Stage stars come and stage stars go, but only a few have clicked. With a foundation such as he has had, is it any wonder that Ray is among those few? Could it be otherwise? Look at his characterizations in the year he's been in Hollywood—big dramatic rôles in "Madame X" and "The Trial of Mary Dugan," a light-heavy in "Footlights and Fools," with Colleen Moore, a ham actor in "The Girl In the Show," with Bessie Love, and farce comedy in "Not So Dumb," with Marion Davies. And every one of them a finished performance!

His performances are the more astonishing when you consider his disposition. As a child he was dignified, grave, and reserved. As he grew up these traits clung. I can imagine him going into the Lambs Club after the show, or to a rathskeller with a bunch of people and drinking a glass of beer and saying to himself, "Gee, but I'm having a swell time." But down in his heart he would know he wasn't.

"How do you play such varied rôles?" I asked him. "Do you try to submerge your personality in those parts?"

"No, I certainly do not. I think the whole gamut of human emotions is embodied in each of us. We each have something of the hero, the cad, the villain, the martyr, the boob, the lover, the satyr in our composition. Unconsciously we try to subdue those traits that do not appeal to us and to develop the ones that do. When I am called upon to play a part, I simply play it the way I would act if I let that phase of my character run riot, without making any effort to control it.

"There are many actors on the stage who, year in and year out, play third and fourth-rate parts, and it is because they never try to develop or exploit their own personality. They try to submerge it in the character they play. And I think that's why you find many actors on the stage who have given one outstanding performance, and then are never heard from again.

"I don't put much stock in this thing they tell you about not being able to be a great actor or actress until you've had a great sorrow. But I do believe you're not great, until you've experienced a great many emotions."

"Then you don't believe a girl of sixteen could play *Juliet?*"

"Certainly she could if she was a good actress, but I don't believe she could play it as well at sixteen as she could at twenty-five, because she wouldn't have experienced as much feeling."

"I don't have to burn my finger twelve times to know what a burn feels like," I objected.

"You're getting away from the subject. If you didn't burn your hand but once, you'd only know what one kind of burn felt like. You wouldn't know the difference, for instance, between burning your finger with a match, burning it on a hot stove, burning it in scalding water,

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Child Of Destiny

How can little Cameo Wristen's future be elsewhere than in the movies, when she begins so early as a star of the "Baby Follies"?



Here, left, Cameo is all ready for her turn in one of those grown-up dresses such as the big stars wear.





Cameo's leading man, above, is Dickie Kilby, who likes his close-ups, too.



Cameo, above, having completed her make-up, now gives her attention to that be-yu-tiful frock.

As she pulls on her soeks, left, she dreams of the day when she will be like Norma Shearer.

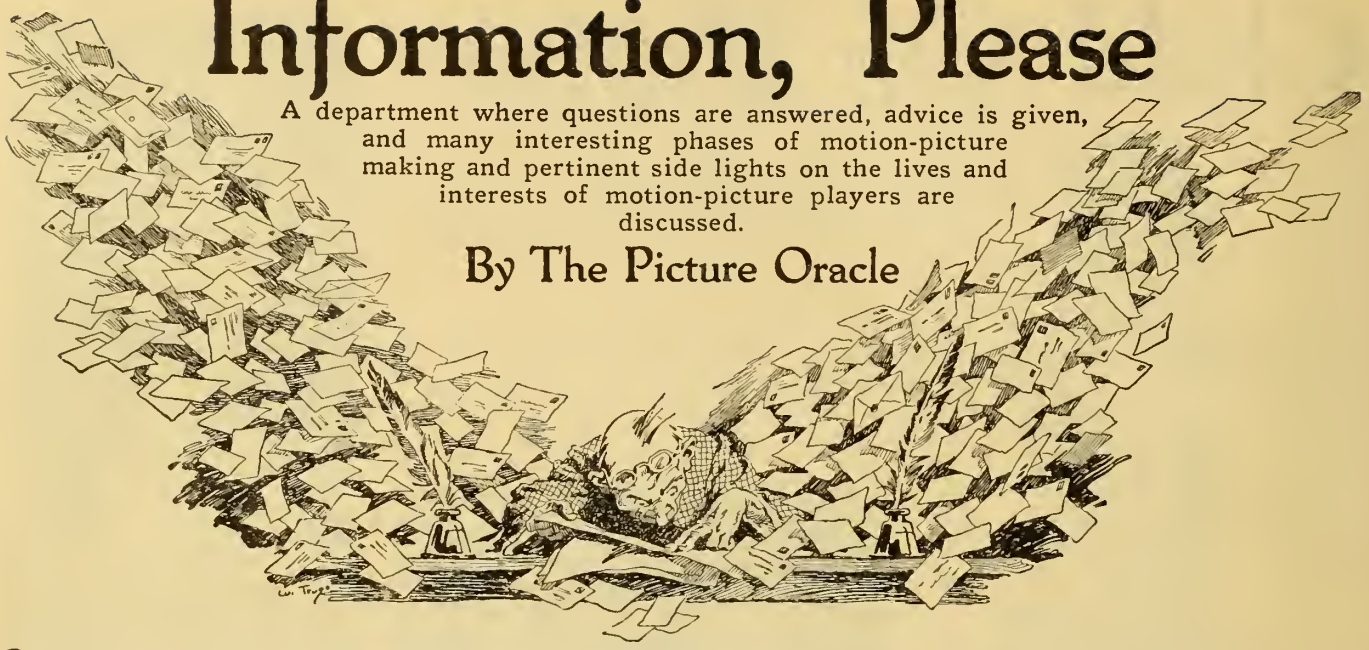
A final caress of the powder pad, right, and Cameo is ready for the camera.



Information, Please

A department where questions are answered, advice is given, and many interesting phases of motion-picture making and pertinent side lights on the lives and interests of motion-picture players are discussed.

By The Picture Oracle



SHEILA.—No, I can't call you a nuisance, and I wouldn't, anyhow. I'm polite. Charles Middleton is not a regular player—at least I've never heard of him before. As to why Marion Davies wasn't mentioned in the story about marriageable stars—there are so many of them that it would be impossible to include them all in one story.

MEG.—Yes, I do need patience in this job. Doctors and I have something in common. Robert Montgomery is one of the many talking-picture players who first made good on the stage. He was born in Beacon, New York, May 21, 1904. He is married to a nonprofessional.

F. B. B.—I can't understand why your previous letters were not answered, as I am a very conscientious fellow that way! Rex Bell and Sharon Lynn are Fox players and Nancy Drexel was one. Sharon's next film is "In Love with Love"; Nancy is playing opposite Harry Langdon in a Hal Roach comedy. Rex Bell is not cast for anything at present. John Darrow's new film is "Stepping On the Gas." As he free lances, I don't know where to suggest writing him, though you might try him at Fox. George Duryea's new film is "Strictly Business"; write him at United Artists' studio.

A BARRY NORTON FAN.—No, your favorite is not married. His films during 1929 were "Sins of the Fathers" and "The Exalted Flapper." His Fox contract was not renewed, but Paramount has now signed him up and he is playing in the Spanish version of "The Benson Murder Case"—not much help to you, is it, that Spanish version?

RUTH PRICE.—Of course you may join my "army of readers"—thank you!—but don't carry a gun! Mae Clarke is with Fox. She was recently divorced from Lew Brice, brother of Fannie Brice. Her real name is Mae Klotz, and I don't wonder she changed it. Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy can be reached at the Metro-Goldwyn studio. I'm sorry I can't tell you anything about Charles Farley. As you say, he is a bit player and still unknown.

WILLIAM HNIDAN.—Is that name right? So your pen went dry, did it? After all your questions, I'll probably need a drink myself. Ilka Chase is now playing in "Let's Go Places." David Rollins has not been cast for anything since "Happy Days," at this writing. "Taras Bulba" is a Polish film with J. N. Douvan-Forzow and Helen Makowska in the leads. Like most foreign films, the cast does not mention the character names. It looks as if the talkies had finished Baclanova's film career; she has been playing in vaudeville since "A Dangerous Woman" and "The Man I Love." It was announced that John Gilbert would make "A Tale of Two Cities." The Brox sisters are of vaudeville, and I've no idea where they can be reached. Kay Francis, like most stage players, has not adopted the movie habit of telling her age. An international money order, at your local post office, is the best way to send money from one country to another. Pauline Frederick was born in Boston, in 1884, and was on the stage before going into pictures, and intermittently since. She has been married three times—to Frank Andrews, Willard Mack, and Doctor Charles Alton Rutherford.

BARBARA TRAIL.—Just another wrinkle to my brow, you say. Spare me that! I'd be all wrinkles and no brow. And my name is not Joe Smith, though I am a plain fellah! Yes, I'll record a Ruth Chatterton club in your name. As to what one does with a fan club, I think most of them just write letters back and forth. Some may have membership cards; some send out blank pages of a loose-leaf book to be filled out and returned by new members. The hero in "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall" was Allan Forrest, Mary Pickford's brother-in-law.

R. S.—So it took courage to write me? What would you do if you had to go out and shoot a lion? Glenn Tryon is married to Lillian Hall; Ralph Graves to Virginia Goodwin; Jack Holt and John Boles are also married and are fathers. I think Walter Byron is single, but I'm not sure. Al Jolson is forty-four; he has no children. Conrad Nagel has one daughter, Ruth, about nine.. PICTURE PLAY published an article about him in the issue for November, 1928. Clive Brook isn't interviewed very often, because he is too reserved to talk about himself, and it's difficult to get a story from him. However, there was one in PICTURE PLAY for April, 1929. Vilma Banky has had photos and is mentioned in virtually every issue for the past six months, with a story of her speech study in the April, 1930, number.

PACKY.—Your girl friend can't be Ramon Novarro's sister unless she is Mexican. He was born in Durango, Mexico, and his real name is Ramon Novarro Gil Sameniegos. I think all his sisters are nuns.

MRS. R. H.—Why don't I have my picture at the top of this department! The editor says he can't spoil the looks of his magazine. After all these years, some one asks about Wallace MacDonald. He's an old-timer who used to be a leading man. He was born in Nova Scotia, but doesn't say when. He's a brunet, five feet ten and half inches in height, and weighs one hundred and fifty. He is divorced from Doris May. I have only a very old home address, but you might reach him at either the Los Angeles Athletic Club, or the Masquers Club in Hollywood, to which most film actors belong. In "Sweetie," *Axel Bronstrup* was played by Stuart Erwin, a newcomer. Yes, Stanley Smith did his own singing in "Sweetie" In fact, he was crooning in an operetta when he was discovered for movies. Helen Kane hails from the Bronx in New York City, but she keeps her age under her hat. Jack Buchanan is an English musical-comedy star. "Paris" is his only American film. I don't know whether there is a little woman at home. Polly Moran has been in films since 1915—and who am I to ask a lady how old she is, when she doesn't tell? Lupino Lane went from the stage to the screen in 1922. Ivan Lebedeff is Russian. Is it all right now if I catch my breath?

NEW YEAR.—Yes, it's true. Gloria Swanson surprises every one who sees her personally, because she seems taller than she is. It's partly because of her broad shoulders, and also because of her long skirts, I think.

MISS BLANCHE COLEMAN.—Naughty, naughty—asking for answers in the next issue. Magazines can't be dashed off before breakfast—they take time. Betty Compson was born March 18, 1897, and that's her real name. She is Mrs. James Cruze. Yes, her hair is naturally curly and is now blond. Her current film is "The Case of Sergeant Grischa."

M. CAMPBELL.—So you think Nils Asther is a "honey"? And I suppose you'd like to be the little bee making yourself busy! It's too bad, but I'm afraid Nils is

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Hollywood High Lights

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since "The Viking." Last news of her was a difficulty with the James Cruze company over some rôle for which she was engaged and didn't play.

Right now her prospects are much brighter.

Coolidge Tours Around.

The visit of ex-President Coolidge and Mrs. Coolidge in Hollywood was an event. On a tour of the studios, Mary Pickford and Will Hays acted as guides and official welcomers for the party, whose visit included Warner Brothers, United Artists, and Metro-Goldwyn studios. It was at the Metro-Goldwyn establishment that we met them, and we learned that one of their big moments was visiting the Marion Davies set, meeting the star, and being photographed with her.

Later, a visit was made to the Ramon Novarro set on the back lot of the studio. Mrs. Coolidge greeted Ramon with warmth and, as usual, the star was graciousness itself.

It was rumored during Mr. Coolidge's visit that he was on a trip to the movie colony, not only for pleasure, but to gather data for a series of articles on the development of sound pictures. He was careful neither to confirm nor deny when questioned.

Spanish Pidgin English.

Will a Spanish accent pass for a Chinese accent? We'll all know when Lupe Velez stars in "East Is West."

Universal purchased this for the little firebrand, now under five-year contract to them, and she will play its pidgin-English heroine.

Constance Talmadge made "East Is West" as a silent film.

Dramatic Change of Mind.

No script could have been worked out more perfectly. Charlie Farrell played his rôle amazingly well at the boat in San Francisco.

We are talking about the little contretemps that occurred when Charlie and Janet Gaynor met on a ship bound for Honolulu, and Charlie so neatly avoided any embarrassing talk about their taking the voyage on the same vessel, by jumping off and going straight home.

And what a remarkable coincidence, their booking passage on the identical steamer! But then coincidences *do* happen.

Wedding Incidental.

She declines to set the wedding date, but notwithstanding, Alice

Continued on page 115



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KOTEX

The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes

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Over The Teacups

Continued from page 31

ago. Now one picture has made her a big leader. She's going back to Hollywood very soon to make another. She was supposed to be in a musical comedy here this winter, but Mr. Ziegfeld kept postponing it from week to week, until the season reached the dwindling stage and he decided to wait until next year.

"Oh, I almost forgot to tell you." Fanny dived into her purse and brought out a checkroom stub. "I brought you some books that you simply must read. No fan's education is complete with them. There's 'Censored, The Private Life of the Movie,' by Pare Lorentz and Morris Ernst. It's a grand book that makes you go mad and want to bite the nearest censor. Then there's 'Hollywood Gold,' by Phyllis Demarest. That comes under the head of light reading, even if it does include a murder and some of the shadowy sides of Hollywood. It's chief claim to distinction rests in the fact that the heroine is a script girl and not a star. Then there's 'Vagabond Dreams Come True,' by Rudy Vallée. Even men like him after they read that book. It's so natural and matter of fact. And here's 'The Hollywood Murder Mystery,' by Herbert Crooker.

"But the best news of all comes from Paris. Pearl White is bringing her autobiography up to date, and if it is anything like the fragment she published a few years ago, you'd better put your order for a copy in now.

"Did you ever hear how she happened to write it?

"Well, one night at a dinner party she sat next to a publisher who urged her to tell him about her childhood, more to make conversation than anything else. That was in the days when all stars were expected to adopt exotic backgrounds invented by their press agents. To his amazement, she told a brutal, sordid story of growing up on the mud flats somewhere in the Middle West. He suggested that it would make a good story and offered to publish it. But he had no intention of having her really write it. He had a friend who was hard up, and it occurred to him that he could get the friend the job of putting Pearl White's life story down. But he didn't know Pearl. She never hid behind any one's talents. Miss White started writing the book herself and became so absorbed that she spent every spare moment scribbling. She wrote it on any odds and ends of paper, driving to the studio in the morning, between scenes on location, and while a hairdresser was at work on her.

"When she brought it to him, he had every intention of rejecting it. But once he started reading, he couldn't put it down. And you couldn't, either. I doubt if there is any star in pictures to-day who could tell such a fascinating story, or tell it so well."

Fanny was still talking when I walked out on her and rushed to the nearest bookstore. They didn't have the long-forgotten "Just Me," by Pearl White, but I found it in the Public Library. And if you should happen to get the same copy I had, those streaks and spots are the tears of which I am quite unashamed.

Rainbow 'Round The Shadows

Continued from page 72

vised. "Dinging," or covering the face too heavily, was an early fault. A thin grease is used as a base, "set" with cold water; powder is patted on, rouge applied, lipstick, eye liner, and mascara used sparingly. Greases and powders are in tan tones.

Sketches made by the art department are approved, reduced to blueprint plans; sets are constructed. Walls are draped, painted with murals, or stained in well-worn effect. These embellishments are the ground work for the color scheme. Sets are then dressed with furniture, statuary or shrubbery. Ten thousand roses of varied red hues were used in one garden scene.

Much planning goes into the selection of colors for every phase of the labor, perhaps the most important of which is the costuming. Each must be an integral color dot in the ensemble. Nothing must clash. Combinations must harmonize with and express the spirit of the action. Colors are tested through a little glass for photographic value. Actors must be cast more carefully, for color contrast, and this is carried into the selection of bit players for small groups.

From 1914 until 1927 the movie's artistic progress was notable, its mechanical advancement nil. Its speaking début in October, 1927, via "The Jazz Singer," occasioned renewed technical unrest. An undercurrent of testing, evolving, and perfecting began to be felt all along the studio sectors. Wide film is here, triple-vision stereoscopy just around the corner.

Grandeur film, introduced with Fox's "Happy Days," gives full stage depth and width, covering the proscenium, achieving a stereoscopic effect. Voice benefits in clarity and mellowness, the deeply etched and wider sound-track reproducing better. It represents a four-million-dollar experiment conducted over five years. Hereafter, all Fox films will be made with three negatives, Grandeur, standard Movietone and silent.

The Spoor-Bergren wide-film process, the result of ten or more years of experimentation, will be used first on "Dixiana." A New York theater will be made over to allow for the installation of the wide screen. It is filmed also by ordinary cameras for general release.

Stereoscopy's main problem is the difference in eyesight. Yours have not the same vision as mine, nor are your two equal. Objects might appear well rounded, in perfect balance, to the inventor, and out of focus to another. Getting a lens that will present actual stereoscopy to all eyes is the puzzle. Wide film and color give stereoscopic illusion, for the present.

One of Howard Hughes' technicians has invented a new lens which catches, in distinct detail, objects two miles away. And Director Mason Hopper claims to have achieved projection in space, and is patenting his process which, he says, may make the screen unnecessary.

In color, however, the greatest strides have been made after sound. In 1895, hand-painted color was introduced by Pathé in France, and by Edison in this country. The French followed a stencil system. Kinemacolor was launched in London in 1902. A revolving wheel outside the lens turned colors in rapid rotation—not, however, rapid enough for the camera! An apple was likely to turn blue, and a blonde's eyes crimson! Prisma filtered hues on two separate negatives.

In 1923, "Madame Butterfly" introduced color in feature length. "Wanderer of the Wasteland" was made six years ago. Technicolor experiments continued, with a series of twelve historical two-reelers, for M.-G.-M. release, and a feature, "The Viking." Two years ago "Redskin" was filmed in color, out of doors. Only when the "Wedding of the Painted Doll" sequence of "The Broadway Melody" showed the advantage of combining color and sound were possibilities recognized.

For "The Vagabond King," huge settings were lighted by batteries of lamps. The "Show Girls" number of "Paramount on Parade" is, perhaps, the most spectacular of the studio revue, made half in color. Eight giant pillars of silver in modernistic

design emanated light. Broad bands of white were laid down upon the dancers, who fairly flamed in color. Harry Fishbeck, of Paramount, has patented a process, the Rotorayo, which brings out each little point of high light, making it whirl and twirl. Glittering costumes and sets introduce this new dazzle; sequins spinning madly seem to be millions of sparkling pinwheels.

John Murray Anderson, engaged in filming Paul Whiteman's "The King of Jazz Revue," has obtained exquisite pastel pictures. Eighty per cent of the film is in Technicolor. In the "Rhapsody in Blue" number, the Whiteman band is seated in a piano forty feet long and seven high, the ballet being danced on the huge keyboard. Shades from robin's egg to royal blue are atmosphere to the musical motif.

The influence of color on careers cannot yet be gauged. It photographs every one pleasingly and will make new favorites whose main charm, coloring, has been lost on the silver screen. Lillian Roth's outstanding performance in "The Vagabond King" was due largely to her color values. Blondes and redheads are color's pets. Flaming tresses register well, and blue eyes, previously pale and washed-out, are exquisite. But brunettes are not shown at a disadvantage. Color films register black, a feat impossible in the past.

Aside from a tendency to flatter them—and who could kick at that?—color has brought few changes to the players. It has not altered type requirements as yet. The early discomfort of the doubled array of lights, radiating a heat appreciably greater than from Kleigs, caused strain. Last summer, with color-set thermometers registering 132, chorus girls collapsed. Better lighting is relieving that annoyance.

Vivienne Segal, one-hundred-percent Technicolor trouper, has never appeared in black and white films. Betty Compson, Jeanette MacDonald, and Lilyan Tashman have been most frequently cast in color. It has been kind to Louise Fazenda, in that it has dressed her up often. Watching her make up is a treat. Being gay and natural is a joyously novel experience, and she delves into the cosmetic jars with avid delight. Bright cheeks and cherry lips are a stimulus after years of pasty, yellow faces. Even her servant rôles are endowed in the color musicals with a sprightliness, and the bright costumes lift her spirits.

Color has spread a new radiance, indeed, over Hollywood and the screen.

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Most methods of cold cream removal are inefficient, and even dangerously unclean. Cold cream cloths, for instance, are usually filled with germs. And germs in the pores are the starting point of pimples and blackheads. Towels are inefficient, because their harshness prevents absorption, and thus oil and dirt are not removed.



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Sally Eilers

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MARY TITUS

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What's The Shooting For?

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workmen appeared for the big moment when they could smoke. They hovered over the ash trays on the piano, puffing gleefully.

"Not those flowers," said Mr. Bell, as a prop man came in with two vases, "those are spring flowers. We've been using them all along. We want very grand flowers this time—the kind *Knowles* would send."

Knowles is the "other man" in the story. He was wooing *Ann*. It would be roses or nothing with *Knowles*.

Such are the details that a director must think about.

Claudette Colbert's "stand-in" leaned against the couch before the fireplace, while the cameras rolled into position. Claudette herself was in her dressing room, where I talked with her. Wearing blue lounging-pajamas, she looked considerably less ill than she felt.

"I had to eat a lot of pastry," she explained, "and with those strong lights on it, it turned sour or something. And I had to drink coffee, which was reheated for every retake. By the time we got through, it was pretty terrible."

An actress, too, has her problems. Claudette was worried over her morning's work.

"We took the scene of the breakfast-table quarrel," she said. "One of my lines was, 'I seem to be anxious for you to get out of my apartment.' You can't say that. You'd say, 'Get the hell out of here,' or something like that. The other line was all right in the book, where it was properly led up to, but in the scenario it's funny. I just didn't know how to say it."

She had another tough problem for her afternoon's work. This was the scene in which she returned from the hospital, not quite blind, but with feeble eyesight.

"How can I show that?" she said. "If I were really blind, I could grope along feeling the backs of chairs. But how can I indicate bad eyesight?"

Claudette is an expert actress who would worry over every little bit like that. But the real dirty work was before her for the next week. That would be the scene in the open-air stadium when *Ann* and *Toby* meet in the rain. Above the stadium set, in the ceiling, were many pipes—to release rain.

"We'll have to get sopping wet," said Claudette, "probably over and over, before the scene is finished. It's very smart of them." She laughed. "They're saving that scene for the very last day, so if Norman or I get pneumonia from our drenching, we won't hold up production."

Monta Bell had the bright idea of introducing well-known sports writers in that scene. Grantland Rice, Damon Runyon, and so on, with the radio announcer, Nils Granlund, in the picture, calling each before the mike. "But," some one pointed out, "you can't ask those people to come over here and get wet."

Only an actor can have such demands made on him.

The call boy summoned Miss Colbert on the set. She had to change. A few moments later, she appeared on the set in a very chic, severely plain green silk. The dress was her own; she hadn't had time to wait for the studio to supply one.

The cameras were all set, ready for action, focused on the couch before the fireplace from every direction. Sound films require more cameras than silent ones. Each scene must be shot from three or four angles, because *one* of the shots must be good enough to use. Bad shots can't be thrown on the cutting-room floor, as in the old days, because of the dialogue.

"Ruggles! Where's Charles Ruggles?" The call was shouted in relays down the length of the big stage. "Charles Ruggles." Charles plays his customary drunk, a friend of *Toby's* in the picture.

"I was here all the time," Charles Ruggles said, dashing breathlessly from nowhere.

Norman Foster stood around saying nothing. Claudette is the talkative member of the family.

"Out of the way, everybody," some one called. With cameras facing every direction, script girls, prop men began scrambling. You looked desperately for somewhere to go to get out of camera range. The press agent and I hid behind an arc light.

"I feel all right," Claudette was saying, in final rehearsal, to a young man in the scene with her. She looked off stage. "That's your *cue*, Norman," she called, in tones like a wife.

"All right," said Norman, coming in the front door.

And then the bell clanged three times, and the scene was played in reality.

And that, boys and girls, is a cross section of the filming of "Young Man of Manhattan," in which your correspondent was very, very careful not to play an off-stage noise!

The Smart Thing To Do

Continued from page 25

things. You will only be proving that you know how to act in Hollywood society.

But don't imagine that your hosts have not some latitude, also. If they suddenly decide, in the midst of things, that they want to go somewhere else, it is perfectly proper for them to arise, don their coats, and depart, leaving their guests to make whatever whoopee they wish during their absence. No one will miss them.

Or, if the hosts become a little weary, they may drift off to bed, without occasioning any comment whatever. The guests will remain as long as they wish. Sometimes there is a residue remaining over for breakfast.

It's all right. *Anything* is all right. This is the fashionable attitude.

Gambling is one of the smart diversions, and no home is complete without its own roulette wheel. Any little old game will do, however, if the stakes are of sufficient size. Of late there has been quite a fad for—of all things!—dominoes.

Practical jokes are still very much in favor, and if you can think up something which will cause your victim to fall down, or grasp a live wire, or be arrested, or rip his trousers, or quarrel with his wife, you are a social success at once.

It is extremely bad form to discuss any one's—er—moral status. That is a very old-fashioned term, I know, but I can't think of another. A person's peccadillos are his own affair and judgment is not to be passed upon him because of them. To be in fashion, however, you should have a peccadillo or so in your home. You can hardly be said to belong, without one.

You see, to be in fashion in this strange community, you have to be pretty strong and able to bear up under a good deal. But the fashionable ones appear to think that it is worth it!

The Movie Racket

Continued from page 94

weapon in sight. He had always been fond of Monica.

"I've been looking for somebody with a voice like that for two weeks!" the director cried. "Everybody's taken elocution lessons till their voices are fuzzy. Here I want a girl to bawl the star out, and they all go bleating around, trying to remember their English accents—say, could you talk that way again, before the mike?"

Monica stared at him, unable to speak.

"Could you?" he cried, shaking her impatiently. Then, with a friendly grin, "I'll stand by and make faces at you if it will help. Come on in here and try it."

He hurried back to the office where he had been working, towing her along behind him, talking all the while.

"I want just that voice, remember—and the tears, too, at the end. He's made love to you on the side and walked out on you, see. When you said, 'You can't talk to me that way' I knew you were what I wanted. That stuff about the dog, too—that was great."

Monica stumbled along at his side, her heart beating so hard that it seemed to shake her body. Her chance had come—in the last way she had ever supposed that it would. Had she really got a good break at last? And would she be able to make the most of it?

TO BE CONTINUED.

IMPEDIMENT

"The folkth who thay that talk ith cheap
  Are full of pruneth," said Billy.
"Thince talkieth came, I've loth a heap,
  Becauth my voith thounds thilly."

"I yutha play the villain'th part—
  I played it to the limit;
But now that villainth have to talk
  Me and my lithp aren't in it!"

L. B. BIRDSALL.



"Sunk!"

WONDERFUL plans for the evening! An engagement with Ted. A drive along the coast road to Blanco's. Lobster fresh from the bay. Dancing. The gorgeous view across the moonlit water.

What a dream to be interrupted by those old, familiar pains! But they had to start. She could scarcely finish her work. Dizzy, nauseated, half-fainting. Temples throbbing; head aching; nervous enough to cry. Pains in her back and sides; sick all over. She knew she was sunk!

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UNITED PORTRAIT COMPANY
900 W. Lake St., Dept. G-210, Chicago, Ill.
(108)

Naughty Girl—Papa Spank

Continued from page 18

Universal, thinking to get a jump on the other studios when it came time to present the annual series of "Miss Blank catches first trout of the season," sent Kitty and a camera man up to the mountains for the photographs. Kitty had to have this and she had to have that sent along to insure her comfort. Arrived at her destination and away from the eagle eyes of the studio, she developed a *very* bad case of temperament.

She wouldn't get up before ten o'clock and breakfast had to be served in bed. When she finally struggled out of her tent, she mustered up energy enough to pose for twenty quick shots, and declared that enough was enough. Twenty pictures were more than they would need, anyhow, and she was going back. Moreover, she would be prostrated by the heat, in going across the desert, although she had managed to survive it on the trip up, so they would *have* to send her back in an airplane. Her fare was charged up against the publicity department's appropriation, and what the director of publicity said when he heard about it is not in the book of etiquette.

No publicity was sent out on her for a few weeks, and it didn't take Miss Crawford long to know that a joke is only a joke, after all, and the yarns spun by publicity departments for a gullible public are not to be taken seriously by the actress.

Ever since she came to pictures, Nancy Carroll has had the reputation of being one of the hardest actresses to handle who ever walked across a lot. It was said that Fox did not take up its option on her because they couldn't be bothered with her. Be that as it may, she has made life far from pleasant for the people who have worked with her in the Paramount studio.

Recently the publicity department tied up with one of the large fur companies of Los Angeles, for ads to be illustrated with a 24-sheet poster of Miss Carroll swathed in pelts. When the painting was finished what Miss Carroll had to say of it is not taught in finishing schools. Her hair was not reproduced to suit her, neither were her eyes, her complexion, nor anything else.

Before the smoke from that battle had cleared away, she was cast to do a number with Charles Rogers, in "Paramount on Parade." But did she? She did not. They started rehearsing and although she had exactly as much to do as Buddy, she decided the public wouldn't see enough of her, so she walked off the set and demanded a number by herself. Buddy went on and finished the skit with Lillian Roth substituting for Nancy.

Things were finally ironed out, and work started on her starring picture, "Honey," with Lillian Roth playing a small rôle. One morning Lillian appeared on the set in an ultrasmart black-satin dress, wearing a new-style coiffure and looking like the proverbial "million." Nancy took one slant at her and the air started smoking and crackling while she requested executives to make Lillian don another frock and arrange her hair another way. When they turned a deaf ear, Nancy faced the assembled group and demanded, "Who is the star of this picture anyhow?"

Finding herself unable to have Lillian's hair redressed or her chassis reclothed, Miss Carroll took other steps. Ever since she has been in pictures Nancy has been putting on her own make-up. Lillian, being new to pictures and not having a typical camera face, has a girl to put her make-up on. Miss Carroll suddenly found herself unable to get by any longer without the assistance of a make-up girl and, oddly enough, no make-up girl in Hollywood or environs would do but the one who plies her art on Lillian.

Fourteen-ounce gloves are being used, no seconds, no referee, no rules, scratching, biting, kicking and hair pulling all permitted. At the present writing the bout is still on and no returns in. But wait!

The Nemesis of players in feature-length films is two-reelers. Mack Sennett had several of these players under contract at one time—Matty Kemp, Sally Eilers, and John Burke. These youngsters thought the studio lot was something like a golf course; you came when it suited you, and left when you got tired. Mr. Sennett stood it just so long, which wasn't *very* long, and then started assigning them to a two-reel comedy every time they came late. It didn't take long to cure them.

These studio papas don't use oil or slipper to discipline refractory children, but they have other means equally as effective, and none of the kids are too big or too old to get a dose when it's needed.

So, if you have a problem on your hands in "how to handle Sally," just follow Horace Greeley's advice and send her West. You won't know the little dear when you get her back again!

Hardly The Same Girl!

Continued from page 74

"I tackled the movie game seriously. I'm glad I did. It's worth doing, even if there are some amazing slants, some incredible angles. There are some people in high places who are fabulously incompetent, but I wonder if that isn't true of Wall Street and Main Street, as well as Hollywood. You know things are criticized in Hollywood that go unnoticed elsewhere."

Lily Damita swirled vivaciously across the dining-room entrance.

"Personality," said Jane. "Certainly not voice. But she is a hit in 'Sons o' Guns." Have you seen it? And 'Fifty Million Frenchmen'? I love that title."

The conversation veered to the theater. The Winton taste I found excellent. She had enjoyed "Berkeley Square" enormously, and ranked "June Moon" at the top of the comedy list. "Strictly Dishonorable" we agreed was typical movie fare in that it sputtered up to a spicy situation, then morally fizzled out, with orange blossoms and wedding bells serving as a conventional finale.

"And I've seen Jimmy Savo, and Bee Lillie. They are two of the most perfect clowns in the world. I wish I could do comedy, but I'm terrible in it. Straight drama, they tell me, is my type. You know how the screen insists upon typing you."

Breakfast was over, and Jane was being called to meet a new music teacher.

"I'm glad I saw you at Marion's," she said. "I hated to have your version of me still standing."

"I told you that you were a new woman," I said.

"Good!" said Jane. Her soft red mouth curved in a smile, her green eyes narrowed, and she was gone. Technicolor should get Winton!

A FULL HOUSE

I'm just little Mary Jane,
I'm not quite seven yet.
When I'm big as Helen Kane
I can boop-a-doop, I bet.

Mom's got the big idea, too,
That she's like Leatrice Joy.
Pop sees himself in Menjou,
Sis storms like Myrna Loy.

And I 'most know my new mutt's
Goofy about Rin-Tin-Tin.
Please, mister, don't think we're nuts—
'Fess up?—aren't we all akin?

MARY JANE.

WHAT DID MADGE DO WITH HER FAT? JUST THIS:



ALL over the country, men and women are wondering at the slender figures of today. Excess fat is rare now, compared with years ago.

These people do not starve themselves of elements they need. They employ a modern, scientific method to combat the cause of fat. The cause usually lies in an under-active gland, which largely controls nutrition.

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A famous medical laboratory embodied the method in Marmola prescription tablets. People have used them for 22 years—millions of boxes of them. They have told others about them and shown the results, in new youth and beauty, new health and vitality. Today the use of Marmola is unprecedented.

Every box of Marmola contains the formula, also the scientific reasons for results. When fat disappears, and new health and vigor come, you know why.

Try Marmola, and watch the results for a little while. If you see the fat go and new vigor come, keep on until the trouble is corrected. Then tell your friends who need it. It is folly to suffer an abnormal condition so easily corrected. Go get Marmola now.

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Be careful! Don't make a mistake. The real Nash I am giving away is different from all the others. Difference may be in headlights, headlight braces, bumper, tires or radiator. Send number of different car or mark it on picture and send to me. 7 automobiles—total of 24 prizes this time and duplicate prizes in case of ties! Send no money. If correct, you will be qualified for this opportunity.

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How JEANETTE LOFF *...keeps her hair golden*

"I DEPEND on just one shampoo to keep my hair bright and silky so that it always photographs well — Blondex," says Jeanette Loff, lovely Universal star. "It's wonderful. Prevents darkening—leaves my hair soft and silky, gleaming with golden lights. It's fine for the scalp, too—promotes healthy growth. And that's something, these days!"

Blondex brings back true color to dull, faded blonde hair. Safe—contains no harmful dyes or chemicals. Gives new life to hair and scalp. Used by over a million blondes. On sale at all good drug and department stores. Get Blondex TODAY!

(110)

The Stroller

Continued from page 59

job. The smartest girl gets the job in my office, and almost every girl would quit to get two days' extra work. That's why they came to Hollywood, in the first place."

Fans are now including their photos with their fan mail, so that the star will recognize them in the crowd outside at openings.

Others have their pictures printed on their letter heads. But of all the letters a star gets, he appreciates most the mimeographed letter with the blanks filled in with his name, requesting a photo.

"Your publisher," Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., having wrecked a series of tabloid newspapers and a lot of people, has inherited some more money and is going into the magazine publishing business.

He admits that he is going to write for his own magazines.

As a matter of fact, what he should really do is to inherit enough money to become a motion-picture producer. He could probably spend as much money and have as much fun as Howard Hughes, but I doubt if he could make as good pictures.

What he should do is buy a movie company, write his own story, direct it and star in it. Or give a story to a producer and pay for the pleasure of seeing his own brain child filmed.

What a spot Hollywood would be if the Chicago racketeers ever came to town.

Can you picture a gang trying to collect tribute from a studio for the privilege of making its pictures unmolested, when molestation is the life of the industry?

Picture a scene like this:

GANGSTER: Gimme a hundred grand, or I'll bomb your joint.

PRODUCER: Get out!

GANGSTER: All right, then I'll burn the films of "Satan's Sins" and bomb your sets.

PRODUCER: I've already sunk a half million in "Satan's Sins" and I have to make it over, it's so terrible. Burn it and I'll get the insurance.

GANGSTER: The sets?

PRODUCER: Blow 'em up. We should have torn down that junk years ago.

GANGSTER: All right then. Give me a hundred grand, or I'll leave you alone.

PRODUCER: Now you're talking business. Come with me and I'll show you where to start bombing.

Hollywood is a very dry town——

Last week a man was making the rounds. He said he had a permit to move a large amount of liquor from a government warehouse in the East. He needed money to transport it to California, and would you buy a little in advance to help him out?

He had $7,000 in his pocket when he was arrested.

Methods of getting into the limelight are as varied as there are people.

In the past we have had fake acid throwers, self-mutilators, and other freaks, all trying to break into the newspapers and into pictures.

Some play for big stakes, others for small as did this girl.

The assistant director on a set wasn't paying any attention to her. In fact, he didn't even know she was there. She was talking to an extra boy. Suddenly she leaped up and ran, crying, to the assistant.

"That boy said terrible things to me. Boo-hoo."

The assistant, without more ado, fired the boy.

Two days later the girl tried the same gag. This time the assistant investigated and discovered the stall was merely one to attract his attention, an effort on the part of the girl to win his sympathy and more work.

She was fired and the first boy got his job back.

Hollywood night clubs have been in bad times.

First the city authorities decreed that the girls in the chorus must wear clothes. Then attendance fell off.

Now the proprietors are making a bid for renewed interest by staging black outs, but the trouble seems to be that Hollywood has gone pure. One of these nights the lights will never come up again after the black out, and night life will be over. Already the crowds are mostly tourist, and when the tourists find a screen hang-out—be it night club or restaurant—the movie people silently fold up and move elsewhere.

America is a place where people tell us what not to do, so that we will know what to do.

Anyway, one of the big reform organizations has found that out, and is in a quandary.

In convention they dealt with the evil of naughty motion pictures.

"When we condemn a motion picture for being obscene, the crowds flock there. We must keep our findings secret on these and condemn the next sweet, inspiring picture, so as to improve the morals of America."

Sunny Disposish

Continued from page 54

extra in several of his pictures, and he remembered me. 'Hi, Frank,' says he, 'aren't you in pictures any more?'

"'I guess not,' says I. 'I can't seem to find anything to do.' Well, he was casting for 'Prep and Pep,' and instead of going to the prop department, I was taken to the test room. There were a bunch of kids who had already done things in pictures being tested for the same part—Billy Bakewell, Buddy Messenger, Buddy Wattles—a raft of them. They were all dressed to kill, so I got a dirty sweatshirt and some spotted slacks and, believe it or not, I landed the part."

As I had seen him in the picture, I believed him. Frank is the sort of chap you'd believe, anyhow. I've never met any one whose name fitted him more perfectly.

Before he made "Prep and Pep," he had tried to get extra work in "The Farmer's Daughter," and couldn't even land that. *After* "Prep and Pep" they remade "The Farmer's Daughter" and Frank played the lead. Then "Blue Skies," opposite Helen Twelvetrees, in which he played a serious part—and played it well, too. In "Men Without Women," he played another serious part which indisputably establishes his versatility, for he proves that he is something more than just another juvenile comedian.

But until you've seen him go wisecracking through "Salute," "Words and Music," "Son of the Gods," "Spring Is Here," and "So This Is London"—well, brother, you ain't seen nothin' yet!

Where William Haines' wisecracks sometimes lead you to the point of wanting to take a poke at him through exasperation, Frank's are the kind that make you sit back and relax with a here-comes-a-laugh feeling, every time he comes on the screen.

Off the screen he is just like any other kid of his age. About five feet ten, brown hair, blue eyes, very broad shoulders and a happy faculty for laughing at everything. He's got the sunniest disposition I've ever come across, and no matter how deep a shade of indigo your mood may be, a half hour of Frank's company, and you're looking at the world through rose-colored glasses. He has his serious side, too, but he seldom lets people see it. He thinks we should keep our troubles to ourselves.

"Amen!" says I. "Here's to more Frank Albertsons."

The Return of the Native

Continued from page 100

with hot grease, or blistering it with a plaster. They all hurt, but each of those burns hurts in a different way.

"I don't think there is anything in the world as tragic as the love affair of a seventeen or eighteen-year-old kid. I don't believe any one ever suffers as intensely as he does, but he hasn't experienced any gradations of feeling. It is just a kind of dumb suffering.

"Henry E. Dixey once told me, 'Never let them tell you you're a "finished" actor, because once you're "finished" you're *finished!*'"

"You win. What's the biggest thing that's ever happened to you?"

Ten-months-old Raymond, Jr., contributed a lusty yell to the interview at this point.

"That's it!" shouted Ray, Sr., as he dashed upstairs, three steps at a time. And a few seconds later another yell split the air, this time from the proud father. "Pour the drinks! Another tooth is through!"

WAIL

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Harassed and harried;
For all my favorite movie stars
Now are married!

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The secret lies in a make-up ensemble in perfect color harmony to blend with your own individual colorings and type. Colors in cosmetics . powder, rouge, lipstick and other make-up essentials ... proved perfect under blazing motion picture lights; approved by famous stars such as Marion Davies, Anita Page, Joan Crawford and scores of others; so wonderfully true to lifelike colorings that the beauty effect they create is one of entrancing loveliness.

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Now, in Society Make-Up, Max Factor offers to you, and every woman, the beauty magic of cosmetic color harmony. You'll discover the one way to actually double your beauty; you'll discover the one color harmony for you to use, whatever your type, whether you're blonde, brunette or redhead.

And you may play the part of a screen star and have your complexion analyzed and your own color harmony in make-up charted for you by Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius. Accept this priceless beauty gift ... mail coupon now and also receive a copy of "The New Art of Society Make-Up."

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Fair		COLOR OF LASHES		Dry	
Medium				SKIN	
Ruddy		COLOR OF HAIR		Oily	
Dark				Dry	
Sallow		AGE		Normal	
Olive		Answer with check mark			

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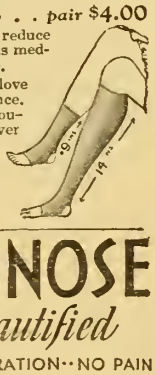
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Chatterton—As She Is

Continued from page 34

Kitchen" she was established as one of the gleaming stars of the American theater.

Anomalous with her present sophistication is her mastery of Barrie characters. Her *Mary Rose* was that haunting, twilight ghost of a girl as Barrie wrote her. Chatterton's talent for delicate nuances was proven conclusively in this, her favorite play.

It is difficult to associate her obvious lassitude with her capacity for work, a capacity only explained by her passion for accuracy, for the æsthetic gratification of having done a thing as it should be done. Her instinctive, facile gift was not alone responsible for her success. Years of indefatigable study and training lay behind its eventual culmination in polished, assured finesse.

In Los Angeles with her husband, Ralph Forbes, who was in pictures, she appeared locally in "The Devil's Plum Tree" and, with Mr. Forbes, in "The Green Hat." Offers for pictures did not interest her until an opportunity to appear with Emil Jannings, for whom her admiration is unbounded. Making her début in "Sins of the Fathers," her further enthusiasm was aroused by the imminence of talkies. Signed by Paramount as a featured player, she was unofficially a star with the release of her first audible film, "The Doctor's Secret."

Married to Ralph Forbes since 1924, their brief separation ended a year ago and they are deeply devoted. Mutual understanding and tolerance make possible their happiness, despite a dissimilarity in tastes.

Their home is a palatial one in Beverly Hills, its interior one of the loveliest in the film colony. Modified Georgian is the prevailing note. Miss Chatterton's flair for decoration is evidenced in the correct, withal purely individual, simplicity of the rooms. They also have a house at Malibu Beach, where, during the summer, she loafs luxuriously in the sun, acquiring a rich tan.

Among her friends are Richard and Jessica Barthelmess, Elsie Janis, Florence Vidor, and Jascha Heifetz, and lights of literature, music, and the theater. Her closest friend is Lois Wilson, for whose intelligence she has great respect, and who, she says, has one of the finest voices on the screen. Chatterton parties are always conversationally brilliant and disarmingly casual, in the key set by the hostess.

She is warmly understanding of youth, and loves to encourage embryonic talent. To those in whom she takes an interest she gives intelligent and sympathetic attention.

A phobia about sitting for photographs has been the despair of publicity departments since she first went on the stage.

She adores Henry James, of whose works she has a complete set of first editions, Norman Douglas, and James Stephens, all of whose verse she knows and quotes. She enjoys, almost equally as well, a good dime novel. Perhaps the predominant ardor of her life is music. Her knowledge of it is comprehensive to the point of technical. From no concert including Bach, Beethoven, Stravinsky, or Debussy are she and her husband absent. Bach, in particular, reduces her to silent ecstasy. She also likes prize fights and follows the blows with scientific interest.

Stupidity is, to her, the primary sin in life. She cannot endure it around her. Exclusive of this, she loves people and likes to know them. Much of her ability for characterization has come from her observation of the many and varied types she has known.

She is, according to her own admission, uncompromisingly selfish, liking to do as she wishes when she wishes it. Since her wishes are usually pleasant ones, this trait has not modified the rapt devotion of her friends.

Not even a Hemingway could penetrate the barrier lying behind her wit and grace and vivid charm. When she was a little girl, she was noted for her good behavior, tidy hair, and clean dresses. Not known was her custom of going out to the woods on the grounds of her home, taking off her clothes and running wild through the trees, into the river, out again, onto a startled cow's back, shouting in vain attempt to make it run, darting up into treetops like an elf of the woods.

As little now, as then, is known of the actual Chatterton. But the surface is delightful, many-hued, and abundant with indications.

GUESS WHO'S HERE

Their pictures are on page 23.

1. Loretta Young.
2. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
3. Joan Crawford.
4. Alice White.
5. Dorothy Mackaill.

Meet His Honor Mayor Arlen

Continued from page 69

some passer-by is decent enough to drop a lighted cigarette in the grass. And darn soon.

Arthur Rankin, the only living actor known to have had his diapers changed by Ethel Barrymore, his aunt, is game warden. The only game for him to ward is squirrels and gophers. The former he feeds and tames, the latter he destroys only under compulsion.

Eva Tanguay was unanimously appointed humane society, after the night the Arlens were away and their puppy yowled so dismally and unceasingly that Miss Tanguay made four visits during the night to make sure it wasn't being beaten. Belle Bennett, with whom the mayor and his wife are not acquainted, but whose personally exploited virtue is well known, is vice squad and purity league.

Other inhabitants are Huntly Gordon, Warner Richmond, Duke Wellington, the writer, and Walter Huston, for whom the mayor's wife procured and prepared a house. Louise Dresser and her husband, Jack Gardner, are landscaping their lot.

Although only a ten-minute drive from Hollywood Boulevard, Toluca gives the impression of a drowsy village. Hidden by trees and hills from the clatter of traffic, its privacy is complete. Concessions to the minor conventions are unnecessary. It is an ordinary occurrence to see the mayor's wife careening along the sidewalks on roller skates, her curls streaming in the wind. Or the mayor and the fire chief playing hand ball in the middle of the road.

The little natural lake, about the area of two city blocks, offers modest boating. Dick, Charlie, and one or two others, have canoes moored there. It is tacitly understood, however, that the lake's function is purely decorative. One shrinks from the thought of what would happen were the townspeople to find out that the mayor's wife furtively goes swimming in it.

Toluca life is fraternal and leisurely. Everybody knows everybody else's business, but that's because they are interested, rather than snoopy. Every house is an open house, and neighbors drop in casually. In either the Arlen or Farrell domiciles, Charlie and Joby and Dick are equally at home.

All in all, Beverly Hills may be abundant with million-dollar estates, but Toluca is the "garden spot of America—nay of the world," says Mayor Arlen, to whomever will listen.

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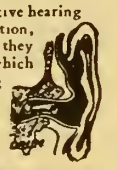


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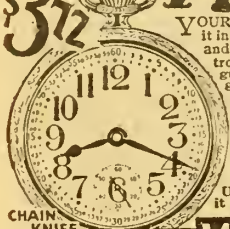


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Madness—But There's Method

Continued from page 90

dan enterprise shows a profit within five years, she will be satisfied.

The returns of the Anita Page company are disbursed in expanding and reënforcing the business. Her father, who is managing her career on strictly commercial principles, believes that keeping up appearances is profitable in the long run. Her expense budget includes apartment rent, $1,800 a year, insurance premiums, $600 annually, clothes, approximately $1,500, cosmetics and beauty parlors, $600, fan mail, $750. The sum of $1,000 will be divided among the prattle practitioner, vocal instructor, and dancing *maestro*.

Josephine Dunn's bank account is nicked $300 a month for lessons, $1,500 a year for clothes, and $600 annually for beauty maintenance, besides $100 a month for massage treatments which she prefers to exercise in keeping herself physically fit. She rents an unfurnished house at $150 a month.

Extreme economy, almost penury, marked Raquel Torres' first year in pictures. Her career commenced with a note of tragedy—her father's death the day before she had to leave for the South Seas for her first film. Either she or her sister, Renée, has brains. They made most of their clothes and lived rather frugally, because, as the wistful Raquel explained a few months ago, "Now I am nobody, so it doesn't matter what I wear. I go out little. Later, if I am a success, I shall need better frocks and things. I am saving for them."

Her prediction has come true. With promotion, she is going about socially in the young crowd of juveniles who, though beginning to be established, still hang on the fringe of success. She is prepared to spend $2,500 this year on clothes, if necessary. For their furnished apartment she pays $200 a month. Lessons for the conversational cinema are expensive—$350 a month. Cleaning bills total $25 a week and beauty parlors take $50 every month.

One little, titian-haired girl thinks that Sally Eilers may prove a profitable concern. Sally can tell you almost to a dollar what she spends to further her career—$2,000 a year for publicity, $800 for fan mail, $900 annually on entertaining for business purposes. Frocks and furs for the splendid dash cost $1,500. She releases $900 on special dancing and French and voice culture.

In certain respects the men have it easier, though most of them have families to support. To be sure, the girls usually are the breadwinners for numerous relatives. John Mack Brown wants his wife and baby, Jane Harriett, to be comfortable, so he has ensconced them in a home which he rents, unfurnished, for $200 a month. His clothing bill averages $2,000 a year. The men must dress themselves, while the studios supply feminine wardrobes for pictures, though the men do not have to put on as much sartorial swagger in social life. Johnny finds that the singing, stepping, and diction lessons, now imperative, are his most expensive items, demanding $400 a month. That trailing Alabama accent must be hemmed!

It is a custom with a number of players, who have had unfortunate experiences in disbursing their incomes, to turn over business affairs to a personal manager or to a corporation. Either they feel incapable, immersed in a spectacular world whose workers are overcharged in any commercial transaction, to make good investments, or they have not the time to study market reports and realty fluctuations.

But young Robert Montgomery and his actress wife go them a bit better, practically signing themselves over to an investment company which handles all their money, permitting each a weekly allowance of $20, out of which must be bought lunches, recreation, such as the theater, gasoline and minor car repairs, manicures, and hair cuts.

"And that includes all entertaining that can't be budgeted as 'groceries,'" he said, laughing. "That is, anything outside the home. So all our friends are invited to dinner."

Montgomery never sees his check. It is sent directly to the company, which pays all his bills, including a household accounts and domestics' wages. He has to obtain permission to order a new suit and give his tailor a verification, and for his singing and fencing lessons and ankle agitation. The company, of course, renders an accounting.

His clothes cost $1,500 a year. Despite expenses, quite a bit is saved and invested for him in stocks. Thus he is freed of worry and anxiety, with no possibility of running needlessly into debt, and feels like a kid on a lark when he draws his $20 weekly allowance. So happy, in fact, that he invites his best girl, meaning his wife, to the theater, and has to go short on lunches for the rest of the week.

In spending $6,000 a year to promote himself, Arthur Lake considers the sum little enough for the advantages it gains for him. He limits each item to the amount budgeted. He allows $2,000 a year for publicity, on the principle that blowing one's own horn in Hollywood, unless one is Greta Garbo, is the only sure way of getting it sounded. He devotes $1,500 to answering fan mail and sending photos. He lists $1,000 for entertaining, which includes attending premières in proper style, frequenting the restaurants and clubs at which it is politics to be seen and, occasionally, press parties. The cultivation of acrobatic articulation and dancing lessons cost him around $500 a year. An additional $1,000 is charged off to general expense, for gifts and incidentals.

"I am my most important investment." He regards himself as a business man would his shop or factory. "At six per cent, $6,000 could net me only $360 a year, and I believe that by putting this money into my career, though I not only lose the interest, but also sink the capital, the expansion will pay for itself far more than any returns I could get for the money otherwise invested."

In a few years, when these careers become paying propositions, there will be grand fireworks. Suppose some of them fail? Well, that is another story.

Hollywood High Lights

Continued from page 103

White is deeply in love with Sid Bartlett. She even visited his mother in Chicago to be sure that she would be liked.

Alice has taken her work more seriously since she fell in love. Bartlett, too, is ambitious, and one of the reasons why they are postponing the wedding, is that he wants first to carve a place for himself in the film work.

Chevalier Much Absent.

Come back to California! Movieland may well raise this cry for Maurice Chevalier.

The French star has played in two pictures at the Long Island studio, the latest being "Too Much Luck."

He was in Hollywood between films, but even then was absent part of the time in San Francisco for personal appearances.

Even Ernst Lubitsch's next production won't bring him back here. He is not in the cast of that operetta, though Jeanette MacDonald is.

Lubitsch, by the way, leans to the operetta as a form of audible entertainment.

What The Fans Think

Continued from page 98

The fans are jealous because some American girl did not vamp Gary Cooper. Simply because they couldn't and Lupe could, they say nasty things about her.

I think that Lupe and Gary were wonderful in "Wolf Song," and I wish that I could see them together in more pictures. Gary and Richard Arlen get my highest praises for their work in "The Virginian." They were splendid. However, I did not like Mary Brian, but she is not one of my favorites, so I will say nothing more about her.

If Lupe and Gary marry each other it will give some fans a thing or two to gossip about, but I'll wager that theirs will be a happy marriage, which is more than can be said of most Hollywood matches.

M. J. MERCHANT.

Orleans, Massachusetts.

Those College Films.

"So This Is College?" It may have been the author's idea, or possibly the director's impression, but I wonder what the students of Stanford and Southern California universities thought when they saw the picture. Some critics called it the best college film yet produced, even going so far as to give Elliott Nugent credit for making it such, in view of his experience at Ohio State.

I do not know just what goes on at coed colleges, as I went to Notre Dame, where life is considerably different. But I am sure that all the hokum shown in this picture was just the things that students do *not* indulge in at these schools. Imagine Saunders, Duffield, Drury, Hibbs, and the rest of the U. S. C. idols carrying on like Nugent and Robert Montgomery! I may not be up on the things that take place in coed schools, but I know that football players are much the same in any institution, and they certainly are not the silly kids that this picture made them out to be.

I also want to enter my objection to some of the letters. Just and sincere criticism of actors and plays is a good thing, but some of the fans are overstepping their rights in condemning and criticizing some of the players.

J. E. ANDRE.

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Don't Spoil Gary!

Do the stars read PICTURE PLAY? If not, they should do so. Lupe Velez and Gary Cooper, especially, will find many true words about themselves in "What the Fans Think."

Gary has been my favorite for several years, but since his affair with Lupe I

Continued on page 117

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Traditions Go Smash

Continued from page 83

It looks very much as though she has. Mary, quite heroically, smashed through her fifteen-year-old tradition of permanent adolescence. She was lucky, for the public seems to have approved her action. Will the rest be as successful?

"I won't run around any more mulberry bushes," says Lillian Gish. "I'm tired of being the lily-white maiden."

And just to show that she can be bad, she points to her past cinema sins—sins which tradition has covered with a white robe. In 1918 Lillian played the rôle of a naughty chorus girl in "Diane of the Follies." The girl married into society, but couldn't learn how to be "refined." After defying her husband by smoking and drinking with some other chorines in the parlor, she ran away from her mansion and returned to the gay life.

Now hear Clara Bow's wail, "I'm tired of having directors think up ways of getting me undressed in every picture. I want to act." She, too, has precedents to point out, if the public isn't by this time blinded by traditions of her flapperishness.

Even silent Garbo has burst into speech now, and if she has her way, will play good women for a change. The producers aren't so sure.

They still believe in types, though they're not nearly as dogmatic as they used to be about their beliefs. The influx of stage stars from Broadway has changed their ideas to some extent. These ladies and gentlemen have demanded all sorts of rôles, some with the unhappy endings formerly frowned upon. They've been temperamental, if necessary. And invariably triumphant.

Jeanne Eagels, had she lived, would have found her temperament a great help in obtaining for her a variety of rôles. As it was, it unwittingly caused her artistry to be preserved, for had she not been barred from the stage on account of temperament, she probably would not have appeared in talkies.

Ruth Chatterton, while diplomatically amiable, makes it understood that she's to get real rôles—nice, strong rôles—for an actress, not a puppet. If producers demur, she can point to the theater which is waiting for her services. So can Marguerite Churchill. So can Lenore Ulric, Paul Muni, Marilyn Miller, and the rest. It's take it or leave it. Producers are taking it.

Can you blame the old-timers for opening their eyes wide and becoming a bit peeved? They've seen others step in and grab plum rôles which they've begged to play for years. Girls who wouldn't have been considered the type before the coming of talkies. Men who would have been thought unsuited for the screen several years ago.

And can you blame the screen favorites for praying with one eye closed, and one eye on the newcomers and old-timers who have reinvaded pictures, "Please keep us from having traditions of innocence or guilt attached to us like trade-marks. Or if we've been tagged already, give us enough temperament to rid ourselves of them and get the rôles we crave."

New Brooms For Barry

Continued from page 61

I could do without. I don't blame them for giving me the cold shoulder when my money went, during the four months I was looking for work. I can't say but what I would have done the same, in their place. It's only human nature, and I don't believe myself to be superhuman."

"I thought you'd never get back into pictures," this gloomy friend remarked, to throw a little cheer into the conversation.

Barry's face took on its vinegar expression.

"To be frank," he admitted, rolling on one elbow, "I saw plenty of odds against me. But I was determined that if a chance cropped up, I'd prove worthy of it.

"From now on, I am giving my time to nothing but my work. I'm heart and soul in this business, as you know. I intend to go as high as I can in it."

To say that Barry is enthusiastic over his future is putting it mildly.

"If I weren't, I wouldn't be in pictures," he pointed out. "For I believe that the basis of success in anything is founded on following the one dominating desire in your mind. And mine is acting."

He has dispensed with his fair-weather companions. They never amounted to much in my opinion. His life to-day is comparatively quiet.

One of the best things I can say of Barry is that I've never heard him

speak disparagingly of any other actor's work.

"I can't understand how an actor could pull down another," he says. "Rivalry between players shows an inferiority complex. An actor who pans another as much as declares his own inability to reach where the other one is."

He still pays his fifty cents to see pictures. Ruth Chatterton is his favorite of favorites. He can't rave enough about her. He likes to meet the players—to shake hands with the men and, if possible, to kiss the ladies.

"And let me tell you," he blazes, when in a fan mood, "John Gilbert will show them yet!" Again, "Bill Haines is one of the best actors. A new type of story is all he needs," he adds, when I observe that Bill is doing too much of the same thing.

"And that reminds me," Barry remarked slowly as the thought suddenly dawned upon him. "I hope I get a variety of rôles. Constant sameness is the downfall of any actor."

Stand, children. Now then, all together: To versatile rôles—to continued success in his new régime—to——

Well, Barry has everything mapped out. With his new ambition and sanity, he should mount to where he wants to be.

If I might get a word in edgeways, and if you desire it, I say he will.

Look, Listen And Leap

Continued from page 85

Everybody along the Row is thinking day and night of ways to get a break. They'll make serials, comedies, melodramas, society dramas, horse opera, and just plain hash. The same actor will double in brass, playing villains, heroes, or comics, indiscriminately. Moreover, he'll hold the slate for the camera man and help move the piano. He'll do anything that may give him a chance.

A caretaker in one Poverty Row studio is working on an invention, a simplified talkie reproducer built from a ten-dollar phonograph and a mysterious conglomeration of wires and horns. The people at the studio jeer at it, and think the inventor is balmy, but nothing can shake his faith that the apparatus is going to give him a long-sought break. A hundred fantastic schemes for wooing fortune are on foot in the Row, as elsewhere.

No Hollywoodite waits for Old Man Opportunity to knock; he's up on the roof with a telescope looking for him. More than that, he's dug elephant pits and set bear traps all over the place, so that the old gentleman will have no chance to escape. He has a choice assortment of mottoes plastered all over his walls—"Strike While The Iron Is Hot," "Try Anything Once," "He Who Hesitates Is Lost," and "Get It While The Getting's Good."

What The Fans Think

Continued from page 115

don't like him a bit. I wonder what kind of man he is when he allows Lupe to say in the papers how much she loves him.

I think Lupe will be more popular if she keeps it to herself, or learns not to speak so much about her love. And it spoils Gary for all his fans. Surely I should think better about him if he didn't marry Lupe, and I really do hope that Gary will think more logically.

AASE BAY.

513 Peter Bangsvej,
Copenhagen, Denmark.

The Penalty of Privacy.

Why on earth do some of the stars pine for more privacy and less ballyhoo? When they were down in the extra ranks, they would have done anything for publicity and recognition. Now, when they have made the grade, they complain about too much publicity. Of course, it's not pleasant to have a crowd gaping at you all the time, and I suppose it *does* get tiresome to be mobbed when you go shopping, but that was what they wanted before. Then when they get it they start yelling. It's beyond me.

But the wise public *always* gets wise to a high-hat star, sooner or later—mostly sooner. And when it does—oh, boy!

JERRY RENAULT.

Minneapolis, Minnesota.

Where Does She Store Them?

I have been sending for photographs for two years, and have about two hundred and fifty. I received every one for nothing. I was surprised to read that some of the fans sent money to such stars as Joan Crawford, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Clive Brook, and Conrad Nagel, and did not receive a photo or money in return. I have pictures of the above stars and also many others who have been said not to send back money or photo. I wonder where those quarters go, when some people, like myself, receive photos for nothing?

EMILY MAY JENNINGS.

168 Malone Avenue, Belleville, New Jersey.

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(117)



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Makers of ZIP-SHAVE Cream for men!

A Confidential Guide To Current Releases

Continued from page 66

mailed for letters written before marriage. Old trick from the "Villain, unhand this woman" age. She shoots the villain because he won't unhand the letters. Harry Bannister, John Loder, Arthur Hoyt.

"Locked Door, The"—United Artists. All dialogue. Another 1930 film based on the boarding school code of 1875. Directors should read *Real Love Magazine* and get wise to the modern fiction lady's inner life. Barbara Stanwyck, Rod La Rocque, William Boyd, of the stage, Betty Bronson, Zasu Pitts.

"Night Ride"—Universal. Dialogue. Stage newcomer, Edward G. Robinson, gives fine performance in contrast to overacting of Joseph Schildkraut, as reporter who takes gangster for a ride. Barbara Kent and the late Lydia Yeamans Titus.

"Seven Keys to Baldpate"—RKO. All dialogue. Richard Dix under new management, in mystery yarn that takes place in old hotel, with people bobbing in and out, all over a bet. Miriam Seegar, Margaret Livingston. Dix does some good acting, but picture only so so.

"Navy Blues"—Metro-Goldwyn. All dialogue. William Haines in rôle fresher than ever, opposite Anita Page as the girl who stands for more wisecracks than any one on record. Billy a sailor just in one more port, but he comes back. Karl Dane, Edythe Chapman, J. C. Nugent.

"Racketeer, The"—Pathé. All dialogue. Straightforward story of master gangster who calmly orders his enemies killed, between leisurely periods of enjoying the fine arts. Robert Armstrong exceptional as gangster. Carol Lombard the woman.

"General Crack"—Warner. All dialogue. Technicolor sequence. John Barrymore's talents and voice given to trivial story and dialogue, yet his first talkie proves he is most romantic figure on the screen. Reckless soldier leads Austrian army to victory, acquires fickle gypsy bride, Armida, and then the archduchess, Marian Nixon, whose hand is soldier's final reward.

"Sky Hawk, The"—Fox. All dialogue. Terrors of Zeppelin raid on London pictured in exciting episode showing how a soldier branded as yellow got the raider and saved his good name. The girl believed in him anyway. John Garrick, Helen Chandler, Gilbert Emery, Billy Bevan, Daphne Pollard, Joyce Compton.

"Marriage Playground, The"—Paramount. All dialogue. Charm of Edith Wharton novel eludes the screen. Story of unhappy lot of seven children and wives of rich man. Mary Brian, Fredric March, Lilyan Tashman, Kay Francis, with background of wise-cracking kids, barely reminders of the book.

"Vagabond Lover, The"—RKO. Singing, dialogue. Rudy Vallée disarms critics by not acting at all. Enchanting crooning for female ears. Absurd story strings his song together. Marie Dressler tries valiantly to save picture with comedy. Sally Blane is the heroine.

"Taming of the Shrew, The"—United Artists. All dialogue. Laudable pioneering effort to bring Shakespeare to the screen, as it shows that the bard is palatable to average fan. Mary Pickford in slapstick-comedy rôle, Douglas Fairbanks the bullying *Petruchio.* Innovation more important than their vocal art.

"Love Parade, The" — Paramount. Dialogue, singing. Technicolor. Maurice Chevalier's second film, story of long-drawn-out duel of the sexes, a romance in song. Music not quite haunting, but bright touches in narrative, in spite of much repetition of main note in love scale. Jeanette MacDonald, Lupino Lane, Lillian Roth.

"Condemned"—United Artists. All dialogue. A convict's lark on Devil's Island, with Ronald Colman as prisoner loved by Ann Harding, as the warden's wife. Meant to be melodrama, and has tense moments, if taken seriously. Principals excellent. Louis Wolheim, Noah Beery.

"Footlights and Fools"—First National. All dialogue. Colleen Moore surprises with musical-comedy film with unhappy ending, in rôle of French singer whose love affairs and marriage become so difficult she heartbrokenly steps aside from the whole business. Fredric March, Raymond Hackett fine support.

"Gold Diggers of Broadway"—Warner. Singing, dialogue. Musical comedy in Technicolor, with faint plot woven in about man who tries to save a kinsman from a chorine, and falls for one himself. Winnie Lightner's clowning saves the show. Lilyan Tashman also good. Conway Tearle, Nancy Welford, Ann Pennington, William Bakewell.

RECOMMENDED—WITH RESERVATIONS.

"Cameo Kirby" — Fox. Steamboat-gambler picture that echoes "Show Boat." Trite story about a plantation lost at cards, the lovely daughter of the colonel, and gallant card sharp. Norma Terris, J. Harold Murray, Douglas Gilmore, Myrna Loy, Charles Morton, Robert Edeson.

"So Long Letty"—Warner. Warmed-over comedy of married couple who exchange partners to clear the air of bickerings. Charlotte Greenwood amusing with unique antics and wisecracks. Claude Gillingwater, Bert Roach, Patsy Ruth Miller, Grant Withers.

"No, No, Nanette"—First National. All dialogue. Technicolor sequence. Mildly amusing old-fashioned farce that goes musical at the finsh. Exposure of Bible publisher's innocuous love life. Alexander Gray, Bernice Claire, Lilyan Tashman, Louise Fazenda, Lucien Littlefield, Zasu Pitts, Bert Roach.

"Blaze o' Glory"—Sono-art. All dialogue; singing. Eddie Dowling in sugary display of "actoritis." Something about an actor-soldier's kind heart, and murder trial. A tear in every vowel, six in every open one. Frankie Darro also whimpers. Betty Compson a stock heroine.

"It's a Great Life"—Metro-Goldwyn. All dialogue. Technicolor sequence.

The Duncan Sisters do all their tricks in long film glorifying sister team. Lawrence Gray marries one of them, and there's no end of trouble. Finally peace and a success.

"This Thing Called Love"—Pathé. All dialogue. Much gabbling in so-called sophisticated vein, about nothing in particular. Man and girl marry without benefit of love, and there's endless complication. Constance Bennett, Edmund Lowe, Zasu Pitts, Carmelita Geraghty, Ruth Taylor.

"Untamed"—Metro-Goldwyn. Dialogue. Jungle girl brought to what movies call civilization—life trimmed with wild parties, plenty of dancing daughters, fights between rivals in evening clothes, et cetera. Joan Crawford, Robert Montgomery.

"South Sea Rose"—Fox. All dialogue. The torrid Lenore Ulric more at home as hula dancer, yet flaws in acting, directing, and costuming make you gasp. South Sea girl in prim New England. Charles Bickford, Kenneth MacKenna.

Information, Please

Continued from page 102

through in American pictures—he has that fatal accent. I believe he is to appear in vaudeville.

Old-timer.—I should say you are, and you want to make me work! I don't know where a few of those former stars you inquire about are now, but here are the others. Kathleen Williams lives at 458 North June Street, Hollywood. Theda Bara is the wife of Charles Brabin, a director. She tried to make a screen comeback, but her vogue had passed. She is now attempting vaudeville. Marguerite Clark, as Mrs. H. Palmerston Williams, is a social leader in New Orleans. Pearl White lives in Paris. Blanche Sweet will soon appear in Alice White's picture, "Show Girl in Hollywood." William Farnum has returned to the stage, and so has Nazimova. Fannie Ward plays in vaudeville sometimes, and has a beauty parlor. Carlyle Blackwell lives in England, and is married to an English heiress. William S. Hart lives on his California ranch, and there is some talk of his making a Western talkie. Harry Carey plays in vaudeville, as does Francis X. Bushman. Francis made several films last year, and Harry has completed "Trader Horn" in Africa. Roy Stewart was in a Fox film, "Protection," a few months ago. Owen Moore, in "Side Street" and "High Voltage"; Gertrude Astor works all the time in pictures.

Miss P. Bates.—If I receive your letter, let you know if you had the correct address! And if you'd made mistakes in spelling, that would be the pencil's fault, like the song "Tipperary"! Jack Oakie and Skeets Gallagher are both Paramount players; John Boles, Universal, and Nils Asther, M.-G.-M. Greta Nissen is no longer in movies, and I don't know where to reach her.

Lecelia Gray.—What is this "literary good-by" that you bid me? Is that one written on a typewriter? Yes, I'll keep track of your Dave Rollins and Arthur Lake clubs for inquirers.

Pronunciation.—So your friends argue with you, do they? About such simple names, too. Joan is pronounced Jone; Janet is Jan—as in January—et; accent on Jan. Greta is *Gray*-ta; Colleen, *Coll*-een; Nils Asther, Neels Aster; Clive, long i; Goudal, Goo-*dal*—as in dally.

J. B.—You're the first to ask me about Milton Sills in some months. He was born in Chicago, January 12, about 1884. He's with First National, but has not been working lately because of illness. John Barrymore was born in New York; he is with Warner Brothers. Alice White is not married. Ken Maynard is making pictures for Universal. He has been married for three years to Mary Deper. Douglas Fairbanks was born in Denver.

E. M. Wallace.—The leads in the old film, "The White Rose," were Mae Marsh and Ivor Novello. I doubt if Greta Garbo pays any attention to her fan mail. She is very independent.

Sarah Medow.—I can only repeat that Nils Asther is with Metro-Goldwyn. Did you send the customary twenty-five cents with your request for a photograph?

Vilma Banky Admirer.—But I couldn't get your answer in the October issue! Magazines require several months for printing. Vilma Banky was born in Budapest, January 9, 1903. She has blond hair and gray eyes. That's her real name, and her parents are both living. Rod La Rocque was born in Chicago, November 29, 1898. He has black hair and brown eyes. He was christened Roderique La Rocque; his mother lives a few doors away from his Hollywood house; she is a widow. I can't make public the home address of Vilma and Rod. Sorry. And I don't know the names of their secretaries. Rod and Adolphe Menjou once worked at the same studio, so they obviously know one another.

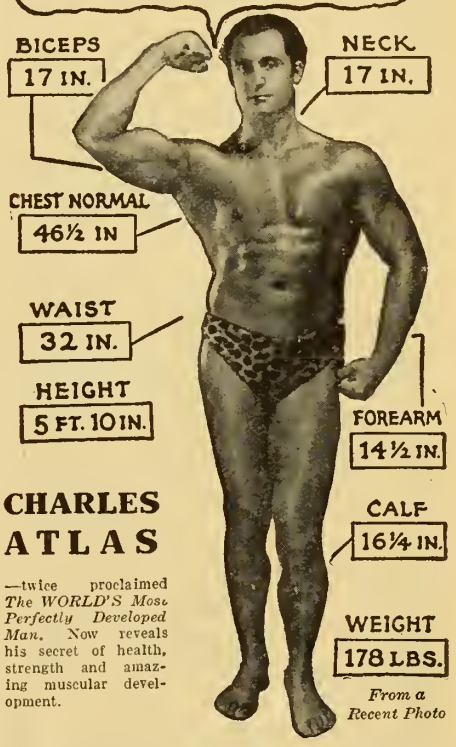
The Great Gabbo.—Just gab, gab, gabbing along? As to whether my mother christened me "The Picture Oracle"—how could she suspect I would grow up into such a smart Aleck? I think it must have been a mistake if you heard that the Lon Chaneys are getting a divorce. I've heard no such report. Lon has been married more than twenty years to Hazel Bennett. Margaret Heinz, of the H. B. Warner club, can be reached at 917 Mutual Building, Buffalo, New York.

Anna Wills.—Sorry, answers can never be published in "next month's" Picture Play. "Next month's" is already on the presses by the time you get this month's. Yes, Ralph Graves has been appearing in talking films. Watch for "Glad Rag Doll" and "Flight." Ralph was married in April, 1928, to Virginia Goodwin. Before that he was married to Marjorie Seamon, who died—I believe when their child was born. No, Mrs. Graves is not a professional.

Samuel Dantoni.—I'm afraid I'm not very much help to you. M.-G.-M. released a film called "The Unknown" in June, 1927, but I don't know of any Richard Talmadge picture by that title. And I have no way of looking up a film in which "he sold books." That's not much to go on, is it? "Yellow Faces" should be released by the time this is in print.

Dorothy Ryan.—I don't know whether you wanted a personal answer, or not. I hope I didn't do wrong! Ruth Taylor just missed popularity and her contract was not renewed. She recently played in

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Information, Please

"College Coquette" for Columbia, after a year's idleness. Olive Borden's films are "Happy Warrior," "Overland Limited," "Yankee Señor," "My Own Pal," "Yellow Fingers," "Fig Leaves," "Three Bad Men," "Country Beyond," "Monkey Talks," "Secret Studio," "Joy Girl," "Pajamas," "Come to My House," "Virgin Lips," "Albany Night Boat," "Stool Pigeon," "Sinners in Love," "Gang War," "Love in the Desert," "Eternal Woman," "Half-Marriage," and "Dance Hall." Any department of any magazine naturally has the same address as the magazine itself.

MM.—You must think I'm a wizard, knowing all the stars' relatives! Does your Jacksonville friend claim relationship to John Gilbert? I just wouldn't know about that. Alice White is about nineteen. Anita Page was christened Anita Pomares. Dorothy Devore won't tell her age. Norma Talmadge is with United Artists. Mae Murray is American. Yes, William Boyd's hair is prematurely gray; Kleig lights have a tendency to dry out the coloring matter.

A Barry Norton Fan.—I'm sorry you failed to hear from the Barry Norton club. I suppose Robert Chastain, who wrote me he had organized one, just got tired of it and dropped it. That's the trouble with so many of these amateur clubs. Belle Bennett was featured in "The Lily." Ian Keith was leading man. Barry Norton played *Max de Maigny*. Barry played *Ricardo Deane* in "Canyon of Light," a Tom Mix film, with Dorothy Dwan. In "The Heart of Salome," with Alma Rubens and Walter Pidgeon, Barry played *Henri Bézanne*. It was also Barry who played *Jaafor* in "Fleetwing." I don't know anything about Marcel de Biraben, Barry's brother, except that he is a newspaper correspondent. Kleig in Hollywood is pronounced kleeg. I believe Katherine Harris, formerly Mrs. John Barrymore, is a society woman.

Mon Vey Nuts.—If I misread your signature, excuse it please! Yes, Mary Astor did get her first start in films in "King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid," the two-reeler based on the Burne-Jones painting. Sorry, I haven't the cast—it would require a large staff to file casts of the thousands of two-reelers made every year. Reginald Denny's biography doesn't mention that film. "Spanish Mothers" was not released in America, so far as I know—at least not under that title. And "Butterfly on the Wheel" is such an old film I haven't the cast. If you'll tell me what company made it, I can find out for you who played in it. I'm not much help to you to-day, am I?

Joan's Fan.—With all the fans Joan Crawford has, she ought to keep cool! She was born in San Antonio, Texas, May 23, 1906. She worked in a girl's school in order to obtain an education. Her childhood was spent in Kansas City, Missouri, and when she was fifteen she ran away to Chicago and got a job in a revue, under her real name, Lucille Le Seuer. Dancing in the chorus of "Innocent Eyes" at the New York Winter Garden, she was noticed by Harry Rapf, of M.-G.-M., who offered her a contract for film work. And the little gal made good. Of course you know she is Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. To join a fan club in her honor, write to Helen Cohn, 3628 East First Street, Long Beach, California. Not very near you—but Joan's other club is in Quebec.

Foad Faris.—If I have a reader, it's not you—or you'd know that answers can't be published in the next issue! Some of John Barrymore's early films were "Raffles," "Here Comes the Bride," "Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," "The Lotus Eaters," "Sherlock Holmes." Dolores Costello is retiring only long enough to become a mother, I think. She is not working at present for this reason. As to why your Egyptian government barred "The Enemy" and "Noah's Ark"—I should think you'd be in closer touch with Egyptian affairs than I could be! "Noah's Ark" contained some biblical scenes of the Egyptian worshiping idols, et cetera—so perhaps your government considered it derogatory. "The Enemy" was doubtless censored on moral grounds.

A Dixie Lee Fan, R. K.—Dixie Lee is so new to the screen she hasn't yet told me the secrets of her life.

Philm Phanatic.—After your very charming letter, I'd seem much more hard-boiled than I am not to record your International Bebe Daniels Club for future reference. Lucien Littlefield played *Willie*, in "Saturday's Children."

Kip.—I can hear a howl of protest because Nils Asther is not appearing on the screen. But I understand he is frantically studying English at the University of Southern California, so perhaps all is not lost. Robert Montgomery has brown hair and eyes, is six feet tall, and weighs one hundred and sixty. Elliot Nugent is about the same height and is medium blond.

E. M. K.—Do I suppose any one likes Alice White or Irene Bordoni? The box office is the little Ouija board that answers that one. In Alice's case the box office says yes! Irene Bordoni is better on the stage. Walter Byron played not long ago in "The Sacred Flame," and he wasted a lot of time working in Gloria's "Queen Kelly," which has to be done all over again.

B. Griffin, 10 Nisbet Street, Homerton, London, E. 9, feels very sad because he can't get a photo of Marguerite Clark. Can any one make him happy? And he wants Miss Dora V. Rondeau please to write again—but I don't know whether he means write to him or to me.

H. C. Magendie.—So you liked Jetta Goudal's magnificent coiffure in "Lady of the Pavements"? Since that was a costume picture, the crowning touch on Jetta was probably a wig. "Fighting Love" was the film you describe. At last accounts, Jetta was playing in the French version of "Unholy Night" for M.-G.-M. Try her there. "China Lady" is the film she made for Warners. Try her also at that studio. The way these free-lance players go bobbing about makes life very hard for an answer man.

Red-headed.—Claudette Colbert's official biography says that she is in her early twenties. Is that near enough? She married Norman Foster about two years ago, after they played together in "The Barker" on the stage.

Lucille Mullin.—To join the Ramon Novarro club nearest you, write to Dorothy Wollaston, 1155 West Third Street, Dayton, Ohio, and tell her you wish to become a member.

Lover of Movies.—By all means, write again. I can see you have lots of curiosity. Anita Page and Charles Morton are working in a film called "Margin Mugs"—I'll bet that title is changed before release. Buddy Rogers, after "Safety in Numbers," is to make "Follow Through," with Nancy Carroll. Since Buddy and Anita work for different companies, they won't be playing together. They're both too popular to lend out. Doug, Jr., and Loretta Young will next be seen in "Loose Ankles." Doug, Jr., was born December 9, 1910. Neil Hamilton is 30, Clara Bow 25, as is Dorothy Sebastian. Norma Talmadge's first talking picture, "New York Nights," has already been relased.

Mary Vavrek.—Loretta Young is a good favorite to have. She is five feet three and has blue eyes and blond hair. Her real name is Gretchen Young. Nancy Carroll was christened Ann Lahiff. She has red hair and blue eyes and is five feet three. I'll refer Loretta's admirers to you; Nancy now has a fan club. Write to Miss D. North, 2296 Eighth Avenue, West, Vancouver, British Columbia.

Addresses of Players

Richard Arlen, Mary Brian, Neil Hamilton, Warner Oland, Ruth Chatterton, Florence Vidor, Clara Bow, Clive Brook, Charles ("Buddy") Rogers, Gary Cooper, James Hall, William Powell, Nancy Carroll, Jean Arthur, Jack Oakie, Kay Francis, David Newell, Fredric March, Jeanette MacDonald, Lillian Roth, Richard Gallagher, Mitzi Green, Harry Green, at Paramount Studio, Hollywood, California.

Greta Garbo, Leila Hyams, Bessie Love, Edward Nugent, Gwen Lee, Ramon Novarro, Norma Shearer, John Gilbert, William Haines, Lon Chaney, Renée Adorée, Marion Davies, Robert Montgomery, Ray Johnson, Karl Dane, Dorothy Sebastian, Lionel Barrymore, Charles King, Raymond Hackett, Wallace Beery, Raquel Torres, Joan Crawford, Nils Asther, Conrad Nagel, Josephine Dunn, Anita Page, Buster Keaton, John Mack Brown, Lewis Stone, at the Metro-Goldwyn Studio, Culver City, California.

Vilma Banky, Ronald Colman, Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, Norma Talmadge, Chester Morris, Gilbert Roland, Don Alvarado, Lupe Velez, Dolores del Rio, and Mona Rico, at the United Artists Studio, 7100 Santa Monica Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

Colleen Moore, Jack Mulhall, Alexander Gray, Bernice Claire, Billie Dove, Richard Barthelmess, Dorothy Mackaill, Corinne Griffith, Aliee White, Ian Keith, and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., at the First National Studio, Burbank, California.

Merna Kennedy, Hoot Gibson, Laura La Plante, Barbara Kent, Glenn Tryon, Ken Maynard, Joseph Schildkraut, at the Universal Studio, Universal City, California.

William Boyd, Robert Armstrong, Alan Hale, Jeanette Loff, Carol Lombard, Ann Harding, Helen Twelvetrees, and Russell Gleason, at the Pathé Studio, Culver City, California.

George O'Brien, Edmund Lowe, Earle Foxe, Janet Gaynor, Kenneth MacKenna, Dixie Lee, Mona Maris, Fifi Dorsay, Charles Farrell, Victor MacLaglen, Lois Moran, Frank Albertson, Farrell MacDonald, Marguerite Churchill, Paul Muni, Lola Lane, Paul Page, Louise Dresser, David Rollins, Sue Carol, Warner Baxter, Sharon Lynn, and Mary Duncan, at the Fox Studio, Western Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Edna Murphy, John Barrymore, Al Jolson, at the Warner Studios, Sunset and Bronson, Los Angeles, California.

Sally Blanc, Hugh Trevor, Bebe Daniels, Betty Compson, Olive Borden, and Richard Dix, at the RKO Studio, 780 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.

Allene Ray, 6912 Hollywood Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Robert Frazer, 6356 La Mirada Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Patsy Ruth Miller, 808 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, California.

Robert Agnew, 6357 La Mirada Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Dorothy Revier, 1367 North Wilton Place, Los Angeles, California.

Julanne Johnston, Garden Court Apartments, Hollywood, California.

Malcolm McGregor, 6043 Selma Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Jackie Coogan, 673 South Oxford Avenue, Los Angeles, California.

Ivor Novello, 11 Aldwych, London, W. C. 2, England.

Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California.

Anna May Wong, 241 N. Figueroa Street, Los Angeles, California.

Eileen Percy, 154 Beechwood Drive, Los Angeles, California.
Herbert Rawlinson, 1735 Highland Street, Los Angeles, California.
Forrest Stanley, 604 Crescent Drive, Beverly Hills, California.
Gertrude Astor, 1421 Queen's Way, Hollywood, California.
Lloyd Hughes, 616 Taft Building, Hollywood, California.
Virginia Brown Faire, 1212 Gower Street, Hollywood, California.
Johnny Hines, Tec-Art Studio, 5360 Melrose Avenue, Hollywood, California.
Theodore von Eltz, 1722½ Las Palmas, Hollywood, California.
William S. Hart, 6404 Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood, California.
Estelle Taylor, 5254 Los Feliz Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.
Pat O'Malley, 1832 Taft Avenue, Los Angeles, California.
Ruth Roland, 3828 Wilshire Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.
Gilda Gray, 22 East Sixtieth Street, New York City.
Barry Norton, 855 West Thirty-fourth Street, Los Angeles, California.
George Duryea, 5959 Franklin Avenue, Hollywood, California.

Statement of the Ownership, Management, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of PICTURE PLAY, published monthly, at New York, N. Y., for April 1, 1930.

State of New York, County of New York (*ss.*)

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared George C. Smith, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is Vice President of the Street & Smith Publications, Inc., publishers of PICTURE PLAY, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: *Publishers,* Street & Smith Publications, Inc., 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; *editor,* Norbert Lusk, 79 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; *managing editors,* Street & Smith Publications, Inc., 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; *business managers,* Street & Smith Publications, Inc., 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.

2. That the owners are: Street & Smith Publications, Inc., 79-89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y., a corporation composed of Ormond G. Smith, 89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; George C. Smith, 89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; George C. Smith, Jr., 89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Cora A. Gould, 89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Ormond V. Gould, 89 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner, and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

GEORGE C. SMITH, Vice President,
Of Street & Smith Publications, Inc., publishers.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of April, 1930. De Witt C. Van Valkenburgh, Notary Public No. 12, New York County. (My commission expires March 30, 1932.)

Why Are We Nervous?

By A. Griffiths, M. D.

The principal causes of nervousness can be explained in simple language. They are two: First, Nerve Weakness; Secondly, Derangement of the nerves.

Nerve Derangement can be explained crudely as follows: Our nervous system is somewhat like a great telephone system, in that it transmits messages from one part of the body to the other; the brain being the central office. It is the character of the messages sent *through* the nerves that cause nervousness; messages that flash from the mind to the vital organs and muscles, and back again to the mind. Therefore, anything that disturbs or irritates the mind causes irritating messages to be sent through the nerves to the entire body, especially to the vital organs. This explains why worry, anxiety, fear, anger, grief, jealousy and kindred mental turmoil cause nervous indigestion, heart palpitation, high or low blood pressure, constipation, etc. Worst of all, this cycle of mental and physical upheaval may lead to insanity or suicide. Our insane asylums are crowded to the doors because of conditions that owe their origin to nothing more than simple nervousness. Thousands of sufferers commit suicide every year, and millions of people are unhappy because of their nerves, that is, because of the irritating messages that are transmitted through the nerves. Nerve weakness is entirely different from nerve derangement. It is a condition known as "Neurasthenia," meaning, Nerve Exhaustion. As the noted scientist, Wm. Osler, described it, our nervous system stores a mysterious something, which for the want of a better term, we must call "Nerve Force." This stored force represents our nerve capital. If we squander this force through excesses and undue strains, we naturally become Nerve Bankrupts, that is, the nerves become exhausted, and we have what is known as neurasthenia. Or, as another great scientist very vividly expresses it, "Think of a cut in your arm from which your life's blood is trickling away. Yet millions of people live on from day to day, permitting a loss of vitality which is even far more precious than their blood; namely, they ruthlessly waste their Nerve Force."

Nervousness, then, is due to two major causes; (a) Crazy Messages transmitted through the nerves, which disturb the mind and vital organs; (b) Nerve Exhaustion, due to abuse of the nerves and ruthless waste of Nerve Force. Paul von Boeckmann, who during the last thirty years has carefully studied the mental and physical characteristics in over 400,000 people with high-strung nerves, has proved by actual statistics that at least 90% of these people are nervous or suffer in some way through their nerves, because of the two nerve abuses mentioned. We see evidence of nervousness about us everywhere, among our friends, in trains, street cars, yes, right in our own homes, and it requires no expert in nerves to see plainly the misery and unhappiness that come from nervousness. He says, further, "It is difficult to imagine anything but perfect health if the nerves are in order." That is, with calm nerves, and abundant Nerve Force, the stomach can digest any kind of food, for digestion depends directly upon the "stomach nerves." And so, too, would the body be free from colds, for a cold can only be contracted during low nerve pressure, i. e., lowered disease resistance. The same is true with constipation, and scores of other complaints with which the average person is afflicted. Beard, the great authority on the Nerves, who originated the term, "Neurasthenia," agrees with him in this statement almost word for word.

Nervousness, and the train of evils that result therefrom, may be said to develop in three stages, which may vary greatly, according to individual characteristics; namely,

First Stage: Nervousness, restlessness, sleeplessness, lack of energy, poor circulation, and other minor symptoms of low vitality.

Second Stage: Nervous indigestion, belching, sour stomach, gas in the bowels, constipation, shallow breathing, decline in power of reproductive functions, high or low blood pressure, hot or cold flashes, heart palpitation, mental uneasiness, irritability, undue worry, despondency, self-consciousness, etc.

Third Stage: As nerve weakness advances the symptoms mentioned before became more severe. It is then the more severe mental symptoms appear; namely, fears, melancholia, dizziness, loss of memory, hallucinations, suicidal thoughts, and, in many cases, INSANITY.

If only a few of the symptoms mentioned here apply to you, especially those indicating mental uneasiness, you may be certain that your nerves are weak and deranged. Fight this weakness as you would fight for your life. *Conquer it,* or it will *conquer you.* To correct nervousness demands, first of all, that the sufferer understand his own condition—the "Why and How" his nerves act as they do. The cause of the trouble must be understood to be corrected. No medicine ever concocted can correct nervousness. There are drugs that deaden the nerves and make them calm. These are very dangerous. There are other drugs that stimulate exhausted nerves. These act similarly to dragging a tired horse behind an automobile to give him "pep." All "nerve drugs" are dangerous and unnatural.

Many books have been written, intended as a guide for keeping up the nervous forces and calming the nerves. In nearly every public library one or more practical treatises on this subject are on file. The most concise and practical of all these books the writer has so far come across is one by Paul von Boeckmann entitled, "Strengthening Your Nerves," which may be found in many public libraries and at the National Medical Library at Washington, D. C. I advise earnestly that the sensible advice given in this practical little book be given careful consideration by any one whose nerves show signs of irritability, instability and exhaustion. The concise understandable and non-technical information contained in this book is by far the most useful of any I have read. In these days of High Pressure my advice is: Guard Your Nerves.

NOTE:—Von Boeckmann is a high authority on the subject of nerve culture, and with the advice given in his book, any one can in a short time improve his control of the nerves 100 per cent. Far over a million copies of this excellent work have been sold during the last twenty years. Every reader should avail himself of this offer, for as stated, we are all nervous, more or less.
The book, "Strengthen Your Nerves," by Paul von Boeckmann, may be obtained direct by addressing him, Studio 1850, Cellini Building, 48 West 48th Street, New York City. Enclose 25c in coin or small denomination stamps. It will be forwarded promptly in plain wrapper, postpaid.—Advt.

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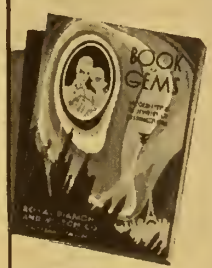


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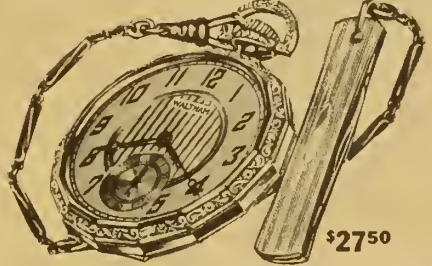
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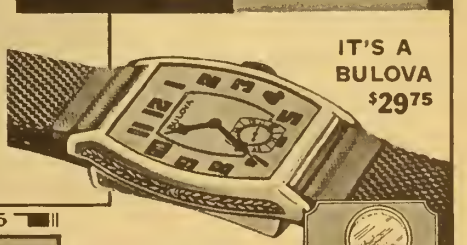


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